The Picture Show
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If you are a regular reader of the "Picture Show," you need no longer worry when the wallpaper of your particular den shows signs of shabbiness. There are wonderful possibilities in our Art Plates. See what these three girls have done with theirs.

(Phot: A. E. E. Barneveld)
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Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

NO. 42.—MAY ALLISON.

MAY ALLISON has a clever sister, Mrs. Neil Straight. Mrs. Straight's name is well-known in American political circles, as she was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Lately she visited her sister, and May took this opportunity to show her her favourite picture paper.

Mrs. Straight has made many friends in the picture colony, and has stated her intention of getting a copy of the Picture Show sent her weekly, so that she can learn the latest news and see their latest photographs.

Don't Miss This!

NO. 3 of the "Girls' Cinema" is out to-morrow. With every copy is presented a beautiful art plate in colour, entitled "The Way of a Maid with a Man."

Violet Hopson and Stewart Rame have posed for this picture, and when you see it I am sure you will want to frame it for your own special room.

By the way, are you reading Gregory Scott's special letters to girls in this paper? They are most illuminating, and prove that Gregory notices more than we give most men credit for.

Thank You, M. B. H.

Ourpleasantments still continue to give universal satisfaction to our readers, and I hear that there is still another surprise in store for the Picture Show coming shortly which will make these art plates even more acceptable than they are at present.

I particularly want to thank M. B. H., of Manchester, who writes: "I am so pleased with the art supplement given away every week that I have shown it to my friends, and now three of them are happy readers of the Picture Show." This is what I call real appreciation. I wonder if any more of my readers are as kind and helpful:

Cosmopolitan Players.

A NOVEL combination of types will be seen in Marshall Neilan's newest picture, "Dinney." Wesley Barry, the already famous free-lanceved youth, has the chief role. He is supported by Aaron Mitchell, a personality, and Walter Chung, an almond-eyed youth. Others in the cast include an Irish maid and a typical Chinese girl, also an Americanized Chinaman.

Mary Pickford's Curls.

I answer to the many letters I have received from readers who have queried Mary Pickford's curls, since seeing her as she appears in "Suds," on the cover of a recent issue of the Picture Show, I must tell you that the famous Pickford curls have not been lost altogether, but just for one picture. For this her curls have been straightened out in an awful manner with a specially prepared cosmetic; her curls were ironed out and her hair strained back from her forehead.

The other part of her make-up was obtained by a deft use of grease paint, which gave a weary up-to-date to her nose and made her checks appear sunken. It is only by her wonderful eyes that we can recognise our Mary.

By the way, did you know that one of Mary's curls was auctioned for over $100,000 dollars worth of Liberty Bonds when the little star was on her collecting tour during the war?

News of "Doug."

NOW I must tell you about Doug. We are to see one of the greatest of fights when we see "The Mollycoddle."

That Douglas is not afraid of receiving punishment is proved by his engagement of Wallace Beery to portray the role of the villainous "heavy." Beery is 4 inches taller than Doug, and has an advantage in weight of 40 pounds.

In order that his fight might be realistic, Fairbanks had not made it known that there was such a scene until a few minutes before it was filmed. Film battles of this character are not tricks of the camera; they are waged as though the combatants were really deadly enemies. It was on this basis that Fairbanks and Beery went through their battle, and the result "will practically make the hair stand up on a bald head," said one who has seen it.

"Who is Fairbanks?"

A FRIEND who has been travelling in Switzerland tells me that the most amusing evening he spent was in a "Temple of Motion-Picture Art," as the manager called his little play-house. It was in Berne, and the play was called "Doug. in the Harem." It was one of the funniest Fairbanks pictures he had ever seen.

The titles were in both German and French, and not once was Fairbanks' name used. Fairgoers in this part of the world simply know Fairbanks as "Doug." but this does not prevent him from being a prime favourite.

They Nearly Kidnapped 'Gene.

EUGENE O'BRIEN had an exciting experience the other day, when he, with Anna Keene and a number of other actors and actresses of both stage and screen, were travelling by train.

One station over 300 girls lined up for a glimpse of the screen celebrities. I hear that Mr. O'Brien had all he could do to keep the girls from carrying him off.

A Paris Hint.

NORMA TALMADGE told me that while in Paris, she attended a conference of French clock manufacturers, and that the organisation known as the Style Syndicate liaisons is the real backbone and gloves short this winter.

A Costly Wardrobe.

It is said that Elsie Ferguson spends sixty days out of the year with modistes. Miss Ferguson always makes a feature of her clothes, and it is rumoured that her dressers' bills alone come to £1,000 a year.

The costumes that are to be worn in her coming play, "Lady Rose's Daughter," are unusually rich and splendid, and this is typical of the particular period it represents. As you know, Miss Ferguson's beautiful gown has always been a feature of her photo plays.

From an American Newspaper.

THE following extract from a newspaper published in Los Angeles shows that our representative in Cinemalnd is on the alert for the latest news and pictures.

The paragraph is headed, "Does for Story in Action," and the story reads:

"Use of aeroplanes in news gathering, as illustrated in Marshall Neilan's film story of newspaper life, 'Go and Get It,' was demonstrated by the resident correspondent for the Amalgamated Press, Ltd., London, when he swooped down in a plane on the Nelson land and called out to the producer:"

"You gave me the idea, now give me a story!"

"He was accompanied by Emory Rogers, widely known local war correspondent, and Marjorie Dagg was taken in a spin in the clouds. While on the lot, material for an article for the Picture Show, the London film publication, was obtained."

"Phrosos" Found.

YOU will remember that I told you that Louis Mercanton, the famous French producer, was sending Europe for a girl to interpret Sir Anthony Hope's well-known character of "Phrosos."

Louis Mercanton has now made his choice: he found her in London, and she is Miss Malvasia Longfellows. They are now at Cannes, and,
When they have made scenes there, they will proceed to Corsica, the picturesque island birthplace of Bonaparte, where, you will remember, most of the action of the play takes place.

Malvina Longfellow, years ago, was an artist's model in America, where she won a beauty prize, which was a wonderful Greek hair-band made of solid gold, with a Syracuse coin in the centre. Miss Longfellow owns that she has often longed to wear it, but she has never been able to, except for fancy dress. Now she will have an opportunity to wear it on the screen.

He Didn't Know.

Not aware that Fritzie Brunette was already possessed of a perfectly good husband, a correspondent wrote her on the subject of a little note in which he declared that he had plenty of good money, and would like to "take her to wife," adding, moreover, that upon receipt of a wired acceptance, he would come himself and fetch her.

A Novel Competition.

Wesley Barry, the little freckle-faced star, has just received an invitation to be the heroine guest in a Freckle Contest, to be held as one of the big attractions at a sports meeting in Jersey City. The contest will involve all freckled-faced girls and boys in the states of New Jersey and New York, and it is expected that there will be five thousand participants. I wonder if the little film star will be successful in winning one of the big prices that are being offered.

The Luckiest Girl in the World.

Quick, Daphne, a little actress who has been on the stage for many years, and who terms herself "the luckiest girl in the world," has been selected as a star by the Fun Film Corporation, to appear in a series of pictures of childhood and childhood. The reason for the priest lies in the marvellous resemblance of this girl to Mary Pickford, whom she understood from the production of "Polyanna," and whose pupil for a time she was.

Wonderful Plans.

May Allison has a new home at Beverly Hills, which she is sharing with her mother, brother, and married sister. The laying out of the grounds is as yet incomplete, but Miss Allison is remodelling a Japanese garden, a tennis court, a swimming pool, and a summer house in a grove of pines. The kennels are already installed for her prize Polish sheep dogs, and another of her plans is an aviary filled with bright-coloured song birds.

Do You Remember?

At a party the other day the conversation turned on reminiscences of famous film players, and during the discussion I wondered how many other picturegoers remembered their favorites' earlier careers. For instance, do you remember when Lilian Walker and Wally Van were playing together in Vitagraph comedy dramas, or when Maurice Costello was the chief matinee idol? When Billie Burke struggled through interminable episodes of "Gloria's Romance," and when Kathleen Williams appeared in that first thrilling jungle serial. When Bryant Washburn was doing "villains" for Essanay, directing his villainous machinations against Frances Bushnaq and Beverly Bayne, or when Margaret Joyce and Victor Potel played "Sooie Chus" and "Slippery Shun" respectively in Essanay comedies.

It Made Him Seaside.

Philly Anthony had a most uncomfortable experience taking scenes on the shore in Corsica, and in Coon wall. The sea was rough, but this did not worry Mr. Anthony, as he is quite a good sailor, but in order to keep away from danger it was necessary to anchor the boat, and within a few seconds from the time the camera man started work, Mr. Cecil Calvert's murderous knife attack came to a sudden end, and the some two hundred pounds of film were washed ashore with Mr. Anthony, who

FAY FILMER.

FIVE SHILLINGS FOR A POSTCARD.

Finding Faults in Films.

Splendid New Feature.

Every reader who makes a practice of going to pictures is at times irritated by faults that spoil the story for them. These faults are either caused by lack of knowledge or carelessness on the part of the producer. The only way to prevent these mistakes is to publicly point them out. The result of this should be that they will not occur again.

Here is a chance for our readers to better the pictures and win a money prize.

A Postcard May Bring You $5.

For Miss Stetwell, the star of Xormand, is in San Francisco, which has been awarded a prize of $5 for the best postcard printed in the Picture Show. The Editor's decision must be considered final, and no correspondence can be entered into.

CONWAY TEARLE and ROSEMARY THREY in a coming photo-play, entitled "Whispering Devils," a film version of Henry Arthur Jones' dramatic success, "Michael and His Lost Angel.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From Los Angeles.

Anita Stewart's Dressing-Room.

A NITA STEWART probably has the most beautiful dressing-room of any star in the film world. It is built in the form of a typical Californian bungalow, and comprises a drawing room, boudoir and bathroom. The reception room is decorated in the Chinese style with a blue Chinese rug and Oriental draperies. The walls are decorated with rare Chinese prints, and the high-tek wood chairs and tables, and the low, luxurious divans are all of the same workmanship. Her boudoir is gay in rose taffeta and Dresden flowers, the walls covered with French grey satin. On the floor are French grey rugs with rose borders, and the chairs, dressing-table and lounges are carried out in a delicate shade of ivory. Interior decoration is one of Miss Stewart's hobbies. Clothes are another, and she confesses to a particular weakness for fur, ostrich feathers and tulle. She has just added other wraps of crinoline and able to her collection.

A Mischievous Monkey.

During the past week the Goldwyn Studios have been demonolized by the mischievous trick, which was entrusted with a part in the new Mabel Normand production, "Head Over Heels." The pictures which adorn the halls of the studio playing in Jack Pickford's picture, "Just Out of College," mysteriously disappeared. All the invoices on a check which was to be used in Johnny Jones' current "Edgar" feature was found scraped off when the moment came for using it, and an irate star refused to continue work, which had reached her that morning had been very thoroughly cleaned up. A search was promptly instituted for the thief, and a very sick and disillusioned little monkey was last found in an obscure corner of the studio grounds by his disheartened master, an Italian gardener. However, "Tony" made up for his depredations by giving a fine rendering of his part in Mabel's picture, and Mabel herself was just thinking of adopting him altogether, when Aya stepped in and put his foot down with great and final decision. Aya, is Miss Normand's prize Chow, and is extremely hungry and reserved, as most of these bleh-blooded canines are. He went for that trained monkey, and during the brief space of glorious life that caused it was a puzzle to find which was the dog and which was the monkey. It took three stage hands to end the engagement, and Aya is still going about heavily balladized, whilst Tony gibbets and clusters angrily directly anything on four feet as much as appears on the horizon. Now Miss Normand says that she has reconsigned her dressing room to add a monkey to her menagerie.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

A Hawaiian girl appearing with Edith Roberts in "Macama." She is LILLY PHILLIPS, a grand niece of King Kamehameha of Hawaii.

FRANK MAYO's cigarette should have been all the more fragrant considering it was lit by beautiful BETTY BLYTHE.

You will never recognize who has been photographed in this artistic pose! It is WESLEY BARRY. He makes a nice girl, does he not?

MAY ALLISON—Metro Star—with her mother and nephew. Her sisters are standing at the back, one of whom is her business manager.

LOUISE GLAUM heard there was a craze in London and Paris for grown-ups to carry dolls. So she bought a walking doll, and is here seen taking it for a stroll.

This photograph of MARJORIE DAW should bring many followers to the overall movement.
Our Splendid Serial Telling of a Man’s Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.

"The PRICE of HIS HONOUR"

The Philosophy of Dyson Mallet.

The scene was totally unexpected. The shock so tremendous that John Galloway stood there in the dark room nothing but a shock, a sense of Heaven, and the minutes of that perfect day of his rushed away into eternity, as Athalie had said. This perfect day? The day snatched from eternity.

And this was the end of it. Athalie, already in her sweet bed, thinking—only heaven knew what her thoughts were. And here she was, facing the end of his wild dreams—nothing. One more come back from the dead!

And to his credit let it be said that in his heart the thought was glad. Calmly, he had man come back to life to expose his miserable deception, and to show him up for what he was. In that moment something whirled to him, something wild and irresponsible, that now at least he could fight for the love of Athalie Raitton under his own name and his own identity. He could not fight a dead man for her, but he could fight a live one.

The hope died as soon as it was born. He knew now that all hope of winning Athalie was at an end. He knew in truth that there had been no struggle. He had been being amused himself with phantoms; storing up tears and bitterness for them both by playing with water.

The momentary flash of the match seemed to have deepened the gloom, but he could still make that bad dishevelled and collapsed figure in the chair.

A cold dread claved at him. The man looked, as if he were dead. He shook himself frizzily, and quite suddenly became calm.

Now that the sword which had been overhanging his head had dropped away, he felt a surprising coldness, a sense of relief.

And as small thoughts flashed*automatically through his mind, he thought how this might have come to that whatever he had had his great day with Athalie Raitton. But there was to it it all, it didn’t matter. Nothing could rob him of that memory.

He struck another match and lighted the hollowed chair.

Mrs. Weston obviously knew nothing about the visitor. Knowing the house and the grounds well, he had apparently joined his cross the lawns and entered by the French windows. For what reason was not obvious, unless he already knew something about the impressionation, which was more than probable.

Galloway locked the door on the inside, then he closed the windows and drew the blinds, remembering that mysterious shadow which had come out of the shrubbery when he was in this very room with Alice Mercer years ago.

Having done all this to his satisfaction, he took another look at Dyson Mallet.

No, he was not dead, because he was still shivering slightly. But his appearance was deplorable.

He wore an old pea-jacket which had once been Navy-blue and was now a bottle green, and under this, a flayed, blue, women’s jersey, flouts and trousers were deplorable, and caked with mud.

His hair was matted and long, and he carried at least a week’s growth of beard.

As Galloway watched him, the clock in the hall struck a single soporific tone.

He had been gone.

Galloway closed his eyes momentarily, aware of a spasms of pain. Athalie was at this moment dying—nothing but no one believes him. Mallet was engaged to ATHALIE RAITTON, with whom Galloway tails in love.

IRMA GALE was also on board the Sweet Alice, and John thinks she too was drowned; but one day she comes to see him.

ALICE MERCER writes a letter addressed to Mallet, having at a past love affair. So get your house, and finds Galloway impersonating his friend and hinted to the man who picked up the shot from the garden.

DYSON MALLET, whom Galloway supposes to be married, is not drowned but is kept with Athalie on her birthday. John returns home and finds Mallet last asleep in an armchair in the smoking room.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

JOHN GALLOWAY is saved from the wreck of the Sweet Alice. When he recovers he is mistaken for his friend Athalie Raitton, but no one believes him. Mallet was engaged to ATHALIE RAITTON, with whom Galloway tails in love.

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Suddenly the opened eyes, stared fast at John for a minute, and sat upright.

"Hello, Galloway," he said surprisingly. "Last night was old sport. You’re not look as scared as if your grandfather’s ghost had come to life and was sitting on your chest. What’s the matter?"

It was a minute before Galloway could collect himself sufficiently to make a reply. Then he could:

"It that really you, Dyson?"

"Don’t be so foolish, my dear lad," answered Mallet. "That’s just the Mallet’s ghost, or Harland’s father?"

"Well, you can hardly be surprised if I took Mallet for your own ghost," said Galloway. "All the people who were drowned in the Sweet Alice seems to be coming to life again."

"And you’ve been talking with him for many weeks?"

"Say that flattering mention to your soul, old man. I’m not nearly dead. I’m sorry I can’t fit myself into your plans to that extent,

"Ready with that, Mallet," said John, with a hint of sternness.

"All right, dear boy," replied Mallet, with a chuckle. I was only pulling your leg. Sure I’m not and thanks for a Mallet’s ghost, and not a very respectable ghost either. I’m nothing to write home about—but I am being addressed with a marvellous thing, Home, my boy, home!"

He singed himself luxuriously and nestled deeper into the capacious chair.

"I’m in an awful state of mud and despair. Excuse me making a mess of your chair. See! But it’s my chair, isn’t it? That’s deserved family. Also excuse my rudeness in not getting up. I’m very comfortable here, but I hope I know my manners, and the master of the house ought to get up to receive his visitors. I’m the master of the house, am I not?"

"Yes, I’ve replied Galloway, mystified at the way Mallet was taking matters, and wondering how far he was acquainted with the facts of the situation. He was perfectly calm and pleasant.

"What’s that?"

He went on. "Clears the air. I’m the master of the house disguised as a deck swab. You’re my guest. Make your self at home, old lad. I’m most of here, but not very well, and to tell you the truth, I’m a little uneasy on the pins. Old fading of mine. I’ve been chafing the wine of the country at the village inn: talking with the gossips, and so on. Not a soul knew me from the Caliph of all the things I was doing, and pouring me out just a steady of my wine? There used to be some in that cupboard.

Galloway poured out the required replenishment, and Mallet took it down at one gulp.

"Better," he announced, "decidedly better

than the stuff they’ve been giving me in the village. More bite to it. Pre-war stock, I should imagine. If there was one thing the government never issued it was pre-war stock to stock a cellar. But he wasn’t very liberal with it. From now on times have changed. This is Liberty. Here you are my guest, John, old man. A nice old game you’ve been playing while I’ve been theoretically among the dear departed, oh! Well, any good to the white heat of your fist, old sport? It’s not often you have the pleasure of meeting one who has come back from the grave in such a way.

He held out a trembling hand.

"One minute," said Galloway crisply. "You aren’t a good-for-Dyson, and you’ve no notion of getting a clear view of the situation."

"I’m all right, the top half of me," returned Mallet. "It’s only my legs that are not quite up to parade form. My brain’s as clear as a bell."

Galloway knew this of old. He had often seen Mallet with a very clear head, and John he was so much the worse for drink that he could not walk a yard.

"What’s the matter?" he demanded querulously. "Why won’t you shake hands?"

"Do you know who I am?" demanded John.

"Sure. You’re John Galloway, my old partner and shipmate. What’s the bee in your bonnet, anyway?"

"Do you know why I am here, and the position I am occupying in this house?"

Of course I know Mallet. I know every blessed thing about it, and I’m surprised at you, John Galloway. Surprised and patred. But there are age. I always said that about you street-facred fellows. When you have knocked away you go into the wholesale. Your morals are simply awful, and I’m surprised at you. Now shake hands."

"And I was taking it very seriously, and obviously meant what he said. Galloway took his hand in silence. Presently he said.

"You never you have heart and what ever conclusion you may have to come, Dyson, I am glad to the bottom of my heart to see you again."

"I know you are," returned Mallet. "No need for the hot air, old sport. I’m glad to see you and I’m not and not been for you this happy reunion would never have taken place.

"How do you do you, Dyson?"

"Before I said ‘good evening’ to the Sweet Alice and walked daintily off the deck, you put two life-belts on me, and it was these two life-belts which brought me back to Home Sweet Home in the fullness of time, as the poets say. Now you had no idea of the life-belts, and he gives one to a pal, he’s a good sport. When he gives both to his pal, and keeps none for himself, that’s what you call a pal."

Galloway frowned at the word bibliography, but Mallet had evidently used it quite innocently.

"My dear fellow," said Galloway. "And I’ve had enough, and John."

"Wrong, dear boy," responded the master of the house. "I’ve never known the time when I’ve had enough, John. Let him gulp down another small measure and then faced him seriously.

"Now you would have said," he said, "while I explain the situation to you. You may know something, but you cannot possibly know all. There are a few facts about this, you have a different view of things, and your opinion of me will be less charitable."

"Carry on, said Mallet. I’m listening. Just another spot would probably help me to appreciate the heroism of your stupendous

Continued on page 8.
MIMICRY!
Buster Keaton Imitates the Poses of Some of the Metro Stars.

THE old saying, "Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," is proved once more by the photographs on this page. Buster Keaton could not help admiring the beautiful stars of the Metro Film Company, and that he has endeavoured to flatter them by imitation is quite obvious from these photographs.

The artistic poses of May Allison, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake, were so full of grace and charm, that Buster decided not to be outdone. He was quite sure that if he took particular pains to copy their exact poses, he could look just as charming and fascinating. The position with which he had the most difficulty was that of Viola Dana. Buster did not think he was quite the right type for this.

Viola Dana has set BUSTER KEATON a difficult task with this artistic pose; and —

Was He Successful?
Do you think Buster was successful in looking as fascinating as May Allison, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake?

He was very pleased with himself, and insisted upon the camera-man taking his photograph, as he copied the pose of each of the stars.

Buster’s Valuation of a Grin.
BUSTER KEATON used to be a co-worker with Fatty Arbuckle, but he now acts in his own comedies for Metro. If you see one of these comedies, you can be sure of a hearty laugh. You will notice that Buster himself rarely smiles on the films. He says: "I think people get a lot more enjoyment in watching me on the screen if I don’t wear a silly grin throughout pictures. Anyway, I’m too busy being tossed and knocked about to spend much time in smiling."
"The Price of Honour" (Continued from page 7)  

I had no right to interfere or say anything. Mallet had always been extremely well to him. He should be the last person to criticize Mallet's behaviour. But he decided to speak his mind.

"Dyson," he said, confronting him abruptly, "I believe Alice Mercer is a good girl, and very much in love with you.

A low, musical sound answered Mallet. His head had dropped over his shoulder. His eyes were wide.

Galloway opened the windows softly and stepped out on to the lawn. He was in white flannel, and hatless, but he gave no thought to this.

There was one unalterable determination in his head. He must get away at once, and for good.

This was a howled spot for him, and he must never see it again.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ALLA NAZIMOVA.

NAZIMOVA.
The Star Who Has Proved That Age Doesn't Matter.

ALLA NAZIMOVA has given us a new thrill by her first ten plays. With "Revelation," "Eye for an Eye," and "The Red Lantern," Nazimova has proved the truth of all the critics who have said in her favour.

Nazimova has proved to us that age does not matter to the real artiste, for although over forty years of age, the Russian star has all the fascination of a young girl.

A Hard Life.HER life has been a real hard one. Her first public appearance was as a pianist. Then she added the violin to her list of accomplishments; but her success in music did not satisfy her and she decided to become an actress.

As a means of attaining her ambition, she joined a touring company, and travelled through Russia with them, stopping at villages as well as at towns, enduring all sorts of conditions and discomforts, and working as only a member of a repertory company must work.

The boards were never allowed to grow cold. When the company was not playing, they were busyly rehearsing the next play to be given. Costumes were made out of nothing but odds and ends by the members of the company in brief snatches between rehearsals and performances.

Gloried In Trials.SLEEP and money were practically unknown things. The uncertain box office receipts often provided little more than was sufficient to pay the bare expenses, and Nazimova tells of many times when the entire company went hungry for days at a time. But Nazimova, instead of being daunted by these trials, simply gloried in them. She loved the uncertainty of it all—there was always something new, some opportunity, some way of making ends meet, which was what Nazimova never failed to profit by.

It was when the Russian players, of which Nazimova was a member, decided to go to America that Opportunity opened its doors to her. She was seen in one of Ibsen's plays, and was offered an opportunity to play a part in a New York theatre. But there was one clause in the agreement that Nazimova listened to with dismay. The part was in English; but for a moment only did Nazimova frown, the next moment she smiled. Could they give her a little time in which to learn the language?

English in Six Months.
The manager promised her six months; he could give her no longer. The little star agreed, and the contract was drawn up, and she actually signed the agreement to realize that the words she must speak might lose a little of their meaning by her imperfect pronunciation. She decided to supply the deficiencies by means of gestures.

She studied the appearance of Ibsen's characters. For the part of Hedda Gabler, she acquired a tall personality by a costume of sweeping lines; for the child, Nora, in "A Doll's House," she wore scanty, short gowns that made her seem in truth a child. All this was excellent preparation for the cinema.

For one critic wrote. "None of us understands a word these Russians are talking about, but there is one language that is universal—the language of the soul—and the one who spoke that best was Nazimova."

Her Secret of Success.
HER first appearance brought her a triumph that has lasted through every play in which she has appeared, and it is the same with her screen plays. Realism is always carried to the highest degree. But her success has been won by unlimited patience, unlimited endurance, and unlimited ambition, which has made the appearance of her name in a theatre the signal for a crowded house.

It was during her New York engagement in "Bella Donna," in 1912, that Miss Nazimova was married to the man who had been her leading man for many seasons, and who has appeared in many of her screen plays, Charles Bryant.

A Love Match.IN Nazimova's pictures there is a conspicuous absence of love-making, that is the love-making of the ordinary "garden" variety. But in real life, when Nazimova waves away her big, blue car and climbs into her husband's two-seater, to drive from the studio to their beautiful home in the Hollywood Hills, it is rewarded by an adoring glance from him, we know that the song that says "And we'll weather life together in the good, old-fashioned way" applies to a great genius equally as well as to you and me. Our friend, the critic, would say again, "There is a universal language—of the soul—and the one who speaks it best is Nazimova."

If you want to write her, her address is:
ALLA NAZIMOVA,
Metro Studio,
Hollywood,
California.

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FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Charlie in the Balkans.

A RECENT paragraph recording the views of Mr. A. J. Nydios, the Balkan film expert, has brought the following letter from a reader. My correspondence "C. W. T." says: "I was surprised to see the statement that 'to the majority of picture-goers in the Balkan States Charlie Chaplin is unknown.' Now I have spent five years in the Balkans and Turkey and can safely say that Charlie is a 'great draw' and is very far from being unknown, especially in Macedonia. I have seen on more than one occasion a crowd waiting at a picture-house hours before the show commenced, simply because the posters said 'Charlie.' I will admit that the majority of films to be seen are French and Italian, but I will never say that Charlie is unknown in the Balkans." This is a fine testimonial to the comedian's universal popularity.

"My Most Difficult Scenes."

SPEAKING generally, the most difficult achievement, and therefore the most gratifying success, that falls to the lot of the producer is getting the artist to realise the significance of the insignificant. With this in mind, I recall an incident in a recent film in which I was endeavouring to portray the momentary thrill experienced by a man and a woman who, meeting accidentally, suddenly become aware of the fact that each is the counterpart of the other. I wanted to picture this graphically by way of a perfectly natural incident on a golf course. The man is just about to strike the ball when the woman comes along and claims it. "I think that is my ball," she says, and, as the man, although uninterested, hands it over. As he does so, their hands meet, and a hinge of the story depends upon the looks exchanged. "Anything," between the pair which is to express magnetic attraction that each has for the other. As collision, the man is married and the woman a coquette, and that glance was intended to leave no room for doubt as to the nature of the situation. In order to secure even a close approach to what I wanted, I had to "take" nearly a dozen times. The difficulty is to get your artist to "feel" the psychology of the scene to be enacted, and to give you, in such incidents as I have described, the one expression that will convey the producer's conception of the part of the story. Screen acting, in reality is a mental process, and the successful artist merely appears to be natural.

Dallas Cairns.

The Ape as Actor.

Most picture-goers are familiar with the notorious monkey actor of screen comedies. Now an announcement states that we are to be introduced to an ape which plays a strong dramatic part in a new film, called "The Evolution of Man." The "monkeys" mission is to prove that Darwin was correct. If this sort of thing continues, we shall no doubt shortly have ape actors in hero parts, than what will become of our handsome leading men?

The Love of the Strong.

"It is profoundly human for us mortals to express a preference for the things we can do the best," remarked Mr. Farnum recently. "Possibly the trend is reversed, and we do best those things for which we harbour a strong natural predilection." At any rate, this popular artiste sets it down as a fact that he never feels so thoroughly in his element, and so attuned to life and art as when interpreting the character of a strong man—"strong" in the best sense of the word, a welding of physical prowess and spiritual power. Given a part that contains both elements, and he is in the happy hunting ground of the artiste.

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Most people want what they want till they get it, and then they don't want it.

The young lady with a bank account needs no make-up tax.

A good dinner and a pretty woman are the two things in life a man tires of least.

It is useless to try to drown sorrows in wine—they are all expert swimmers.

When the dark hour comes men drink whisky, and women drink tea.

This Week's Best Films.

The following is a list of the best photos which are being released for exhibition at the cinemas during this week, and the names of the star artistes:


Pitomorph...... "In Honour's Web." Harry Morey.


New Ball ...... "A Woman's Law." Olive Tell.


Gaumont...... "The Silver Lining." Billy Walls.

Walturdaw...... "The River's End." Marion Daw.

THIS famous play makes one of the most spectacular of picture plays. Otis Skinner, who created the part of Haji in America, has repeated his part in the phono play, with Rosemary Theby as Kut-al-Kulb. You will remember this play as the success of a London theatrical season when Oscar Asche produced it and took the part himself of Haji, with Lily Brayton as Kut-al-Kulb.

A scene in the palace of the Masseur—in "Kismet."

In the courtyard of Haji
OTIS SKINNER as Haji, and
GEORGIE WOOD THOMPSON as the maid to Guliher.

ROSEMARY THEBY as Kut-al-Kulb in the Masseur's Palace in "Kismet."
CORINNE GRIFFITH has only appeared in Vitagraph photoplays. Her first step toward picture stardom was when she won the prize for beauty at a ball in New Orleans. “The Queen of Beauty” was at once offered a part in a Vitagraph film, in which company she has remained ever since.

A tragedy queen—in “The Tower of Jewels.”

In her latest Paris gown showing the high back and the bare back with the diomol end.

A smart and wonderful costume for fancy dress.

She looks delightful in a new fashion riding costume in “Dead Line at Eleven.”

In a dramatic scene with MAURICE COSTELLO in “Human Collateral.”

CORINNE GRIFFITH, the woman, a beautiful photographic study.
SUCCESS AND THE SCENARIOIST.

ADVICE FROM JOHN EMERSON AND ANITA LOOS.

How

I asked, toying deliberately with the cheroot in his hand, "Does one set about becoming a successful scenario writer?"

John Emerson, best known, I suppose, for that celebrated cinematic combination, John Emerson and Anita Loos, said themselves, they now feel that question at least nine times a day. Yet it is a question upon which the most never grow. Second in interest and popularity only to that classic query: "How does one become a movie star?"

And my duty to readers of the Picture Show had to be done. Therefore, I remained desiant.

John Emerson laughed good temperately, or rather, he gave nickle those chuckles which a man is thoroughly enjoying the humour of the moment. Anita Loos, lantern, most animasted, smiled wondly, and leaning back in her shair, dreamly intimated that she was going to let her husband do the talking. A woman, she said, who had just been to Paris purchasing the number of frocks she couldn't be expected to concentrate on business.

"Bought. Poppin' up," interposed her spouse fondly, gazing with pride upon the miniature brunette beside him.

A Ticklish Question.

"How?" I began again, sternly closing my ears to the alluring strains of the Savoy orchestra.

"How does one become a successful stage dramatist?" returned tall John, with a smile.

"Duane," I replied weakly and coloquially. "Partly, I suppose, by studying the technicalities of the stage, fore and aft—I mean before and behind the scenes."

"Exactly," was the rejoinder. "One does not sit down to write a stage play without some working knowledge of the stage itself, or a pretty good idea of what is acceptable and suitable for presentation on it."

"I remember that when I left the stage, where I had been both actor and director on motion picture field, and decided to become a film director, I went to D. W. Griffith."

"What do you know about picture-making?" he asked.

"I don't know a thing!" I promptly replied.

"Then," said the great one, "I guess you're the man I want. I thought, perhaps, you were one of those fellows who know everything. What's your idea of a salary?"

"I don't want a nickel till I know my business," I told Griffith. "All I want is to have a thorough look round."

"Griffith, however, insisted, on my receiving the salary to which I had been accustomed."

"Well," I said, "that's your affair."

But during my time of voluntary probation I did nothing but investigate all the branches of picture-making, so that when I came to take up the megophone in earnest, I really knew the ins-and-outs of my business. And now that I am concentrating—in collaboration with my wife, of course—upon the scripts and the cutting of our pictures, in addition to casting them, and supervising their direction, I find the all-round knowledge I first acquired is standing me in good stead.

First Class Advice.

My advice, then, to would-be scenario writers, or indeed to anyone who seeks to shine in any other branch of film work, is this: Seize every opportunity for studying film conditions first-hand which presents itself, however humble the job or small the salary, for thus you will gain sound practical knowledge, above all price, which inevitably will lead to better things—unless you have the material for better things within you! Unfortunately, the war and various conditions, have so retarded the progress of the British picture that is no suggestion to say that, generally speaking, the industry over here is ten years behind the times; but for more send here and there the steps which indicate that steps are being taken in the right direction, and it will not be long before the scenario writer and others come into their film kingdom in England.

Delayed Releases.

MUCH can be learned, too, from a careful study of the films themselves, though here, again, you are at a disadvantage.

"Gracious!" broke in Anita, suddenly aroused to action.

"John and I have not seen a new American picture over here since we arrived! New to you, of course, but three or four years old in the States, with technique, etc., correspondingly behind the times!"

"The late release of pictures here is, of course, a serious problem," I admitted.

"What you need are urgently are more and more picture theatres," put in Mr. Emerson. "That would solve the problem considerably. But, in any case, I think every facility should be given to serious students of screen drama to view films as soon after completion as possible, in order that the knowledge gained should be thoroughly up-to-date."

"Another thing which the scenario writer should study carefully," added Miss Loos, "is his market. Failure to do this is responsible for half the journalistic disappointments, both in film and out of it. When you write your story, bear in mind some specific actress or actor of a theatrical type for which you are not suited, and then send it to the quarter where it will be most appreciated. You'll save yourself a lot of time and disappointment, and even if your scenarios come back at first, you will have taken a sure step in the direction of your success."

Miss Loos, it may be added, in conclusion, has written successful screen plays herself since the tender age of sixteen, when John Barrymore played in her first story, "The New York Hat!"

JOHN EMERSON.

May Hischel-Claire.
A SPLENDID SHORT STORY OF REVENGE AND LOVE

(Special to the "Picture Show."

The Man Who FORGOT

JAMES KNIGHT

A S the local train neared the outskirts of the village of Winter, on the Devonshire coast, two men, wearing the R.N.R. uniform, began to look out of the window of one of the empty coaches.

They were both young. The elder of the two was Jim Hallibar, skipper of one of H.M.S. mist-swimming. The younger one, a third-class man, about medium height with a strong but rather slender face.

The younger was a little, well-built man, about twenty-two, fair-haired and decidedly handsome.

Jim had been picked up, and they were now on leave while the Admiralty found them another ship. They had been friends from boyhood, and the only thing that had ever come between them was Mona Hallibar, whose family had lived in the village, warring a living from the sea in competition with the Freders. So Jim had gone back to his beloved father who at one time had owned a fleet of fishing boats.

It was of Mona that both men were thinking now, but neither expressed his thoughts.

Each felt, as they neared the station, that the day would surely come when Mona would come to choose between them, and in each man's heart was the desire that when that day came their lifelong friendship would be severed.

Seth Malden broke the silence that had marked the fast journey by giving them a look over the rack and getting down their luggage, with the remark:

"Hallibar, you men get outside, and I'll throw the bags to you.""The train pulled up as he spoke, and, having arranged with a porter to take their luggage to the cabin they had always shared when aboard, both men strode down to the beach.

The fishing boats were just coming in, and as they neared the little jetty they noticed a commotion around a boat in the stern of which stood a strikingly beautiful young woman in a sailor suit, her face the color of ripe corn, and a gloriously youthful figure, that made Seth breathe through the rough fisherman's jersey that she wore.

She was elated with an amiable smile at two men who were quarrelling as to who should unload the boats, and set them down on the beach.

"Tarpaulin Jack and nasty fellow," Seth said. "We're that unlucky." Before they had exchanged greetings, Seth and Jim began to load Mona's boat, and just as they had finished the fight ended in a victory for Tarpaulin Jack.

He came running to the boat to get his reward by unloading it for Mona, but when he saw the task had already been accomplished by Jim and Seth, he turned on the latter in a raging temper.

"You took a good tip, and I thought you'd give me a quiet smile, but before he could say anything, Jim pushed him out of the boat.

Hallibar's face was black with rage. One of his worst faults had always been an uncontrollable temper, and it had kept him from being a first-class fisherman, when round told him he would have to fight. Now clear out, or I'll smash you!" he shouted to Tarpaulin.

Tarpaulin stepped back involuntary as Hallibar advanced towards him, his huge fists searched and his aggressive jaw stuck out, but a snarl from Jim, and Seth's punch to Tarpaulin's nose sent the latter reeling round told him he would have to fight.

"Nobody needs to fight," said Seth, "Jim Hallibar, that is it!" he said quietly.

They were both men of the village, and neither ever overcame the village's reason of the match. "That's a good honest man," Seth said, and Jim shook and then went out for a walk along the beach.

The Day of the Tournament

"Tell everybody that Seth won the boat, and Seth easily wrested his way to the final," he won this, but he had a pretty tough struggle. Then the admiral appeared, and ordered Seth to look out of his exors.

As Seth was walking away, a sailor from the village, who had charge of the sports, told him to take a note to the girl in which he explained

(Continued on page 18.)
TOM SANTSCHI.

I t seems very strange to talk of Tom Santschi as a "veteran" when he is still in vigorous young manhood, and yet he is a "veteran" where films are concerned, for he commenced his motion picture career in 1908 when they were very much in their infancy.

Like many other film actors, Santschi acted on the legitimate stage before he felt the call of the "Silver Screen."

Exciting Adventures with Wild Animals.

H is first engagement was with the Selig Film Company and he had many exciting adventures in those days.

He had a wonderful power over wild animals and he handled as many as twenty-two ferocious beasts at one time. He acted with Kathryn Williams, and they had two very narrow escapes from death, but he brought Miss Williams and himself quite safely through very many adventurous stunts.

Asked if he would like to go back to this type of film, Tom Santschi replied: "The fact is, I have not the courage to do that. I have not been with animals for four years. One must work with them day after day, be very alert and quick-muscled. If I would return now, they'd probably make short work of me."

Films in Which You May Have Seen Him.

H e appeared in Goldwyn pictures with Geraldine Farrar, two of which were "Shadows" and "The Stronger Vow"; and he was the featured player in the Goldwyn version of Rex Beach's "The North Wind's Muzzle." Other photo-plays in which he has appeared are: "Hugon the Mighty," a Universal film, and: "The Garden of Allah," "The Still Alarm," "The City of Purple Dreams," "The Crisis," "Little Orphant Annie," "Hugon the Mighty," and "Her Kingdom of Dreams."

Tom's part in the latter film called for great versatility. First he is bearded, dirty and unkempt, and later he is well groomed and immaculate.

TOM SANTSCHI appreciates the time when he can leave the cinema studio and get to his home, which he loves. Here you see him after he has shed his coat and in his shirt sleeves has gone out to feed his fowls. He reads at home, studies his part thoroughly, and practices athletic stunts in order to be always in perfect physical trim.

Tom Signs Up With Pathe.

S ANTSCHI is to appear for Pathe in a series of fifteen two-reelers of the Western type, the first of which is to be "Beyond the Trail." This is a fine film, and gives Tom play for strength of character as well as muscle. It is a story of strong filial affection, tenderness, and true love.

"There is no film player more capable of acting Western roles than Tom Santschi. He has been featured in so many characterizations that require great strength and ability, and he sets a standard for strong-man roles in Rex Beach's "The Spiders," in which he had a great fight with William Farnum.

His Forceful Eyes.

H e is a fine specimen of manhood, standing two inches over six feet. He has thick, wavy hair and blue eyes that look out fearlessly upon the world, and give one the impression of quiet force—the eyes of a man who has trained many wild and ferocious beasts.

He was born in Lucerne, Switzerland, but while still very young went to America.
the circumstances of his hurried departure. In this letter he asked Mona to wait for him till he returned from Atlantis.

Jim Hallibur never delivered that note. But he did show Mona a snapshot Seth had sent him. It had been taken by an officer on the transport and showed Seth standing by the side of Viola Selwyn. Mona Jennifer was very proud. She could not understand why, if Seth Malden loved her as he professed, he had let her without saying good-bye or even leaving a note. And when she saw the snapshot the tears had been streaming at her heart ever since the day Seth went to tea with the admiral's niece took definite shape. Seth had deserted her for Viola Selwyn.

Then her pride turned the love she had had for Seth Malden into hate. She did not wish to see him or hear of him again.

She had been known, when she was casting Seth Malden out of her heart, he was being delirious in hospital in Colonia, so ill that for weeks he hovered on the brink of death.

But knowing nothing of these things Mona felt she had been cruelly treated, and while she was in that state of mind she found some consolation for her wounded pride in the protestations of love that Jim Hallibur was for ever pouring into her ears. In the end she married him.

As she stood at the altar of the little church Mona realized that there was no love in her heart for Jim, like the love she would have given to Seth, but the thought only made her more determined to do her duty by the man she had married.

In the months that followed, Mona, though not really happy, found a quiet content, and it was quite possible that content might have gradually merged into the calm of a love that was a settled one. And by the time she had tried to marry Jim Hallibur, and when Seth had heard all, and told Mona of Jim's treachery in not delivering her to the admiral, the admiral returned to the village, and he stopped her.

"Well, and how are you, and how is my young friend Seth standing?" asked Admiral Hallibur.

"I should have thought that you would have known how Mr. Malden is, as by this time he must have returned to England." he said.

"Married to my niece?" exclaimed the admiral.

"Goodness gracious, girl! What do you mean?"

My niece is married to an officer in the Navy. She was engaged to him when we were down here before." Mona felt a icy dread steal round her heart, something told her that Jim had deceived her, and when the admiral had explained the snapshot and other things and assured her that Viola Selwyn had never taken a friendly interest in Seth, she knew that her happiness had been faltered from her by a lie.

In a furious passion she went to her cottage and taxed Jim with his deceit. He could not deny it, but he pleaded that it was because of the great love he had for her that he had deceived her.

"I felt that I couldn't live without you, Mona," he said simply.

"Well, you'll have to live without me now and to the end of time," replied Mona, her voice rising and her cheeks aflame. "Do you think I could live with a man who had won me by a lie? A man that betrayed his chum?"

The contents of her voice aroused all that was evil in Jim Hallibur's nature. With a smothered cry he sprang towards her, but Mona whipped up a knife that was lying on the table. If you attempt to touch me, Jim Hallibur, I will stab you," she exclaimed. "I am going straight back to my father, and I never wish to see you again."

Without a word Hallibur slunk out of the cottage. A few days later he joined a mine-sweeper and on her first voyage she was sunk by a German "U" boat, and the Admiralty report was that all hands were either killed or drowned.

Seth Comes Back.

MONA lived on with her father and once more took out his fishing boat to wrest a living and support her father. The ship was of the type that current of her life was disturbed. This time, by the arrival of Seth Malden, back from Atlantis and invalided out of the service. Mona felt that in Seth she had come to marry Jim Hallibur, and when Seth had heard all, and told Mona of Jim's treachery in not delivering her to the admiral, she gave him a mine-sweeper and exchanged that too.

"The best thing we can do, Mona, is to forget the past. Seth is dead and we ought to try to forgive him. Let us take up our life again just as it was before there came this terrible misunderstanding."

And Mona, crying softly on his shoulder, knew that happiness had come at last. In the two years that followed Mona lived in a world of sunshine that was never darkened by a cloud. She and Seth were married and the proud parents of a boy that was the living image of Seth.

Then once again fate intervened in Mona's life. Jim Hallibur returned to Tynes. He came in company with Salty Bolton, who had found him in a South American port. Jim had been picked up by an Argentine transport steamer, floating on a rafting which he had grabbed as the mine-sweeper sank under his feet. He had received a blow on his head that had caused him to lose his memory, and he had been called by those who rescued him, "The Man Who Forgot."

When Salty Bolton found him, Jim did not recognize him. He listened while the Tornac fishermen told him who he really was, and that he had a wife in England, and after much persuading, he decided to come home. Salty Bolton's action in bringing back the man everybody thought dead was not actuated by any high motive, but by a desire to revenge himself on Seth Malden because he had married Mona and was happy. It was Salty who told Seth that the two were coming up from the beach.

"Here's your wife, Jim, and the man she married, thinking you were dead," he said brutally. But if he expected any sensational climax to his mean revenge he was disappointed.

Jim stared at Mona and Seth and then muttered irritably:

"I don't know these people. I have never seen them before. I don't know why you have dragged me here. I was not at sea in America."

Then, without even another glance at Mona and Seth, Jim walked away.

Salty was furious at the failure of the scheme he had planned so carefully. He ran after Hallibur and his wife, and caught him. Remember the past, he gave his own miserable scheme of revenge away and said that if he must tell, he must tell his business, but for his own hatred of Seth Malden, that he had brought Hallibur from South America. Gradually the truth took itself in Jim's brain. He turned on Salty with fury in his eyes.

(Continued on page 22.)
EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."  
FOR the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge has been written, and will appear exclusively in the "Picture Show" under the early stages of Norma, before she was stars, make most fascinating reading, especially as they have recently visited Great Britain.

THE EDITOR.

Read This First.

A

WELL little note gave a rendering of "Salome" in a Parisian theatre, and warmed the hearts of the little actresses. Had it been a question of the calcium light, the commonplace surroundings of the studio simply ceased to be as far as she was concerned.

She became the young girl in the play thinking of the man who had weighed in the balance of her love and then proved unworthy.

She sat on the garden seat, painted to look like marble, and waited. With mournful, yearning eyes she gazed at the camera. Utter misery was depicted on her beautiful expressive face.

Then she opened the inner door and advanced, and she gave a quick turn of her head. The unworthy lover was approaching.

Then he appeared to her as a chivalrous lover, though his name is now forgotten, and he played his part well. He had to represent a man with a doubly ambition in the prize fight for dollars he was hard, cruel, and relentless; but when he turned his back on her office he was gay, irresponsible, and light-hearted, the ideal hero of a simple country maiden.

It was in this second personality that he now appeared.

When she saw him Norma's first impulse was to welcome him, as of old. For a moment she was carried away by the beauty of the man who had won her heart, and she almost forgot that another man had sat in the office.

All this the little actress was too strong to convey.

Then the man made love, and the girl seemed more and more to resist the fascination of his personality.

At last the moment came when the man took her hand and produced the ring.

For a moment Norma stared at it. Then she looked away and gazed at the camera. But it was not the camera she saw, for a face was seen to be a face distorted by greed and cruelty.

With a cry she snatched her hand away, and sobbed back and forth in a face that was so weak and tablets of love that were being followed by a face that was seen to be a face of horror, loathing, and disgust.

It was so marvellously realistic and betrayed so truly the deep emotions of the woman's soul, that somebody looking on gave a gasping cry of astonishment.

Then came Mr. Wilmore's voice no longer languid and weary, but tense with excitement.

Glad! Hold it.

Then the whole of the camera ceased and Norma knew that the scene was over.

She arose as from a dream, and looked about her wondering if she had failed.

The first thing she realised was that someone was shaking her hand with extraordinaryerness.

It was Mr. Wilmore himself.

"My dear child, that was great. If you go on like this, you'll be the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen!" he exclaimed enthusiastically.

Norma's eyes shone with happiness.

"You think I shall always be able to take real parts?" she asked eagerly.

The producer lifted his glass and exclaimed:

"I think, my child, in a very little while you will be choosing your own parts, and if you don't make one of the biggest successes in the business, then all my experience goes for nothing.

From that day Norma Talmadge never looked back.

The Commencement of Constance's Career.

SAY, Norma, may I come to the studio with you to-day?

Little Constance asked the question with assumed carelessness, but her bright eyes betrayed her eagerness as she looked up at her brilliant sister.

The three Talmadge girls were always devoted to one another from their earliest days, and the bond of affection has never been lessened, but in Constance's attitude towards Norma there is no admixture of reverence, something of worship.

This remains to the present day. If you go to meet Constance she talks about Norma: "Isn't she wonderful?" she will exclaim with her pretty face below.

Of course, this attitude was even more marked. Norma had achieved, if not fame, an assured position and a handsome salary both at home and abroad.

She was talked about; she received scores of letters from unknown admirers, and even hostile letters. She was in fact the beginning of more of her pictures.

This seemed very wonderful indeed to Connie, and filled her with awe.

Thus, in spite of her self-confidence and that delightful cheekiness which has always been her chief characteristic, she was utterly nervous when she asked permission to accompany her sister to the studio.

No one, however, replied with a hearty assent.

"Sure! Why not?"

You don't think they'll mind me butting in?

"Not a bit. They'll let me do as I like now.

This was true. By this time Norma was a very successful young actress in the Vitagraph studio.

So the two sisters went together, and Constance was so delighted by the experience that she made a habit of going whenever she had the chance.

Perhaps even then deep in her heart she nourished the ambition of being a star, and would dream of the dramatic leap to fame she was destined to make.

One day she came home very excited and dropped five dollars into her mother's lap.

"Mother, Talmadge opened her eyes.

"You gave you this, glad?" she demanded.

Constance drew herself up her full height, and with a careless flourish of her hand:

"I stole it!"

She had, in fact, been given a small "bit" in one of the productions, and the five dollars was her reward.

From this time Constance attended the studio regularly, and she was frequently given occasion to play her part.

The opportunities for distinguishing herself were not great, and the remuneration was de-sirable, but Constance was of a singing disposition, and now that she had made a star she was quite sure that nothing would be able to prevent her from mounting the other rungs of the ladder leading to fame and fortune.

And indeed a certain measure of success came to her quickly. Before long she was taken on as a member of the regular Vitagraph Stock Company.

She was only given very minor parts, however, and at times she wondered a little whether this day would ever come when she would be given a chance in something big. Meanwhile Norma was becoming a star. In the days before the war, the Vitagraph was one of the best sellers abroad. It was said as the time that the European sales paid all the studio expenses and other incidentals, so that the American output was clear profit. For this reason the Vitagraph people were more interested in the business than was the case with many of their rivals.

One day as Norma was leaving the studio she was accosted by the busman:

"Excuse me, Miss Talmadge," he asked, "but you have a pretty big mail, haven't you?"

The young actress nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, I can't find time to answer half my letters, and it seems such a shame when people are so kind as to write to me. And they say such nice things!"

"How many letters have you had this week?"

(Continued on page 20.)
“SISTERS THREE.” (Continued from page 19.)

One hundred and forty-two.

“From strangers?”

“Yes.”

“Away from all the others?”

“Not exactly, but they are British.”

“That’s interesting. We are getting known. Miss Talmadge. There’s no doubt the British like Norma.”

“I think they like me a little,” said Norra, smiling.

And so Norra Talmadge receives an average of 2,000 letters a week from her unknown admirers in all parts of the world.

A large proportion of these letters are from young women who have been fascinated by her personality, and by her skill in portraying the monotonous aspect of your own sex.

She confesses they are a great joy to her and an incentive to her best.

“I get real happiness and inspiration from the letters a little girl writes to me,” she said recently.

For in the actors’ dressing-room stage there are certain calls and sustained applause to encourage her and let her know when her work is at its best, but in the studio there is no applause. These letters from unknown admirers take the place of that.

It was shortly after this that an event happened that caused something like a sensation in the film world of America. Incidentally it was an event that influenced very powerfully the lives of the Talmadges.

A firm called the Triangle, with the now famous screen name of its head, was organized. A number of prominent stars were engaged at salaries which were then considered enormous. Miss Talmadge was among the first of the first to realize that personality counts for even more on the screen than it does on the stage, and she was ready to pay a high price for any artist possessed of that priceless gift.

One day he strolled into a picture house in New York and saw Norma Talmadge on the screen. The title of the picture was “A Neighborhood Prince.” Miss Talmadge was then under severe handicap, it was not a particularly brilliant production. Mr. Griffith, however, sat it through, and he was interested.

That night he wrote a letter, and the next day that letter fell like a bombshell in the house of the Talmadges.

Norma read it and then stared at it incredulously for a good half minute. Finally she took up the letter and read it—a letter that was to change her life, and the life of her family altogether.

“Peg,” she said, “what do you think of that?”

Mrs. Talmadge took the letter and read it through twice. It was so wonderful a note, containing an offer to Miss Talmadge to join the Triangle and naming a salary which was so big that it didn’t seem possible.

Mrs. Talmadge put down the letter, rose to her feet, and proceeded to lave from the room. “Where are you going, Peg?”

“Why, to see about packing, of course, my dear.”

Constance was also born, and we shall want a lot of things.”

“I think it’s all right?”

“Oh, of course it’s all right.”

“You don’t think there’s any mistake in the figures? It’s—it’s an awful lot of money.”

Miss Talmadge surveyed her handsome daughter with a look of motherly pride.

“You’re worth fifty, you darling. This simply means that they have found you out. Poor Constance will have to give up her work. But I think she will get another start out West—you never know.”

“If I accept the offer it will only be on condition that they consent to give Constance a trial too,” said Norma loyally.

Natalie.

The other member of the Talmadge family who left Brooklyn with regret was Natalie. So much was said of the matchless beauty of the Talmadge girls, but this is not so. As a matter of fact she is a year older than Constance. This is due in part to the fact that Miss Talmadge’s date of birth is not known to the public.

Natalie was born on February 10, 1907, and is therefore 21 this year. Natalie was born at Brooklyn on April 29, 1899, and is thus in her 22nd year.

Natalie was also born at Brooklyn, and her birthday is also in April—the 19th, and the year 1909. She is thus in her 21st year.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Falling Hair—Its Cause—Some Reliable Shampoos—The Importance of Careful Drying—The Picture Girl’s Ribbon Hat.

It is quite a usual thing nowadays to hear cries from girls about the ill-health of their hair. They complain that it is falling out, or that it has become dull and lifeless, and very hard to do up nicely for all the parties and dances that crop up at this time of the year. True it is that the sunlight and various elements with which the hair has come in contact during the holiday months have not improved its texture; therefore, a little careful attention will be essential just now.

Look to Your Health.

The variation in the quantity, quality, and texture of the hair is largely due to the health of the individual; persons of nervous temperament usually have less abundant and less glossy hair than those of more robust and sanguine dispositions. Mental trouble, late hours with an insufficient amount of sleep will frequently cause the hair to fall out and become thin. Of course, it is absurd to tell a girl not to worry, for she may have cause to do so, but this worry can be avoided, and every girl should see to it that she gets her full proportion of sleep.

Tips From a Star.

JUANITA HANSEN, who, as you know, has a wealth of wonderful blonde hair, says that regular care must be given to the hair if it is to be kept nice. Here are her suggestions for keeping the hair strong and healthy:

"It is a great mistake to wash the hair too frequently—such a practice tends to make it both dry and brittle. However, it should not be forgotten that cleanliness goes far towards keeping the hair and scalp in a healthy state.

"True, nature made them for shampooing, but if you do not know the composition of the shampoo your hair may be damaged.

"An egg shampoo is excellent for dry hair, although it is a little expensive in these days of high prices. Still, it preserves the hair, so it is worth the outlay.

"Beast a fresh egg to a broth, adding an equal amount of lukewarm water. Rub this mixture into the scalp just as you would an ordinary shampoo, and afterwards carefully rinse with tepid water. This shampoo will cleanse the scalp thoroughly, nourish the roots of the hair, and will not clog the pores.

Take Care With the Drying.

After washing, the hair should always be thoroughly and carefully patted dry with a rough towel, but not with a fluffy one, as the fluff is apt to come off and get entangled with the hair.

Of course, my hair is short, so I do not have much difficulty in managing it. I have heard of girls putting their hair in the oven to dry, when it is very long. If they only knew the horrid-looking, groggy-looking women—"I am sure they would not do such a silly thing. The dry heat of the oven is not good for the hair, and in time takes the colour out of it. The very best method of drying is to use fans—or rather, to get someone else to fan your hair for you. To fan the hair with your own hand dries it quickly. However, if you are compelled to dry it yourself, and wish to dry it quickly, do this with warm air, which is beaten continuously in the oven, and the head drenched with a circular, rough movement.

The Picture Girl’s Winter Hat.

The log hat is truly becoming, but it is rather in the direction of the big bonnet, with the big back, the collar of which wusleth well up into the neck for the sake of warmth. This small "pull-on" hat, however, is, without doubt, the most comfortable, and most charming of all this type of hat for the hair. The Picture Girl’s hat is a delightfully little affair composed entirely of powdered-buff silk, to which there is a lovely hair ribbon. A Jaunty little bow of the ribbon placed at one side of the hat adds a touch of picquancy to the chic little hat.

You can obtain patterns of this hat for one shilling (P.O., to be made payable to the Picture Show) from Picture Show, Eastern Dept., 291A Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A DRESSER.

Natalie was always very proud of her pretty sisters, but for a long time she felt no desire to follow in their footsteps. At her mother’s suggestion she went to the Vigny Studios, and on rare occasions she was given "bits" to play, but the work did not appeal to her.

"It is no use, Peg," she said one day, "it is not my line. Two movie actresses in the family are enough. I’m not pretty and I’m not clever enough.

"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Talmadge. "You are the cleverest of all my daughters. You could learn anything you wanted to learn. But if the screen does not appeal to you, then you had better leave it alone. The great thing is to be interested in your work whatever it is."

Natalie acted promptly on her mother’s suggestion, and began to study book-keeping, shorthand, and typewriting.

She soon became proficient, and she was doing quite well in a modest way when the family had to leave Brooklyn and go West.

She wondered what the new life held for her, and she was not very hopeful. She was a thoughtful, serious-minded little girl, fond of study, and perhaps she was just one of the failures of life. She loved her brilliant sisters, and grieved in their successes, but she knew that Nature had not provided her with the gifts which had been so bountifully bestowed upon them, and her own very real and solid gifts she was too modest to value at their true worth.

As it turned out the journey proved a great event, a great step forward, in the lives of all the family.

To Norra it meant the beginning of fame. She was already a film favourite with a assured position, but now she became a star.

To Constance it meant that she was to get her first great chance and the opportunity of making her own way in the field of pictures, and of producing the pictures that have ever been filmed.

And to Natalie it meant a fuller and more interesting life with the possibility of being the greatest producer of all the wonderful pictures that have ever been filmed.

With this encounter we come to the end of the first phase of the wonderful careers of the Talmadges.

Next week we enter upon the second phase, which is one long record of dazzling success.
EVERYONE is talking about the huge success of "Girls' Cinema" and the lovely COLOURED Plates this splendid new companion paper of ours is giving away. Everyone likes the paper and everyone agrees that the plates are the finest they have ever seen. The two latest are shown above— one is given free TO-DAY—the other next week. Make sure of them both. This week's "Girls' Cinema" is full of good things and includes:

"Heart Of The Hills"
The story of Mary Pickford's newest and most famous film.

"Shown Up By Her Family"
The story of a girl's fight to "better herself."

"Madcap Mabel"
Mabel Normand's own story of her rollicking schooldays.

Life Stories of Violet Hopson & Stewart Rome

"Who's Who In Filmland."
£250 IN CASH PRIZES

GIRLS' CINEMA
Our Great NEW Companion Paper OUT TO-MORROW.
LEARN TO DRAW
IN YOUR OWN HOME

THE London Sketch School’s postil tuition course of all complete bronze is the easiest and most thorough method possible of learning to draw. Beginning at the root of the subject it takes a student from the single line to the finished drawing, embracing every phase of art work, such as landscape, still life, scketches, advertisement design, posters, story illustrating, etc. Each student is given individual instruction, which means that not only is a pupil’s own particular style and taste for any special branch of illustrating fully developed, but the course is specially adjusted to the advanced student as to the absolute beginner. The course includes hundreds of valuable illustrations on charts, easy and fascinating leading to follow, and endorsed by present pupils as the best and most efficient method of instruction. Students do not become copyists; the training ensures that they become able to produce original drawings, which if they desire to turn their talent to profitable account, will bring good prices. Read these appreciative letters received this week:

"I am pleased that I have made rapid progress, due to your instruction. Not only has the school taught me my art, but it has made me ambitious." Another student:

"The charts are just what I wanted, to show how the thing should be done." Yet another student:

"The lessons are very great, and the criticism practical and helpful."

WRITE ONCE FOR FREE - PROSPECTUS POSTER AND SKETCH FOR FREE CRITICISM.

LODNON SKETCH SCHOOL

THE ASTRONOMER
will convince you that there is nothing better for satisfactory home baking.
Cakes, buns and pastry raised with it are fine and even texture, light and perfectly wholesome.

Raisen
THE SURFING SAND
Formerly known as 'Paisley Flour.'
1 lb., 6d., and 24d., per lb.
Made by Brown & Paisey—as reliable as their Cane Flour.

REAL LIFE STORIES.

A COORDING to an announcement made a short time ago by the American film company, it is new and believe the company had decided on an entirely new departure from its usual method of motion picture work. Instead of depending on fiction, the company has selected the best stories from every station of life, and such incidents from their past as would be interesting were to be woven into plays for pictures. The title of these real life stories for the time have been shown in this column tonight. Part of the strength of the stories has hitherto been to show that, if one were a good citizen, he might be treated as a great and helpful person.

A Trial of 'Raisen'

will convince you that there is nothing better for satisfactory home baking.

Cakes, buns and pastry raised with it are fine and even texture, light and perfectly wholesome.

Raisen
THE SURFING SAND
Formerly known as ‘Paisley Flour.'
1 lb., 6d., and 24d., per lb.
Made by Brown & Paisey—as reliable as their Cane Flour.

M. A. (Penk).—Thanks for your appreciation. I am glad that this is the best in your distant part of the world. The Triangl film you saw was filmed in America, and the Arctic scenes in it were all arranged to order. See the results of our voting competition in the issue for July 3rd, which we arranged without our readers considering to be the most beautiful nature, etc. Vincenzo's (north). — Do you have given you a new mode-de-plain rth this time. No, I don't mind, of course. You like change, and the kind I prefer 3/4 all sugar. Eugene O'Hara is not over 40. I believe it is his real name. Just there of his book, "The Green of Heart's," and "The Broken Melody." N. Murgeretie Clayton and Mrs. Gerard. Charles Ray is twenty-nine. Of the others you mention, Potter, Davis, and Arthur Newell, Milton Mills, Mildred Davis, and Betty Blythe are all American.

Franky and Nora (Huddersfield).—What is the likeness, Nora, you have noticed between Eddy Pono and William H. ? I have to tell you. Lucile Love is Grace Conard, and Pearl Grant is Edel W. For you to hear. Betty Blythe in 'Tangled Lives' by Harry Meaning.

WINNIE (Newcastle).—So you just adore Theda Bara, the "dark-eyed beauty." Thirty is her age, and thirty years she has been a star. Dark blue eyes and dark brown hair forms her coloring, which was the original in "Pitheca of a Big City," and William Scott in 'The Falcon.’

INKY (Hemsworth).—Yes. you are right about Victoria Forde being Tom Mix's wife; but at the company they say that they have no kick. But your brother-in-law is an exact double of James Reigan. For he has the same kiddles. He has been in films for the last ten years, and as far as I can understand, he has been in them everywhere. The company has just signed him to a contract for the next five years, and you will be hearing more of him very soon.

ASK THE PICTURE SHOW

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

He has played in 'The Happy Wandering,' "Xander's Gentleman," "Big Money," and several others.

"FOXY" (Shrubfield).—You are not quite as tall as you are. Caucasian figure was perfect. He is about 6 ft. 11 in., and 3 ft. 10 in. tall. His name is "FOXY." (Whitley Bay) and " AKKOS 'BULL.' " You are now at the height of my letter about Ann Little. Well, here you are. Age, twenty-six, and actress, known as " Ann." Some of the stories of which she has appeared are: " Love from the King," "The Squaw Man," "Alias Mike Moran," and "The Golden Road." She gives her height as 5 ft. 6 in., and her colouring as dark hair and brown eyes, which are visible in the "Love from the King." I have heard of the artistes you mention, but imagine you must be thinking of Arthur Duffield. His wife, Berta Roosevelt, and he were born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. His eyes and hair are both dark.

"BITTERLY" (Plymouth).—You are in love with Creighton Hale’s "new crooked smile." I like him too; but I would not have paid $1,000 to see him in "Lead Fingers." "Hollywood," and Marshall Neilan played a similar role. In "Rage," he both led and was Frances Langford and the Catching Hand in "The Exploits of Elaine." He was in "The Lightning Rider."

LO. 3031, L.C.P. A. J. E. RUSSELL, A. CO. 4th R. R. Bulwark, Waterloo, Quebec, H. L. for any reading matter which could be sent him. He has been a director of the stock he will use in the next 24 hours they experience.

B. R. (Wiltshire).—I should not advise you to waste your money on cinema school fees, if enough. I know nothing about the C. J. Town concern you mention, which offers a world of the arts as the "Mrs. Patrick Campbell of the screen," and is a little person.

"LITTLE LUCY" (Lithington).—So you have turned up again with another list! Ruth Clifford is my name, and I am the one of any reading matter which could be sent him. He has been a director of the stock he will use in the next 24 hours they experience.

Try "LUCERNE" (Australia).—Don't you have her year and address—" The Square Deal"—with Margretha Fisher as the star? The hero was J. J. Davis, and the heroine was James Davis, at 4 pm.

MORE ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR.—You are kindly requested not to write to the large number of other queries that have to be answered each week, with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope and enclose 1d. to stamp to the Editor. The Picture Show, Room 80, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. If you would like to write to an artiste and wish to give your full name and address, including the country you are writing from, you must mention the "Picture Show" and write the letter in reply. It is requested that such letters must be replies to requests to please keep these addresses for reference.

EUGENE STRONG. "GOLDEN MOVIE" Film Co., Upper City, California, U.S.A.

ELMO NEIL. "PICTURE PARADE" Pictures Corp., 400 Fifth Avenue, New York, U.S.A.
“The Man Who Forgot.” (Continued from page 18.)

“I see it all now,” he said. “You didn’t want to be helped by bringing me back home to see it— the old places would restore my memory, but because you were to wreck the happiness of the two people, who, so far as I can make out, did no harm. I have seen enough to stimulate my mind, but never one so mean as you! Look after yourself for I mean to give you the bidding of your life.”

Jim thought once of salty and shook him as a terrier would a rat. He gave Salty strength, and he managed to break away, knowing he was no match for Hallibur and as the latter turned he picked up a pebble and struck him a cruel blow on the head. Then, leaving the man, he hid so feebly used as an instrument to wreck his revenge. Salty ran back to the village.

Jim was found by some fishermen, and in regard for his old friend, Seth, and him taken to the cottage they used to share and sent for the best doctor in the district to attend to him.

And while Jim Hallibur was fighting for his life, Mona and Jim were trying to find a way out of the terrible situation that faced them. Mona had gone straight away to the forest with her lady, and Seth was lodging in the village.

Seth had consulted a lawyer, but had been told that Mona’s marriage with Jim must stand. The last hope taken away from him, Seth would decide he must go away. He made over to Mona all he had, and decided to go to Jim Hallibur to say goodbye.

Hallibur had recovered from his injury, and with his recovery had been restored his memory.

“It’s a terrible business, this, Seth,” said Jim, as he made his seat down in the cottage where, in the long ago, they had lived together in friendship. “I’ve made a mess of things all my life. I robbed you of Mona with a lie, and I’m sorrier than you ever know that I did it. I don’t expect either of you to forgive me that, but I think you both know that my coming back here this time was not my fault. If I’d have known what I was doing, I would have killed myself first, but my memory had gone ang that stuck Salty used me for his own ends.”

“It’s no use worrying about anything now, Jim,” said Seth. “I forgive you everything, and I know this bad business was not your fault. But it was only right that you should have come back. Jim, Mona is your wife and nothing can alter that. I’m going off by the first train in the morning and I thought I’d say goodbye first. Here’s my hand and all I want to ask you is to be good to Mona.”

Jim Hallibur held out his hand, but he did not appear to be listening to Seth’s request.

“I want you to promise me something, Seth. Promise me on your solemn oath that you will see Mona before you go. I can’t tell you why, but promise,” Seth hesitated and then said:

“I promise, Jim.”

The next morning, Seth, carrying his bag, knocked at Jim’s cottage. Mona answered the door.

“I didn’t want to distress you any more, Mona, but I saw Jim yesterday and he made me swear I would see you before I left.”

As he spoke Tarpanin duck came running up with a letter which he handed to Mona.

“It’s from Jim Hallibur,” he said.

Mona opened the letter. It was very brief and stated that he had wished Seth to see her and her baby before he left. There was another letter inside addressed to Seth, which Mona handed to him. Seth turned pale as he read it and then passed it to Mona. The letter read:

“Dear Seth,—This will bring your wife and little ‘un back to you. There’s no law to prevent you and Mona being man and wife now. I fixed that at sunrise. I’ve always been to blame, mate,—Your old chum.”

And when the evening tide came in, bringing with it the body of Jim Hallibur, there was a peacock on the dead man’s face which told that giving his life to bring happiness to those he had wronged, Jim Hallibur had felt no regret.

(Adapted from incidents in the front photo-play, by permission.)
THE little ones delight to play at helping Mother, and when the invitation is extended to Vimmy he is always ready and eager to help mother in the housework. He lightens every cleaning task, and cheerfully undertakes the work of brightening the house from roof to cellar.

Vim is splendid for cleaning Kitchen Tables, plain and painted woodwork; for scrubbing Floors, Oilcloth and Linoleum. Vim also quickly cleans Pots and Pans, Cutlery and Crockery, Earthenware, Glassware and Porcelain, Baths and Brass Taps. Don't apply Vim dry.

IN SPRINKLER-TOP CANISTERS
Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.
Do you recognise him? "Snooky" is a star in Chester Comedies, but perhaps you do not know him looking so glum: "Snooky" can't find a photograph of himself in his favourite paper. Hence this look of despair. He sent this photograph, so we took the hint.
The Easy Way to Beauty
—is the Icilma Way

Just a little Icilma Cream, Guaranteed Pre-War Quality, rubbed into the skin every day, that's all. Nothing could be easier—nothing more effective. Thousands of women and girls have proved this—so can you.

No other toilet cream contains Icilma Natural Water, which stimulates the skin to Natural Beauty and makes the complexion smooth and transparent. Icilma Cream is sweetly clean to use—does not leave a shine on the face—is non-creasy and cannot grow hair. Try it now—useful in all weathers.

Icilma Cream
Price 1½d and 2½d per pot everywhere.
Flesh-lined Cream, 1/2d per pot.

Use it daily and look your best

The Height of Happiness
is to be there with
Super-Kream—anywhere—time and place do not count when you've got Super-Kream—neither does the weather. Insure yourself against life's little worries by investing regularly in a large tin of Sharp's Super-Kream—pure, wholesome and delicious.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in ½ and 1-lb. tins.

You should also try
SHARP'S ROYAL NOUGAT.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., Maidstone.

Keep your boys at Home!
Encourage the happy home-life habit.

It is up to you as a parent, to cultivate in your own household the desire to remain at home during the long winter evenings. Your children will show no inclination to "wander" if you install a Riley "Home" Billiard Table in the home. Watch their faces as both the boys and girls revel in the enjoyment and excitement a Riley game yields. And what better relaxation for yourself after the cares and worries of the "daily round and common task."

16/- down and you receive a
RILEY "Home" Billiard Table

16/- down—and then, whilst you have the table, you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments.

Cash Price £13-10-0. Other sizes—prices in proportion, £13-6-0.

Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table. In addition to the "Home" Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—the "Combine," billiard and dining table all in one piece of furniture, and a perfect billiard table. This style also can be secured on easy payments, spread over 15 months. Cash price ½ price a year ago £13-10-0.

Write to-day for Illustrated Price List.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Newton Works, ACCRINGTON.

PAY ½D MORE FOR DAISY
AND BE CURED

DAISY is the absolutely safe and marvellously effective cure for Headache and Neuralgia.

WHAT is an extra penny when your Health is at stake? What is 2d extra when it makes all the difference between a safe, certain cure, and a just possible cure—the difference between a night of ease and a night of pain.

5 Times Better Value.
Though a Daisy costs you but one half-penny more than its "cheap" imitators, we pay for its ingredients FIVE TIMES as much. Daisy is truly different; for instance, most of the ordinary headache cures are made with acetaol, but Daisy contains none of that substance. Dr. Wallace's letter makes plain the high importance of this and confirms our claim that Daisy is immensely better value to you.

Doctors Approve Daisy

DAISY is sold by chemists and druggists everywhere at 2d, cash, 8 for 1s., 20 for 2s. 6d, 50 for 6s., DAI£Y TABLETS (special conveniently form) 1/3 per tin.

DAISY Ltd.
LEEDS.

PAY 1D MORE FOR DAISY
AND BE CURED

DAISY is the absolutely safe and marvellously effective cure for Headache and Neuralgia.

WHAT is an extra penny when your Health is at stake? What is 2d extra when it makes all the difference between a safe, certain cure, and a just possible cure—the difference between a night of ease and a night of pain.

5 Times Better Value.
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DAISY Ltd.
LEEDS.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show".

No. 45.—BERNARD DUDLEY.

BERNARD DUDLEY's smile is proof enough that he is pleased with this issue of the Picture Show. You'll find a copy in every British studio, any Monday morning you look in. And now British films are coming to the fore, you will find more news of our own British players in this premier paper for picture-goers.

This Week's Pleasant Surprise.

You will remember I told you that there was another pleasant surprise for those who look forward to our Art Plates. As soon as you turn to our centre supplement you will know it is here. There are more and more of these beautiful pictures in which the hero and heroine are posed by your favourites in filmsland. Will you write and tell me if you like them?

Just a Reminder.

OVERS of our Art Plates should also remember that the fourth coloured picture is presented with No. 4 of the "Girl's Cinema" for to-morrow. This is entitled "Say Yes," and is a beautiful proposal scene, the hero and heroine being the well-loved film stars, Charles Ray and Owen. These pictures have received such universal praise, I couldn't resist a last reminder to my readers of the Picture Show to be sure and secure copies for themselves.

The Wonder Man in the "Picture Show."

As I expect you know, Georges Carpentier, the man who is world famous as a boxer and a perfect type of manhood, has appeared in a film. This film has the fitting title, "The Wonder Man." The story of the film has been secured for the Picture Show, and will run for two weeks, commencing next Monday.

Every man and woman in the country will be interested in this story, which has a real hero playing the part of a real hero. It is a story of love, intrigue, and sport. Don't miss it, and tell your friends. They will thank you.

Is This For You?

JAMES KNIGHT tells me some kind reader of the Picture Show has sent him a tobacco-point, but he has no means of ascertaining who the sender is, as all the signature on the little note was "A female reader of the Picture Show," and there was no address.

Mr. Knight begs me to convey his hearty thanks and appreciation of the gift. So little lady, who considers James Knight the "best actor in the whole world," Mr. Knight thanks you.

Music versus the Screen.

I SAW Ivor Novello just before he left London for Paris, to see himself as others will see him in Louis Mercanton's film version of "Miarka."

He told me that he does not intend to desert his musical work for the all-conquering films. As you know, his latest song, "Thoughts of You," is being sung with tremendous success by Miss Josie Collins, in "A Southern Maid," at Daly's theatre, London. Mr. Novello says that it bids fair to rival his now historic "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

Gareth Hughes as "Tommy."

I HEAR that Gareth Hughes has been chosen to enact the role of Tommy in the picture version of J. M. Barrie's famous novel, "Sentimental Tommy." Gareth has risen to the forefront of film players in the brief space of twelve months, after making a great impression on the speaking stage. As you know, he is only 21 years old, was born in Wales, went to America as a member of the Welsh Players, and has stayed there ever since.

Raymound Wants to Know.

DO you know that Raymond Hatton, the character actor now appearing in Goldwyn pictures, says that he receives more letters from admirers in England, than from America? Yet Mr. Hatton is an American, and has never been in England. How do you account for this?

Now the Spiritualistic Screen Play.

YOU know there is a wave of public interest in spiritualism now sweeping through the country. Three of the most successful plays in London have this theme, "The Unknown," "The Crossing," and "Mary Rose," so the coming screen version of Robert W. Chambers's novel, "Athalee," is expected to create a sensation, when it is shown.

The story centres round a girl, possessed of psychic powers. From her sheltered country home, she becomes a popular and well-known spiritualist. We shall see Sylvia Bressan, Conrad Nigel, and other popular players in this film.

She Means to be a Pilot.

POPPY WYNDBEAM tells me she is busyly at work on the first long-distance flight, for instance, of flying, for she is determined to pilot a machine on her own account before many more weeks have elapsed.

She admits that the work is both hard and tiring, but she feels that knowledge as to how to pilot a machine is invaluable to her, to lose her time in film work, so she is working with this end in view.

Dangerous Dance Frocks.

LIGHTED gas fires and Hawaiian dance frocks do not take kindly to each other when the gas stove is alight, for, as you know, these hula-hula frocks are made of grass. This was the cause of what seems to have been only at the Metro studios the other day, when one of the dancers who was working with Madame Dorothea, walking past her, swished her skirt in the fire, and in an instant it was in flames. One of the men immediately grabbed a coat, and smothered the flames before much damage was done.

Next week to say the other Hawaiian dancers, cold as they were in their tropical frocks, kept away from the stove, thinking it better to be cool than burnt.

An Ungentlemanly Ace.

I HEAR that Dorothy Phillips is nursing a bruised head, as the result of being hit by a coconaut, hurled from the dizzy height of a giant tree, by a large ape. Four members of the ape family were used to give realism to her coming picture, "Men, Women, and Marriage," and it was when Miss Phillips was enacting a most dramatic scene with James Kirkwood that this ungentlemanly ape lashed the not. Dorothy says that a large picture hat she was wearing probably saved her from more serious injury than she received.

Their Best Parts on the Screen.

It is not always an asset for a screen player to be "born to the screen." For instance, Charles Ray, you must know, was born and reared in a town, yet it is in the "simple country boys" parts that he excels.

While Ward Crane, whom most of you have seen as a dapper city youth, was reared on a farm. The best playing of these respective stars are said to be the ones shortly to be released. Charles Ray in "Peaceful Valley," and Ward Crane, with Anita Stewart, in "Harriet and the Piper."

The Pope on the Film.

MOVING pictures of Pope Benedict the XV. have been secured, after many months of effort to receive the bar against camera-men at the Vatican. These remarkable pictures constitute the first opportunity ever given to the of Supreme Prelate in action, as well as to witness the most sacred ceremonies of the Vatican.

Troubles Never Come Singly.

PEARL WHITE has both of her cars in the repair shop. And the athletic actress put them there herself. She drove one over an embankment to avoid hitting two children. That she did not mind. But when she backed into a ten-ton
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Charlie forsakes the Country.

CHARLES RAY is to depart from his usual country boy role, in his coming film, "Nineteen Rhymes." He is to appear as a dapper nineteen-year-old city boy. It is said he has never had a part in which Charles revealed more.

A Surprise for Him.

A GOOD story is being told of a picture palace manager who is very fond of Bryant Washburn. He had a large screen of Bryant in his lobby, and always booked Bryant Washburn's pictures. This went on for so long that Bryant Washburn became to him the most familiar figure in the world.

When he heard that Mr. Washburn was in London, he and one night Bryant Washburn called at the picture palace.

"Do you know," said the exhibitor, "I was absolutely a special piece of luck for a moment. Because he hadn't recognized me," said the exhibitor. "It was a full minute before I realized that he had seen me before in his life."

Bessie's Real Name.

DID you know that Bessie Love's real name is Imanta Horton, though this fact is almost forgotten, even by those who gave it to her. If you were to meet Mrs. Horton, she would probably tell you Bessie Love was her mother. Bessie Love is as much Bessie Love at home as she is on the screen, only there they pronounce it Bessie. She has no brothers or sisters, and is not married, but lives with her father and mother in a very little bungalow near the studio.

About Letters.

W HAT do you think of this? I hear that Miss Washburn's out-gang post is so heavy that the Los Angeles post-office has requested her to use cancelled stamps, thus saving the expense of hiring several extra clerks just to cancel the Peekford postage. By the way Nazimova delights in her letters, and tells with great glee of one she has just received from a Japanese, who expresses his admiration of her by calling her "A Leaping Lady!"

MacDonald Not a Convincing Clothes Presser.

W ALLEY MacDONALD has proved conclusively that he could never make a convincing clothes presser. In his new role he was called upon to spend an afternoon pressing trousers. He pressed none of his own. The trousers had been badly engrossed for several days in an effort to undo what he did to his hapless trousers.

A Last Word.

T O all my readers who like a really fine serial, and there are a few, I expect, who do not, I have some special advice to give this week, and it is this—make no mistake about wearing a copy of "Answers" at noon and reading the first long, wonderful instalment of the great romance entitled "PAID IN FULL."

The author of "Answers" new serial novel, is the famous John Goodwin, whose novels, "BLACK MAIL," "DARKHOUSE," "MERCY" first appeared in "Answers," and have since sold by hundreds of thousands in book form all over the world. In his new serial story— you have all seen the striking posters drawing attention to it— the Editor of "Answers" has secured one of the finest story dramas ever produced. If you are not already reading "PAID IN FULL" you will thank me for my timely hint.

Fay Filer.

PICTURE SHOW, November 6th, 1920.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News from Los Angeles.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA recently went into a stationer's shop up Hollywood way to purchase a new fountain-pen. The clerk submitted a multitude of pens for his approval, and suggested he should try them by writing his name. In an absent-minded sort of way, Sessue scribbled on the black sheet before him the Latin maxim "Tempos Fugit." Probably the clerk was a disappointed autograph freak, for his face fell intolerably as he said:

"Oh, is your name Fugit? Now, do you know, you look so much like Mr. Hayakawa."

Dark or Fair.

THE latest of screen modes appears to be ringing a change on the stars' crowning glories. Cleo Moore, Bilhoud's dark-haired "Gala Girl," is being, a dazzling blonde. No, it's not perspicacious, but a wig, her latest part mysteriously demanding this metamorphosis. Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon" has also been proving that she can be just as beautiful whether dark or fair. Little Mary Miles Minter, who is at present playing the parts of mother and daughter in "Seven Lavender," on the other hand, has been camouflaging her sun-kissed tresses with a black wig for certain scenes. A little boy who saw her at the Studio the other day, in fact, refused to believe that he was talking to the Mary he had adored on the screen, and insisted he had a peep at the yellow locks beneath the sedate black wig.

Why?

J ACK WARREN KERRIGAN reads most of the scenarios that are sent him himself. Most of them are very bad, but Jack says that about the worst he ever received was a script that came to him by registered mail entitled, "Why Do I Live?" A letter accompanied the scenario urging that it should be given immediate attention. And after wading through some dozen pages of futile and untutored efforts, Jack sat down and wrote the author the following comment: In reply to your inquiry per se, I am afraid you overlooked it instead of delivering it in person.

B. V. D.

THE secret has leaked out that the initials of Bebe Daniels are B. V. D., said initials having been discovered on a sun-case, and the ownership slurred to Miss Bebe. Nothing very sensational in this, you will think, only it has been, among people, thought that the initials B.V.D. is the trade mark of a universally popular brand of gents underwear, which is, in fact, known by no other name. Bill Desmond used to sport his initials on the door of his motor-car with a harp of Erin entwined, till the archive made him abandon the effect on account of the harp looking suspiciously like a V.

LIKE CODE.

AUGNEY ATKINS and MARIJANIE DAW have just returned from a field. WESLEY BARRY put out his cap and said for the been river. Too.

You can see what the girls say to this.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

PAULINE FREDERICK and JULIAN ELTINGE are both very fond of horse riding. They were photographed before they went for a canter—PAULINE FREDERICK looking more beautiful than ever in her riding-habit.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA and his wife, TSURI AOKI, enjoy a quiet read at home.

A tense moment in one of the thrilling scenes of "Smashing Barriers"—a Vitagraph serial. The stars are EDITH JOHNSON and WILLIAM DUNCAN.

MAURICE TOURNEUR discussing scenes for "The Last of the Mohicans" with British soldiers in the old fort at his studio in Universal City. This famous story, by James Fenimore Cooper, which is a great favourite with all boys, should make a fine film.

A scene from "Madame Peacock" showing Madame NAZIMOVA. With the hauteur and dignity of a queen, she confers her favours.

That charming little star, VIOLA DANA, in a scene from one of her films—"Cinderella's Twin."
Our Splendid Serial Telling of a Man's Fight Against Fate and of a Wonderful Love.

"The Price of His Honor"

The Case for the Prosecution.

The case against Galloway assumed a black cloud from the start. The newspapers seized upon it with avidity, and the public followed their lead full career.

The romantic circumstances of the wreek of the Sweet Alice, and the amazing exchange of identity, gave the case outstanding features. Needless to say, capable journalistic experts soon ferretd out all these interesting details, and served them up sensationaly for the benefit of the reading public.

Character evidence they told heavily against the prisoner, John Galloway, alias Dyson Mallet, as the newspapers described him.

The case against the street immediately judged him guilty. Even the circumstances of his arrest were in his favor, so to speak, with the nod of the ditches, and torn with brambles, hiding amongst the hay in an old barn—discovered an insusceptibility of innocence.

The coroner's inquiry was held in the village inn, and the result was that Dyson Mallet was found to have been willfully murdered by one John Galloway.

The police offered no evidence, and at their request a grand jury was not permitted to give any.

Other evidence showed conclusively that Galloway when rescued from the sea had papers on his person which he had left behind at Dyson Mallet. He had been brought to Mallet's house, and although, according to Mr. Galloway, he had for some time insisting that his name was John Galloway and not Dyson Mallet, he could not have properly accepted the latter identity, presuming apparently that Mallet was dead.

It was further shown that on the day of the murder the dead man was at the local inn, the very inn at which the inquiry was held. He seemed to have money in his pocket, although in the matter of clothes and general appearance, he was in a deplorable condition.

He bought refreshments for the thirsty natives, and the evidence seemed to support the theory that he was not exactly sober.

But further important evidence was given by Mr. Weston, housekeeper at Mallet's house.

He appeared that this good lady, a nervous sort of woman, after retiring had heard voices in one of the lower rooms.

Mr. Mallet, or the man whom she then imagined to be Mr. Mallet, had sent her to bed not long before, and as far as she knew he was alone in the house with the exception of herself and the three maid-servants.

Consequently when she heard talking below she was alarmed, and perhaps a little inquisitive, and as the door was not locked, she passed through it in order ascertain whether herself that her master's house was in order. She had seen in the room her master, now known as Mr. Dyson Mallet, and "as perfect a gentleman as she had ever met." That she would say if all the coroners in the world tried to prevail upon her to say it, she did.

Her master was in his white flannels. But in the room with him was another whom she had not seen before, the dead man, the subject of this inquiry.

They were talking, that was all she could say. She did not hear what they were saying, and she did not try to hear. She hoped she knew her master well enough to know that he would not be led astray.

But she had noticed that the dead man was drinking something from a glass, and, as far as she could see, the two men were talking in a friendly way.

Characters in the Story

John Galloway was the wreek of the Sweet Alice. When he rescued her he was mistaken for his friend, Dyson Mallet. He procures, but not one, and was returned to ATHALIE RAILTON, with whom Galloway fails to be.

IRMA GALE was also on board the Sweet Alice, and John thinks she, too, was drowned. But one day she comes to see him.

ALICE MERRICK writes a letter addressed to Mallet, hinting at a past love affair. She goes to his house and finds Galloway impersonating his friend. While they are talking, somebody shoots at them from the garden.

DYSON MALLET supposes he is to be drowned; but after spending a delightful day with Mr. Galloway, John returns home and finds Mallet fast asleep in an armchair in the smoking-room.

Dyson is quite friendly, but Galloway leaves the house. He sleeps in a barn, and is awakened by a notice telling him he is wanted for the murder of Dyson Mallet.

Having seen that she went back to bed, a little exerised in mind because the stranger appeared, Mrs. Weston was apparently the latter identity, presuming apparently that Mallet was dead.

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But she had noticed that the dead man was drinking something from a glass, and, as far as she could see, the two men were talking in a friendly way.

The letter was duly forwarded, and the prison authorities handed a copy of it over to the police.

No reply came from Athalie, nor did Galloway answer, but the more the police were satisfied, the more comforted he felt he could have known the circumstances.

The police were of the arrest, and the charge against him, Athalie had collapsed, and for two or three days her condition was alarming.

Mr. Railton had broken the letter from Galloway, and, exercising his parental discretion, had locked it up in his own desk and said not a word about it to anybody.

The day after the opening of the police case, a sum from the solicitor, called upon the prisoner.

He was a middle-aged man who had seen a great deal in the career of criminal practice. He looked at his client shrewedly.

"Who instructed you to defend me?" was Galloway's first question.

"I am instructed by a friend of yours," replied the solicitor. "But, of course, if you have instructions from any other person who would prefer, I am quite ready to step out and have nobody," returned John, "and I have no money to pay for my defence. I am quite satisfied for you to conduct my case, but I have more faith in you than anybody who believes in my innocence."

At the word incompetence, Mr. Ransom pursed his mouth slightly.

"If your permission," he said slowly and judicially, "I propose to admit that there was a fight."

"A what?" said John startingly.

"A fight. The man was not shot or stabbed, but he is knocked about, and there is a nasty looking on the head which the medical evidence says might have been caused by a blunt instrument."

He smiled drily.

"I have heard that expression before somehow. Very well, that injury might easily have been caused by a fist. It will trouble the police to prove an inch, if you are there, there is my case. There was a fight, there was plenty for you two to fight about. Maidensdaughter is the distance between the scaffold, and say twelve months' imprisonment, perhaps not so much. You complicated matters by running away. If you had stayed and seen the affair out, the police would not have had to bring this murder charge."

Galloway stood up abruptly.

"I am sorry, Mr. Ransom, I shall not be able to assist you to conduct my case."

"Why not?"

"Because that is not my case."

"Can you be so sure?"

"I am completely innocent," returned Galloway. "I did not in any way cause the death of my own partner, Dyson Mallet, nor did I contribute to it. What I left him he was alive and well, and I did not even see from him at all. I represent me that must be your last, and I wish you to put me into the witness-box straight away."

"Hum!" muttered Mr. Ransom. "Very dangerous for you to go into the witness-box unless you are sure."

"If you say that once more, Mr. Ransom, we part company here, and I will get on without a solicitor."

Such was the position of affairs when, two days before the adjourned hearing, Billy O'Farrell landed at Liverpool.

(C. A. From "The Strand Magazine)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF MARC MACDERMOTT. (Special to the "Picture Show.")

MARC MACDERMOTT.
The Star Who Longs To Return to England and Buy a Cosy House Along the Thames.

When Marc MacDermott decides he has worked long enough he will return to England, find a real country house and farm somewhere along the Thames, and settle down for good. Of course we will be glad to have Marc MacDermott back with us again, but we do hope he continues to appear in pictures even after he "settles down."

We believe Marc MacDermott is really better known to the picture world of Great Britain than he is to the American public, for the reason that we have always claimed him as one of our own, and we have talked more about him and looked forward to his appearance on the screen here.

Played With Mrs. Pat Campbell.

Marc MacDermott was born in Goulburn, New South Wales. He began his stage career in Sydney, Australia. He came to London, and appeared with Mrs. Pat Campbell in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and played the lead with her in a tour of England of Sudermann's "Joy of Living."

Mr. MacDermott went to America with Mrs. Campbell, remaining there a year. After his return to England he toured the provinces in "Sherlock Holmes," under the management of Charles Frohman. He returned to the United States, and for one year played with Richard Mansfield. After that he went into motion pictures, being engaged by the Edison Company. He was with this company six years.

Around the World Making Pictures.

His clever actor admits that he has enjoyed pictures. He has been sought out by many directors, so that he has been idle very little.

He was sent around the world twice at the head of a company to make scenes and pictures in various countries.

Each of those trips took nine months, he declared to a representative of the Picture Show, who was visiting the big William Fox studios. "That was some years ago, and it seems strange to me to hear to-day the excitement that is created in the papers if a company contemplates such a trip. Recalling those trips is odd, because on the second trip Charley Breen was the producer, and here I am to-day being directed by Charley Breen in a new Fox picture."

Films In Which He Has Appeared.

Mr. MacDermott spent two years with Vitagraph, being starred in "Bobette," "The Sixteenth Wife," and "The Price of Fame."

"Mary Jones's Husband," which was called "The Beloved Vagabond" in England, a year's illness kept him out of pictures. Then he played in "The Thirteenth Chair," and was with Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Moon."

Under H. A. Rolph, he appeared in "The Red Virgin" and "Evens as Eve." He had appeared in Fox pictures before, and so when the Fox Company was preparing to make "Ruthless Mavrousses," Mr. MacDermott was picked for the square. He did a splendid piece of work. His acting is always of the best, because Marc MacDermott takes a pride in doing his best, in fact, doing things just right in his big hobby.

Then he was engaged for the big Fox special production, "While New York Sleeps." This is one of the most powerful pictures of the year. It shows three phases of New York's darker side. In the first Mr. MacDermott is a tramp, in the second he is a man-about-town, and in the third phases MacDermott gives one of the greatest pieces of acting ever shown on the screen. He sits in a chair by a fireside, dumb, cannot hear, cannot move his body. But the acting with the eyes alone will cause MacDermott to live long and distinctly in the minds of the people who see this remarkable picture.

When He Comes to England.

He was at work in another big Fox picture when the Picture Show representative called on him.

"Yes," he said, "I want to go back there and get a house somewhere on the Thames and settle down. Oh, don't laugh! I realize that houses are as scarce as hen's teeth just now, but in five years' time England will be back in her old stride. I feel that I would like to sit down and rest, and to me a home along the Thames is more restful than anything I can think of.

I hope when I get to England I will be able to write a story about pictures in the States for Picture Show. In the meantime give my best wishes to all your readers."

If you wish to write to him, address your letter:
Care of Fox Studios,
1401, North Western Avenue,
Los Angeles,
California, U.S.A.
"The Price of His Honour." (Continued from page 6.)

The Coming of Billy O'Farrell.

Billy O'Farrell was Galloway's partner and Dyson Mallett's partner.

Dyson Mallett has been out, with their luck or lack of it, had left the Calamity Jane in North Rhodesia, with a small opinion of himself and with too much pride, and particularly, Billy O'Farrell had remained behind, unrecognized.

He had remained behind to toil and sweat in the tunnels of the well-named Calamity Jane. The man and the tunnel, too, had come home to look for his partners.

He had not even heard of the disaster to the Sweet Alice. He had been bought up with him, because he did not know the name of the boat in which his two friends had travelled home.

The newspaper boy did not call every morning at the door of the Calamity Jane, and, in fact, no newspaper of any sort happened along in Billy's direction.

When he got down to Capetown and put himself in touch with the events of the day, the story of the wreck of the Sweet Alice was ancient history and he heard nothing about it. He had landed as a live coal and learned that one of his two partners was dead, and the other was on trial for murdering him.

Billy was a partner and a friend of the first water.

He had many things to do, things of importance. But he dropped everything. This business was too big for him, too much a chief matter for him. Before doing anything else he must clear Galloway of this absurd charge.

He thought it would be the simplest thing in the world, being himself a simple soul.

He only left the hotel, the fire-ice at Marlingham, and was interviewed by an inspector who had the case in hand, or said he had. "No," said Billy, "I don't think so.

"Why, of course, he's innocent! The thing is absurd I tell you. John Galloway would rescue a cackling goose from this tea and let it go again sooner than kill it."

Very interesting, said the inspector.

"You're thinking of Mr. O'Farrell, that is not evidence. What do you know about the prisoner and the dead man?

I know all about them," said Billy, with vivacity. "I—I've lived with them both in a hole in the ground for years. For years I tell you. And you want to know inside and outside, you live with him in a hole in the ground for years, then you'll know him, and you won't know him before. Take that straight from me."

"That's interesting, Mr. O'Farrell," said the inspector soothingly. "Where were you when the murder was committed?"

"On the high seas on my way back from Rhodesia," said Billy.

"Ah! Then I don't see that you can have anything to say about the matter of any weight at all.

But I tell you the man is innocent," persisted Billy. "Don't there any weight in that?"

"Very little," returned the inspector. "Of course, you can, if you like, give evidence with regard to Galloway's character when he was in Rhodesia with you, though I don't see that it could do him much good. Nevertheless, I will take your word for that and tell the chief of the ease. The adjourned hearing is the day after to-morrow, if you wish to be present."

He handed him his hotel card and left him. Billy called in a private room from the inspector that he would send him a wire if there were any developments before the adjourned hearing came on.

Billy was not the man to leave the matter at this. He was disappointed, because he had imagined that after he had made his defence with the police, Galloway would be at once free, and he would walk away with him arm in arm.

But he was not looking particularly. Billy had paid a visit to Dyson Mallett's house, where he interviewed Mrs. Weston and gave that impression of same assurance as he had given to the police.

Subsequently, he went west haste to London, where he found广告s of leading firms of solicitors; and even enquired

a great criminal counsel, who listened to his vehement arguments and protestations with far more courtesy than Billy was, perhaps, entitled to.

Finally, nobody held out to him the slightest hope that he would be able to do anything to help his friends, and put the case to rest in half an hour of trial. So the same evening he rushed back to Marlingham, and nightfall found him again at the same spot of the trial where Mallett's body had been found.

And here, in a great tree bee, he found a girl on her knees sobbing, I went to her, and when Billy, with his ready sympathy for any human creature in distress, touched the girl on the shoulder, she turned a blanched tear-wet face up to him.

"Billy was going through to be her father, but he was ten years older and looked more robust.

"What is the matter, my dear?" he asked gently.

A flood of sobs answered him, and mingled with them he caught the name of Dyson Mallett. At once Billy became on the alert. He sat down on a hole of the tree, and waited until she had her cry out. Then he spoke to her, and there was something in his voice, some magnetic quality of manly tenderness and sympathy with sin and frailty, which made her reach out to him, and gave him the secret.

"What is your name?" he asked quietly.

"Alice Mercer," replied the girl.

"Alice Mercer," continued Billy, "but you have just spoken the name of a friend of mine, a friend and partner of many years—who do you think I am?"

"Dyson Mallett—you are his friend?" said the girl, mistaking his face for his voice.

"My name is O'Farrell, Billy O'Farrell was my partner. I have just come from Rhodesia, where I have a mine claim together called the Calamity Jane."

"Yes, yes," whispered the girl. "I have

SPECIAL NOTICE!

NEXT MONDAY will be published:

"THE WONDER MAN," in which

GEORGES CARPENTIER,

the world-famous boxer, takes the star part in the second scene soon to be released by the Ideal Film Company.

"THE WONDER MAN" is a tale of LOVE, SPORT, and INTRIGUE.

Don't miss it! Be here on Monday, at the "PICTURE SHOW."

It will make you appreciate the photo-play more when you see it on the screen.

"I know nothing," said the girl, lowering her head—"but—"

Billy concealed a start.

"Do you know who killed him?"

"Yes. No—oh, no! How can I say such a thing! I know nothing, like you; but—"

"There is something in your mind that is troubling you?"

"Yes—it is," she answered slowly.

"Will you tell me about it?" said Billy. "You are not speaking to the police. You can be trusted. I know what that helps you any. But think. Remember there is a man on trial for his life, and I know, and I think you know, that he is innocent. I may be able to help you. Two heads are better than one. I am the partner of both men, and for that reason I am your friend."

"I know nothing," said the girl, lowering her head—"but—"

"I don't think it was murder. Jack Belcher would not do that if he was in his right mind. But I believe there may have been a fight."

"Who is Jack Belcher?"

"He is in love with no; has been for years. Oh, I have been very wicked, and it is my duty when it seems it never coming back, and—and sometimes he did not know I knew, and then when I saw he was not safe, I let Jack think I was in love with him a bit."

"Then when Dyson was rescued from the sea and taken to hospital, he told me once that he had the truth and sent him away. I told him I never loved him, but had always loved Mr. Mallet."

He was already away, and swore he would kill Dyson. Of course, that was not Dyson who was brought to the house, but I thought it was at first. I went there one night to see him, and while we were standing in the room, a shot was fired. It smashed a mirror and the sash-piece."

"Who fired the shot?" asked Billy sternly.

"Jack Belcher. He confessed it afterwards to me, and was young and had the gun in his hand when he saw me with Mr. Galloway, whom he thought was Dyson. He said he did not mean to shoot at me, but at the window. But I was not sure."

"I thought both that he lay in wait for him, still believing he was to be Mallett, although I told him he was not. That is all I know, but I know, too, that he was Jack Belcher."

"My name is O'Farrell, Billy O'Farrell was my partner. I have just come from Rhodesia, where I have a mine claim together called the Calamity Jane."

"Yes, yes," whispered the girl. "I have

The conclusion of this splendid story next Monday.
MARGARITA FISHER
The Petite Star With Glorious Copper Coloured Hair.

Margarita Fisher commenced her career at the age of eight in a play called "The Celebrated Case." She made instantaneous success, and afterwards her father included her in his travelling stock company. At the age of twelve she was quite a well-known little actress.

She remained on the stage some time after her father's death, and then entered pictures with the Selig Company.

**Her Screen Successes.**


**Her Beautiful Hair.**

Margarita is petite, being only five feet in height, and one of her chief charms is her lovely hair, which is very thick and wavy, and of a glorious copper tone. She is one of the best-dressed stars on the screen, and for each new production she always obtains an entirely new wardrobe; so, as you can imagine, she has a most beautiful and costly collection of gowns. By the way, Miss Fisher designs all her own frocks, and I am sure you will agree that if she were not a cinema star she could easily earn her living as a dress designer.

**Likes Motoring.**

Margarita is a home-loving girl, and spends every moment there that can be spared from the studio. She lives in a delightful bungalow with her mother and sister. She is very fond of music and reading, and likes motoring, although she has the moral courage to confess that she doesn't like to drive herself. She's afraid.
"My Most Difficult Scenes."

This incident occurred in the early days of film production. "We had hired a yacht at Southend, and it was moored at the end of the long pier. We got to work and took several scenes successfully with the aid of some smoke rockets. Then we found our supply of 'smoke' had run out. There was no time to obtain further supplies. In the next scene I wanted to show the skipper of the vessel shouting orders through a megaphone, in a dense cloud of smoke and flames from blazing timber. This I contrived, more or less effectively, by placing some yards of film in a bucket, attaching it to a wire, and dancing the films up into the scene in front of the camera, and at the same time, having discovered some brown paper, I waved the smouldering paper out of range of the camera. All went well until some burning film got loose and began playing round the feet of the unfortunate actor who was taking the part of the 'skipper.' Before long he began to feel a little warmer than was comfortable about the feet, and, although he was in ignorance as to the real situation, he began jerking his feet in the most absurd manner, and we had to finish taking the scene with the 'skipper' dancing about, to the vast amusement of the thousands of spectators on the pierhead. Fortunately no one was hurt, and the scene turned out a success, but this was in the early days, and I am afraid this sort of thing would not pass muster now."

Wilfred Novy.

"It is a fact that not one person out of five thousand knows sufficient about his physical body and its functions, and it is this terrible ignorance that Mr. Clermont thinks could be dispelled by the assistance of the motion picture. He believes that care of the health and development of the body should be a matter of knowledge of the individual, and not of a class, and he intends to begin work immediately and make it a world-wide activity. It cannot be disputed that films constitute the best medium to do this invaluable work quickly, and, sooner or later, there is certain to be big developments along these lines." 

Producer and Star.

The following letter, received from "Uille's" makes an interesting contribution to the topic "Producer or Star," which I discussed recently. My correspondent writes:

"I most certainly think that the producer should have his share of publicity and the praise or blame it entails, and also the publicity manager, taking, for instance, a man like Mr. Alec Braid, of whom I never knew till a few weeks ago, when his photo was published in the Picture Show—of which I have been a reader almost since it came out—and whose work is just as important as the photographer, art director, etc., whose names are usually mentioned in the cast. But I also think that the full cast should be published in all photo-plays, as, though many people go to see a play, many also go to see a favourite sometimes a minor actor or actress whose name is not always mentioned in the cast.

"I consider Mr. Maurice Elvey one of the finest British producers, and a man we ought all to be proud of. I have never seen a bad Stoll film yet. I think there is a great future ahead for first-class British films, and the best of luck to them, and that future will not be harmed by the producer being advertised. And I should like to see, not 'Producer or Star,' but 'Producer and Star.'"

What have other readers to say?

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

Success is only failure with a new coat of paint.

Things are frequently painted red by the green-eyed monster.

One cannot succeed without merit, yet all who have merit do not succeed.

The peacemaker is applauded by everybody except the fellow who is getting the best of the fight.

Indiscretion will always harden the heart of the average man.

A man may find a woman's eyes beautiful and never know the exact colour of them.

FLICKERS FROM FILMLAND.
NEWS, NOTES, AND OPINIONS BY FRED K. ADAMS.

Films to Win Health.

Can the motion picture break up the rule of sickness and insanity in the world? Mr. Clermont, president of Clermont Photo-plays, believes that, by proper presentation of the subject through the medium of films, the next generation would be practically free of disease and insanity, and so efficient that poverty would be a thing of the past. It is a big claim, but Mr. Clermont holds that ignorance alone is the cause of 90 per cent. of the physical and mental disorders of the race, and he declares that if this be true, the cure is obvious. He would, therefore, begin with the child in kindergarten teaching hygiene by means of pictures, supplemented by actual practice in the school and the home. As the child grows, he would take up the more complex problems.

Make-up is a very important point where the film world is concerned. It would be very ludicrous to see a man in every day life running about with a huge powder-puff, but a film actor would be quite look without it. He is just as particular about it as "my lady" is about her vanity case—except that with him it is a matter of business only. Although make-up is very important, the person who thinks getting into the movies is only a matter of the proper use of cosmetics, is badly mistaken.

In fact, some of the screen's best stars would look a part and play it nearly as convincingly without any make-up at all, but the camera and the powerful studio lights would do queer things to their features, without the balancing application of cream and the indispensable powder-puff.
Her Picture for His
II. — William Farnum and Louise Lovely.
The famous stage play, produced and starred in by Martin Harvey, has now been made into a film play, with the eminent actor in the part he created as "The Rat." It is a story of the Civil Wars in England, when Charles the First was on the throne, and the shadow of Oliver Cromwell over the land. A story abounding with thrill and heroism, with a strong vein of romance, written one of the most fascinating times in British history.

Martin Harvey as "The Rat."

He has a tender spot in his heart for children and they love him too.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

The thrilling duel, some reminiscence of the famous painting, "For he had spoken lightly of a Woman's Name."
WOMEN AND THE FILM FIELD.

INTERVIEW WITH PEGGY HYLAND.

There were six of us in Peggy Hyland's pretty drawing-room, but there seemed—oh, far more! Because I think Peggy embodies so many personalities in her own little self. And yes, all the time she is herself, and no one else. This is subtle, and I leave you to work it out for yourselves.

Peggy—I feel justified in calling her thus, since she is "our own little Britisher"—is very dainty and quiet, and (in a flippant moment she measured herself, and found she was barely five feet one). Hence she can fit about like a fairy and laugh like a happy child with impunity. She is both fairy and child. And yet—

Perish the illusion! Here we have a serious-minded woman, surveying the world from her armchair with grave but kindly eyes; generous in her estimates, tolerant in her opinions; iconoclast, tremendously keen about life, and her work in it; clever, energetic, intense.

Peggy Talks of Her Films.

"It is just at this juncture that I am in danger of committing some banality about beauty and brains—especially when they are under such an utterly cute little hat; when Peggy bursts out laughing at the serious expression my face has borrowed from her own, and demands: 'Won't I come over and sit beside her on the settee? And, oh, won't I have a chocolate? And I awake from my reverie to find the guests departed and my tea cold."

I am not, however, to be provoked into flippancy.

"Tell me," I say, with an utter lack of originality, "what have you been doing with yourself lately?"

"Well," says Miss Peggy, immediately grown serious, "I have made two Samuelson films since my return to England, and in doing so have accomplished something I have never done before. The first film was a screen version of Countess Harracynka's novel, "The Honey Pot"; the second, "Love Maggie," by the same authoress, was its sequel. This is unlike anything I have appeared in a film sequel whose story was also the complement of a previous novel. "Love Maggie," by the way, has been rather held up by the weather.

"Do you think we shall ever get over the problem of our climate, Miss Hyland?"

"I don't see why not. Though you may find it difficult to let a film grow, I have always worked under artificial light, even in California, where the sunlight is so perfect. So I do not see why the same thing should not be a success here. You see, it's this way: A shaft of sunshine may light up a set in an ideal way, but, unfortunately, it is not stationary, and by the time the scene has been rehearsed to the director's satisfaction it has probably shifted to quite another angle—and effect. Hence artificial light is essential."

Miss Hyland Discusses the Film Industry.

MISS HYLAND is interested, not merely in the ending of the film business, but the industry as a whole, particularly in the wide opportunities it offers to people of diverse talents.

"The film industry has opened up a huge field for women," she remarked to me, "and when an ambitious girl comes to me for advice on 'How to Become a Film Star,' I'm always inclined to ask her whether she has considered the promising prospects of the other branches of the profession. The way of a star is hard, and (comparatively) few there be who find it, but there are ample opportunities for bright girls to achieve both success and money in studio positions which are less glittering, perhaps, but quite as essential as the star's. Take scenario writing and editing, for instance. Suggest this branch of the business to a girl who is seeking to act when Nature designed her to write, and you will see a little gleam of suspicion enter her eye. 'Oh, it's such hard work!' she sighs. Of course it's hard work. Everything worth doing is hard work. And yet how profitable scenario writing is. Three women in particular I know have done exceedingly well in this direction—Ouida Rogers, Mary Marillo and Eve Ussell. Miss Marillo is an English girl, and quite young.

"Then there are the positions of art director and wardrobe supervisor. These, surely, is work for clever women, and when it comes to designing and dressing a set, who should be better qualified for the job than an artist, who is also a woman!"

"Film cutting is another very important branch of the film business in which many a smart woman could excel if she chose, but I can imagine quite a number of 'screen-struck' girls turning up their noses at the mere suggestion that they should attempt such a thing. And yet it is one of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most important departments of the industry. It takes real genius to be a successful film-cutter, for the making or the marving of the picture is in your hands.

"There are few women directors as present, and to my knowledge—no 'camera-girls'; but here again are positions which women might fill creditably."

PEGGY HYLAND.

Peggy's Message to "Picture Show" Readers.

Before I left her, "our little Britisher" gave me a special message for that large section of her public here in the Old Country:

"Tell them," she said, "how glad I am to be among them again, and give everyone of you my love, and sincere appreciation of all the kindness I have received from you people. I always take note of their criticism, and consider their correspondence a great compliment, and am always glad to answer my mail personally and send pictures whenever they are requested."

May Herschel Glaser.
WHEN Ben Trumble left the little village of his youth, he had, in addition to his fare and a few dollars for travelling expenses, the $1,500 which he had earned as an insurance man, hidden between his socks and the inner soles of his boots.

Exactly eighty minutes after landing in the big city he had robbed of every cent.

The train on which he was, a fast one, was a hard city to a stranger bored into Ben's muddled mind as he laid there, his head against the wall in one of the worst quarters of the East Side, on the pavement which had brought him when thrown out of the tenement behind him.

As he lay there, muddled and bruised, and broken, he tried to pick out the story of his adventures since leaving the railway terminus. He had met two well-dressed strangers who had claimed acquaintance on the ground that they represented the Committee of Welcome to Strangers.

But he had not read the New York papers for nothing.

He knew that New York was full of pitfalls for the unprepared man, and he told the two men that he was quite capable of looking after himself.

This statement offended the representatives of the Committee of Welcome, who were almost positive that he had made a mistake.

Ben saw no harm in this, and in the expressive language of crookdom, "he fell for it."

The two men told him about that lunch after the first drink that went with it. He had a daim revolver, and it was not until his money was getting in a taxicab; a more distinct memory of boasting that nobody could rob him of his money without carrying it.

The two men produced their record of finding himself on a bed in a dirty garret, with the two knives and the revolver, and told how he had pulled off his boots and relieving him of his money, an attempt on his part to lie to cover him, and had left him over the bed with a sandbag; and a terrible beating.

But right in the center of the muddled thoughts that raced across Ben's bewildered brain, there stood one word: "Detective." A word with a helpful meaning: accuracy, the face of the leader of the two men who had robbed him, Ben decided that he would recognize that face in a crowd of a thousand, and he registered a mental vow that he would search New York till he found the man who had given him a welcome to the city.

Ben got on his feet with a paint-stained effort, and began to bang and kick at the door, but after being knocked to the ground by it, he found that any other answer than the echo of his knocks he decided he would go to the police.

But he walked them far through the twisting alleys when he realized that he would not be able to find the way back to the tenement where he was looking for, like the one he had left. The needlessness of trying to get his money back struck him as he trudged along, and he decided to try to earn a copper or so to enable him to get a night's lodging.

For twelve hours the stranger with the great city in an attempt to wrest from its billions of wealth enough to keep him alive.

Sometimes he earned enough for a bed and a breakfast, more often he slept amid the litter of merchandise on the river wharves. One night, resolved desperate by hunger, he picked up a heavy piece of wood and determined to hold up the breadwinners came across that would have a full wallet. The rain was pouring down in torrents as he hid in the shadow of a side street, the stick clenched firmly in his hand. A young, well-dressed man came along, his head bowed from the setting rain. Ben sprang out with upraised stick, but while his lips were on a command to the stranger to lend him over his money, he felt something hard pressed against his empty stomach, and a quiet voice saying: "Drop the stick, or I'll shoot a live cop through your eyes."

Ben saw a blue glint or jetting out of the stranger's hand and realized that the hand thing pressing against his stomach was the barrel of a revolver.

He dropped the stick and noticed the hand would-be victor in the trousers pocket of the stranger.

The young man was regarding Ben with a curious good-humored smile.

"Guess I'd like to hear the story behind this changeable weather," he said, and Ben realized that there wasn't exactly lend itself to conversation in the open, so he let him go on. His manner, the glint in his eye, told Ben that there was a great deal hidden between there and get some square. After you've eaten you can tell me all about it."

The stranger casually put his revolver in his pocket, and patted Ben to the restaurant. He was evidently well-known, for a waiter hurried up and deferentially asked for the order.

Ben ordered the roast beef, and they were dining at Tomlin's Café a restaurant much frequented by hard-leaved crooks. The partnership of the two men, and Ben gave an account of some of the most daring burglaries of the country.

The voice of conscience.

The stranger chose a seat for Ben which began with soup and gradually increased in solidity, and ended with something like a name.

He watched Ben through half-closed eyes as the latter ate his food, striving hard not to devour it. He saw a very young man, probably twenty-one, with a good-looking, open face and honest blue eyes.

"Country bred," mused the stranger. "New-old tale. Came to New York to make a fortune, and is now trying hard to make a dollar."

But casting back intervals at his host, saw a strongly built man about thirty years of age, his glasses were crossed eyes. The features showed tolerance and good humour. Redhead was a man of the world, and the time he had shaved the revolver against Ben's stomach, was now set in a sympathetic smile.

"I doubt if you're a crook," he said; "I need tell me all about it."

"You're not fit for it. A few more. Why don't you come in with me?"

"Ben hesitated."

"I could make you a cop," he said at last.

"Don't be a fool," argued the stranger. "You've a rack on you, and you say you've tried the honest way and failed. A man and right the world for a living, or you can try the thieves' way or honesty do you, when you're wheeling out your life in some poor house. You're not too fit now. A few more. I'll take it, and the man and right the world for a living, or you can try the thieves' way or honesty do you, when you're wheeling out your life in some poor house. You're not too fit now."

Ben shivered as he thought of traversing the streets again. He was warm now and the feeling of a thorough good was good. Why go back to poverty and starvation?"

"You're right," he said, and the world owns us a living, and I'm going to take it. I'm in with you, if you like."

The stranger put his hand across the table, "My name's Nick Nelson. We're pals from now on, through thick and thin, to stick together to the last, share and share alike, and may, the one that tells or splits ends his life."

"I agree to all that," said Ben, as he shook hands with Nelson.

The Voice of Conscience.

BEN, months later, Nelson and Ben were dining at Tomlin's Café a restaurant much frequented by hard-leaved crooks. The partnership of the two men, and Ben gave an account of some of the most daring burglaries of the country. Nelson, but at time went on he realized that he was never meant to be a criminal.

The small but insistent voice of conscience was not to be sardonically up the game.

"It's no use, Nick, I'm getting tired of the crook game," he said, as the two sat talking over their luncheon and coffee. I'd like to run straight."
The Edge o' Beyond.

ISOBEL ELSON and OWEN NARES

SOUTH AFRICA—that fascinating land of veldt and kopjes—is faithfully depicted in this film version of the world-famous novel. Such popular stars as Isobel Elson, Owen Nares, Ruby Miller and Mary Rose make up the able cast. This is a thrilling adventure story, and one of the latest releases of Joseph Conrad's well-known novel. Played by an all-star cast.

The Grey Wolf's Ghost.

H. B. WALLACE (Jury's)

ADAPTED from Bret Harte's famous story "Marjory," and starring that great actor, H. B. Wallace. A vivid tale of the Old South-Western States, of native superstition and of a man who suddenly appeared and demanded retribution from his treacherous father. Well worth going a long way to see.

The City of Purple Dreams.

TOM SANTSCHI and BESSIE EYTON (Oswald)

A thrilling tale in which Tom Santschi's virile personality holds the interest from first to last. The story of a dervish who determined to get to the bottom of a mysterious legend.

Round the World for a Father.

GEORGE SEITZ and MARQUETTE CURTISOT (Pathé)

A thrilling trip through many lands, and a thrilling trip through many lands, and the exciting tale of a man and his son's return to the United States in a race against time. A vivid tale of thrilling action and adventure in the exciting atmosphere of the Orient.
**SISTERS TELLE**

The LIFE STORY of the TALMADGE SISTERS

EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."

For the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge, written, and will appear exclusively in the "Picture Show." The early struggles of these girls, before they were famous, make mordant reading, especially as they have recently visited Great Britain. THE EDITOR.

**Read This First.**

**NORMA TALMADGE** was not fifteen when she was given her first small rôle in a New York melodrama, and was taken on as an "extra." After a year she was given a part, which was her chance, and she made a wonderful success of it.

**Norma's Successful Mixture.**

The cinema is now far and away the most popular form of public entertainment. Moreover, it has reached this position of preeminence in an amazing short space of time. A dozen years ago it was just an occasional music-hall turn, not greatly admired by anyone and very trying to the eyes. It was a novelty, a little tiresome, destined soon to pass away and be forgotten. That was not so; the least, that is what most of us thought. A few shrewd observers doubtless in those early days saw both the money-making and the artistic possibilities of the new thing.

The rapidity with which the cinema has achieved its success has caused a good deal of mental confusion in various quarters, and is responsible for all sorts of erroneous ideas with regard to the business. A superior critic recently declared in all seriousness that a pretty face is all that is necessary for the screen, and, if you inquire, you will find that this opinion largely prevails among patrons of the picture house.

No greater mistake could be made. A screen actress should be pretty, but she must be able to act, otherwise certainly she will never achieve supreme success.

Most film favourites were actresses on the speaking stage before they took to the screen—most of them, but not all. Norma Talmadge, now universally acknowledged to be a great emotional actress, had no stage experience whatever.

All she knows of acting she learned in the study, and the powers she was assumed to have explained the rapidity of her success. Her reply was brief and significant: "I don't know. She mixes them with everything she does."

When she joined the Triangle she was given star billing. The Triangle, and Fort tooth in particular, were a lot of knockabout comedy. The silly, insomniac old stories won't do any more; nor will the cheap, slap-dash production of to-day, according to Miss Talmadge.

People demand real stories, with clever plots. That is why some of the best-known names in literature are in the cinema today. The puissance of the business. In the same way, picture audiences are now growing more and more discerning about the production of the pictures.

"They watch very carefully nowadays the furniture in your sets, the clothes you wear, the million and one things which go to make or take away 'tone' from a picture."

"But surely people who go to the pictures go for the story, and for the stars!" objected someone who was discussing the subject with Miss Talmadge.

"Yes, you do go to dine at a restaurant, you go for the dinner. That is the chief thing. But you like it properly served, don't you?" replied Miss Talmadge. "Audiences of to-day have been educated up to better standards than in the old days, and well-educated people go to the cinema where the pictures are of the highest quality."

Miss Talmadge told the audience that there are five great stages of screen development—first the exploitation of the screen, then the production, the distribution, the exhibition, and the exhibition, and the manipulation of the mind of the individual who goes into the picture house. That is the reason why the screen is not so much a commercial proposition as a mental one.

Many of her stories are the result of her own experiences, and offer a fascinating study with the assistance of her husband, produces her own pictures, is able to exercise control over every detail. She is always ready to take advice and to accept suggestions from people who know, but she is not so much hers as hers. As an example of the conscientious and serious attitude she adopts towards her profession, it may be mentioned that the lady has just established at her studios a permanent research department. A large staff of workers has been engaged, and their business is to provide a director with all he requires, in order to give an accurate setting to the story which he is filming.

It takes five to seven weeks to make a picture. During this time the director has about all he can do to concentrate upon the story and the interpretation of the various parts. It is an enormous help to him to have someone at his side who will know all the ropes and, if necessary, at the library, looking up the correct cut of a courtier's silver knife-ladle in 1590, the particular woman dressed their hair in China in one of the small villages at some period n.o., the wedding ceremonies of the Unmarried Princess, the particular minuet danced at the court of Louis XIV, and so forth.

The research department has to know about the costumes of all periods and all countries, as well as the etiquette and social customs of many peoples of many lands. What it does not know about these things it must be able quickly to find out.

**A Real Artist.**

"Ooo of these little matters have been shared over or 'faked' in an otherwise careful production. "We can't spend time and money on such trifles," says the ordinary producer. "The play's the thing. If we get a good story the accuracy doesn't matter. The public won't know the difference." declares Norma Talmadge. "Are you producers blind? Can't you see how conditions have changed in the last five years and are still changing? The day has gone by when you can thrust any old thing on the public with a handbill, it's all a bit of knockabout comedy. The silly, insomniac old stories won't do any more; nor will the cheap, slap-dash production of to-day."

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The research department has to know about the costumes of all periods and all countries, as well as the etiquette and social customs of many peoples of many lands. What it does not know about these things it must be able quickly to find out.

**I don't remember the name of the thing.**

The part of a shrewdly known as Por. "Oh, the old stuff!"

"Wait a bit; that's only the beginning. What say you she's a little; just a dainty little sprite of the cheap music-halls—short skirts, hair down, half-child, half-woman. Some call her child-wife, and then a chap called Vulcan. He is a brute and knocks her about."

"All this seems somewhat familiar," objected the friend.

"Quite so, but listen. I want to make you understand what an awkward situation is. This is how the story goes. In spite of her husband's cruelty, she forces her way up till she becomes the number one in London. She has a scene where, dressed as a dragon-fly, with great gauzy wings attached to her little shoulders, she pirouettes and smiles to her audiences. A gay, mischievous sprite she looks, though her heart is breaking under the strain. In that scene she is fine, and I thought to myself, 'A clever little character actress,'"

"But presently the story took a turn. A fire breaks out in the theatre and the girl is saved by a Captain Merryon, a British officer who has risen from the ranks. He is another lovely soul like herself, Vulcan, the brute husband, believed to have perished in the fire. Merryon asks the girl to marry him. The frightened child goes to him, and says, You are married. After this the actress gets her chance and the way she rose to it I confess astonishes me. The gradual transition from the frightened child to the awakened woman passionately in love with her husband, who is in China, and her interest in him, matches her with those of experienced men and women of the world, is marvellously well done. I should never have believed that it could be done on the films. It only shows what a real artist can do, no matter what medium he or she is working."**

**Constance Talmadge.**

"You are a star, Norma! That's splendid, of course, and I'm awfully glad and proud and all that but..." Constance paused, and from the depths of a comfortable sofa chair looked-whimsically at her famous sister. They were sitting in Constance's bedroom and just talking of the new life.

"Constance was always something of a tomboy, with the quaint and humorous way of expressing herself."

"Nothing adored Norma, but could rarely refrain for a whole day from chafing her.

"What do you mean by 'but'?" said Norma, smiling.

"Constance assumed a very solemn expression. "You are a star, and for the rest of our lives..."*"
Little Miss Muffet was not one to rough it,
She fed on rich dainties all day:
It can't be denied that she sat down and cried
When they took the Laitova away!

More than takes the place of butter—it has the added value of eggs and sugar.

Laiteo
Lemon Cheese

The Daily Spread for the children's bread.
Screw-Top Glass jars 6d., 1s. 1/2p. Dainty hygienic jars, 5d., 9d., 1s. 6d.
The hygienic jars contain the same quantity as the glass jars. From SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, LTD., MANCHESTER.

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EVANS' Pastilles

An effective precautionary measure against the microbes of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc., per tin from Chemists, druggists, or post free from the makers, EVANS SONS, LITCHFIELD & WEBB, LTD., 30, January Street, Liverpool; 68, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3., and New York.

Never say "Dye" say "Drummer"

Make sure it is "Drummer" you buy, follow carefully the simple directions given with each packet, and your dyeing will most assuredly be a success.

Home-dyeing has become an economy-necessity to thrifty folk—and Drummer Dyeing is decidedly the simplest, surest method.

DRUMMER DYES

One Dye for ALL Fabrics—so Easy to use.

See the range of Drummer Dye Colours: Light Blue, Saxe Blue, Navy Blue, Light Green, Dark Green, Emerald Green, Myrtle Green, Brown, Nigger Brown, Red, Cardinal, Maroon, Rust, Shell Pink, Daffodil, Mauve, Grey, Heliotrope, Black—you can mix any shade you will.

"Drummer" your soiled, stained, shabby blouses, frocks, stockings, children's things, curtains, covers, etc. Buy from grocers, stores, chemists and oilmen everywhere. Pay only the price printed on the packet.

See Chemists, Grocers, etc. in 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a box, or, if you can't obtain it, send 1/2 for large box to

W. F. D. & SONS, LTD., BOLTON.
“SISTERS THREE.”

we shall worship you—with folded hands and
eyes dazzled by your splendour we shall sit and
pore at you while you go from triumph to
triumph. Won't you be nice?
Norma laughed.

“Silly kid,” she said affectionately. “You
will never do big things yourself.”

“No, no!” interposed Connie, in mock
depair. “Seek not to raise vain hopes within
my young bosom. My career is nipped in the
bud. At the Vitagraph I had a chance—just a
few lines—oh, but her—”

“Mr. Griffith was asking about you to-day,”
said Norma casually.

“No, he hasn’t seen you on the screen. There's
nothing much he doesn’t see. And he faecies you
are just what he wants for the part.”

“Oh!” cried Connie, clasping her hands.

“What a man! What intelligence! I always
said he was great. But, she added, suddenly
becoming sullen, “It isn’t a real part!”

“I believe so; something really good. But
you will hear all about it to-morrow.”

Connie did not answer. Her face, however,
looked as though she had left a suspicious look.

“Norma, you—dear dequeue, you have done
this. You have talked him round.”

Norma shook her head, laughing lightly.

“Not at all,” she declared. “I have told him
all along that he must give you a chance, of
course; but he has selected you for this part
entirely on his own judgment. He is quite
enthusiastic. I only say he has been struck by
your pretty face, your slim figure, and your
gallant bearing.”

“Oh, my!” gasped Constance, with a comical
grimace. “Any way to get rid of me? Excuse
me, old girl, I must go and tell Peg.”

The next day she saw Mr. Griffith, and was
called by him to play the Mountain Girl in
“Intolerance.”

In the section of that wonderful production
devoted to the holy woman who took the
lead. It was a splendid chance for so young an
actress, and how splendidly she took advantage
of it all the world by, it is glorious work. But
Constance did not achieve this success with¬
out hard work.

In one section of the film she had to do hard
chariot riding, and the rehearsals for this were
even more strenuous and exciting. It took her
some time to acquire the art of standing properly
in the rocking and swaying chariot as it was
drugged by wildly racing horses round the arena,
and for weeks she came home every day covered
with bruises, and with her knees black and blue.

But she stuck to it gamely, and at length
acquired a perfect balance, with the result that
when she is seen on the screen in this part the
ease and grace of her slim, girlish figure is a
delight to behold.

With this picture Constance Talmadge leaped
into fame at a single bound, and from that day
she has been an acknowledged star.

“Scandal!” “The Honeymoon!” “A Pair of
Blue Stockings!” “Mrs. Llewellyn’s Boots.”

“Romance and Reality.” “Two Weeks.”

“In Search of a Siener.” “The Perfect Woman.”

are but a few of her films which will be remem¬
bred by all lovers of screen excellence counting.

When Constance made her first sensational
success it was believed that the third member
of the family would at last be tempted to try
her fortune on the screen.

But Constance was still obstinate. She rejoiced
in the success of her two antennae, but in all per¬
suaded that she had neither talent nor taste for
the business.

At the same time she refused to be idle, and
soon after the family arrived at Los Angeles she
became private secretary to Roscoe Arbuckle,
who enjoyed this work, and proved very skilful
in business matters: but both Norma and
Constance never ceased to try to persuade
her to become a second in this important post.

Natalie laughed and shook her head.

“Never!” she declared. “The only part of
the picture business which appeals to me is the
awful amount of money you make out of it.
And you know very well, Norma, that an artist
like me, if you are not careful, you can and
have succeeded because you both love the work.
It interests you. It does not interest me.”

“Well, we shall see. Wait till I have a studio
of my own,” said Norma. “I will have a part
written specially for you, and if you don’t take
it I still get Peg to bully you until you do.”

And, as a matter of fact, it was just in this
way that Natalie finally succumbed and entered
upon the path which her two brilliant sisters
had trodden so successfully.

She appeared with sister Norma in “The Tale
of Compromise,” and with sister Constance
in a more recent film, and to-day she is steadily
making good as a film actress.

It was while she was associated with her
sisters in their own studios that her prejudices
against film work began to break down.

She saw the possibilities of artistic expression
in the work, and being a very intelligent little
lady when one has seen the results of no take it up she
did so with the utmost enthusiasm.

So now all three of the Talmadge sisters are
to be seen on the screen, and although two of
them are famous no one can say what the future
holds.

“I am the ugly duckling,” declared Natalie
on one occasion.

“Well,” replied the irrepressible Constance,
“you know what became of the ugly duckling
in the end. She surpassed all the others.”

(To be concluded.)
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Overhauling the Winter Wardrobe—Cleaning Your Furs and Gloves—Freshening Your Frock—The Picture Girl's Magyar Blouse.

RENOVATION and freshening is an essential detail of dress at all times of the year if a well-groomed appearance is to be faithful to reality. And just now, more than at any other time, it is a necessity. For new garments are of such an expensive order that constant allowance must be freshened and worn again and again, until they are quite worn out.

Just now the costume will have been packed away, and the big coat and thick frock brought to lie on the shelves. But are they to look well? They must be freshened out and cleaned.

Cleaners' tails are very heavy, but there is no reason why a certain amount of the cleaning should not be carried out at home. The commodities necessary for this work are of the simple household order—brush, dry salt, and cornflour ranking foremost among them. While petrol is invaluable for cleaning purposes, great care must be taken when petrol is used, however, as it is so highly inflammable. Even a glowing cigarette is likely to ignite the petrol in the cabinet space of a room.

Cleaning Your Furs

If possible, your furs stored away during the summer months, do not bring them straight out of storage and wear them.

They require a good clean. White furs can be cleaned admirably with cornflour. This must be scattered thickly over the fur, and it is brushed in thoroughly with the fingers. Allow it to stay on the fur for a while, and then brush out with a clean, soft-bristled brush. If the fur has been in a dirty state—a second process will be found effective. White furs of course are not particularly resistant to dirt. This must be placed in an unbreakable dish and placed in the oven to heat. Lay the article to be cleaned on a sheet of white paper or a white cloth, and, heaping the hot bran upon the fur, rub it in thoroughly. Shake out, and rub again with another sheet of hot bran. Later on, shake and brush out, and give a whipping with a fine cane. A final wiping with a white huckaback towel will bring it up like new.

Brass will be appropriate for the cleaning of most furs, and if a slight dampness is desired, brush the fur, in the bedroom, and rubbed over with the fingers. If this is done, they will keep clean and fresh looking until they are thoroughly worn out.

To Clean Serge Frocks

This year's winter's gabardine or serge frock will need a good cleaning before it is worn. Very few women know how to use for this. Fill a bath with cold water, adding a tablespoonful of petrol to it. Then lay the frock in this bath. Take out in the morning, hang it up to dry. When the garment is dry press with a hot iron, and you will find that all dirt and grubbiness will have disappeared.

Light coloured cloth can be successfully cleaned with cold water, but certain kitchen salt—pinted of it—and crushed to a fine powder. You will require a cleaning pad and frottage box out of a piece of white cotton fabric and wadding.

Let the garment be cleaned on a white paper on the table, and scatter the dry salt all over it. Spread the cloth on the table, and that there is a powdering of the salt all over the cloth. Then take the pad and rub the salt with the cloth long, downward sweeps, so as to thoroughly roughen the surface of the material. Allow it to stay on for a few minutes, then brush off, and the more soiled parts again.

When all the salt is brushed off you will be astonished with the good results of this method of treatment.

Suede Gloves

SUEDE or kid gloves become soiled particularly quickly if they are of a light shade, and continual cleaning becomes an expensive detail. Besides, they have to be away at the cleaner's, for a couple of weeks at least. Therefore, home cleaning is much more convenient, and much cheaper.

They must, of course, be cleaned out of doors, as petrol will need to be used. Place some white gloves over the white gloves. Roll the sleeves up above the elbow, put the gloves on, and rub them through the petrol exactly as if you were washing the hands in water. Rub the tips of the fingers of each hand against the palms of the other, and pay special attention to the parts that are badly soiled.

When they are quite clean, take them off, squeeze out the petals dry, cover them up—seeing that all the fingers are quite straight—and hang them over a clean line in the open air to dry.

Grey or tan gloves can next be cleaned in the same manner, and in the same petrol. Very dark gloves that have become particularly soiled will need a second bowl of petrol to remove all the dirt.

Evening Slippers

FULLY coloured evening shoes will also clean perfectly with a little slightly soiled, rub them over with a rag dipped in the petrol, but if the dirt is grained in, then they should be put bodily into petrol, and brushed gently the right way of the satin, with a soft brush, until all marks have disappeared. Take them out of the bath, and shake them free of any dirt, then leave them out in the air, until they are nearly dry. Then take out the paper, wash, and place immediately in the dustbin, in case of contact with flames, and leave the shoes to dry thoroughly in the open air.

Perhaps your black satin slippers have become worn at the toe, and the white cotton foundation peeps through the threads of the fabric. Remedy this by first painting with black dye, and then neatly covering the shoe with black satin or silver lace. The finished effect will be distinctly gratifying, and give the appearance of a new pair of brocade slippers.

The Picture Girl's Blouse

This year's fashions are a glowing choral about the Magyar blouse, especially for dressy wear, and it is particularly commendable on account of the small quantity of material needed for its fashioning. The Picture Girl finds a good many in her wardrobe, but prettiest of all is her newest—just a simple little affair of pale Chinese, on which is printed cherry-coloured fruit. The design has a very pretty black and short sleeves, and both are bound with cherry silk ribbon. It is in two parts, and the length draped band takes the fulness at the waist.

You can obtain patterns of this blouse in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes, for one shilling each from Picture Girls, 91, Oxford Street, London, W. and 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. I. P. O. to be made payable to the Picture Girls, Snow. Keeps of other designs can be seen at the above address. A Dresser.

JAZZ AND GENTILITY.

THE BALLS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

It is rather amusing to turn over an old volume of Home Fashions and see how the balls of the 'seventies—the women with voluminous skirts and elaborate coiffure, the men with ultra-long tresses and side-whiskers, the rows of bored chaperons. What would those decourous ladies have said to our scant frocks and bare arms, or to the "drapery masculine" fashion of "bolting" the hair? A dance in those days was a far more formal affair. The debutantes were chaperoned by discreet mammas; they did not dance too much for fear of getting unbecomingly flushed; they did not display their arms in the bold fashion of the 1920 girl; all defects were hidden under long white kid gloves. Only in a very natural vanity did the girls of those days resemble the maidens of our own time.

The modern girl has a harder task to keep herself looking fresh and pretty through a long and arduous evening of "Jazz" revuion, and "Fox-Trot." Dancing is too apt to make one look "shiny" and hot, and the enthusiastic dance will probably a second to disappear into the dressing-room to powder her face. "Wouldn't it be lovely," several girls have said to me, "if there was something to put on your face—not real make-up, of course, but something to know—that would look nice all the evening without any further trouble!" And these I reply, "There is something. Get an ounce of chrysanthemum from your druggist. Dissolve it in water and bottle it. Before you go to your dance, shake the bottle well, and take three of these little with the powder, rubbing lightly until it is dry. That will give you all the nice "bloom" of powder without hurting your skin in the least; and the effect will last for several hours."

GLOVES v. BARE ARMS.

The Victorian miss and her mamama would certainly deplore our casting aside of the conventional long kid gloves as "excessively ungenteel." So also does the woman of today. Her arms are otherwise white and shapely, suffer from a growth of superfluous hair on them, which is far from attractive. These, of course, can be removed with very little trouble. Shaving is undesirable, for not only is it very tiresome, but the hairs grow again with increased vigour. Electrolysis is painful and expensive. The best method is to procure some safe home-remedy; phemind is by far the safest and most reliable drug to use. Most chemists stock it ready for use in small 1 oz. bottles, and that is applied by pouring a little water to about a teaspoonful of the powder, and to apply the resulting paste to the superfluous hairs. Directly it has thoroughly dried the hair can be easily and painlessly scraped away with a thin piece of cardboard—a visiting card will do.

Phemind seems a little expensive; but only a very little is required, and it reduces the future growth of hairs to a minimum.

Why all who have pretty arms now show them off? In those days, of course, it will be wise to moderate fashion a little, and produce a little illusion with "camouflage" sleeves ofquine or tulle.

PARKER BELMONT'S CYMBOL FRUITES FOR OBESITY. [ADVT.]
**DISAPPOINTING PROGRAMMES.**

Of the chief attractions of a picture theatre lies in the quality of its programmes as a whole, and not in any one particular feature of it. Not always, however, does this single fact secure the attention it deserves, for sometimes the tendency is to screen old pictures for which there is no demand, or new ones of inferior quality, on the mere principle that everything passes for entertainment.

The usual method, of course, is to tempt the public by means of a single feature attraction. There is nothing to be said against this method provided that the case is taken to balance the rest of the programme with items quite as good. What does happen is it acquire a habit, however, of that glacial streak or an attractive complete story is prominently advertised. The star's name may be that of a well-known favourite, or the public may have already been made acquainted with any letter or similar producer. The public is likely to get bitingly concerning that particular feature, though nothing whatever may be known regarding the merits of the other items.

It is here that the public is at a disadvantage. On the one hand, you have here a concurrent programme, a madcap or news film, or whatever the selection may be, often without conviction of their merit. Nevertheless, the public is caught on the march and the exhibitor, on the other hand, having filled his theatre, assumes that the whole programme must be good. There is no logic in that assumption. Nor is the theory always correct.

It is the big feature which invariably acts as the magnet, and, whatever an audience may think of the rest of the programme, it prefers, as a rule, to sit and see it through rather than get up and leave. At the same time, the feature may not appeal to the exhibitor know when it has reason to be disappointed with the quality and choose other qui, and the public is likely to get bitingly concerning that particular feature, though nothing whatever may be known regarding the merits of the other items.

**ANwERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue?

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter of more than five words.

Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered.


A. K. C. (Reading).—Now you must be good and not throw away any banquet is at "Yamper", for it is about the average of what you can, and have made quite as good and scattershot, pictures, and that is all. The trouble is, that's so. Violet Hupson can be seen in "A Turf (Conparation..." and "A Gentleman Rider". Yes, Nazinova is wonderful.

A. E. S. (Hertford).—I have no doubt Miss Martha will have a warm heart and a tender soul, but the man who takes her is a fool. When you want to be my wife is something that is not dearer. Yes, you can.

A. D. (Reading).—I do, Ben, replied the girl. "I might have known you would never break your word to me."

As soon as the tears and the sigh she gave was a woman's trust, for then and all the time.

Then Ben got twilly to work. He dropped the bunch of notes and the tips of his fingers, and took the taken from the scene, and there they found by Mr. Owen, when Ben advised, he made another effort.

They must have dropped out of his pocket when you are looking for them. But you are not, you, Ben," said Owen. And Ben let it go at that.

They were trying to find one of the farm hands rushed in with the news that the burglar had been shot dead by one of the men as he was running across one of the fields.

Ben and Vera exchanged glances.

"That means the last shadow of the old life is fitted for ever from the new," said Ben, as he said good-bye to the shop girl. "When will you be ready to marry me, Vera?

As soon as you want me, Ben," whispered Vera, as she said good-bye. But she couldn't bear his voice.

Adapted, by permission, from incidents in the famous artistic photo play featuring Chumsley Hay as Ben.
A 'GIFT-of-GIFTS' FOR THE HAIR OF EVERY MAN & WOMAN Reader.

Famous FILM BEAUTY'S Remarkable Declaration and Advice on Personal Appearance.

"NOTHING that I or anyone else can say is too good for it, and I am glad to know that you are offering every reader of Picture Show the opportunity of receiving this I can truly say is a 'Gift-of-Gifts,' for that is what it proved to be in my own case.

Look at the accompanying photograph of Miss Peggy Carlisle's lovely hair, and every reader will be able to judge the value of the 'Gift-of-Gifts' offered simply for the asking therefor.

EACH 'GIFT-OF-GIFTS' CONTAINS

These 4 Wonderful Hair Toilet Specialties—All Free.

1.—A Bottle of "Harlene"—acknowledged and used throughout the world because it is the most stimulating and beautifying tonic for the hair. Used daily, and whenever the hair is brushed, as a dressing, it not only feeds the growth of the hair, but "insulates" it against every enemy of the hair, such as greasiness, sear, dryness, splitting, breaking and falling out, as it "drills" every hair into a shaft of symmetrical beauty and makes it lustrous with the radiance of health.

2.—A Packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which has the largest sale in the world because of the extraordinary way in which it frees the hair and the scalp from all sear, stale and coarse or unpleasantly odorous grease, clamminess, dull and lustreless appearance, transforming every hair into a tendril of exquisite daintiness and cleanliness.

3.—A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which enhances the well-groomed appearance of the hair, whilst supplying a corrective to the "too dry" condition created by indoor life in artificially heated and lighted rooms. "Uzon" gives the "final touch" of polish and brilliance.

4.—The Illustrated Book of "Harlene Hair-Drill" Instructions, revealing the secrets of the 2-minutes-a-day method of (1) cultivating and (2) preserving a glorious head of hair.

All the foregoing four things are yours just for the asking. Simply send the Coupon and 4d. stamps for postage of your "Gift-of-Gifts" Package.

SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY AND RECEIVE by return of post full Illustrated Instructions, together with the complete outfit to begin the world-recognised only correct treatment, which will enable you to see in your own mirror your hair growing in beauty day by day.

You will be surprised to see within 5 to 7 days your hair looking as if it had been dipped in sunshine. Between the window and other persons your hair will appear to them as though bathed in that halo-like radiance so admired in Miss Peggy Carlisle's hair. Instead of looking dull and matted together, each hair will curl in wavy tendrils of beauty.

Even after the very first Shampoo with the marvellously cleansing and beautifying "Cremex Shampoo," your hair will look twice as luxuriant, twice as beautiful in colour, and twice as lovely in that fine silky fullness of the hair which is so admired by everyone.

Every day afterwards your hair will improve in every one of its natural attributes of health and beauty. Your own looking-glass will reveal the daily growing health and beauty of your hair.

Such faults as:

- Dryness,
- Brittleness,
- Splitting,
- Raggedness,
- Seaweed,
- Greasiness, Clinging in a "flat" mass,
- Unpleasant Odour,
- Patchy Thinness,
- Baldness,
- Falling and Combing Out,

will rapidly disappear.

So pleased will you be with the same splendid appearance of your hair as seen in Miss Peggy Carlisle's photograph that you will want to continue "Harlene Hair-Drill" as a regular detail of your daily toilet.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY for your "Gift-of-Gifts" Harlene Hair-Drill Packages. Not only you, but your friends will be amazed at the way in which "Harlene Hair-Drill" will so wonderfully improve the growth and appearance of your hair.

Afterwards you will be glad to know that you can obtain from your Chemists or Stores regular supplies for the "Harlene Hair-Drill" essentials for your toilet table at the following prices:

"HARLENE-FOR-THE-HEAR"

at 1s. 4d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle.

"CREMEX" SHAMPOO POWDERS

at 1s. 1d. per box of seven (single packets 2d. each).

"UZON" BRILLIANTINE at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle.

Any of the above will be sent direct by Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., on receipt of 6d. extra for postage.

HERE IS THE COUPON your sending of which will bring your "Gift-of-Gifts" Outilt to YOU by return of post:

FREE 'GIFT-OF-GIFTS' 4-IN-1 OUTFIT.

Simply cut out this Free Picture Show Coupon and post, with 4d. stamps for postage and making your address, to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Dear Sirs—I accept your offer of a "Gift-of-Gifts" outfit, "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit as offered to every reader of Picture Show, and enclose 4d. stamps for postage and making your address.

NOTE TO READERS: Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Gifts Dept.")

Picture Show, November 6th, 1920.
THAT'S the Rinso way of washing—clothes sweet and clean without any bother or hard work, no coal wasted in the copper fire, no steam or mess.

Wash-day is not the day of heavy work that it used to be; Rinso makes a vast difference. Clothes washed with Rinso need no boiling, rubbing or scrubbing, and yet they are just as beautifully white and fresh. Try the Rinso method next wash-day.

Soak the clothes in cold water with Rinso overnight. Rinse and hang to dry in the morning. That's all!

SOLD IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE
By all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

RINSO
THE COLD WATER WASHER

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, Liverpool, West Bromwich and London.
No. 4 "GIRLS’ CINEMA" Out To-morrow

TWOPENCE. NOV. 13th, 1920.

YELLOW, BLACK, AND WHITE PLAY TOGETHER IN "DINTY."

Three little pals whom we are to see together on the screen in "Dinty," the coming photo-play. Wesley Barry, of Freckle fame, you see in the centre; on his right is Aaron Mitchell, his darkey pal; on his left, Walter Chung, his little Chinese friend.
The Magic Colour-trick that saves

Not only saves on the clothes and household furnishings bills, but saves all the trouble of Home-Dyeing too. Drummer-Dyeing involves little trouble—no guessing—no risk—there is just one standard Drummer for every class of fabric. And if the article will wash it will take Drummer Dyes perfectly. Just follow the simple directions given with each packet.

DRUMMER DYES
One Dye for all Fabrics. So Easy to use.

Obtainable in Light Blue, Saxe Blue, Navy Blue, Light Green, Dark Green, Emerald Green, Myrtle Green, Brown, Nigger Brown, Red, Cardinal, Maroon, Rust, Shell Pink, Daffodil, Heliotrope, Mauve, Grey, Black—you can mix any shade you wish. Drummer Dyes are sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores everywhere.

Write now for Free Booklet: "The Art of Home Dyeing".
WM. EDGE & SONS, LTD., Bolton.

Be sure to pay no more than the price printed on the packet.

Never say "Dye" say "Drummer."

Out Early and Happy on Wash-day with Sunlight.

To the children the cheeriness and happiness of home centres in Mother. In her turn Mother strives to make their lives bright and happy. That is why she uses Sunlight Soap.

Sunlight Soap enables Mother to be out early and happy with the children on wash-day—the washing finished, clothes neatly folded in the basket, and with leisure to enter into the children's pleasures.

Sunlight Soap is the purest and most efficient of cleansers. As a laundry soap it has no equal—as a household cleanser it stands supreme.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

£1,000 GUARANTEE OF PURITY ON EVERY BAR.
A Proposal from the Skies.

ROMANCE is not dead—not by a long chalk! For the latest gossip from Los Angeles tells us, the other night, Ruth Roland was in her garden playing in the moonlight with "Laddie," her new police dog, when, virtually out of the clouds, came a dainty white parachute with a gold basket attached, containing a ten-pound box of chocolates and a proposal of marriage.

In the letter the daring young aviator who had sent the parachute on its journey of love, told he was baffled in his adoration, and had used a method he had successfully employed while an ace in the world war.

Though Ruth refused, she did it very nicely—told him he was adorably up-to-date, as that was the first time she had enjoyed a bomb from the sky.

A Request from Sarah Bernhardt.

LADY TREE is to present at the first exhibition in London of Louis Mercanton's film, "Mirska," the screen version of Jean Richepin's famous story, in which the late Madame Rejane made her last dramatic appearance.

Lady Tree is to be present in answer to the following request she received by cable from Madame Sarah Bernhardt:

My dearest Friend—Will you be my interpreter, or rather my proxy, and represent me at the first appearance of "Mirska, the Child of the Bear," in which our wonderful Rejane is to be seen for the last time? I am quite well now, and would come to London myself if the difficulties of the journey were not so trying. I count on your doing me this favour because of your friendship for me, and your admiration for Rejane, and I send you expressions of my affectionate remembrance.

To this Lady Tree replied that she would be proud and delighted, receiving by return a further telegram:

"All my thanks with all my heart, Sarah Bernhardt.

You Can See for Yourself.

THOSE of you who are anxious to see what the interior of a film studio looks like whilst the film is being taken, can see it in the Broadway film, "The Romance of a Movie Star," in which Violet Hopson, Stewart Rome, Gregory Scott, and Cameron Cargie appear in important parts.

In this film are included some very fine views of London and English country. Picturesque cannot fail to recognise the view from the top of Richmond Hill, and most interesting scenes are shown in a movie studio.

Eva's Advice to Wives.

ALMOST as many husbands are driven from their homes by wives who lavish too much attention on them as leave because their wives neglect them. So believes Eva Novak.

"Men were intended to be the aggressors in the battle of love," she says; "and women were cast to play defensive parts. Warriors, once they have completely subdued their opponents, are likely to seek other adventures. So it is with husbands, and the woman who has been wooed and won, and then displayed her love by too frequent and flagrant fads and demonstration, is apt to overdo, with disastrous results."

"Men like attention from women, but not too flagrant attention. My advice to the wife is to be more and conservative in the treatment of her husband, and to retain much of that reserve which marked her courtship."

Her Eighteenth Birthday.

EDITH ROBERTS has just returned to Universal City after a month's holiday in New York, her birthplace. It was her first real holiday for several years, and you may guess she made the most of it, especially as her eighteenth birthday fell during the time she spent in New York. She was feted by her former school chums, and a feast was given in her honour. The only drawback to the occasion was the loss of a valuable pearl necklace which had belonged to her mother.

New York police are still searching for the missing gems.

It Was Hot.

HARRY CAREY is now taking the part of the tramp poet, "Sundown Slim," in the picture of that name. It is a story that tells how a tramp poet is thrown into the midst of a sheep ranchers' and cattlemen's feud, and depicts the regeneration from a cowardly tramp to a contented and fearless ranch owner.

Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 44.—MARY MASSART.

MARY MASSART, the dainty little star who is playing the leading feminine role in the Stoll version of Saxe Rohmer's mystery story of "The Yellow Claw," is a keen lover of the "Picture Show. She is seen above looking up after admiring the centre picture of George Carpenter, the famous boxer, who is starring in "The Wonder Man." film.

Miss Massart will be more than interested in this issue, for besides the photograph of her, she will be able to read the story of "The Wonder Man," which begins on page 6. Miss Massart will not be alone in enjoying the story, will she?

I know all my readers will turn eagerly to this page and read a real hero in a hero part on screen and in story.

A Hint for To-morrow.

TO-MORROW, Tuesday, is the date for the fourth number of the "Girls' Cinema" to greet you on your way. There is a most charming plate presented with this issue. Charles Ray and Scena Owen in a delightful love scene. The title of which is "Say Yes!"

If you have not yet seen this splendid—and I use the adjective that everyone who has written me about it used—little paper, don't let tomorrow pass without getting a copy. I don't ask much from you. I don't ask you to buy it every week, but simply a copy to-morrow, for I know you will not need asking to buy future copies.

The "Girls' Cinema" is a paper that every girl fond of the "Picture Show" cannot afford to miss.

Poor Mary.

I HEAR from a friend in California that the residents of Hollywood are bemoaning the fact that they were not up in the early hours of one morning last week, as they thereby missed seeing a starting reproduction of Lady Godiva's famous ride, by May Allison, which is to appear in the coming photo-play, "The Marriage of William Ashe."

The horse on which Miss Allison, attired only in a long flowing wig, was seated, became excited by the lights and the clicking of the camera in the studio, and bolted through an archway, down the streets of Hollywood.

A chauffeur eventually captured the frightened animal, and brought him, and the blushing star, back to the studio. "I'm glad it was three o'clock in the morning," says Mass Allison.

As He Really Is.

PICTURE-GOERS who have watched the clever character work of Raymond Hatton, picture of that name, it is a story that tells how a tramp poet is thrown into the midst of a sheep ranchers' and cattlemen's feud, and depicts the regeneration from a cowardly tramp to a contented and fearless ranch owner.

PEGGY BEAMS, the pretty nine and a half year old girl who is in great demand as a photographer's model, and who is now making a name for herself on the screen. We can see her in "Our Girls and Their Physique" and the "Game of Life" films.
“PICTURE SHOW” CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Great trouble was experienced in filming the scenes of this picture, because of the oppressive heat of the Arizona desert. It was necessary to keep the camera covered by a heavy ice pack, and rush the finished film out of the desert every day by motor. To prevent sunstroke, the actors all wore lettuce leaves in their hats.

Two New Features.

I MUST not forget to tell you that there are two splendid new features in this week’s issue of our companion paper, the Boys’ Cinema. One is the beginning of the world-famous story, “The Return of Tarzan,” and the other is a new series of tales of the West, told by Tom Mix, the cowboy star.

Geraldine Wishes Rumour Denied.

GERALDINE FARRAR has asked me to deny the current report that she is to abandon the movies. Although the operatic stage is very insistent that Geraldine should let them hear her, we may rest assured that we shall see her for some time yet on the screen.

The Servant Problem Solved.

FRITZI BRUNETTE has solved the servant problem. Year in and year out, ever since her friends can remember, Fritz has had the same maid. The other day she was asked how she managed it.

“Well, you see,” said Fritz, “the average housekeeper has failed to keep a maid for long because they fail to treat them with proper tact. Women call their maidsmaids. Little Mary Jones, general housekeeper, or cook. This is very bad diplomacy.”

“What do you call your maid?” she was asked.

“My domestic secretary,” replied Fritz.

Where to Find Loyalty.

IRENE RICH has something to add to the general discussion about the servant problem. If you want loyalty, she advises, “engage a Philadelphia servant, and if you can’t find one here, make a trip to the Philadelphia Islands, and get one.”

Miss Rich has reason for her favourable opinion. Several years ago she lived in Honolulu, and engaged there a native servant, named—by her—Willy Wood. Willy was faithful and devoted, and all that a servant should be. But Miss Rich never suspected the depths of his loyalty.

The other day a dark-skinned youth appeared at the Goldwyn Studios, and asked for her. Of course it was Willy. He had heard, even in Honolulu, of her success on the screen, and followed her all the way to Culver City in the hope of being able to work for her again.

Why the World is Harding.

SEKNA OWEN has a sense of humour. She was talking the other day to her director, who was bemoaning the fact that it was a hard, hard world.

“Yes, you’re right, but do you know why?” she asked Secna.

“No?”

“Because all the soft jobs are taken,” Miss Owen assured him with a laugh.

Lost His Opportunity.

WILLIAM RUSSELL, has a very good friend to whom he has been attached by the tenderest bonds of sympathy and understanding for a long time of years. He never goes anywhere without him, and though this friend is neither young, handsome, nor artistic, he frequently presumes so much upon this long-standing friendship to obstruct his shabby presence between Mr. Russell and the camera, and has managed by sheer “pull” on the part of his influential friend to even sneak his way into many a picture. On some occasions, in fact, Mr. Russell finds his rather disreputable old pal indispensable in achieving some particular effect, and the other day work was held up some time at the Fox Studios, for Big Bill suddenly made the appalling discovery that he had lost his affluity. The whole company heaved a sigh of relief when a property man strolled in and nonchalantly inquired, “Is this yours?” restored to William Russell his pet pipe of English briar.

Charlie’s Early Days.

COURTENAY FOOTE, the English actor, who came out to America with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, was at the Chaplin Studio the other day and was amusing us with some stories of the times when Charlie was working for the Essanay Company. When he was doing “The Bank,” it appears he used to get very depressed, wondering whether the public would stand for a comedy with a strong undercurrent of sadness. Mr. Foote, who is peculiarly a born humorist himself, feelingly described how Charlie used to drop into his place of an evening, at once divest himself of his shoes and socks, and seat himself in front of his friend’s hearth, whilst Mr. Foote, as he put it, “tried to coax the fire into being a fire.” Later in the evening they would adjourn to the kitchen and between them got a Bohemian repast; later they would sit down to a good old talk, the latter interspersed by the occasional sizzle of a cigarette ash flicked off into the kitchen sink.

Fay Miller.

AN INTRODUCTION.

Special Correspondent for British Studios.

EDITH NEPEAN.

It has always been the policy of the Picture Show to give to its readers news, photographs, and stories of the best films and the most popular cinema players.

Until comparatively recently, America and the Continent supplied practically all the pictures shown here. There were, of course, British producers, all honour to them, but they were few in number, and fighting an uphill battle, by reason of the fact that this country was years behind America in the film industry.

The Time Has Now Come.

TO-DAY, Great Britain is a real rival to America, a fact recognised by thousands of our readers, who write every week asking the Picture Show to encourage British films. This has always been the policy of this paper, but now that the number of British producers has so vastly increased, and the films have improved so much, the Picture Show intends to devote the entire two centre pages weekly to news and photographs of British films, players and producers.

To this end, Edith Nepean, the well-known novelist, has joined the Picture Show, as its British studios correspondent. She will act for this paper as our residential correspondent in Los Angeles and New York are now doing.

Welcome to British Films.

MUCH of the success of American films is due to the persistent boosting of the industry. The publicity is recognised much more in the States than it is here. The British producer in the past has suffered from his own smallness, content to let the public judge for themselves. But while this is a sound maxim—for the patron of the cinema must always be the final judge—the up-to-date producer, when he has got a good thing, will take care to let the public know.

We of the Picture Show can assure the British producer that the cinema-going public of the country are only too anxious to patronise British films, when they are worthy of patronage. Every week we receive hundreds of letters bearing out this statement.

Exclusive Stories of British Filmland.

EDITH NEPEAN, whose first novel, “Gypsy of the Welsh Hills,” was dedicated by special permission to the Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, is well known in film circles, and even in the dark days of the British film industry, she had always an unshakable belief that the early struggles of the pioneers would eventually meet with success.

Week by week she will give to the readers of the Picture Show exclusive stories about their favourites of the British screen, and up-to-date information about British films.

A Request to Our Readers.

MAY I ask a favour of our readers? In this latest addition to the many features of the Picture Show, I shall be glad to receive your opinions of British films and British players. We of the Picture Show have never made any secret that the outstanding success of this paper has been due as much to the helpful suggestions of our readers as to ourselves.

The Editor.
Our representative calls at the Metro Film Studios, and gives Mr. Lake, Director of Publicity, his weekly copy of the "Picture Show." Mr. Lake looks as though he is very pleased to receive it.

Naomi Childers, a pretty Goldwyn film player, sat on the front of her car to have her photograph taken for the Picture Show before going for a spin.

A happy-looking group, mostly composed of the Cudahy family, who are all members of Monroe Salisbury's company. Left to right are: Dr. John Moore, the Cudahys' family physician; Mrs. Jack Cudahy; Ernest King, Monroe Salisbury's Valet; Miss Ann Cudahy; Milton Markwell, juvenile lead; Master Michael Cudahy; Jack Cudahy; John R. Cudahy (standing); Monroe Salisbury; Donald Crisp, his director; and Mrs. Donald Crisp.

Lucille Carlisle, who is leading lady to—well, you can see his photograph in front of her, and you are sure to recognise Larry Semon.

Tod Sloan, the world-famous jockey, visited the studio of Ruth Roland, Pathé star, and they ran a race. It would be interesting to know who won.
The Story in which Georges Carpentier, the World-Famous Boxer, plays the part of Henri D'Alour in the Ideal photo-play, which will shortly be shown in all the leading Picture Houses in the British Isles.

There appeared to be no reason why D'Alour's expression should be suddenly changed. How could the sight of Gardner. The latter was not even looking in the direction of the Frenchman, but was just chatting easily with some fellow clubmen. But that there was some latent antagonism between the two men was evident from the look on D'Alour's face.

It passed almost in an instant, and he was the same smiling, debonair young officer as he had everything else—when an ex-francis of course.

"Now that we have both completed our tasks," said D'Alour, "I think we might go to the ballroom. I simply dying to teach you that new two-step."
Sycophants though they were, some of Gardner's friends thought this was playing a very low-down game on one who was a guest of the club, and they all asked Gardner to make any protest.

"Like to have the gloves on for a couple of rounds" Gardner said to D'Alour. "Just a friendly spar, you know."

"I shall be delighted!" replied the Frenchman, cordially.

There were many seriously oppressed titles from Gardner's friends as the Frenchman put on the gloves, but if he suspected that he was being made the victim of a trick, D'Alour gave no sign of it. As soon as the men put up their hands the spectators saw that the Frenchman was no novice in the game.

As light on his feet as a dancing master, his long arms moved in and out with a smoothness that could only have come with years of practice.

After attempting a light left lead to the face, which D'Alour easily dodged by a quick turn of his head, Gardner smashed in a right to the stomach; but the Frenchman had anticipated the blow, and guarded it with an ease that made Gardner look a bit foolish.

Then, before he could jump back, D'Alour planted a left in the face.

"That guy can box some!" whispered the club instructor. "If our champion doesn't knock out a boxing lesson instead of giving one."

The same thought had evidently struck Gardner for instead of holding his opponent cheaply, as he had done at the start, he was now putting his hands out. And this was something considerable, for the agent was undoubtedly one of the cleverest amateurs in America.

He did not attempt another vicious blow, but began to box at a fast rate.

A fast and very scientific spar followed, in which honors were about even, though a keen judge of the game would have seen that, while Gardner had all out, D'Alour had something in reserve.

At the end of the round there was a spontaneous desire to put in for a second. For once in a way, Gardner had met a man who was as good as himself.

Gardner had realized that D'Alour was his master at boxing, but he felt that the Frenchman was a quitter, and he determined to test his pluck.

"He's a pretty boxer, but I bet you he won't take a wallop!" he whispered to the man who stood between the fighters.

The second round was even faster than the first, and though Gardner about held his own, it was clear that D'Alour was not only the superior of the two, but was not at all satisfied.

The Frenchman struck Gardner hard on the left jaw, which always hurt him, and Gardner was not satisfied. He was much quicker on his feet than Gardner, and in the first minute of the round he twice jumped in and planted his left glove straight on Gardner's nose when the latter thought he was out of distance.

The club champion could see from the faces of his friends that he was being made to look cheap, and an ugly look came into his eyes.

He meant to put D'Alour out of his guard, and in this Gardner succeeded.

The Frenchman had not been blind to the weakness of that right-hand punch in the first round, and he had watched Gardner very closely afterwards. But now, seeing his opponent swelling and apparently boxing in the best of humor, he relaxed his watchfulness.

Gardner got his opportunity following a clinch.

In a friendly spar, it is the usual thing for both boxers to step back after a clinch, and then begin again. D'Alour, who, had he been engaged in a real fight, would have protected himself as he stepped back, now moved away with both hands down, leaving his face and body entirely unprotected.

Like a flash, Gardner hooked his right to the jaw.

Too late D'Alour saw the trap he had fallen into.

He could not altogether avoid the blow by turning his head, and broke his force.

But even then the force of the punch was such that it was rendered helpless for the moment.

What Gardner felt a little ashamed of as he looked the hook on the face of the club boxing instructor.

"I think that will do, Mr. Gardner," said the instructor significantly.

There was a dangerous glint in the Frenchman's eyes as he half-drew away from the instructor, as though he intended to carry on the contest; but apparently he thought better of it.

As he held out his hands for the instructor to unfasten his gloves, he looked straight at Gardner.

"I thought this was a friendly spar," he said quietly; then, without another look at his opponent, he went to the dressing-room.

Gardner gave a snoring laugh as D'Alour walked away.

"What did I tell you?" he said, turning to his friends. "That French dude can box all right, but when it comes to taking one of my wallops, his chicken heart can't stand it!"

His sycophants friends hastened to agree with him, but the instructor, himself an old fighter knew that it was an easy fight that had stopped D'Alour going on with the fight.

"I don't know what made that French guy take it lying down," he said to himself, as he put away the gloves; "but, whatever it was, it wasn't funk. One day those two are going to meet again, and when it comes off my money is going to be on the Frenchman!"

The story of the spar got round the club, and the general opinion among the real sports was that, though Gardner had taken an unfair advantage, D'Alour had shown the white feather in not insisting on another round.

**Throwing the Knife.**

But something happened the next day which made the members of the Potomac Club forget all about the sparring bout. Mr. Stone's chief clerk was found murdered in his office. The news was brought to Mr. Stone by Detective Monroe from the Central Station as Stone was sitting in the library of the Potomac Club.

"The chief thinks there's something queer about this murder," said the detective. "When I got on the scene, I found that the door of his office was locked on the inside, yet your clerk was stabbed in the back. We can't make out how the murderer got in or got away. Another thing that is puzzling us is the motive. Nothing has been taken from the cash box your clerk had in his desk, and there has been no attempt to break open the safe."

Mr. Stone looked thoughtful.

"I can't offer any explanation, Mr. Monroe," he said, "When I left the office an hour ago my clerk was at his desk. So far as I know, he had not an enemy in the world."

Mr. Stone turned suddenly as Steven and Alan Gardner came up.

"I see by your face that you have heard the news," he said. "This is Mr. Monroe, a detective from the Central Office. His chief is baffled as to the motive for the murder. Nothing is missing from the office, and there is another strange thing about the murder, according to Mr. Monroe. The door of the clerk's office was locked on the inside, and the police can't make out how the murderer got in."

"That's right," said Monroe crisply.

"The only thing I can think of as to the motive," said Mr. Stone, "is that the murderer was after those contracts of Gardner's. But he could not have been very well informed, for I happen to keep those contracts in my private safe at home. What beats me, though, is how the murderer could have got inside an office where the door was locked on the inside—which, as you know, Steven, was one of poor Granger's customs, so that he should not have been disturbed—and stabbed him in the back."

"May I suggest an explanation?"

The four men started at the sound of the voice.

Henri D'Alour, came up to them with a pleasant smile on his blandly handsome face.

"I could not help overhearing your conversation as I came into the library," he said, "and I have just been told about the death of your clerk, Mr. Stone. May I suggest that it is not necessary for a man to get in a room to stab another in the back. There is such a thing as throwing a knife. I presume that, the day being very warm, Mr. Granger would have his office window open. See!"

D'Alour took up a dagger that was lying in front of Mr. Stone. It was a curious one of the members had presented to the club.

The Frenchman balanced it on the palm of his hand for a moment, and then fixed his eye on the old-fashioned wooden fireplace of the library.

"I will throw this knife so that it will stick in the right-hand pillar of the fireplace," he said.

(Continued on page 8.)

**GEORGES CARPENTER** as Henri D'Alour, and **FAIRE BINNEY** as Dorothy Stoner in the Ideal photo-play.
THE WONDER MAN

(Continued from page 7.)

With a swift jerk, he threw the knife, and it stuck in the centre of the pillar.

"I agree that is a very good explanation of the problem that has baffled my chief," said Detective Monroe, looking fixedly at D'Alour.

"I will tell the chief of your demonstration, Mr. D'Alour," broke in Mr. Stoner. "D'Alour is, in a way, my guest, Mr. Monroe."

"I'm glad to meet you," said the detective. Henri D'Alour bowed politely. Then, turning to Mr. Stoner, he said:

"Will you please excuse me, Mr. Stoner? I have an appointment."

With another bow to the others, he left the library.

"I don't want to suggest anything, Mr. Stoner," said Alan Gardner, "but don't you think that your friend, Mr. D'Alour, seems very familiar with the methods of criminals, not to say murderers?"

"Guess you've just taken the words out of my mouth," broke in Monroe. "Who is he?"

"No one seems to know," answered Gardner, with a shrug. "I've always said there was something suspicious about him. No one knows anything about him, except he has taken care to get introduced to this club and has made himself particularly nice to the ladies. I shouldn't be surprised if there was some motive behind this; girls talk, you know! D'Alour must have some business in this country, but no one knows what it is. How do we know it is not something connected with your contracts, Mr. Stoner? Remember how he has attached himself to your daughter Dorothy?"

"But why—why—" stammered Mr. Stoner.

But Monroe broke in:

"Mr. Gardner is right, Mr. Stoner. This young man must be watched."

"But if he is guilty, why should he have gone out of his way to show how the crime was committed?" explained Mr. Stoner.

"If you were in my business, Mr. Stoner," said the detective quietly, "you would know that one of the strangest things about murder crimes is that the murderer is often the very man that comes first to the police to report the affair. I'm not a betting man, but I would wager something that D'Alour killed your clerk. He's not an ordinary murderer, this young friend of yours, and I'm all at sea as to his motive; but I'll stake my reputation as a detective that D'Alour killed your clerk."

(To be concluded next week.)

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

WHEN Alice Brady in "Redhead," looks out of her window down on to Broadway, there is no balcony, and the window is several stories high; but a few minutes later a man is seen walking by the window. Was he walking on air?—5s. Awarded to M. Collins, 9, Maple Road, Bitterne Park, Southampton.

In "The Judgment" (Domino Film) it says, "Ten years have passed." During this period the girl Merry has aged at least 30 years, while her son, one month old, has grown up to be the chief magistrate of the island, with two children of his own, about 10 and 14 years old.—5s. Awarded to Miss M. Dolby, 91, Lathom Road, East Ham, E.6.

In the "Iron Test," Antonio Moreno's serial, Red Mask, otherwise Lewis Craven, shot an aeroplane in his shoulder, and the aeroplane was limping after he had got up from the ground.—5s. Awarded to S. Fleet, 225, Burbury Street, Lozells, Birmingham.

In "Boundary House," the photo-play in which Alma Taylor stars as Jenny Gay, although the room downstairs wears an air of absolute poverty, and nearly everything has been pinched, yet when Jenny enters her bedroom this is most gorgeously furnished.—5s. Awarded to Miss M. Appleby, 57, Amnic Street, Grimsby, Lincs.

Five Shillings will be awarded to the sender of every "Fault" published in the "Picture Show." If we receive the same "Fault" from two readers, and we think it worthy of a prize, that will be given to the one which reaches us first. Address your postcard: Editor, Film Faults, "Picture Show," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

"LOVE MAGGY," sequel to "The Honeypot," by Countess Barceynska, has been filmed by the Samuelson Film Company. These novels are tales of the stage and "Love Maggy" is the story of the heroine's life after she is married to Lord Chalfont. Peggy Hyland is delightful as the warm-hearted and impulsive Maggy, who leaves her husband, whom she passionately loves, because a man whom she has known in the past comes into her life once more and tries to blackmail her. Rather than any trouble should come to her husband through her, she leaves Chalfont Towers and goes back to the stage. She is a wonderful success, and one day her husband goes to the theatre and sees her. He takes her away from the stage life, and all ends happily.

Some of the scenes for this film, which, by the way, was produced by Mr. F. L. Granville for the Samuelson Film Company, were taken at the Holborn Empire, London.

One of the scenes taken at the Holborn Empire. Peggy Hyland can be seen on the stage. Above is a photograph of Miss Hyland with F. L. Granville, who takes a part in the film as well as producing it. The photograph at the top of the page shows Mr. Granville as producer.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF LILLIAN GISH.

LILLIAN GISH.
The Talented Screen Artist With the Heart of a Child.

From the day that Lillian Gish, at the age of seven, played the part of little Willie in "East Lynne," her career was decided. Lillian naturally possesses a pathetic charm that is all her own, and the power to get right to the hearts of her audience. The culminating point of her success was reached in her rendering of the girl in the now world-famous "Broken Blossoms."

It was Mrs. Mary Gish, the mother of the two popular Gish girls, who paved the way for her two daughters to become the popular successes they are to-day.

When only twenty-three years of age, Mrs. Gish was left a widow with two tiny girls to support.

Mary's Part in Her Life Story.

A friend procured for Mrs. Gish a walking-on part at the local theatre. In time she was advanced to better parts, and whilst touring round with her two little girls, the succession of Mary Pickford. Mary was then herself playing child parts on the stage and Lillian and Dorothy were adding to the family income by playing small parts, when they were needed, in their mother's company.

As soon as the company reached New York, the Gish girls called on their old friend, whom they had known when she was playing under her real name of Gladys Smith. Mary was genuinely glad to see them, and after getting Lillian an engagement for a small role as a fairy in "A Good Little Devil," in which Mary was playing an important part on the stage, she gave them an introduction to the great D. W. Griffith, and then and there he engaged Lillian to play a small part on the screen.

A Lover of Simplicity.

From that day to this, Lillian has made rapid strides in her screen successes.

Early plays in which you may remember her are: "The Battle of the Sexes," "Home Sweet Home," then in "The Birth of a Nation," and "Intolerance," in which she took the part of the woman who rocks the cradle, "The Greater Love."

Last but far from least is the part of the child in "Broken Blossoms," which is well known to every reader of the Picture Show. Lillian is just as simple as in her tastes as in the characters she portrays so well on the screen. She says she owes much of her success to the simplicity of the frocks she wears. She is devoted to her library and her treasured books: she sings a little, and one of her greatest treasures is a little ballad called "Broken Blossoms," presented to her by the author. She says she finds genuine pleasure in singing it, and is delighted and proud that her picture is printed on the front cover.

Must Learn How Not To Act.

Lillian has a very real admiration for D. W. Griffith, the world-famous producer. She tells how Mr. Griffith trains all his players how not to act. That is the very first thing on which he insists, she says.

"We must move through our parts just as we would in real life, there must be no artificial expressions and no posing. Mr. Griffith teaches that to express an emotion, you must feel it, then the expression will be real. He is a dreamer who makes his dreams come true, and his ideals of truth and beauty are contagious. It is more difficult not to understand him than it is to understand him. His very simplicity of method and his quiet direction make for complete harmony between his players and himself."

Her Ambition.

It is difficult to get Lillian to talk about herself. By way of greeting she will ask you if you have seen Dorothy in her latest picture. It is her ambition to see London, and as her friend Norma Talmadge told me, she was more than disappointed that she was unable to accompany her mother and Dorothy on their visit to Europe. However, she has promised herself a real holiday soon, during which she has planned a tour of Great Britain. So we may soon see her over here.
The Jack London Films.

It seems that a good deal of surprise was expressed in the motion picture studios when Edward Sloman was selected to produce the Jack London pictures, which Metro are filming. How could a native of Great Britain, a product of her most modern cities, know of the primitive conditions of the Great West? In reply to his critics Edward Sloman said, "They forget that in England we have 'penny dreadfuls,' which have a great vogue. Buffalo Bill, too, was a greater divinity than he ever seemed to the young people of America. When I grew older I turned to weightier books, but a good many of them were about life in the Wild West." Thus Mr. Sloman absorbed the customs and traditions of the West. As for the sea, Mr. Sloman explains that an Englishman is born with the love of it in him, with the thunder of it ringing in his ears, and with glorious traditions of his sailing forbears constantly set before him. With this in mind he tackled Jack London without the slightest misgivings, and that he took the right step is proved by his successful productions, "Running Daylight," and "The Mutiny of Elsinore."

The Star System.

DISCUSSION has again arisen over the various merits and demerits of what is known as the "Star" system in films. Some critics make bold to say that film stars will pass into oblivion, while others are of the opinion that stars that he or she be featured until the tide of favoritism turns. In every city and community of this nation there is some figure that dominates, someone who stands pre-eminent by reason of superior talents or unceasing effort.

"By the same token, certain actors, being better equipped for their line of work than others, and more earnest in the pursuance of it, are bound to tip the scales of popularity and attain recognition as stars."

In Mr. Brunton’s opinion, authors themselves make the star indispensable. Every well-written play has a dominant figure, someone who succeeds in reaching an objective against the will of another. The person taking this part, naturally carries the sympathy of the audience, and receives the applause. It would be a trying and almost impossible task to reduce every role in a play to an equal basis. Some character must prevail, that is a primary rule of drama.

The Public Make Stars.

Mr. Brunton firmly believes that the public will always demand stars. "People delight in according recognition to individual worth," he says, "if Bill Henry does some particularly striking work in an obscur role the barometer of public favor will assuredly push him upward. Should he display star qualities, star he will become. There is an erroneous belief to the point that producers make stars. No greater fallacy exists. The public in their own attainments make them. Producers merely gauge the most propitious moment to launch a climbing actor with star credit. One fact alone is sufficient to preserve the star-system—it is a commerical success. A production bolstered with the reputation of an established star rarely fails, even though the scenario be bad and the direction worse. On the other hand, the so-called star feature is a hazard: it requires infinite care and expense. It may be a fortune, and it may fail entirely." Mr. Brunton sums up by stating that the public has awakened to know good worth, and stars will undoubtedly be forced to produce a higher grade of work, but it is a mistake to predict their extinction altogether.

"The Elusive Pimpernel."

In the sources of Grey's romance, "The Elusive Pimpernel," the house of Sir Percy Blakeney is supposed to be a beautiful old mansion in Richmond. In the silent screen version of this story the building that does duty for this house is really Richmond Old Palace. The gardens surrounding the palace, however, were not considered by Maurice Elvey, the producer, to be ornamental enough to figure as the gardens surrounding Sir Percy’s mansion, so all the garden scenes of the photo-play were taken in the beautiful grounds of General Sir Arthur Paget’s place at Kingston.

"The palace grounds," Mr. Elvey says, "are rather Tudor in style, whereas General Sir Arthur Paget’s grounds are all marble and stone, and exactly in keeping with the book."

Lessons We Learn From the Films.

It is better to be proud of your children than of your ancestors.

All men want to be heroes, and all women want to be nurses.

Real fame is to be discussed by strangers in a railway carriage.

B. A. Prager, President of the Mayflower Photo-play Corporation.
Juanita Hansen

The daring heroine in "The Lost City," Kilner's Exclusive Films, Ltd.
A SEAT FOR TWO.
MIX and JANE NOVAK. in "Desert Love."
Every kind of dainty materials is fashioned into entrancing party frocks for these dainty dancers of the screen.

Mary Miles Minter in white net and Valenciennes

Fope Hampton in silk and silver tissue

Molly Molone favours cream face over satin

Mme. Doraldina in her Hawaiian frock of raffa

Colleen Moore Alhena stage-de-Chine with lace insertions

Constance Binney in her child's petal gown
"THE LUCKIEST GIRL IN LONDON."
INTERVIEW WITH JOAN MORGAN.

The Romance of Joan Morgan.

At the tender age of eight years Joan Morgan made her screen debut. To-day, at the age of fifteen, she is Bryant Washburn's leading lady. Who said romance is dead?

But to get down to brass tacks.

Little Miss Morgan, as I have just remarked, first cast the shadow of her elfin personality upon the screen at eight years old, an age when most of us are still struggling with the mysteries of the multiplication table and fighting for the acquisition of somebody else's marbles. But Joan was different. How different you may guess if you recall that not only did she appear in a film, but starred in it—right away. The film was called "The World's Desire"—a B and C production—and no less a celebrity than Lillian Braithwaite had a subsidiary part in it! That of Joan's "mother." For Joan herself the principal role was written, and it was Joan who raced away with the chief honours.

Not content with one success, the youthful actress speedily followed it up with two others—"Queenie of the Circus," a Motograph picture, in which she appeared with Elizabeth Risdon and Fred Groves, and "The Woman Who Did," the first film the Broadwest Company produced. She was then nine years old.

Temperament at Ten.

The interest now switches to the States, whither, in 1915, when she was nearly ten, Miss Morgan journeyed to appear in American pictures. During her stay there she played in two Brady productions—one being "The Reapers," in which she appeared with John Mason—and then (such are the terrors of the artistic temperament at ten!) she became very homesick, and returned to the Old Country in 1916. Shortly afterwards she appeared in the Ideal picture featuring Edna Terry, "Her Greatest Performance."

On the Stage.

But Joan was not a film actress exclusively. That is, she had talents which could be used to great advantage on the stage. She could sing, she was very musical. Her next move was the embarkation of a theatrical career. Accordingly she went to Mr. André Charlot—and stayed. She was with the famous producer for two years, appearing in such successes as "Tho' Pierrot's Christmas" at the Apollo, and "See-Saw" and "Bubbly" at the Comedy, and then, upon his good advice, left the stage.

"Wait till you are sixteen or so, and then—come back," he told her. "Preserve your voice and abilities, little girl, and don't wear yourself out using them too much while you are so young."

And being a wise little girl, Joan obeyed.

Back to the Screen.

Now thirteen years old, she returned to the screen, where she appeared with George Foley and Fred Groves in the Gaumont production of "Drink." She did not, however, neglect her musical and dancing studies, but contented herself with making just this one picture in a year, giving the rest of her time to them and her general development.

Fourteen saw her as "Lady Noggs" (although we have still that pleasure to come), a Progress film, directed by her well-known father, Sidney Morgan. Fifteen (several present audiences find this the heroine of "Little Dorrit" and "Two Little Wooden Shoes," also directed by her father for the same company) brought the "big" and(?) Bryant Washburn's leading lady! The Great Discovery.

It was at the trade show of "Little Dorrit" that the big discovery was made. As you know, shortly after his arrival in England, Mr. Washburn announced his intention of finding a British girl for his leading lady in the picture he intended producing over here, "The Road to London." But, alas! suitable leading ladies do not grow as freely as the flowers in spring. Bryant and his adviser were beginning to feel that their desperate search might prove fruitless.

And then Mr. Washburn saw Joan. He didn't know he was going to see her when he visited the trade show of "Little Dorrit"—he had been attending trade shows for weeks without avail, and went to this one just on the chance that hero he might find the girl he wanted. And he found her. Immediately the show was over Joan and her mother received word from Mr. Washburn's agent requesting an interview with the youthful actress. When the agent saw her he was amazed (as everyone would be) to find her so young, in view of her finished performance; moreover, he was distinctly impressed. With the glad knowledge of this impression Joan left him, only to receive a wire two days later saying that Mr. Washburn was very keen to see her with her hair up and dressed in grown-up clothes, and that he would like to have a test made of her under these conditions.

Accordingly Joan piled her beautiful blonde hair on the top of her head and attired herself in a really-truly grown-up frock and presented herself before the camera that was to decide her fate. And then came those anxious hours of waiting, but they were only hours, for almost immediately arrived the wire bearing the magic word: "Fixed." Bryant Washburn's leading lady had been found. "Who is she?" was Joan's first question; "I was the luckiest girl in London," Joan said to me the other afternoon, when she was telling me all about her good fortune. "I ran round to all my friends near by to tell them the great news. I never—her grey eyes sparkled—felt so excited in my life. I admire Mr. Washburn so much; and to be his leading lady—well—Plainly Joan thought it was almost too good to be true.

JOAN MORGAN.

(Photograph: Claude Harris.)

May Hughes Clarke,
CONCLUSION OF THIS SPLENDID Serialization STORY

"The PIRATE IN HOPE" Book

Billy O'Farrell’s Triumph.

When John Galloway appeared for the second time in the little stuffy police station at Maldon on the adjourned hearing of the murder charge, he was hoping for the best but expecting the worst. He had no great faith in his solicitor, Ransom, whom he had not seen for several days. The man was too clever, and at their last interview it had been only too evident that he believed his client guilty, although he courteously pretended not to. John had no sooner taken his place in the ruled dock than somebody struggled through the well of the court, upsetting a solicitor’s chair and making a general disturbance.

The next moment John found himself shaking hands wildly with Billy O’Farrell. A uniformed constable fetching the party of under-decked forward with the obvious intention of removing Billy at all costs; but Billy resisted quietly and firmly.

"John," he said, in his out-door voice, which was loud enough to be heard plainly by the magistrate who had just taken his seat, "This is all for the best. I’ve ordered lunch at the Red Cow for both of us, and we’ll talk things over together. I’ve got a number of things to say, You’re innocent of the death of poor old Mallet, and I’m here to tell them so.

"And I’m glad to see you, Billy," returned Galloway airily, "and I embrace your visits.” I only hope they’ll believe you, but I’m afraid they won’t."

"In ten minutes, my son, you’ll be a free man," said Billy. "I’m here with the goods. Watch out!

Billy was almost as good as his word. In less than half an hour Galloway was fully acquitted and left the dock.

Jack Belcher took his place, and on his own confession was duly committed for trial on a charge of highway robbery.

The two partners met at the Red Cow at the appointed time, and Billy O’Farrell made a great effort in talking without saying anything in particular.

He was consumed with curiosity to know why his friend had played the stranger part as he had eventually landed him in goal. He considered John the last man in the world to lend himself to such business, but Billy could easily put it down to mental disturbance consequent on the shock of the crime.

It was obvious to him that John was very far from his usual self. He asked no questions. Sustained to have no interest in the progress of things at the Criminal Court, and took it for granted that Billy had thrown up the sponge as he and Mallet had done.

Billy did not undeceive him, and in fact studiously avoided the Calamity Jane as a subject of conversation. But, when he noticed the aspect of glumness was too obvious to be passed without comment.

"For a man who has just escaped the attentions of the police executioner by the skin of his teeth," said Billy, "I think you are the most smiling consolation case I have ever just dragged you from the edge of the nether pit, and I think a small show of decent gratitude would be much.

"I’m sorry, Billy," said John gripping his friend’s hand across the table. "I am grateful, and you know it. Forgive me if I don’t show my feelings as I should.”

You’re showing your feelings all right," returned John quickly. "Anywhere but here, I must get to London. Besides, I can’t stay here. I’ve nothing to pay my way with."

"Come and have tea with me, then," said Billy. "I’ve got a room at the Majestic, and there’s an extra bed. You can roll in luxury as my guest. They do you in Maldon, they do.

But whence all this wealth, Billy? I’ve never known you to be wallowing in riches before. Has anything happened?"

"It’s a secret," said Billy mysteriously. "I’ve got an aunt.”

"I didn’t find him," said Billy. "I found a woman—that is, a girl. A rather pretty girl; and I had a talk with her."

John started slightly, and Billy, who was watching him keenly without appearing to do so, did not fail to catch his eye. Galloway’s eyes flashed. His wearied air disappeared. As Billy expressed it, he began to act and take notice.

"Who was this girl you spoke to?" he asked.

"Her name is Alice Mercer," said Billy. "For the case against Belcher goes on to the next stage she will be called as a witness, and your humble servant also, I suppose.

"He will get off with a few months’ imprisonment, I expect. Perhaps with nothing at all. I have it on good authority that the medical evidence will go to show that Mallet’s heart was in a rotten condition, and that his death was, in all probability, due to the excitement caused by his scrap with Belcher rather than from any injuries received.

For as the girl—I met her in the Brandon Wood today—was sitting under a tree crying pretty badly when I blundered upon her, and she just told me the whole story with hardly any persuasion.

But by this time Galloway, did not seem to be listening to all. He had relapsed into his old condition of listlessness, and was looking moodily out of the window at the white road which, as he knew, led either to past Athel Ralston’s house, and farther still the little lane which meandered into Portfolk Bay.

"Hum!" he said to himself, "there’s a woman in this, and the woman is not pretty Alice Mercer. Now who wonder this woman is, and how much she had to do with old John’s departure from the path of righteousness and grace.

Oh! I think you’re footing it all right," muttered Billy.

"Perhaps I am," returned John with a sudden tightening of the lips.

"Well, see, you cut in dexterously, don’t think too much of it. It was only a frolic, after all, and there’s no harm done of it. Rather comic interlude, in fact, and in your place I don’t know that I shouldn’t have done just the same thing. Anyway, what’s the next move for you?"

John shrugged his shoulders again.

"I suppose it’s to look for a job. I must get some sort of work to live.

"Well, there’s no hurry about that. Rest up for a bit until I see you again. Why not stop here? It’s a pretty place.


"Come and have dinner with me, then," said Billy. "I’ve got a room at the Majestic, and there’s an extra bed. You can roll in luxury as my guest. They do you in Maldon, they do.

"But whence all this wealth, Billy? I’ve never known you to be wallowing in riches before. Has anything happened?"

"It’s a secret," said Billy mysteriously. "I’ve got an aunt.”

"Has she died?"

"Oh, no, she’s very much alive! I never knew she was, until recently. She’s a surprise packet. Jane her name is, and she’s a good sort. She’s handed me my fortune, and I’m to live up to it. Oh, I deserve it. I’ve worked for her—toiled for her. I’ve sweated blood for her when she never looked as if she could get a step further in return. Now she’s repaying me like a lady."

"Good luck to her," said John without enthusiasm. "For I’m nothing but a poor,/*. I’m a man," said Billy, "and a hope that will not have too much difficulty in following the same.

(Continued on page 18.)
EILEEN SEDGWICK
THE UNIVERSAL SERIAL STAR.

EILEEN SEDGWICK, the Universal star, whom you have probably seen on the screen with Eddie Polo in "The Circus King," and the "Cyclone Smith" series, was born in Texas. She commenced her career on the stage while still a child. She must have been a clever little actress even in those days, for she appeared in drama, and musical comedy, and these are so different from one another that it calls for great versatility to appear in both successfully.

Contrasts.
EILEEN is three inches over five feet in height, and has dark blue eyes and curly fair hair.

By the way, have you noticed that Eddie Polo nearly always acts with fair girls. He says this is because he is so dark himself, and he must have a contrast.

A Thrilling Serial.
A VERY thrilling serial, in which Eileen Sedgwick appears, is "The Great Radium Mystery." You must not miss this when it is released to the public. Some of the scenes from this film are shown on this page.

Other films in which you will be able to see Eileen are "Man and Beast," "Dropped from the Clouds," "Trail of No Return," and "No. 10—West Bound."

"Hands Up!" says EILEEN SEDGWICK as she levels her weapon in a masterly way. This is another scene from "The Great Radium Mystery" serial, which has been produced by the Universal film company.

EILEEN looks very tantalizing in her quizzet dress. Above you will see her rescued in the nick of time from a perilous situation.
It meant that she knew all the time.

He grabbed his last and made a bolt for the door. Duty pulled him up, and he remembered his promise, and there remained in it some mysterious paper for him.

Hang Billy O'Farral and his Aunt Jane! He scribbled a note for Billy, and rushed from the room.

He dashed across London by taxi, and caught a train to Marlingham. He borrowed a bicycle there, and was enquiring at the house of the Railtons in short time.

Athalie was out on her bicycle. She had not stated where she was going, but she had ridden in the opposite direction to Marlingham.

An inspiration came to Galloway, and he set off at reckless speed, bearing straight for Portalloe Bay.

By the Wishing Stone.

He found her sitting on the broad Wishing Stone, a solitary, rather pathetic little figure.

She was looking out to sea, and the tide was ebbing towards the ships that came to a woman in a lifetime.

The next moment they were in each other's arms, and he was holding her tight and hungrily against his breast. While the whole of his journey he had been telling himself grimly that this was the one thing which must not happen.

He saw her map out the Wishing Stone, and drew her on his knee, secretly amazed at the lightness and girlish slenderness of her, and more than afraid of hurting her with his unaccustomed handling.

It need not have been. Athalie found his gentleness a most exquisite thing.

"Oh, my dear!" she murmured. "What a time I've had! Why have you been so long?" I was beginning to think that—that after all, you were not the sort of man which I knew you were. That's rather Irish, isn't it, but is exactly expresses what I mean."

"I only had your letter about three hours ago in London, Athalie."

The letter which you wrote to me on the night of our picnic in this nover-to-be-forgotten bay."

"Oh!" This struck at her. With wide eyes still tear-wet, but without making the least attempt to draw away from him. "Then you would not have been so long for that letter, sir?"

"How could I come, Athalie?"

"A man was a little lost."

The stern resolutions of the journeyman were forgotten, and she was lying in his mind. "I was an impostor, and I had played you the worst trick that a man could play on a woman. I have no reason to suppose that you would ever speak to me again, much less forgive me."

"After all, she said, "you were not playing a trick on me any more than I was on you. Because on the day of our picnic—our wonderful picnic, I tell you, Athalie, and all about you—everything. The night before our picnic a girl came to me. Her name was Irma Gale, and she told me everything. To prove her statements she gave me a letter which she had stolen from your house—a letter which you had written to your friend Billy O'Farral.

"Do you know, I had always rather listed the idea that I had fallen in love with Dyson Mallet; and when I found that you were not Dyson Mallet I was just glad, and that's all I can tell you."

"Do you think I found it very difficult to overcome your deception, when I found from that letter to Billy O'Farral that it was all for my sake? I am afraid this is rather frail and human sort of girl you are going to marry, John."

The word brought him out of his dreams with a start. He stood up and began abruptly. "This is all wrong," he said. "I think I must be mad. I have no right to be here—no right to speak of you to whom I owe all."

But she was not too frightened now. She knew her power, and only looked at him with masterful eyes, and said: "What is the matter now, sir?"

"What right have I to speak of you to you whom I owe all?"

"Why not? John, you are not going to disappoint me? It seems to me you have asked me.

Very obviously she was laughing at him. "Look here, Athalie," he said. "You love me now?"

"Heaps and heaps!" she murmured.

"How long?" she asked anxiously.

"Heaven knows! But I have never loved a woman before, and there will never be anyone else in my life but you. But I am penniless."

Do we want very much to get married on?"

"She's a wrenching old braw," Athalie. "Because I am rather well off myself."

But don't you see, dear, that's impossible!"

"They were interrupted by a distant hallow, and saw a man emerging from a car on the road. They ran out, waving his hand. It was Billy O'Farral.

He was introduced to Athalie, and with one sentence made her feel at home. "I knew it, Alice."

"Oh, I am glad I have found you, my dear. You really did call you a beggar."

"I was brought up an orphan, in an old man's house, I suspected your existence, but I could not get my head on you."

He turned to John. "You left me in the lurch," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "but I am not disgruntled. These papers have got to be signed to-day, and I just had to pursue you in a motor-car.""

"Good Lord," gasped John. "Are your Aunt Jane's papers so important as that?"

"Just that!" returned Billy. "I see, my dear, Jane's papers are not so important to you as that, Mr. O'Farral, and I am here to say that I have been deceiving you with malice. I did not leave the Colombo Packet because I had any love for you, but because I struck oil—I mean gold, in paying stamps. To-day I have sold out our old claim for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. How does that sound to you? Poor old Mallet's share automatically disappears with his death, but I have made over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

And Billy produced a fountain-pen like a cavalier drawing a sword.

Athalie was the first to recover.

She put her arms round Billy's neck and kissed him.

"Billy O'Farral, you're a darling!" she said.

A quick look flashed between the lovers, and Billy said, "I have a letter for our lady in arm."

Billy sat on the Wishing Stone watching them.

He was thinking of the look he had seen in Athalie's eyes when she walked away with his handsome partner.

He filled his old, worn briar pipe thoughtfully, stoking down the tobacco with his heel-worn fingers. "I reckon I'd give my seventy thousand pounds to be fifty years younger and have a girl like her look at me that way!" he murmured.

The end.
CONCLUSION OF THIS LIFE STORY.

SISTERS THREE

THE LIFE STORY OF THE TALMADGE SISTERS

EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."

FOR the first time the romantic life story of Norma, Natalie, and Constance Talmadge has been written, and has appeared exclusively in "The Picture Show." Their early struggles of toiling and waiting, while they were stars, make most fascinating reading, especially as they have recently visited Great Britain.

THE EDITOR.

Constance laughingly denies all reports and rumors of her various marriages.

"I have been married to everybody on the coast. Of course there isn't a 'wool of truth in any of the stories. I am not in love with anybody. I like men—they're nice to have around; but I'm not going to get married for years and years and years. There's something to be said for marriage—quite a lot—but, oh! I do love independence."

But though so light-hearted and even tongue-tied, Constance Talmadge is a very conscientious and serious young artist in everything that relates to her work. She has taken a great deal of trouble in selecting her stories, and this indeed is one of the most difficult of her tasks. Every one of these three sixty manuscripts are submitted to me every week," said Miss Talmadge recently. It is not particularly difficult to get exactly the kind of comedy I want. I want comedies of manners, comedies that are funny because they delight one's sense of what is ridicuously human in the way of little everyday commonplace foibles and frailties—subtle comedies, not comedies of the knock-about variety.

A Question of Art.

"I hate 'any' comedies," she went on to say, "chiefly because I enjoy making people laugh; secondly, because this type of work comes easiest and most naturally to me. I am not a highly emotional type. Nor did I care to sing real tears over two sofa cushions stuffed into a long dress and white lace cap to look like a dead baby, and she would do it so convincingly that nine hundred people would cry out of a thousand in front of her."

She might easily gratify this ambition if she chose, for much more flattering offers appear on the regular stage. But her popularity on the screen is so enormous and so widely heard that for some time, at any rate, the cinema is likely to retain its hold upon her services.

She takes a girlish delight in relating some of her queer experiences as a film actress.

A little while back D. W. Griffith—for whom, by the way, she has an enormous admiration—reconstructed the Babylonian story of "Intolerance." A number of new scenes were added, for which Miss Talmadge again donated her mountain girl gash.

"It was good fun," she says, "recreating the famous character which gave me my start, but I discovered that I had grown considerably since, and where these new scenes are spiced in among the old, for if you look closer you can see that I gain or lose ten or fifteen pounds in a second without any apparent discomfort. But I can see that the revised story did relieve my mind. I had been afraid I was getting old. But my wrinkles don't crease as I was already doing last year."

When one is twenty even if you are a film star you can afford to jest at getting old.

Apart from their screen work, the two sisters devote a good deal of time to the advancement of new accomplishments, and latterly they have taken up classic and Russian dancing.

"You love the classic stuff," says Constance with a delightful gurgle. "Adolf Bolm, who is teaching us, just looks at me, rolls his eyes and says, 'What do you mean in Russian over and over.' Norma says it means 'No, no!' but I suspect it is something a good deal stranger.'"

Constance, a girl of fifteen, up her swimming and riding, partly for healthy exercise and partly to perfect herself in these accomplishments for her screen work.

She dislikes anything "faked" in pictures and is opposed to the use of a "double" in any of her productions. In "By Right of Conquest," one of her most popular films, the story has to do with a fire on a ship at sea, and she is supposed to swim in the perilous ocean to a desert island. It was suggested that a professional swimmer could be used in this scene, and with her cap pulled down over her eyes, and only the head bobbing up and down at intervals in the splashing surf, no one would know that another person had been substituted for Miss Talmadge. But Norma would not have it so; she insisted upon doing her own swimming, and took a whole company to Florida for three or four days to take these scenes.

This conscientiousness is one of the chief elements of her success. She is always thinking how she may make her pictures better, and everything she sees or hears at once becomes possible material for her work.

She is a great student of the fashions in women's dress as well as the costumes of many periods.

She is one of the very best dressed women in the pictures, and she has achieved this reputation by constant study. It is only a detail of...

(Continued on page 20.)
"SISTERS THREE."

(Continued from page 12.)

her work, but with her every detail is
importance.

Among the thousands of letters she receives
every week from admirers all over the world
many are written by women who want to know
where she gets her dresses.

She says, it is the personal element
that counts in dress. You must have a
very clear idea in your own mind of the effect
you want. Then you can go to the professional
dress-designer and in consultation get the
costume which suits both you and the occasion
for which you require it. Recently she discussed the subject at length.

"Why are certain things the fashion at one
period?" she asks. "Why do styles recur at
or certain intervals? Where do fashions have
their origin?" If you want to be a well-dressed woman—and
every normal woman does—you should
learn the answers to these questions. I had
to find out the answers for myself when I was
studying style from the standpoint of the
screen. It is not every girl who can afford to
give up all those personal fashions which
I certainly could not during the first years I
was in motion picture work. A great number of my dresses during that period made myself.

"To-day is, above all others, the day of
the individual, the time when every discerning
woman can draw on any previous period
of style to enhance her good looks.

"Why is it that nowadays we are breaking
away from fashions in style and seeking to
take the best from history and tradition that
will apply to her behalf the best styles. I think
the War has something to do with it. Most
of the nations fighting against Germany sent repre-
sentatives to foreign lands and the French dress ex-
erts, who are wonderfully quick in picking up ideas,
borrowed inspiration from the national dress of the people who fought shoulder to shoulder with their men. Jean Paton, great
soldier as he is a great stylist, came back to
Paris from the trenches and brought with him
the Algerian, the bright-['tored embroideries of last season, the deep sashes
and harem skirts we saw everywhere, were the result
of 'Pari's industry. It is not the most important thing. Good dressing is
chiefly a matter of fine, a matter of studying'%s own figure, returning the good and bad
points, and then finding out the styles that
make the most of the good points
and minimize the bad points.

"For example, if your arms are thin, you
should wear long sleeves that are rather full.
If your breasts are full you should have them
cut so as to reach at least an inch
below the bust."

"By the way," says Miss Talmadge, "I do
hope Englishwomen will not judge my taste
in dress by some of the pictures you see of me
in your English picture houses. I am charmed
with wonderful London, but I am really dis-

ticed to see the dresses in your picture
shows. Some in which I am shown were made
three and four years ago, when I was
making good. They are silly and out of date
in theme and dress. I really wonder what the
women in the audiences think of my four-year-
old focks!"

However, the evil to which Miss Talmadge
does draw attention is likely soon to be reme-
daed, as a number of the pictures of the
pictures and beginning to get restive, and the time is possibly
not far off when only the latest and best
American films will be seen in the country.

One interesting fact is that the Talmadge
sisters, like so many other American film
stars, instead of trying to look as cheaply
as possible, usually spend a good
and year and make pictures here.

This was doubtless done in hope to
sure their latest films were being exhibited promptly in England.
The art of the cinema is developing so
rapidly that a film is very soon out of date.

And although all the work of the Talmadges is interesting, an artist naturally likes to be
judged by her best work.

It is one of the penalties of fame that as soon as a
cinema actress becomes a great popular
favourite, all her early and immature work is
brushed aside. The public is likely to be
full of the movies Talmadge pictures. Miss
Talmadge will be judged by their countless British admirers.

In the meantime the British public is likely to be
a great fight between British and American
time and motion picture producers, and we have little doubt that
of the pictures that the gifted young artists will be judged
by the patients of Countess Talmadge.

A famous American producer visiting England
has put the case very tersely:

"I believe the people of this country, he said, "are
being imposed upon by the exhibition of so
much trash. It is partly due to their own
pupil in tolerating such much-fourth-rate stuff,
and partly to the system we Americans have
introduced here. Our producers are able to
offer you about ten times as many pictures as
you need. The British people, instead of
taking advantage of this over-production by
seeing everything, have calmly been allowed their exhibitors to force them to take
good and bad alike in blocks.

British film seems cheapness instead of quality. If the public in England will
do a stand against the rubbish which has
been allowed to come over here, we may possibly
be able to get them to see the best we have to give, they will soon get the best.

A British film that looks as if the future
holds, lovers of the pictures in this
country will always be grateful to the many
clever Americans who have contributed to
their delight, and certainly in that list a very high place will always be held by the beautiful
and gifted sisters: Norma, Natalie and Con-
stance Talmadge."
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Wrinkles—The Cause of Premature Wrinkles—How to Prevent Them—Their Cure—The Picture Girl's Suit.

It is the habit of the majority of women when they have passed the age of thirty—and maybe earlier—never to neglect their looks, and personal well-being. Perhaps they find so much to occupy their time that they think it is not necessary to be particular about their appearance. But little do they realize what effect such neglect will have upon them in years to come. For few people, and perhaps none, can avoid the hand of time, but, nevertheless, it can be stayed, and its ravages may be held at bay.

Wrinkles in Youth.

This is true in regard to wrinkles, whose coming is ever dreaded, and whose first appearance is allied with a sort of despair and resignation to the inevitable. Often times, too, wrinkles can be found in quite young folk, these having been encouraged by scowling over fine work, or poring over a book, or even by pinching, clenching, and worrying, a manner that is really unnecessary as it is unpleasant to see.

The wrinkles that come with age and old age are not ushaped as the others. Their lines do not curve down, but are the result of accident and chance. Therefore, a more persevering treatment is required for them. Sometimes a crease may be caused by the skin moving at the corners of the eyes, or by having been stretched or pulled suddenly, so as to cause a wrinkle. For this reason, it is important to pay attention to the skin at an early age.
Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about films or film players.

THE QUESTION OF RE-ISSUES.

Mong the large number of films released for public exhibition, there is sure to be a few which by the passage of time have fallen into disuse. A film which leaves a more lasting impression than the remainder on those with whom you are acquainted, and you only think of it when you come across it, may well be considered to be in danger of quite being forgotten. It is therefore, interesting to know that a number of these once-forgotten films are finding new popularity and are turning up upon the programme every now and then, right up to the present day.

The "Tea Time" Photograph

The "Tea Time" photograph, which was taken by the late C. H. Theo, in London, E.C., contains a useful collection of recipes. Write for copy to-day.

BUY THEM

The Children's Newspaper

Every Friday—Price 2d.

HOW FAT FOLKS MAY GROW SLIM

If you have been taking on flesh and your figure has become less in rolls of annoying, disagreeable, useless fat; if you are short-winded, puff when you walk and puff when you talk; if your skin is sallow and pasty because of excess fat, don't despair. You can now treat this condition easily in your own home, without annoyance or inconvenience.

Simply go to your chemist to-day and get some oil of orinelle in capsule form, take one after each meal and one at bedtime. Even a few days' use should show you a reduction in weight, and with the reduction you will notice that your skin becomes firm and smooth, and a light, buoyant feeling has possession of your whole body. Almost like magic five to twenty years drop from your appearance, and you find your strength and appearance come back to you again, and, best of all, oil of orinelle capsules are so light, simple and inexpensive. Get a pack of the capsules at your chemist to-day, or a packet will be sent to you, post paid, by the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. 4, upon receipt of 3d.
that Mary Pickford did not play in "Painted Lips." C. W. Mason was in "Hard Roiled," and J. Barney Sherry in "The Secret Code." The leads in "Tempest" were played by Helen Farrar and Wallace Reid.

"Jenny" (Worcester).--I presume you want no names since you ask for a "very nice answer.

This is as idle as I can make it. Stewart Rome does not say whether he was ever a bank clerk in your city. According to his own confession he took up civil engineering, worked for a time at Greenwich, but soon threw up his job to go on the stage. Then he went out to Australia where he led a varied career before returning to this country to start on the films. He was born in Newbery, and is not married. It will be better and less disheartening to you to "bloom unseen" than to wander round film studios wearing out false beards.

"SYDGA" (Brighton).--Glad you value our art acs so much. Everyone says they are unequalled.

But what suggestion can I offer you if training them, you find it too expensive, and simply pinning them on the wall makes them dirty.

No doubt you have thought of the album idea already. I must leave you to put on your thinking cap again, unless some other reader can solve the problem.

(More answers next week.)
The Reliable Tonic and Restorative.

Iron Jelloids

Avaunt!
Anaemia or
Poorness of Blood!

"Let Iron Jelloids be your shield."

A "Daily Mail" Authority recently wrote: "The finest specimens of the human race are those endowed with a full number of red corpuscles in the blood." These corpuscles carry life and energy-giving oxygen to every corner of the body. It is most important therefore to maintain the number of your red corpuscles, otherwise your blood is thin and you are Anaemic. For this purpose Iron Jelloids are warmly recommended by the best Authorities.

A Fortnight's Trial (price 1/3) will convince you.

Iron Jelloids

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds.)

Reliable Tonic for Men
For Anaemia in Men and Women
For Growing Children

Of all Chemists. A Fortnight's Treatment 1/3.

Manufactured only by The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., 265, City Road, London, E.C. 1, England.

Mabel Normand is a great favourite with picturegoers. She makes them laugh, but not more heartily than she did in her schooldays. If you want to read her adventures at Carston House School, get a copy of the "Girls' Cinema," Out To-morrow—you will never regret the Twopence you spent on this splendid paper for girls.

(Phot: Melbourne Spurr.)
The Charm of Icilma

This charm is just the simple fact that Icilma Cream does all and even more than we claim.

It is delightfully fruity, deliciously fragrant and absolutely non-greasy—quite different from anything else.

If used regularly your reward will be not only a complexion of child-like purity but your arms, hands, cheeks and shoulders will become smooth, white and attractive.

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Use it daily and look your best.

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No. 5. Masters' Evening & Semi dress. Price 35/- monthly.
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No. 8. Scotch Shoe 25/- each.
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J. B. MASTERS & CO., Imperial Publishing Co., 1, Regent, 28, North Castle St., Liverpool. Patented May 1858.

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THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Friday—Price 2d.

Buy Them

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

PHILLIPS RUBBER

'HEELS AND TIPS'

'PRESDENT'
Mr. Tom Cat, ricketed to the spot, and thrust his arm into the crevice, where Don was hiding, then—let out a real yell!  
"Got him!" inspired the camera man.  
"Let's no, Don?" was the painted query.  
"He's got me!"

He Didn’t Escape.

WES BARRIE was delighted the other day, when he was told that he was to be one of a group of newspapermen, who were going away for scenes into the country, especially when he heard that his teacher would remain behind.

His joy was great. He had visions of no more lessons for four weeks. But when Wes got out of the train, the first person he saw was a young lady with some books under her arm.

I run your new teacher for the time you are here," she said; and Wesley says she was even stricter than the one at home.

D. W. Griffith’s Plans.

It is rumoured that David W. Griffith is finding production of motion pictures in New York too expensive, and the latest news is that he is going to Southern California to build a studio, and make the most ambitious play of his career. This is to be Abraham Lincoln as its central character.

Mildred’s Accomplishment.

MILDRED DAVIES is much liked in the film colony. She is a good home lover, and delights in making old-fashioned rug rags out of old pieces of silk, an art taught her when a child by her Quaker grandmother. All her friends receive these acceptable gifts at Christmas or on their birthdays.

If you could peek into Mildred’s boudoir you would see many of them in service on the floor.

No Wonder Jack is Indignant.

JACK CONWAY is a very indignant man these days. He has been accused of cutting his hair. Jack indignantly decries this, claiming that his hair is naturally curly, and that even as an actor he would not resort to such artificialities.

He is now directing the role of William Samson in a virile photo-play, entitled “The Kill.” His director says that he cannot imagine anyone more splendid for the part of the physically and mentally powerful athlete young hero of “The Killer” than with his hair in curling-pieces.

When Bob McKim Dies.

ROBERT McKIM was caught in a picture frame. He now hangs in his study, and contains a letter from a newspaper critic, for Mr. McKim says it is the best complement he has ever received.

One paragraph reads:

“Every time I see you pass out of a picture, down the aisle of the film world, I feel like applauding, not because we are rid of the villain, but with something of the feeling with which one applauds an old hand, after old stage days doing a classic flop to the boards. You build up something powerful in a picture-play that only murishes as the months pass. As I heard someone say at one of your pictures, the other day: ‘Picture’s over, Bob McKim’s dead. Let’s go!’”

Bananas—and His Arm.

TOD SLOAN, the famous jockey, who is playing in a coming film, entitled “The Spender,” seems to have an unusual influence over horses.

The other day he demonstrated his skill, when he subdued a very nervous horse, who had just thrown one of the picture cowboys.

One of the cowboys made a bet that Tod would ride one of the worst bronchos in Cheyenne.

He told Tod that he was a first-class bronco, and added: “The only other regular diet I’ve ever seen that horse take was a bite of my arm!”

Another Royal Compliment.

THE HEPworth Picture Plays, Ltd., have received another Royal compliment.

You will remember that Cecil Hepworth’s comedy, “Alf’s Button,” was shown to the Prince of Wales and staff, and that the Prince sent a message of hearty congratulations. Following this, comes the information that “The City of Beautiful Women!” and “The City on the Hill” were also filmed before His Highness and staff, and regret was expressed that more of such excellent British pictures had not been shown abroad.

Real Treasure Hunt.

AN interesting way of advertising the film version of the novel “Crimson Island” was used from America. Arranging the piratical instinct, which lies more or less dormant in the breast of every individual by the means of Long John, the Good Ship Haspimbo, the half-witted Ben Gunn, and all the thrilling characters in the exciting story, “Treasure Island,” a piece of ground was hired, and a secret chest was buried. These treasure chests were buried, containing vouchers, convertible into money or passes to view the picture. A chart of location was provided to any one on application.

 Monte Carlo Filmed.

WHEN we see “The Empire of Diamonds,” a Pathé film, we shall see the famous Casino at Monte Carlo on the screen. For the first time, it is said, permission has been granted to film scenes within the gambling establishment, and these scenes were taken when the play was at its height.

The Smallest Foot in Finland.

MISS DASY RURIEL, who will shortly be seen in the new boxing film, “The Bride of Fancy,” is said to possess the smallest foot in Finland. So she has, to be specially made for her, as she is, as she explains, “between sizes.”

Talmadge Coming Back.

NORMA, Constance, and Natalie Talmadge are now back, hard at work after their two months holiday. They are most enthusiastic about their trip, and have planned to return to England, France, Italy, and Spain, but to visit Japan as well.

Famous Readers of the “Picture Show”.

No. 45—JACKY ATKINSON.

A MRCA has not the monopoly of screen connoisseurs. Here is Jacky Atkinson, whom we are shortly to see as the village idiot in a coming British photo-play. Jacky is no idiot when it comes to choosing books to read and enjoy. But you have found this out for yourself, most probably, when you have looked the snap of her, Jacky reads the Picture Show.

Your Request Answered.

YOU will have noticed by now that your insistent demands for news of British players has been met by your favourite paper. The Picture Show has now a special British correspondent, in the person of Edith Nepean, a New York correspondent well known to T. P. Parsons, and a Los Angeles correspondent in F. S. Jacobs, as well as your own Jacky Atkinson, so from now on you will get all the gossip and information you can want from these four sources. The first of Edith Nepean’s chat begins on page 16.

My Heartfelt Thanks.

I WANT to particularly thank the reader of the Picture Show who followed my request and has become subscribers to my own little cinema paper the “Girls’ Cinema” and judging by the letters I have received, they are very many, and I have not disappointed them. In fact, I am flattered to think I have pleased them. May I give a last word of appeal to any reader who has not yet sent a copy to buy one to-morrow, when No. 6 will be on its way.

Among other fine things I have gathered together for this issue, I may mention: James Knight editors, in which he tells us: he is “Arnold of Girls”; well illustrated pen pictures of Chrissie White and Henry Edwards; a letter from Gregory Scott to the up-to-date girl, long complete story, and all the usual features.

By the Author of “Destiny.”

OUR Editor has asked me to tell you that in next week’s issue of the Picture Show will begin a splendid new serial entitled “Manneled by Money.” When I tell you this story is thought by the author to be the last yet from her pen, and that it is written by the author of “The Silent Dupe” and “Destiny,” I know you will welcome the news.

“The Wonder Man” at the White House.

I HAVE just heard that the film version of “The Wonder Man,” in which George Carpenter plays the hero part, the story that is now appearing in paper, has been shown to President Wilson at the White House.

Who Had Got Who?

URING the filming of “Suds,” the coming Mary Pickford photo-play, about a girl who is engaged to be married to one George, one black Tom-cat of unusual promise, was selected to do a special bit of acting, but just at the critical moment he broke loose, and disappeared in a tiny space between the sets.

The director, who had written the script for

RUBY MILLER and PARDOE WOODMAN in “The Rider of Mr. Bernard Brown’s,” a coming Mod film version of E. Phillips Oppenheim’s famous novel.
Alice Joyce as Cousin Kate.

As you know, "Cousin Kate" was an enormous stage success. We are now to see it on the screen with Alice Joyce as Cousin Kate.

Appropriate.

MILDRED DAVIS has just had two new parts sent to her, and has christened them "Scruffy" and "Servant," respectively. Their names are appropriate, as they are to two East Indian parakeets.

Left $6,000.

OLIVE THOMAS PICKFORD, the popular little star who died in Paris, has left no will. She has left personal property to the value of about six thousand pounds. The latest film in which she appeared was "Everybody's Sweetheart." This is now showing in America, and we are to see it over here shortly.

A Two-Months' Job.

When you see "Earthbound," the Goldwyn sensation, successfully photo-play, remember there is one man who is not mentioned in connection with the film, who deserves a great deal of credit. He is named Alexander Trofey, who cut and edited the film to its present size. This job kept Mr. Trofey hard at work for two months.

This film, written by Basil King, is now showing to record houses at Covent Garden Theatre, London, and will shortly be shown in big houses all over the country. It has a spiritualistic theme.

Johnny's Latest Catch.

Two turkeys have found a home in the big water tank at the Goldwyn studios. These are the property of Johnny Jones, who has been caught by him while away making scenes for "Edgar the Explorer," the seventh of the Booth Tarkington series, which will soon be seen over here.

Charles Hutchinson Injured.

CHARLES HUTCHISON, who, as you know, is one of the most daring actors who has ever appeared before the camera, has been seriously injured, while making scenes for the coming serial "The Double Adventure," in which the star repeatedly took chances of both life and limb in his desperate stunts.

Three Hundred Hats.

It has always been a mystery where Raymond Hatton gets his wonderful hats from that fit so well with the characters he portrays. He tells me he had three hundred, some he stole, some he found at pawnshops, he picked two out of the gutter, and designed the others himself.

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

In the picture, "The Bondage of Barbara," featuring Mace Marsh, Jack—the employer's son—is seen threatening Tony. They are all in a room, and Jack is wearing a straw hat. They turn the gas off, and the scene changes to the passage outside, and there Jack is wearing a large cap.—Se. awarded to S. W. Norman, 79, Talfourd Road, Peckham, S.E. 15.

A BUNGLED BUNGALOW.

A couple in "His Bridal Night" go for their honeymoon to Billy Barlow's bungalow, but scenes in the "bungalow" show a flight of stairs leading to bedrooms above.—Se. awarded to J. Nicholas, 36, Cornford Grove, Balham, S.W. 12.

In Douglas Fairbanks picture, "Sey, Young Fellow," Douglas on entering the train is hatless and empty-handed, and yet when we see him get off the train he has a cap and two suitcases.—Se. awarded to Barbara Tunnunt, 22, Rock Mount South, Old Swan, Liverpool.

In "The Conqueror," featuring William Farnum, the period was early Victorian, yet in the background stood an up-to-date motor-car.—Se. awarded to Belle Reeves, 27, Culverden Road, Balham, S.W. 12.

In "Exile," featuring Miss Petrova, the villain, Perez, was conversing with his wife. He extended his hand towards her. A "close up" was shown of his wife, and the villain's hand was also shown. It was his right hand. When the camera flashed back to the scene the villain was withdrawing his left hand.—Se. awarded to Miss Martha Troland, 2, Frederick Place, Belfast.

Five chillings will be awarded to the sender of every "Fault" picture in the PICTURE SHOW. If we receive the same "Fault" picture from two readers, and we think it worthy of a prize, this will be given to the one which reaches us first. Address your postcard: Editor, Film Faults, PICTURE SHOW, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From America.

An Electric Shock.

ADAM PETROVA leaves for the middle east this week to build a vaudeville engagement. She had just time to spend a week at her country place in Great Neck before starting on her tour. Dave Nature arranged a little surprise party for her in the way of a bolt of electricity. It struck the chimney, came slanting down through the fireplace, lighted on a chosen statue of Psyche, and darted backwards to the bridge. Psyche was broken into fragments, but the little bird was only overturned in its cage and badly shocked.

For as coming back tomeric England, Madame hopes to make that possible one of these days. She had several interesting offers to make pictures; and if she should decide to sign such a contract after her theatrical season closes—well, who knows? she may take a trip across the sea. If she does, I hope I may come with her—beautiful England and its charming people is one thing in the world that measures up to expectation.

Charles Chaplin a Reducer.

Possibly the most difficult man to see at the present time, not excepting President Wilson, is Charles Spencer Chaplin. He has retired into his shell, and absolutely refuses to venture forth or submit to an interview of any kind. This attitude on the part of the comedian is caused by the recent trouble with his wife, Mildred Harris Chaplin. Mrs. Chaplin, in a series of interviews, told of her famous husband's penurious habits, being quoted as saying she couldn't extract a cent from him with a vacuum cleaner.

Mr. Chaplin has taken these newspaper stories to heart, and spends his life dodging newspaper reporters. A mutual friend called on him in his apartment in the Ritz, and found him with an old violin, playing an assortment of classical tunes or any of the masters choruses. Another time, he found Charlie deep in Macaulay's "History of England." This said to the manner Charlie had sailed for England, and was going to visit his mother. He was even said to have sailed on the Olympic, but up to yesterday he had not left New York.

Dennis O'Brien to Spread the Word.

DENNIS O'BRIEN, whose official capacity as general council of the United Artists' Company, and personal attorney for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, gives his opinion, has said to the manner London. His mission is to arrange for the distribution of the Fairbanks, Pickford, and Griffith productions. He hopes to save all the difficulties of delayed release dates, and his several plans up his sleeve.

Louella O. Parsons.

A thrilling scene in the coming photo-play "Dust of Desire," in which BETTY BLYTHE wears this wonderful negligee.

VIRGINIA HAMMOND in the Hayward production "The Beast."

LOUISE HUFF in a heart-breaker scene in the coming photo-play "False Pretences."
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Two great stars who are acting for Robertson Cole: MAE MARSH, who will soon be seen in "The Girl who Lived in the Woods"; and OTIS SKINNER, who appears as Haji in "Kismet."

LUCILLE RICKSEN, the little Goldwyn player, who will appear in the "Edgar" series, pretends that her dolls are film stars, and they all have to be "made up" in the orthodox style.

The newest Christie Comedy sport is water tennis, and here you see four of the artistes playing a mixed double. This game must be delightful in sunny California, but over here we shall probably prefer to keep to the lawn or hard court. Ugh! in our climate we would get rather chilly standing in the water waiting for a shot to come our way.

Brains! The company tries to think of a funny "stunt" for the film, "The Farmerette." GALE HENRY is seen seated on the table.

EDDIE POLO and PANSY PORTER, who appear in the Universal production "Circus Life."
Read This First.

Mr. ROBERT STONER, partner in a firm of engineers, had just returned from a trip to France. He had been in Paris to see the famous Frenchman, D'Alour, who has made his name famous by his part in the Ideal photo-play, which is being shown in the leading Picture Houses in the British Isles.

The Reception.

Mr. STONER was a man who prided himself on being able to judge a man by his appearance, and without flattering himself he could honestly say that in the course of a long business career in which he had been constantly called upon to exercise this gift, he had made few mistakes.

But he was a little concerned about his judgment of D'Alour, after the remarks passed by Alan Gardner and his partner, Steven. Also he had not been blind to the fact that Detective Mauve clearly suspected D'Alour. In fact, the detective, though he had not said much, had clearly shown by his actions that he was afraid of seeing him to arrest the Frenchman.

Behind his natural anxiety that a man he had introduced to the Potomac Club should prove wrong, there was the thought that his daughter, Dorothy, was as much in love with D'Alour as with any other young man.

Robert E. Stoner gave himself an hour in his study to think out things, and at the end of that time he came to the definite conclusion.

And that conclusion was this.

Although circumstances seemed to be against D'Alour, he still felt in the young man.

Having settled the matter to his own satisfaction, Mr. Stoner dismissed it from his mind, with the parting reflection that whoever had made the attempt to get at the contracts, the fact remained that they were still in his private safe.

Then Mr. Stoner began to get busy on the reception he was holding that night. For very good reason, he wanted the company to rate as one of the most successful ever held by a member of the Potomac Club.

He took all the care with the assistance of his wife and Dorothy, and when he took a final survey of his mansion before the guests were due to arrive, he had the feeling of a man satisfied.

Robert E. Stoner was a hard man to please in that respect.

Among the first arrivals was Henri D'Alour and had Stoner listened to the conversation between the Frenchman and his own butler, he would have thought that the suspicions of Gardner and Stevens were well founded.

As the butler took D'Alour's coat, he whispered: "Gardner is here. Be careful!"

What influence has Gardner? Does his suspicion anything?" said D'Alour, in a low tone.

Before the butler could reply, other guests arrived, and D'Alour, with a pleasant smile on his face went to meet his host and hostess.

Stoner greeted him effusively, but Mrs. Stoner gave him the most frigid bow, and then turned away to smile on the guest that followed him.

D'Alour moved away, there was not a sign on his face that he had noticed the polite snub administered by Mrs. Stoner, but he was thinking, "That woman suspects me. I must be careful!"

He found Dorothy, but the girl seemed as little pleased to meet him as her mother had been.

"Why so cold, Dorothy?" asked D'Alour.

"Can you ask when you failed to keep your appointment?" was the reply that gave the girl a wink. "We American girls are not accustomed to being treated in that manner, if it is the fashion!"

"But I telephoned to you that I had a very important business appointment," protested the young man.

"You know I love you, Dorothy," pleaded D'Alour. "Why do you let such a small thing as this come between us?"

Dorothy's face brightened, and she was just going to acknowledge that she had been in the wrong when D'Alour fell to. He bowed politely, but there was nothing friendly in his voice as he turned to D'Alour.

"Mr. Stoner sent me to tell you she would like to see you," he said.

D'Alour knew that Mrs. Stoner had sent for him merely to prevent him talking to Dorothy, but he was obliged to obey the summons.

As soon as he had gone, Gardner turned to Dorothy.

"Since this mysterious Frenchman has been here you have made me play a very poor second fiddle. Dorothy, I know my love for you is sincere, and I can't bear to see you meddied with by an impostor like D'Alour."

"Impostor," replied Dorothy indignantly. "How dare you, Mr. Gardner?"

"I am only expressing the opinion of practically every member of the club," said Gardner, with a shrug. And then he poured into Dorothy's unhappy ears a long story about D'Alour. How no one knew where he came from, and how no one trusted him except her father, and that he was suspected of murdering Mr. Stoner's clerk, and that he might be arrested at any moment.

Dorothy was very indignant and defended D'Alour calumty, but on the back of her mind there was something worrying her, she had heard from another source that D'Alour had been seen near her father's club before the murder, and then he had not kept his appointment with her, an appointment that coincided with the time there was an attempt to rob Gardner. Dorothy was not only angry, but there was something in her nature that was not satisfied.

Before the girl had any idea of his intention, he had taken her in his arms and kissed her.

"How dare you!" gasped Dorothy, as she found her self out of Gardner's embrace.

At this moment D'Alour came up. He had seen what had happened, and his face was deadly pale.

His hands were tightly clenched at his side as he faced Gardner.

"Mr. Stoner has been saying awful things about you," said Dorothy, "and I dared him to repeat them in your presence."

"I shall only be happy to do so," smiled Gardner, "though M. D'Alour knows perfectly well what I mean. He cannot have been deaf to all that we have had to say to him."

"Two bright red spots burned in the centre of the Frenchman's face, as he half-closed his bloodshot eyes. But with a desperate effort he controlled himself."

"If we were not guests in this house, he began.

But a derisive laugh from Dorothy stopped him.

"I into a quitter," she said contumeliously. "Why don't you make us eat your words? Before D'Alour could reply, Dorothy added, "You are not the man you may be," he called back.

For a moment, D'Alour stood on his toes as if he would have hurled himself on Gardner. Then he turned his back, and getting his coat and hat left the house.

"I must steer clear of that man for a while," said the Frenchman to himself as he walked home. "He will ruin all my plans.

The Fight.

But though D'Alour, for some reason, did not wish to come in contact with Gardner, at least for some time, the latter was determined to get the Frenchman to a fight. His opportunities came the next day.

It was the day for accepting entries for the club boxing championships and there was a goodly entry for all classes except the heavy-weight section, of which Gardner was champion. The commander had put up a dummy, and contested Gardner's claims, and as the champion walked up and saw the board he remarked in a loud voice: "Mr. Gardner, are you going to give me a walk-over?"

"You're too good for us, Alvin," replied one member. Gardner. There's only one man who would have any sort of chance with you. D'Alour, there."

He pointed to the Frenchman who was seated on a settle reading a paper.

"The Frenchman, fellow," said Gardner contemptuously. "He's too yellow to fight. Even his girl calls him a quitter."

That was a dead silence for a moment, and then D'Alour sprang up and faced Gardner. His eyes were blazing but his voice was calm: he spoke.

"For some reason you appear determined to pick a quarrel with me. I could not obliges last night, but I can now. You are a liar and a bully!"

Gardner raised his hands, and was about to strike the Frenchman who was already in a posturo of defence, when the secretary of the club dropped Gardner back. We cannot allow fighting in the smoke-room, he said. "Look here D'Alour. This thing has gone too far to be settled without a fight. Why don't you put your name down and challenge Gardner, and the thing can be carried out in a gentlemanly fashion?"

D'Alour stepped up to the board, and wrote down his name.

"I thank you for the opportunity," he said to the secretary. Then with a bow to the rest of the company, he walked out of the club.

The coming fight was the one topic of conversation, not only in the club but in the town, and heavy wagers were made on the result. Both men went into strict training, and the rival camps were watched closely by the club members.

The general opinion was that D'Alour was slightly the older boxer, but everybody seemed to doubt his genuineness, and it was the fact that made Gardner a strong favourite for the betting.

D'Alour, who had been delighted when he had heard D'Alour was going to fight Gardner, heard these doubts about the courage of the Frenchman, and it was this that prevented him from sending him a better wishing him luck.
"He must first prove that he is game and no quitter," she said to herself. "I love him, but I will never marry a coward."

And he knew that in the back of his mind was the lack of a letter from the girl he loved that was likely to lose D’Alour the fight. When the night of the fight arrived and no letter came, he wrote a short note to wish him luck, but he could only assume that Dorothy had no interest in him at all.

Never had there been such a gathering at the Potomac Club. Over two thousand men were assembled in the big gymnasium when the principals entered the ring for the big fight.

Gardner was the picture of a thoroughly trained fighter. Round after round he was right on the nose, and his face was beaming with confidence as he headed to his many friends. By striking contrast was the appearance of the Frenchman. True, he was beautifully trained, and his magnificent body would have served as a model for a fistie gladiator. But that was all that could be said about him. He was very pale and dejected, and there was a listlessness about his whole appearance that suggested that his heart was not in the fight.

Some of Gardner’s friends went to D’Alour’s dressing-room just before they came in and offered him as much as five to one, but he wouldn’t back himself for a cent.

"He’s a good boxer all right, but he hasn’t the heart for a real fight.

The words of the beheaders were justified in the first round. From the sound of the bell D’Alour devoted all his skill to getting a way from his opponent. He never hit a shot, and though he showed clever defense, he lacked that necessary gumption to inspire confidence. As the minutes wore on at the end of the first round as much to six to one was offered against him, but there were no takers.

While his chief second was attending to the Frenchman, he kept whispering to him.

"Put some spirit into your fighting," he pleaded. "It was not in this way that our glorious soldiers kept Verdan from the Boche." But D’Alour was silent.

In the second round Gardner tore into his man, giving him no rest. Never had the club champion fought a harder fight. He showed his contempt for the Frenchman by practically ignoring defense, taking what few punches D’Alour had in store for him.

"Pretty stuff," he sneered in one of the clinches, "but it don’t hurt me. You can box, but you can’t fight." But though Gardner battled like a grizzly bear robbed of its cubs, he could not land a knockout punch.

The Frenchman’s defense was unanswerable. His judgment of distance was superb, and he moved in and out with a grace that reminded one of a panther.

Gardner was now using a hard left dig to the stomach, and to the dismay of the crowd he could not get the right home.

Every time he claimed his right D’Alour anticipated the blow, and with ever such a slight movement of the head, he made the glove slip past the point of the jaw.

"That Frenchman has sure got it on Gardner when it comes to defense," said a veteran ring reporter. "What beats me is that he doesn’t attempt to walk on his own." "Too scared," remarked a no-nonsense scribe. "He hasn’t got the guts to make a fight of it. If he does Gardner will out him quiet." You talk like a babe to a doll," remarked the veteran reporter. "I’ve seen every big fight since James J. Corbett put it over John L. Sullivan, and I guess I can see the yellow streak when it’s around. No, sir, that Frenchman’s not scared. If this weren’t a gentleman’s club I’d swear he was doped. He’s fighting like a man in a big fight.

"Waiting to find a soft blow that will enable him to go to dreamland," sneered the other. "You can have seven to one to any amount if you fancy that cue.

"I’ve just got five hundred that says you’re wrong," said the reporter, knocking out a roll of notes. "There’s sure something wrong with him, but it’s not fear."

"Gee!" said a young man for a knock-out answer. "He muttered as Gardner, rushing wildly was cleverly side-stopped by D’Alour, leaving Gardner looking for a flat spot to the point. But for some reason D’Alour did not take advantage of the opening. The round finished like the first had done. Gardner had done all the attacking and the only points D’Alour had gathered were for defense.

Henri’s Inspiration.

The third round was a hunner from Hump.

Gardner, according to the advice of his seconds, went out for a knock-out, but the slippery Frenchman dodged all the hard ones, though he took many which shook him up considerably.

"Why don’t you make a fight of it, you yellow quitter?" hissed Gardner.

For an instant there came the fight of battle in the eyes of D’Alour, as he shot out a left to the face with the speed of a mako strike.

It caught Gardner full in the month, but although he rocked his head he rushed in with a hail of blows that forced the Frenchman to the ropes. Even his marvellous control could not save D’Alour from the hurricane attack.

"I’ll lay seven thousand to a thousand on Gardner," said a man quietly, but no one took it, for at that moment D’Alour went down.

Gardner’s got him!" shouted one man.

"Silence," roared the chairman of the club.

The Potomac, like the famous National Sporting Club of London, tolerated no remarks between the rounds, especially when one man was on the floor.

But though no one else spoke, everybody was saying the same thing with their eyes.

D’Alour’s had that glazy appearance that comes to a man whose senses are leaving him. But the instant the fighter came to his soul, and quickened his strength, Mechanically he snitted, leaving no vital opening for Gardner to get in a knock-out, and he was still on his feet when the bell rang for the end of the round.

While D’Alour’s seconds were working like madmen to bring their man round, the butcher from Mr. Stoner’s mansion forced his way to D’Alour’s corner.

He held out a note to the Frenchman’s chief second.

"Give this to him, and he will win," he said. "It is one certain thing he cannot lose it any worse than he has done," said the second, as he held out the note to his chief.

The latter read it and his whole frame stiffened.

"Win for me,—Dorothy!"

"Only four words," said Dorothy. "If someone had given the Frenchman four bottles of the mythical Elixir of Life, he could not have been more changed. The Frenchman’s jaw moved as he leaped at the sound of the bell. Before he had been a boxing machine, almost faultless in the science of defense, but totally lacking the fighting spirit. Now he was like a tiger after its prey.

Gardner never remembered anything about that round. He saw two burning eyes set in a white face; a lithe, panther-like body hurrying itself at him, then fell a fastid of blows that he never saw coming and could make no attempt to stop.

Had he been a mag doll he could have been no more powerless against D’Alour’s attack. He tried to clinch and he tried to throw up, but D’Alour literally punched out openings. Gardner went down to a terrific right to the jaw. He was dead game and got up in nine seconds, only to be sent down with a short right to the club. This time he stayed down. The fight was over, D’Alour last won.

"Becorn I was right," said the veteran fighter as he pocketed his winnings. "I would sure like to know what was in that note. Whatever it was, it did remove that dopey feeling. Gee! What a fighter when he started."

A Happy Ending.

So far as his public utterances went, Mr. Stoner had always set himself against the fight, but when he got the result, his eyes twinkled and he went to his cabinet and selected a cigar that he only smoked on special occasions.

It was strange, too, that he decided to give another reception, and that he made a special journey to personally invite D’Alour.

There were a tremendous number of guests and D’Alour and Dorothy had little opportunity for a long talk, but the young Frenchman managed to tell the girl the thing that was nearest his heart.

"I love you Dorothy, as I have never loved anyone before, and never thought I could love anyone. Will you marry me, dear?"

"I have never loved anyone else," murmured Dorothy. "Even when I was angry with you for not making Gardner take back his cruel words, I knew I loved you."

"Listen, dear," said D’Alour lowering his voice impressively. "There were reasons why I did not wish to quarrel with Gardner. You know now that those reasons were not fair. But the same reasons why I did not wish to fight Gardner, still control my life. I want you to trust me. No matter how strange the circumstances are I want you to trust me. There are enemies who seek to ruin me, but with your trust I do not fear them."

There was no time for him to get Dorothy’s answer, for at that moment Mrs. Stoner called her daughter.

One of the features of the reception was a great swimming and fancy diving competition in a magnificent swimming pool in the garden.

Henri D’Alour proved himself as wonderful

(Continued on page 8)
"THE WONDER MAN." (Continued from page 7)

a swimmer as he was a boxer, and he was the centre of attraction amongst the crowd of bathers. As he cawed away from the pool to change, the butler dropped a note at his feet.

"Mr. Stoner!" he shouted. Mr. Stoner turned, and the butler pulled out a note. He had promised Mr. Stoner to stay over night, but as soon as he could make an excuse he went to his room, and sat there fully dressed. When the guests had gone and the house was quiet, he put on his coat and crept downstairs. As he looked through the window he saw a number of men coming to the house.

"Detectives!" he muttered.

As he stood in the shadow he saw Steven creeping towards the library, followed by the butler.

D'Alour followed silently, and saw Steven open the safe and take out some papers. D'Alour was about to move forward when the butler suddenly appeared and pushed a revolver against Steven's ribs, made him hand over the papers. The butler glided away silently and as he passed D'Alour he pushed the papers into his hands.

At that moment there was an alarm, and Mr. Stoner rushed downstairs, followed by his wife and the butler of the household. The detectives, accompanied by Gardner, now came into the library and turned up the lights.

"What does this mean?" said Mr. Stoner, looking at D'Alour. "I thought you were going to stay the night!

"I had urgent business," said the Frenchman.

"It looks as if there had been some very urgent business here, Mr. Stoner," said Gardner.

"Your safe has been burgled," said the Butler.

As Mr. Stoner rushed to the safe, Steven came up and whispered something to Gardner. The latter nodded and turned to Mr. Stoner.

"I do not think it needs much more than putting two and two together, Mr. Stoner, to see who has robbed you," he said, looking straight at D'Alour.

"I won't believe it," cried Dorothy, who had followed her father into the library. "Tell me it is not true, Henri!"

But D'Alour did not speak.

"I suggest you search him," said Gardner.

As he spoke his finger touched D'Alour and pulled the bundle of papers from his pocket.

"Will you be convinced now, Mr. Stoner?" he shouted triumphantly. "These are the French contracts which you placed in your safe yourself. Do you need any further proof?"

Mr. Stoner turned to D'Alour.

"What have you to say?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that I did not take those papers from your safe," replied the Frenchman.

"Guess you can tell that to the Chief at the office," said one of the detectives as he walked up to D'Alour. "You're under arrest!"

"Just one moment," said a quiet voice. Standing in the doorway was the Chief of the U.S. Secret Service.

"M. D'Alour is perfectly innocent," he said, "We have evidence that those papers were stolen from the safe by your partner, Mr. Stoner.

"One of our men, who has been employed as your butler, saw him take them. He made Steven hand them over, and then he passed them to M. D'Alour for safe keeping. We have now got all the evidence against Steven and Gardner, who is his partner in this affair. For months the two have been robbing the French Government by altering the coupons. There is also now the more serious charge of murder. We have been a long time getting them, and I do not mind admitting that we might never have got them had it not been for the valuable assistance given by M. D'Alour, who, I may tell you, is a very trusted officer of the French Secret Police."

It was then that Dorothy understood all. And that the detectives left the house with Steven and Gardner, who went up to the yacht.

"I see it all now, dear," she said. "Please forgive me for doubting you. I will never do so again."

"There will be no need for me to be mysterious any more," said her lover, lifting her up to his arms and kissing her. "I shall never have any secrets from you when you are my wife."

THE END.

"MANACLED BY MONEY."

Splendid New Serial Begins Next Week.

SAILING SCENES.

JOHN BOWERS and HELENE CHADWICK in "The Black Pawl."

JOHN BOWERS' great hobby is sailing, and his friends always think of him as a sailor first and an actor afterwards.

He revolved in his part in "The Black Pawl" --a fine Goldwyn photo play, in which he appeared with Helene Chadwick—for the company were a month or more on the high seas aboard a ship called "Deborah" taking scenes.

First of all, however, John Bowers did not want to go on board the "Deborah," even though he was to play with lovely Helene Chadwick. The reason was that Bowers' beautiful yacht "Unum" was expected any day from New York, and he was so afraid the "Deborah" would sail before she arrived.

"But think what fun you'll have with all of us land lubbers," consolcd Miss Chadwick.

"There isn't another man in the cast who knows as much about a ship as you do." And John Bowers admitted that there might be compensation in that.

When the ship encountered some heavy gales, John Bowers was the envy of all the other members of the cast, for an epidemic of seasick ness prevailed; and as only good sailors continue to go below for meals in times like these, Bowers had his meals in solitary state.
CREIGHTON HALE ON HORSESHOE "LUCK."

CREIGHTON HALE is delighted because he finds a horseshoe on his way to the studio.

He nails it to the door of his dressing-room "for luck," but nails it the wrong way up.

First thing on leaving his dressing-room a ladder, used by painters, falls on his head.

While he is making up, a painter dabs him in the face. He has words with the painter, and the painter wins.

Whew! He is standing against a partition, when a workman on the other side drives a nail in his back.

"No more horseshoes for me!" He throws it out of the window, hits his director on the head, and loses his job.

Never mention the word "lucky" to Creighton.
WHEN I went to have a chat with Owen Nares shortly after a matinee last Saturday afternoon, an immense crowd of his admirers were waiting to see him leave the theatre.

Quite enough to make a mere man momentarily具体的," I thought, "but then the idol of 'Romance,' "Mister Tom," cannot be called "merry," he's one of our very big favorites, isn't he? He was removing the greasepaint from his face as I entered his dressing-room. He laughingly remarked he couldn't shake hands.

Owen Nares needs no introduction to my readers, but here is his latest studio portrait.

He looked just as attractive in his grey dressing gown as he does when wearing his immediately cut clothes in "Wedding Bells." He's really the most deliciously unassuming and natural of men, which goes to prove it takes a lot of business to spoil an Englishman.

climate and Film Work.

"WHERE having another summer," he remarked, "I'm glad my children are at school. They love it!" Fancy Owen Nares with two sons!

From the climate we talked about British films, for the weather matters a lot when filming outdoor scenes.

"Bad weather is a financial consideration when taking exteriors," he told me. "The past exceptionally wet summer has been very trying to the British producer. In July you do expect to get fine weather, but I had to journey to Roderick's Lock three times just to get three flashes!"

"Finish?" I queried.

"Those little episodes that last a second or two on the screen," Owen Nares explained. "Three afternoons spent to get three seconds on the screen!"

The Discrimination of Cinema Goers.

"The public shows a lot of discrimination nowadays about the films they want to see," Owen Nares told me. "More and more care will have to be taken over the selection of a book for a plot or a film scenario. People soon show their disapproval if they don't like a thing by staying away."

"To be successful," he thinks, "a film should be artistic, and the people who produce it should have a thorough knowledge of the stage."

£2,000 a Year Expert.

He is a sensation for film companies.

Mr. Nares thinks a company who desires to achieve great things should be prepared to pay a good salary, say £2,000 a year, to a literary man who really knows books, and would have expert knowledge as to what would make a really good film.

"They've got to get good things on the screen," he declared, "and if they pay for them they'll get them."

Big Stars and Big Salaries.

I ASKED Owen Nares what he thought of the big salaries that were paid to stars across the "Hollywood Pond."

"£20,000 a year is a modest salary," was his answer, then he added, "a friend of mine who is a celebrated surgeon, asked me the same question not long ago, and when I told him a Marc Pierson or Charlie Chaplin would perhaps make four or five times as much, he was amazed, told me that "no famous surgeon cannot hope to make more than £12,000 a year." Mr. Nares retort to this is worth repeating.

"But Charlie Chaplin is a surgeon to millions!"

ANN ELLIOTT.

May Go to America.

"I have been asked to act with the Tod策略s," he told me, "and D. W. Griffith offered me a five years' contract. Financially, of course, it's a big temptation. But I'm insular. I prefer my own country. All the same, expect I shall go for a time, in the dim future. But not for some months!"

By the way, Constance Talmadge told me when she was over here, how she admired Owen Nares in his part in "Wedding Bells." She is to star in this play in the film version.

Where Owen Nares Failed.

I COULDN'T resist asking him about a funny little droll on his dressing-table. "Is it a Masque?"

He shook his head at my question, and took up the queer little grey weed and examined it.

"The under-studies had a competition," he explained, "making butterflies; you know the idea. Dab various colours of paint on a piece of white paper, then fold it, open it, and there is your painted butterfly! I got the booby prize because mine was the worst!"

An Open Window and a Fire.

I WENT to have a chat with Ann Elliott the other afternoon. She was wearing a little close-fitting sage velvet hat, with a very pretty place silk bow at the side. It lookednterminately becoming on her fair, sunburnt hair. We sat beside an open window overlooking Esher Common. At the same time there was a bright fire burning in the grate. There is something very homely about an open window, and a fire close at hand to take the autumn nip out of the atmosphere.

"What made you take up screen work?" I asked.

Miss Elliott laughed.

"One day, just for fun, a friend suggested I should go to a film studio and discover if there was any chance for me. I was in a mood for adventure, and off we went, straight away."

A Lucky Expedition.

I WAS very kindly received at the studio, which, by the way, was Barker's," she said. "I was told that the Eros Film Productions were advertising for a star, casually left my photo behind, and I thought no more about it.

"Three days after I was asked to go to the studio, and there I met the producer of the Eros Films. Two days after I was asked to go again to the studio to go through a test, but at the last minute I just felt I couldn't! I telephoned and said so. To my immense surprise the producer then came to see me, and offered me the part of leading lady in the Eros Film Productions, and I signed my contract before he left."

This is Ann Elliott's photograph. Have you seen her?

A Baronet Film Actor.

I CALL ED on Sir Simeon and Lady Stuart the other afternoon in their delightful flat overlooking Regent's Park; a romantic spot, where squirrels make sport amongst the crockery, and oriel barges creep through the canal that winds beneath the trees.

"Colonel Sir Simeon Stuart served in the divisional staff in France, and after being slightly gassed one day, when lying in hospital, he told me that a bowler officer said," What are you going to do when you get home, Stuart? Your military career is over.

"Oh, I don't know," said Sir Simeon, and then his friend charmingly retorted:
HUSBANDS and WIVES

SOME happy photographs of
screen heroes and the charming
women to whom they are married.

JOHN EMERSON
and ANITA LOO.

WHEELER OAKHAM
is married
to PRISCILLA DEAN.

HARRY CAREY snapped
with his charming wife.

CHARLES HUTCHISON is married. Here is a
holiday snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Hutchison

“Gentleman Jim” as JAMES CORBETT is known to his friends.

and

and

and

ZASU PITTS with her
husband, TOM GALLERY.

NILES WELCH and his
charming wife, DELL BOONE.

Mr. and Mrs. MAHLON
HAMILTON at home.
Laughing Moments on the MOVIES

"Laugh and the world laughs with you" is proved by these hardy stars.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS makes the darkey smile.

MARQUETTE DE CLELAK wears the smile of triumph in "Widow by Proxy.

WALLACE REID can tell a joke and share it in "The Dancin' Fool."

Big BILL HART has a hearty laugh in "Sand."

FATZY ARBUCKLE delivers in the movie "Laugh and Grow Fat," and Briar makes HARRIET DAEISI laugh, too.
OUT BRITISH PLAYERS.
STUDIOS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.

You've done a lot of amateur acting. Why don't you go on the Movies?'

'I never answered, 'Sir Simeon smiled, 'but as I lay in bed, waiting to get well, I thought of my friend's remark.'

At Oxford I was one of the founders of the University Dramatic Society, you know, popularly known as the 'O.U.D.' I was there associated with Bouchier, Holman Clark, and H. B. Irving.

In the Ranks.

'SO when you left hospital,' I prompted.

'I shaved off my moustache,' Sir Simeon replied. Then met Adrien Brunell, the producer, and to get accustomed to the camera I did crowd work. So I served my time in the ranks,' he laughed.

My chance came at last. My first part was with the British Actor Film Company, when I played in The Cooper, and a bit part in The Lady Clare. I also played father to Violet Hopeon in Snow in the Desert. I have played in The Auction Mart, The Face at the Window for the British Actor, The Shadow Between, and The Squire's Inheritance.

Sir Simeon has just finished playing The Dean, in a film of The Headmaster, with Cyril Maude.

All in a Row.

CONSIDER how many readers of Piers's Snow were present at the Victory Carnival at the Crystal Palace, not so very long ago? British film stars judged the costumes—a very difficult task, I believe. So much ingenuity was displayed, so much originality and beauty galore!

The Star got a terrible reception. Stewart Roan was besieged with autograph hunters, and one fair admirer 'just died to tell his fortune.' He wouldn't tell me what she said.

Former Worker.

MISS JANE COOPER, who in private life is Mrs. Longfellow Cooper, has been chosen for a small part in Bryant Washburn's Road to London, and will be seen with the Stoll Company of Bernard Brown. During the war she was an inspector of canteens. She gave up her place, Watereose, St. Maryboune, Hampshire for a hospital. I think she said it was at Christmas that the fascination of the screen really got hold of her, and now she declares it would break her heart to give it up.

The English Harold Lloyd.

DOUGLAS MARSHALL, who plays the lead in a Minerva comedy, is perhaps better known as a singer, for he is a great artiste. He studied in Italy and is a Cambridge man. I hope to do a good deal of screen work now,' he told me. 'I took it up for a joke at first, but now I'm deadly serious.'

When I asked him his favourite parts, he confided that they were private comedy parts. 'They come to me the English Harold Lloyd,' he said. 'I've been playing a lead in The Bump.'

Three Minerva Film Comedies.

With real joy I watched three delightful British comedies produced by Minerva Films, Ltd., soon to be shown in the picture houses. The author is A. A. Milne, the famous contributor to Punch. The first of the comedies, Bookworms, shows how Cupid closes the infectious and dangerous season, Spring, in which to plant his arrows not only into the susceptible hearts of youth but also into other more unlikely victims. Of course the young man Richard (Leslie Howard) lives in rooms opposite to Miranda (Pam'me Johnson) and falls in love with her.

But her aunt Priscilla (Henriette Watson), on you may guess, is of a serious turn of mind. She is a dog, too, played by Mrs. H. Podevin, who keeps an eagle eye on Miranda. Poor Miranda is not allowed to indulge in thoughts of Love's young dream. Richard boldly visits Miranda's Uncle Josiah (Jeff Barlow) and pretends to be an expert on old books. All efforts fail. At last Richard writes an anonymous letter begging for an interview view at a certain spot slips in a book at the library for Miranda's benefit. Uncle Josiah finds it, and believes it is for him. He follows the fun, and Cupid makes three couples happy.

"The Bump.

Lillian Montrevor (Faith Celli) likes to jazz with Freddy (Richard Marshall), F. W. Willis and Jane Cooper play Lillian's parents. Lillian wants to meet a real man. Then by artifice she becomes acquainted with the explorer John Brice (Chief Scare). She falls breathlessly to his stories and fascinated by his hair-breadth escapades, asks him to see her on Sunday afternoon in Kensington.

On that particular Sunday Lillian, clad in her Sunday best frock, gives strict orders that nobody is to be admitted but John Brice. She waits and waits and waits in vain! And John Brice, who has threaded his way through the maze of forests is lost in the labyrinth of London streets. Months afterwards, aged beyond recognition, the explorer arrives in Kensington, too late.

Freddy has won!

"50 Reward.

TONY MARCHMENT (Leslie Howard), the descendant of a hundred earls, with thousands and thousands at his bank balance, falls in love with sweet Audrey Giles (Barbara Hodge), the daughter of Farmer Giles (Lewis Ransome). But Farmer Giles did not believe in inherited wealth. 'Bring me five pounds earned by the sweat of your brow' says he, 'and then you shall marry my daughter.'

'Done,' says Tony. 'Here's my pocketbook, Take care of my money until my return.'

Tony thrusts aside collar and tie, puts on a soft shirt, a country hat, and togs to match. Cleans out a pigeon, sleeps in a barn. Newest comrade to his broom, but only a shilling a day, or two and six at most in his pocket.

Square deal loses the note-book, and offers five pounds reward for its return. Audrey finds it. Sends a discreet note to Tony, then goes for a walk, and carefully places the note-book in the road; of course Tony finds it, and eventually wins fair Audrey!

Producer's Point of View.

ADRIAN BRUNELL told me the other afternoon, that some ten years ago he used to be a short story writer.

'By accident,' he said, 'I endeavoured to write a film story. Bitten by the desire to improve something that was a new and great art, I took it up more seriously as the years went on.'

Highbrow Literary Friends.

They dropped me as a crank,' he said, with his slow smile. 'I'm afraid I was also regarded as one by my new associates in the film world, since I looked upon picture-making from another standpoint than that of mere money-making. Now that my ideal has proved to be correct, strange to say, Art has won the day in the Cinema.'

Mr. Brunell is the proud producer of the Minerva Comedies, the pictures of which you see in the centre of this page.

MRS. LONGFELLOW COOPER.

MRS. R. PODEVIN and IVAN BERLYN in "Bookworms."
Big Task.

"We must get the papers back from the Holman gang at all costs, and I have selected you for the task because I think you are in a position to give them the job over other and more experienced men, so don't fail me!"

The Chief of the New York Secret Service Department at Washington looked hard at Cyril Gordon as he spoke, as nearly every clerk in the office who had ever worked there had passed through the Holman gang's net.

"I understand, sir, and I thank you for the opportunity," replied the young man, strikingly handsome and the figure of an athlete.

"Now I give you the plan. You will make your way to the Hotel Compozis, New York, that is, all of them except a man named John Burnham, their expert cryptographer. Burnham has been working in London, and none of the gang have ever seen him. You must go to the hotel and register in his name, and get your business over before Burnham turns up. The gang can't move till Burnham comes, for the documents, fortunately for us, were written in the same code. You can have all the information you wish, but you must talk to no one else, and on no account must you get Burnham.

"But if I need any help, I'll fix up with one of my friends in New York."

"Well, good-bye and good luck," said the chief.

"I feel that I will win through, sir," said Gordon, as he rose to go out. "May I again thank you for the chance?"

Cyril Gordon went straight to his flat where his coloured servant brought out the travelling bag which was always prepared for such emergencies. When he arrived at New York his first task was to make sure that the real John Burnham had not arrived. A look at the register showed that John was not in the hotel, and with a chuckle of satisfaction Cyril Gordon telephoned to the hotel.

The hotel clerk looked up as he noticed the name. "Mr. John Burnham," he said, "is not here."

"I've got the name of Mr. John Burnham," said Cyril Gordon, "for I'm John Burnham."

This took Brady exactly a minute to discover the trick that had been played on him, for it's a sort of game that men play when the losing end means prison, and occasionally death, nothing is taken for granted. Brady glanced at the document, and at the first sight everything appeared to be right. He was about to go back to the table where Gordon had been sitting, when he saw that the private mark he had put at the right-hand top corner was missing.

"Blessed," he shouted. "That man may have run a cold through us, and killed us both as well, for I have a lot of you.

He ran the red shovelers, but he got to the front of the hotel early in time to see a taxi-cab drawing up to the top of the street. It contained John Burnham inside.

Cyril Gordon asked for his name to be written out beside the hotel, and himself.'s whispered swift instructions to his three companions. Then, as his ear drew up, he noticed a white man and a woman sitting beyond him.

"That man in that taxi ahead is there a criminal, follow him and try to get the numbers against him."

The policeman looked in the direction pointed out to him, and jumping on his motor-cycle dashed off in pursuit.

Brady jumped into his car, and telling the chauffeur to follow the policeman, he turned the horn.

**The Wedding.**

The meantime, Gordon was figuring out things with a swiftness that was one of his greatest assets. He had spotted one of the men, who took him by the arm as he looked out of the taxi and whispered something in his ear. Then he turned back to Gordon.

"Gordon came to New York. He had seen the photograph of the bride with her renowned marriage project, and he knew he was being pursued. Taking the cryptographer from his pocket, he crept up to and forced it into a cigarette holder. Then he drew out a heavy automatic pistol and moved development.

The next night in this quickly moving drama, was dramatic. The wedding was as a snail to Gordon. He saw his taxi pulled up by a crowd of men with white bandannas outside a church, and leaped out. He dashed one of the men took him by the arm as he looked out of the taxi and whispered something in his ear. Then he turned back to Gordon.

"Gordon's brain worked at the same speed that a man's, and as fast as he could, he got hold of the man. There was a chance to slip him. After all, he was alone. There was no one in acting as a substitute for a best man at a wedding.

Murdering analogies for being late, he followed him into the church. The bride was already waiting at the altar. Her veil hid her face, but

Gordon looked at the paper closely for a few seconds before he spoke.

"This is a new crypton to me," he said. "It will take me some time to decode it. The fact that it is a new crypton would indicate it is an important paper."

"If the handwriting is it, it is a fortune to the lot of us," said Brady, "take your time with your work, if you can."

Gordon took up the paper and while he was polishing his microscope with his handkerchief, he knocked the gun out of the man's hand.

Determined to pick it up he substituted the bogus paper for the original, and the supposed cover of his handcuffs. Then he went on making notes as if he was trying to decipher the document.

He had arranged with one of the New York Secret Service men to ring him up at a certain time, so as to give him an excuse to get into the room with the document, and he waited with nerves on edge for the message. At any moment the real John Burnham might arrive, and then the game would be up. At last his great bell rang.

Gordon did not even look up. He appeared to be so concentration, but he did not take the bell. A man named Forbes whispered to him, "Burnham," said Brady, who had answered the telephone.

Gordon got up with a quivered impatience.

"Yes, by sentiment," he said, "I took up the phrase, "Burnham whispering. Is what it want?"

"No, I can't possibly come. I'm very busy. I told you I could not be disturbed till I was through."

"It's my assistant," he explained to Brady. "He's got a lot of important work to follow up from London. Just serves, that's all. Hold on to this crypton, while I won't be more than a minute."

He lit a cigarette casually and strolled out of the room.

He did not go to the lounge. He passed swiftly through a side entrance and darted into a taxicab. At the same time a man dressed in the same clothes as the man named Brady, who was staying with a party in a suite in the hotel, told me to let him know the moment you arrived."

"Thanks," said Gordon heartily. "You might let Mr. Brady know I'll be here in the change so soon as I have dressed for dinner.

It was from his chief, and read: "Let nothing hinder you.

A few minutes after Gordon had entered the lounge a page boy brought him a note from Brady, asking him to come into the office. It read: "This looks so easy that it seems to be too good to be true. But I'm glad to have a free field before the real Mr. Burnham arrives. I am invited."

"It's not a difficult job, sir," said Cyril Gordon, "that are all simply crazy to know the real meaning of the documents they have stolen. Well, if I can't get hold of the man now, I'll call the secret service and ask them to catch the colds."

Gordon had pulled out a number of papers and selected one. It was written in the same kind of crypton, and it was the plan he had formed on his journey to New York to substitute the bogus paper for the real document. He knew Brady from a photograph that had been supplied to him, and when he entered the room, he quickly sked on the man who would have to fraught most, Brady was a strong-built man, with a whisker-like head and a very alert face. He was not the kind of man who would be easily deceived. The others had been caught (and a man) did impress Gordon as being dangerous.

Remembering that the real John Burnham was not known to him as a personal friend, and just inside the room as the waiter announced him.

"My name is Cyril Gordon," he said.

"I'm you've heard of me from the police," said Gordon. "Yes, I was told you would probably be the one to meet me, and you're the only man who'd do it."

"They're all with us, but they are not in Holman's secrets. Too much to tell you."

"I'll drop in and see you, and then you needn't worry about them."

Brady went over to the others and whispered something. Then he introduced the others to Gordon, and the two men, sitting opposite, were introduced, and then you needn't worry about them.

Gordon's brain worked at the same speed that a man's (Continued on page 18.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF CHARLES RAY.

EXCLUSIVE TO THE "PICTURE SHOW"

CHARLES RAY.
The Star Who is Known as the Wonder Boy of the Screen.

CHARLES RAY is known in filmland as the wonder boy of the screen. The reason for his convincing portrayals of the honest struggles of a boy against adverse circumstances, dreaming of conquering the world and obtaining that which he most desires, is because in these parts on the screen he is virtually playing his own life story.

As you know, Charles had a desire to act even in his school days, and, despite repeated parental objections, he determined to adopt a theatrical career, and the story goes that Charles' father gave him two years in which to make good on the stage, or to enter a bank.

Six Parts a Day.

DETERMINED to attain to his ambition, Charles joined a troupe of travelling players, and for two years played all manner of parts, from musical comedy to tense tragedies. But those uncertain days of hard work, many performances, and little money were surely the basis for Charles' present success.

He tells that in those days he played as many as six parts a day, and his only trouble was to make himself look older than he was.

In Comedy Parts.

CHARLES RAY thought at this time that his role was comedy, and for a season he appeared with Chester Conklin on the vaudeville stage. Chester Conklin, as you know, is one of the Mack Sennett comedians.

It was Thomas Ince who gave Charles his first real chance on the films, but even then he appeared in many plays before he found himself in the role that he, as a born artiste, knew was to be his own for always.

It was in the picture called "The Coward," in which he played second to Frank Keenan, that his remarkable performance of the boy who was a coward and, by force of circumstances, became regenerated, that Charles Ray attained to the foremost position he now holds in motion pictures. And in this part Charles Ray proved to his screen admirers that he was right when he thought that he should play in comedy, but not in rough-and-tumble comedies. How many of us have seen a Charles Ray picture and not laughed at his unusual adventures?

An Inspiration.

CHARLES RAY'S career is an inspiration to any boy. He is known as "Charlie" by thousands of people, and, by sheer pluck and grit, he has persevered for eight years, till now he has reached the pinnacle of his profession, for Charlie, as a boy, was handicapped by a modesty and diffidence that would have deterred almost any other lad from mixing with the hurly-burly of life. But he determined to make a success in life by hard work and close study, something which is not very popular in these days of easy jobs and high pay, but Charles Ray did not care for a meteoric success, he wished it to be lasting. Those of you who have seen him in his latest photo-play to be released over here, entitled "The Knock-out Blow," know how he has succeeded.

Of course, you know Charles Ray is married, and has been for two years. Mrs. Ray is as pretty as a picture. They live in the Beverley Hills, are very domesticated, and prefer their country home and a few friends to all the delights of town life.

If you wish to write to him, address your letter—
c/o CHARLES RAY PICTURES,
Flaming Street,
E. Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.
"I was just going to see if we could not get to Milton, the next station, by road, and catch another taxi there," he said.

"That was my idea," said his wife. "I was just going to tell you to say this. It is not far to go to Milton." Gordon took her bags and they stepped out. They had not gone far when I saw a little cry of pain.

"What is it?" asked Gordon tenderly.

"Something in my shoe," replied his wife.

In a moment he was down on his knees, taking off her shoe. There was a small, sharp stone in it which he threw away. Then he replaced the shoe and his fingers lingered over it. She could feel his anxiety.

Celia blushed, but the next second her lips tightened. For a moment they were in a fast train for Washington did Gordon again, speak to her.

"You needn't be afraid of me," he said. "I have the greatest respect for you and your name."

"You have been to a church since we have been married," she said; "but I can't forget those dancing shoes."

Gordon felt it owed to itself to clear its name. He got up his courage to tell her all about it. "I think I shall be able to prove that I am not the man you think I am."

And then the girl poured out such a terrible story that Gordon could understand why she had regarded him with hatred. The Explanation.

The real George Hayne held some compromising letters of her former mother's, and his price for silence was an agreement that he had taken into possession of the letters in England, where he had found them, and had written to them, that neither the girl nor her mother suspected he (Gordon) of their existence.

After she had finished her story Cyril Gordon turned to his wife, Celia.

"You will have to trust me a little longer," he said. "For the present I can only tell you that I did not see the need of the letters myself and did not wish to part with them."

Do you believe me?"

"I do," said Celia. "You are not all of the kind of man I expected to meet."

On arriving at the hotel Celia engaged a taxi and told the man to drive to the Grand Hotel. He intended to leave Celia there while he wired to his mother and went to the Chief to deliver the document.

But they had not gone far before Gordon saw there was something in the taximeter, and was getting on a swift pace and in a contrary direction to that he had ordered. When Gordon got into the car, however, he noticed that there was another man with the driver. The second man turned, and motioning the driver to follow went up to Gordon. The latter then tried the door, but found it locked.

"I really wish you would let me alone," he said to Celia; "but don't worry." He settled down in his seat as if resigned and then, when the man with the pistol was looking to the door, he seized his suit-case and smashed it through the front window of the cab. Before the smashed suit-case could collect themselves, Gordon had snatched the automobile, and placing it to the driver's head, ordered him to pull up. Commanding the men to get down he left the car, "he said, and, engaging a taxi he drove Celia to his rooms.

You will be quite safe here," he said. "My servant is looking after you and, when I come back we will make arrangements for you to go back to your family."

She had just finished and now and then I can explain," Gordon went straight to his office, and when he had dropped the recovered document on the chief's desk the old man shook warmly by the hand.

"I knew you would get there, Gordon. You can take me out to dinner at your club, that's popular place between the Department as a reward for this." Gordon, and all the family, "was at present," said Cyril.

Meekly as he could, he told the chief about his strange marriage, and wound up by saying that he had fallen in love with the girl he had met under such romantic auspices.

"Then get back to her, boy, and tell her so before she steps out of Washington again," said the Chief. And let me wish you luck again."

When Gordon got back to his rooms he found Celia holding a newspaper in her lap and staring at the great flying headlines.

"Captured of Noted International Crook;" read the top headline.

The next story went on to say that George Hayne, who had been working for an international gang of criminals in England, under the name of Burnham, had been followed to America and arrested by Scotland Yard detectives for a crime known as the Stanhope murder.

"I begin to see things clearly now," said Celia. "You have never seen me before.

"You had never seen me before," said Cyril. "He was a man called Hayne before," said Gordon; "but I impersonated him under his other names to gain exclusive possession of a document that had been stolen from the U.S. Secret service by his brother in Los Angeles, California, and which was under arrest explains why he did not turn up at the wedding."

Celia then told Celia the whole story, and at the end the girl said:

"I am in a situation for you to be married to a girl you could not care for, but I'm very thankful to you for saving me from it.

"But I do care for—Celia, I love you," burst out Gordon. "The only thing is that I cannot hope to make you happy;"

You haven't asked me yet," replied Celia, turning away in her seat.

When Gordon's old servant came back, some half-hour later, he had a message for Mrs. Hathaway. The major portion was an explanation of what the reader already knows. But the last lines were:----

Don't trouble to come for Celia. We are both coming to you to consult you on best piece for our red honeymoon trip—Celia and Cyril.

(Adapted from "The Wonder." film, starring Warren K. Kersig as Cyril.)

FIIMS OF THE WEEK.

"Toys of Fate." NATA LOVA (Jury's.).

The great Russian actress, Nata Loava, in another of her remarkable films, a story of the old world, the new, and rural life, the story of a girl, Azali, the gypsy girl, and Hagar, her mother. This is a powerful, dramatic tale.

"The Shark." GEORGE WALKER (Fox).

THRILLING romance of the sea, full of exciting situations and stirring moments, admirably acted by the athletic star and a fine cast. Fights and a strong love interest that will ravish young and old alike.

"The Counterfeit." ELSIE FERGUSON (Paramount-Loew's). A

original story of a girl who struggled to save her invalid mother from poverty. The heroine is an agent of the Secret Service in London, and proves herself a really terrific and beautiful Templar of the U.S.A.

"A Bachelor's Wife." MARY MILES MIST (Astra).

LIVELY story of mistaken identity, and the further delightful result. As the young Irish girl who undertakes to find the husband of her desperate sister, and takes the place of her, she achieves another distinct success.

"Bare Fists." HARRY CAREY (Gaumont). PICTURESQUE romance of the cattle country, with the registrable Harry Carey as Cheyenne Harry.

"The Ghost Flower." ALMA HERBES (Western-Irondale).

TALE of the intrigues of the Camera, with the lovely and lovely Neapolitan girl, repeatedly pursued by a pedestozent.

\"Fools' Gold.\" FLORENCE TANNER and MARY LAUGHLIN (Selig).

DRAMATIC photo-play showing how the happiness denied to a man and woman is realised only after much sorrow and misunderstanding. A mine disaster and a thrilling rescue are sensational episodes in this film.

"A Temperamental Wife." CONSTANCE TROLLOPE (Talbot's).

TYPICAL role for Constance Trollope. This star, who is now in the forefront of the film industry as one of the first and best parts of a wife who is jealous of her husband's secretary. Most amusing situations ensue, and the viewer may run with a thrill and surprise that cannot fail to thoroughly entertain.

"The Girl of To-day." CONRAN GIFFORD (Inchromatic).

THIS screen-play endeavours to show theTHE Girl of To-day. In thrilling situations and stirring scenes are shown the adventures of an American girl who is the mistress of a Russian count. Coup takes a hand, however, with a Secret Service lover, and, with the exposure of the villain, miraculous happenings are expected to occur.

The "Picture Show" Critic.
LEATRICE JOY “SNAPPED” AT HOME.

A delightfully unconventional photo of LEATRICE JOY playing with a little friend, for whom she is cutting out paper toys.

LEATRICE is very fond of music, and here you see her after a busy day at the studio, trying over a new song.

The piano is not the only instrument LEATRICE JOY can play. Playing the banjoline is another of her accomplishments.

A happy home snapshot of LEATRICE, taken in the garden with her mother, who is very proud of her gifted daughter.

LEATRICE JOY is a very versatile young lady. She is almost as clever with the typewriter as she is on the screen.
The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories

The Thousand Best Complete Tales of all Times and Countries

in 20 Sumptuous Volumes

The art of the Short Story pleases everybody. Loved alike by savage and civilised man, by all ages, by all classes of men and women everywhere, it has acquired more range, variety of interest, and general power of appeal than any other form of literature. It has cradled the imagination of primitive men and children. It has cemented human society by quickening sympathy with all the dramas and humours of common life.

NEVER before has any work with the scope and interest of “The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories” been presented. The realms of literature of all ages and of all countries have been searched, and from each the gems have been rescued for the delight and entertainment of the present generation. The Editorial Board of “The Masterpiece Library of Short Stories” has rounded off the work of thousands of years of storytellers by making the first grand monument of universal literature devoted to the delightful, vivid, popular art of the little prose tale.

The living Leaders of Literature, who banded themselves together to select what was most worthy in the whole realm of the World’s Short Story Literature—men whose names carry weight among all book-lovers; Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Professor of English Literature at Cambridge; Sir William Robertson Nicoll, the most widely quoted personality among London Editors; Mr. Edmund Gosse, one of the greatest authorities on English and Continental literature; Professor Saintsbury, most erudite of all the critics; Sir Frederick Wedmore, author and critic of wide, rare and refined taste; Mr. Clement Shorter, whose influence on literary opinion is so far-reaching; Mr. Thomas Seccombe, whose delight is to discover buried literary talent; Mr. Richard le Gallienne, as highly honoured for his achievements in prose and poetry in America as he is in this country; Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, who has made the art of the short story his special sphere of literary research and interpretation; Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia, an eminent leader of cultured America; Professor Carl van Doren, leader of the younger school of American literary men—these under the general direction of Mr. J. A. Hammerton, the Editor-in-Chief, whose wide knowledge and critical judgment make him a past master in the production of interest-compelling works, collaborated in the selection of the Thousand Best Short Stories of all times and countries that are presented in the great literary achievement now offered to the lovers of what is best in the world of books.

A Magnificent Library.

The twenty volumes, each a masterpiece in its department of short story literature, constitute a rich library in themselves. Paper, printing, binding—all are worthy of the contents. You have in the library volumes that are, from their artistic appearance on your shelves, a joy to possess—a delight to read not only from the quality of their contents, but also from the clearness of printing, and richness of the bindings.

POST TO-DAY

the coupon here, and you will receive by return of post an Art Prospectus printed in four colours describing the contents of every volume in detail, illustrating the different bindings, and explaining the very convenient Subscription Terms upon which the complete library (and the Jacobean Bookcase if desired) is obtainable.

SOUTH AFRICAN readers should post the coupon to the Central News Agency, P.O. Box 1033, Johannesburg.
BILLY REEVES.

Billie Reeves, son of John Reeves, was born with Lord George Sanger's circus, and his father was a famous acrobat, his brother an equestrienne. At seven years old he was in the ring himself. When he left Sanger's circus he was a grand figure, and had a distinctly original way of looking at the world.

Attention to the Feet.

Whether tight or full, the skirt that is cut a dozen inches from the ground is as becoming as it is hygienic, allowing as it does for perfect freedom, and keeping the lower part of the foot from dust and dirt. But more important still is the fact that it has taught the British girl how essential it is for her to be always properly groomed and unshod, thus helping her desire for smart shoes and nice stockings. For it is an undisputed fact that more attention is being paid to footwear now than a few years ago. Then it was not an unusual thing to see a girl wearing shoes that were heavy and ungainly in make, and that were down at heel into the bargain. Not so now, however. Every girl passes in street steps forth with smartly clad feet peeping from beneath a short, neat, little skirt.

The Tango Style.

Unfortunately, the dressing of the feet is in some instances very much overdone, but happily this is not often the case. Black shoes with laces of rubber tied up the leg and light-coloured stockings worn out of doors are in extremely bad taste, and any other attempt the wearer has made to look smart in the way of clothes. Ribbon laces are certainly effective for evening wear; but and Wombwell, later joining the Folies Bergere. Next came engagements with the Fletcher Troupe and "The Three Musical G's"; seven years on the legitimate stage, and then an engagement in "The Right Key but the Wrong Flat," is amusing audiences all over the country, and whose name has been before the public since he was a little boy. It was not of those Lubin days, however, that Mr. Reeves to me and the other members of the cast very much the concern was Billie. It was of the Lubin days when Billie Reeves the famous music-hall come-stuck into the manager. "Well, the Right Key but the Wrong Flat" is a story of a man who was a DRESSING-ROOM.


There is a rumour afloat that skirts are to be decidedly longer during the coming winter. This news will cause a bitter of distress to a vast majority of women, for it is well known to all that the skirts are here to stay, and that the skirt that is to return to the skirt of unguainly length that only dragged the ground, and handled all the clothing running into the bargain. The short skirt is such an approved favourite, however, that I am sure no one will long for the days of yesterday, for they have a distinct difficulty in finding favour in nubile's eyes.

Mr. Reeves chats about his old friend Charlie Chaplin.

Mr. Reeves has beenCs playing in America, Charlie Chaplin has been full of the fun and frolic that marked the Kurno company's run of "Cats' Court," and the "Football Match," both in which he had an engaging role. As "A Night in an English Music-hall" troupe out to America again, Mr. Kurno instructed Alfred Reeves to take Charlie with them.

"Charlie played my part in America," Billie Reeves told me, and 'got away' with it splendidly. The little feller is a born comedian, and he played one of the parts with the troupe, and left Chaplin behind, and it was then that he joined the Mack Sennett company. He has been getting 2 £2 a week for the past four years before joining Lubin and appearing in films.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.
BEAUTY MIDWAY BETWEEN TWO UGLINCES, EASTERN & WESTERN IDEALS.

"VIRTUE," says Aristotle, "is a mean between two vices.

Thus generosity is a mean between foolish extravagance and avarice; modesty a mean between prudishness and wanton-ness; a good example, a mean between a rope and a propugnaculum play.

I suppose the reverse is true, i.e., that a vice is a mean between two virtues. But there is probably something wrong in the assumption.

Like the converse of "All cabbages are vegetables," which is "All vegetables are cabbages," and which landed one in a logical muddle in one's schoolbooks.

What golden rule holds good when applied to beauty? A beautiful figure is the mean between the ugly extremes of leanness and obesity. A beautiful face has neither too much nor too little hair upon it; elegantly, in a woman, the eyebrows and lashes are luxuriant, yet no downy growth blurs the outline of cheek and upper lip. Our authors (Napoleon) declare that women should have long eyelashes but no moustaches would probably seem curious to certain savages who shave eyebrows and lashes. Women are recommended to women, just as our partiality for white teeth would astonish the Hottentots who prefer them black or yellow!

In Europe, however, and among the civilised Eastern races, the beauty of long curling eyelashes and delicately marked brows cannot be over-estimated.

What glorious lashes one sees in the East; especially among the Greek girls in the native quarter of Cairo. The tendency among such beauties to grow superfluous hair on the face is combated by the razor or by depilatory pastes. Recipes handed down sometimes from the days of Cleopatra or the glory of Carthage.

In England women are beginning to realise that neither shaving nor electrolysis is ideal for rendering wing or even plain. A method which is steadily gaining in popularity is that of treating the superfluous hair with a paste made of pure phenol and water. The paste is spread rather thickly on the hair, and allowed to dry thoroughly. The hair is completely destroyed and can then be painlessly removed with a very blunt knife or a piece of cardboard.

The application of a little teko paste is recommended after the hair has been removed with the phenol.

The trouble with most English women, however, is not that they have too much hair on their head, or too little. Scanty eyebrows, and poor, light lashes are common in this country, and often render an otherwise charming face equally or even plain. It is a good and safe plan to encourage the growth of brows and lashes by the occasional application of a little mulline. Mulline is a rather pleasant substance to use, and it has the advantage of not only increasing the growth of the eyelashes, but also of giving them a delightful inclination to curl at the tips.

The writer has half their expression and charm to the lashes surrounding them, just as the face owes so much to its frame of hair.

GREAT HEIGHTS must be cautiously "Held Above the Ground,""—(Advt.)
Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 21)

"Carol" (Gt. Berkhampstead).—So you knew me to be "too anxious" for my replies? I consider it hardly. But you evidently take me good-naturedly, which is the spirit in which I write. Your position is quite good, but though it has been considered already, it is that's lacking. All the same, I want you and every reader, in fact, to let me have opinions about what it is or not wanted, and I will deal with the most interesting of such opinions in editgrams. Wayne Herbert was born in Sussex. If you have any other notes on the "Great Expectations," may be seen in "Alf's Button." Her other films are "Sunday in Heaven," "The Kinlaw," and "Possessions." Yes, Ivy Duke was in the stage play "The Maid of the Mountains." "French Girl." (Liverpool).—Placed to bear from you, and if it be worth your while you want, one of Mary Pickford was given away with the issue for March 13th, and one of Mary Miles Miller with the "P. S." for August 14th. Harland Ford was with Vivian Martin in "You Never Saw Such a Girl," and Vernon Scott in "The Wifes of the Desert." Yes, your favourite may utilize you? you write to them. E. R. (Sheffield) and others.—With regard to the cover of the June for October 9th, the photos of the sisters Tuesday, reading from left to right, were those of Natalie, Norma, and Constance. This will help to solve all the little secrets which have been.

G. V. S. (Antwerp).—Cheyenne Harry or Harry Carey at his seven pictures also known was born in New York. He appears to have tried his hand at a good many things, ranging from comics to his present occupation. There is I of him, surrounded by blonde hair. His life story appeared in the "Box-Cinema" for May 13th.

N O R M A S I R E (Knowbridge Park).—I hope it tastes nice anyway. Though I can't say I have heard of a butterfly like that before. James C. Crane, who is the husband of Alice Brady, was born in Harford, Connecticut. He is 5 ft. 11 in. and has black hair and grey eyes. Yes, he has played opposite Billie Burke, as well as his wife, in some of her pictures. Norman Kerry, please inform your sister, was born in Rochester, New York, and has dark hair and hazel eyes. In height he measures 6 ft. 2 in.

"It Happens East Han."—The ages you want are Virginia Pearson, thirty-two; Vivian Martin, twenty-two; and Ruth Clifford, twenty. Virginia was opposite Fort Williams in "The Hornet's Nest."

(More answers next week.)

I will tell you Free How to Reduce Your Weight

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, since as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman and have plenty of work to do. While my appetite was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the progress in this direction brought sorrow and consolation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that the accompanying weight was desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life, and that I would set to work to reduce my weight.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain effort to become reduced upon this inspiration and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of pond's weight vanished all at once. I was under the influence of tiredness, and then I began to believe that I had found the secret of weight reduction. I was so pleased with the results of this method that I decided to try it again, and I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as could be.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, if you will enable, and will send you now the "25¢ worth of stamp to pay postage.

Responsibility for Purity.

We take this upon ourselves. We guarantee that BIRD'S is "the Pure Custard," and we make it only of the finest qualities ingredients that money can buy.

"19, 20,—my plate's empty!"

There's no pudding left on the plate when it is served with Bird's Custard as hot sauce.

You can have no better sauce for a boiled or steamed pudding; and BIRD'S, so cream-like and exquisite in flavor, is made in a moment.

"Bird's Custard"

owes its superiority to the rare good quality of its ingredients, and to distinct methods of manufacture.

It should be a mother's care to see that she really gets Bird's Custard. Millions of mothers take this care each week, knowing that BIRD'S adds 25% nutrition to the milk with which it is prepared.
"I keep my Curtains beautifully snow-white with Omo."

"INDEED I wash, bleach, and purify all my white things quite easily with Omo by following the simple directions given for its use. I just put the white things into cold water with Omo, bring them to the boil, let them boil for half-an-hour, rinse, and hang them out to dry. Anyone can use Omo."

**NOT FOR COLOURS, WOOLLENS OR FLANNELS.**

**IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE.**

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED, LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON.

OMO is made by Hudson's, a name famous in every household.
Dancers will get many hints in the coming Paramount-Artcraft photo-play, "The Dancin' Fool," in which Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels show us some of the latest Tango steps.
"How I do long for tea-time."

Tasty, wholesome cakes prepared with Bird's Egg Substitute make tea-time a daily joy for Tommy and Kate. Give them good thick slices—they'll be the better for them.

Cakes, puddings and buns made with Bird's Egg Substitute need no expensive eggs or baking powder.

Bird's Egg Substitute
"One spoonful—one cake!"

means a saving of expense and trouble in the kitchen, and lovely golden goodies on the table. Try it to-day.

Bird's Egg Substitute is the housewife's best friend.

In Packets and Tins with excellent and reliable recipes.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 46.—SINCLAIR HILL

ONE of the youngest producers in the kingdom is photographed above reading the "Fremont Show." It was Mr. Hill who produced the "Tidal Wave," and has just completed the "Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown," the Stoll picture version of E. Phillips Oppenheim's famous novel.

Now that we have Edith Neuman on our staff and two pages devoted weekly to British productions we shall learn more about the talented artistes in the British field of film producers.

Fay's Own Paragraph.

I CANNOT resist squeezing in a little word about my own paper here, for I've something very attractive this week for you in the "Girls' Cinema." Pauline Frederick has sent us a letter telling us of the men who have made love to her — on the film, and I've managed to get a number of Confessions out of James Knight. A splendid long complete story entitled "Out of Luck," and pages and pages of interesting reading profusely illustrated. Get your newspaper to save you a copy, for once you will always want it. It is the companion paper to the "Picture Show."

The Delight of Real Boys.

By the way, did I mention last week that the "Return of Tarzan" is now appearing serially in the "Boys' Cinema"? Also that Tom Mix is in the wondrous thrilling Wild West yarns, and Big Bill Brougher is editing a page, and telling us of his early struggles and ambitions in this splendid paper for real boys. Have you yet seen it?

A Power for Good and Evil.

In this issue the "Fremont Show" begins our new serial, "Manaced by Money," a splendid story proving that gold may be a great power for evil as well as a power for good. Telling how money may tie a man's hands as tightly as any bands forged by poverty. This story by the author of "Destiny," is the most fascinating yet from that writer's pen. Do not miss it.

News of Mary and Doug.

The latest news I have received from Los Angeles says that Douglas Fairbanks is to make two productions by December Ist, and on December 15th he and Mary Pickford will start for a trip round the world. Mary Pickford is also to make two pictures before sailing.

Their present plans are that they will make the journey to France by way of Honolulu, Japan, China, India, and Egypt. Arriving in France, Douglas Fairbanks will make two pictures, one of which will be "The Three Musketeers," and Mary Pickford will make one picture.

"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Gloria the Second.

The French actress, Mlle. SOMBRON, the second arrived in Los Angeles the other evening, bringing with her much interest and excitement in the film world. She is a film baby, her mother being no less a person than Gloria Swanson, her father Herbert Sombron, Little Lulu weighed 92 pounds, and is, according to information from film circles, the image of her beautiful mother.

Mae to Desert the Screen for a While.

MAE MURRAY is now back at work after a visit to her husband — Robert Leonard. She has started on the production of her film play straight away, though there is a possibility that she may leave the screen for a while, as a well-known theatrical manager has an option on her services for play, for providing him with a play to fit her.

To My Six-foot-three Male Readers.

ARE you six feet three, male gender? If so, communicate with Betty Blythe, who is residing at the Hotel Hollywood, Hollywood, California. Miss Blythe tells me she is seeking a permanent lover, for screen purposes. He must be of the rugged, athletic type, to match his height; and must be able to swim, ride and fight and also look intelligent.

Miss Blythe has just completed the photo-play, adapted from the famous novel, "Nomads of the North," and is now enjoying a holiday, while her director looks for the great lover.

From Choir Boy to Star.

It is not generally known how Hugh Thompson was introduced to the world of make-believe. In an emergency he was selected for the Juvenile role in "Pinafore," on the merits of his singing voice heard in a boys' choir by an impresario some years ago. Later Mr. Thompson became an actor, and then the screen seemed to offer him a place. He has since played opposite no less than thirty feminine film celebrities.

We shall see him opposite Mabel Normand in the coming photo-play, "The Slim Princess," "What Happened to Bess," and "Head Over Heels."

Beaded Frock for Doralda.

A NEW bead garment, consisting of the kind of beads that usually go to make up the bag so popular these days, forms one of the startling frocks worn by Madam Doralda in her forthcoming production, "Passion Fruit," a very wonderful creation, and consists entirely of pearl beads of various sizes. The bodice is a mass of beads, and the skirt consists of two fringes, also of beads. A circle of multi-coloured beads is tied around the waist.

A Real Thrill.

ONE of the thrilling incidents in the early days of the screen has been re-acted for the coming picturisation of the wonderful production, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." A celebrated Paris singer contributes this gripping scene to the picture. She reproduces a patriotic scene at a Paris cafe, when she stripped herself in the French colours and sang "La Marseillaise" with such effect that diners left their tables to rush to enlist.

Will Rogers in the Pulpit.

WILL ROGERS has been many things in his life, and now he is to add to the list. To ease the minds of his admirers, he will tell you at once that he is not going to leave the screen, nor throw away his limas.

He is to appear in the pulpit for one night only, and preach a sermon. He was invited by the Rev. James Whitmore Broucher, the Pastor of the Temple Baptist Church in Los Angeles, after the Rev. Broucher heard him debate before the Los Angeles Advertising Club. The debate was on, "Who has done more for civilization — cowboys or preachers?"

When Rogers got to the pulpit his sermon will be on "Humour in Religion."

Beauty Steele a Real Character.

SIR GILBERT PARKER paid a visit to the Metro Studio the other day, for a special showing of the adaptation of his famous novel, "The Right of Way," in which Bert Lytell plays the role of Beauty Steele, the hero.

It is interesting to hear that Sir Gilbert Parker fashioned Beauty Steele with the utmost accuracy from a lawyer in Montreal with whom he was personally acquainted about twenty years ago.

"This man was peculiarly fascinating," said Sir Gilbert; "and his exploits were the talk from one end of the city to the other."

Mabel's Collections.

MABEL NORMAND, whose school adventures are now appearing in the "Girls' Cinema," is not a collector in the strict sense of the word, but she keeps a copy of the scarlet letter of every plictorial fad that appears, with a photograph and autograph of every member of the cast.

"Rather nice to look back on," Mabel says, "when she has left the screen."
Viola's New Home.

VIOLA DANA has acquired a half interest in a house which is large enough to house herself in without any effort. With her equally famous sister, Shirley Mason, Miss Dana has purchased a vine-covered house in the Hollywood hills. For neighbours, Miss Dana has May Allison, two doors away, Charles Ray a street away, and Enid Bennett, also only a street away; while close enough for neighbourliness is the home of Mary and Doug. With her new home, Miss Dana becomes the possessor of a marble swimming pool, a tennis court, and a kitchen garden large enough to provide the whole of Hollywood with salad. The only superfluous part of the house, she thinks, is the cellar.

"All we can get to put in it is coal," Viola complains. "And what is the use of coal in the land of eternal sunshine?"

An Amazing Letter.

SEENA OWEN has received an amazing letter from a British admirer. The writer claims that he has known her for something like 2,000 years, and apparently belongs to that school of thought which believes in prior existence on this planet.

"I remember you well," he wrote, "when you were an Egyptian princess and I a slave. I saw you in a picture the other day, in which you played the part of a princess, and old memories returned with a rush."

In sending me this information, Miss Owen remarked that her recollections fall considerably short of what occurred two thousand years ago.

A Painful Experience.

ATTACKED by an infuriated half-tame deer was the exciting but painful experience of Bertha Bedford, playing the lead in Maurice Tourneur's new picture, "The Last of the Mohicans." The accident happened in the mountains of the Yosemite. Miss Bedford was making a scene with Albert Rosco, who plays Uncas, with the deer in the background, and in some manner it became enraged and attacked her, jumping high and coming down at her with its front feet. Rosco ran to her aid, and, with the assistance of the director, rescued her; but before she had sustained a badly bruised shoulder when she ducked from the infuriated animal's first attack.

The Passing of Ned Finley.

THE motion picture world in New York was shocked last week to hear of the death of Ned Finley, the well-known screen actor who ended his life by taking poison. Mr. Finley at one time was one of Vitagraph's players. He belonged to the old stock companies of Star and Blackton, and assembled. For the past few years Mr. Finley has been playing in hard luck, aggravated by the high cost of living and his apparent inability to get a permanent position. He attempted to kill himself once before by dazzling his face and succumbing only in losing a hand. This time, however, he was successful, and the end came after he had taken an overdose of poison. He was buried in a poor part, and many of the men and women he had known in the old days were present at the funeral services.

Louvella O. Parsons.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE “PICTURE SHOW.”

MARGARET LOOMIS being interviewed whilst taking a ride on an ostrich, by Miss Emily Squier, one of America’s best story writers.

WESLEY BARRY looks as though he might have a little difficulty with his novel mount. He has chosen a calf for his steed.


Baby thinks she would like a lesson in cooking, so tries her hand at mixing a pudding. An amusing incident in a new comedy of the Direct Film Traders, Ltd.

A film camera often has to be fixed into awkward positions to take a scene from the point the producer desires. Here you see the camera-man at work on the front of a carriage, in which can be seen ERIC VON STROHEIM, who is taking the part of a Russian prince.
A Woman's Confession.

GREYSTONE MANOR lay bathed in the afternoon sun as a young man, dressed in a well-worn tweed suit, crossed the parkland—not without effort, for the grass was knobby and dusty. He glanced up at the huge edifice of grey stone, with its curiously turreted corners, and a shadow passed over his not unhandsome features.

He could remember the time when the house had been one of the show-places of the county. When his aunt, Amy Greystone, heiress in her own right, had kept open house to all her friends, and they had talked of the richness and hospitality for all. That was before she had married.

The young man reached the much worn, neglected carriage drive which separated the house from the park. A flight of six broad steps, dim and discoloured, went the full length of the building. In the centre were four huge pillars which supported the portico.

On either side some half dozen large windows reached the height of the rooms; they were curtained in drapery.

An inscrutable air of neglect and decay pervaded the whole place.

The young man walked purposefully up the steps, and pulled at the rusty bell.

No one came to answer it, but the visitor did not mind the intrusion of minutes.

When he lived not ten miles away it was nearly nine years since he had last visited his relations.

He had made an unfortunate marriage, a collation, and his people with one accord had washed their hands of him.

He had not troubled him in the least at the time.

He had sufficient to live modestly. He was naturally proud, and when his young wife had pronounced herself, and the girl was faded away, he had felt at the time that he would never forgive those of his own flesh and blood who had deserted him.

But that had happened seven years ago, and time had softened the bitterness.

The only other appearance of Greystone Manor had been a shock to him. He had heard vague rumours of his uncle's extravagance and waste—he, but that the place could have fallen into such decay in the space of a few years was incomprehensible.

He was about to ring the bell again when the door was suddenly opened, and an old woman, wearing a tall muffin cap over her scant grey hair, beckoned him to enter.

"My mistress saw you as you crossed the park, sir. She was certain you would have reached the house by now," she said, in the half-querulous voice peculiar to old age, as she fixed the bailer with a superior eye upon the visitor.

"You remember me, Ann?" said the young man, looking down at her.

"Yes, Sir, I remember you, sir. It's not so many years ago that I cleared your ear for stealing the apricots I was wanting for myself."

"By Jove, no, Ann! I remember that! You were in a tizzy, I knew you never approved of such a little fawning with you."

"You were always a greedy boy, Master Arthur," replied the old woman, as she proceeded to lead the way up the heavy oak stairs. The young man noticed that the rich Turkey carpets and the priceless pictures, which had given such an air of comfort to the staircase, had disappeared.

The old woman threw open a door on the first floor, and Arthur Weston found himself in a large, long room. It was fitted up with a huge, old-fashioned post-bedstead and a wardrobe. A few rugs were strewn about the floor.

In an easy chair, propped up with cushions, sat a woman. She turned her head eagerly as the young man approached. She was a grey-headed woman, not much past middle life, but sorrow and disappointment had left their telltale marks upon her.

Arthur went forward to greet her, but suddenly he stopped and hesitated.

Surely this miserable, sad-eyed woman was not his aunt.

The sick woman smiled mournfully as she held out a frail, thin hand.

"I suppose you find me changed, Arthur," she said.

The young man took the hand between his own.

"My dear aunt," he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "you are ill!"

"Yes, I am. I know that, Arthur. That is why I sent for you.

The young man glanced at her anxiously. She had not released his hand, and now she clung to it.

"Arthur, I am thinking about my boy."

Amy Rae's Trust.

The woman broke from her lips with a sob of anguish.

Arthur was bewildered.

"My dear aunt, I don't understand," he said.

"What does it all mean? I had no idea you were in trouble. Tell me all about it, and I shall do the best I can to help you.

"Yes, I believe you, Arthur. You are a gentleman by birth and breeding. Oh, why would I not listen when I was warned?"

The sick woman was very bright her booted heather beneath her thin cotton gown.

Arthur put his arm around her. He had always liked his aunt Amy in the old days.

"Tell me all about it," he said gently.

"The sick woman clutched at his shoulder.

"You narrative of my dear father, the "father of my Harry!" she said excitedly. "Although I have never confessed it before, I married him, not for love, but for business. But for what I had. I found out as soon as my baby—my Harry—was born. I heard him talking. He was in a fit of despair, but he told me the truth. He came later to the house and it was one of the worst moments of my life when I thought that first had thrust against to keep the bed in shape.

"That is it," cried her aunt eagerly.

He noticed how her frail hands were trembling as he watched her under the wrappings. Suddenly she paused and glanced up at him again.

"Arthur, can I trust you?" she said again.

"Yes, you can, aunt," said the young man, smiling down at her.

She seemed satisfied.

"Take this then, boy. It is my savings. When I saw that my property was going, I helped to let it go. I am rich again to myself, if I try to be. Take this to Cecil and tell him I love him and I'm proud to have him.

"I am saving it for Cecil to waste. He's not now knows how he spends; he only knows he can spend all there is. This is mine. I've saved it for my boy, but I dare not give it him. If his father knew he had it, it would all go, just as mine has, and so I have sent for you. I shall not live long now. I should have not lived as long as I have, if I had not been thinking of my boy. I want you to take this money, and at my death this house will come into your hands.

"It was left to me, and I can leave it to whom I choose. When Cecil, my husband, comes to see me, one of his obligations will be to sell the property necessary for its sale. I shall not refuse; but they will come too late for me to attend to it.

"I shall be gone. I will make a will tonight leaving to you, apparently, this house, but it is really for my boy. When he is twenty-five years old, I shall give it to him. The money is for you to invest for him, and then to keep it up while the farms are being nursed. You will have five hundred a year, and I know you will be very grateful, Arthur. You will do this for me—for him?"

The sick woman had clasped hold of his hands; her fevered eyes were fixed with a fierce intensity upon her companion's face.

But, aunt, I suppose I am stupid, but even now I do not think I should understand. You are going to make a will in my favour, and then I can't understand it.

He glanced at the pliable leather bag, which was evidently intended for a music case, which rested on her lap.

She nodded and thrust it towards him.

"It is a small fortune, and all in hundred

(Continued on next page)
DANCING ON THE FILMS.

Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels
:: in "The Dancin' Fool."
::

SOME people predicted that the dancing craze would have waned by this season, but these prophets have now been proved to be very much in the wrong; in fact, the dancing boom is greater than ever. Every dance instructor is being kept busy from morning till night because everybody wants to learn the new Tango.

WHEN "The Dancin' Fool" is released we shall see Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels give an exhibition dance of a Tango, so this film will be very interesting to all who love dancing.

JUST a few of the steps of the Tango which Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels show in "The Dancin' Fool" are to be seen on this page. In the top left-hand picture Wallace is asking Bebe to dance with him. The picture on the right shows the kick, which is a great feature of most of the tangoes. This must be done very gracefully.

ANOTHER version of the "kick" is to be seen in the left-hand lower photograph. This is very effective on the screen, but as dancing is very simple nowadays, it would be rather out of place in a ballroom. The last picture shows the commencement of a new glide.
"Manacled By Money." (Continued from page 6.)

pund Bank of England notes, she said. "Arthur, tell me again that I can trust you."

Did an intimation warn poor Amy Rae of the risk she was running? Arthur bent and kissed her. He was greatly moved.

"May God indeed punish me if I do not respect your trust in me," he said very earnestly, and that moment he meant sincerely what he said.

The Temptation

It was not until that evening in his study, with the curtains drawn well over the windows, that Arthur Weston examined the contents of the bag. He caught his breath as sheaf after sheaf of notes fell on the table. His aunt had spoken truly. There was a fortune represented in the crisp bank notes before him.

Arthur Weston leaned back in his chair and stared before him thoughtfully. He went over in his mind the conversation he had had with his aunt. She had talked of leaving him Greystone Manor, in charge for her son, and he went over in his mind the words she had used. It was altogether a strange business, and a great responsibility.

He sat at the notes again, and then he became aware that his hands had gone forward quite unconsciously and were fingering the sheaves.

There was something very fascinating in their touch.

Twenty thousand pounds! A slight noise startled him.

Involuntarily he swept the notes into the bag, and secured the opening with his seal. Never in his life before had he sought to conceal. He had led a somewhat lazy, uneventful life, except for his acting.

Nine years ago he had gone to London for a holiday, and had been introduced to a little charming girl, whose name was Jessica. She brought with her all that was best in his nature. He had married her and brought her home. They were both happy, except that they were sorry the baby was not yet born.

"May I come in, daddy?" she said in a low, anxious whisper, as she gave a hurried glance behind her to see that she was not pursued.

The father held out his arms, and the little creature glided across the room and flung herself into his arms.

Jessica Watson was seven years of age. Her hair, which was now confined in rag knobs over her ears, gave the young girl a look of unconsciously conscious of the panic she, blossom, were large, expressive, and full of intelligence.

Her eyes, dark blue, with the velvety softness of the pansy blossom, were large, expressive, and full of intelligence.

Her skin, delicate as the peach blossom, was now flushed with excitement.

"I have been trying to get to you, daddy, for twenty minutes," she declared, with her mouth close to the man's ear, and her warm little hand gripping his coat sleeve.

"I went to tea with the Fergusons to-day, you know, and Jim has a lovely little Shetland pony. It is a darling, daddy, and I let me sit on its back. And there is another one, just like Jimmy's, and I do so want it, daddy. I would beg you to give it to me, sir, and Jimmy laughed. He said it would cost lots of lots of money, and he knew I could not have it." Arthur Weston smiled at his little daughter's eagerness. She was always wanting something new, and so was he, supposed.

Jessica patted his check with an eager little hand.

"Don't laugh!" she cried indignantly. "I don't love you when you laugh. You always do that when I tell you what I want. And it isn't that I don't love you, and I want a little gee-gee. I could ride it, and I would never, never be frightened like Jimmy. He told his mother that he wasn't, but I saw his toes all squirming in his shoes. He was frightened, and I wasn't a bit scared."

But what about Gyp? You have had him less than a month. Are you tired of him already?"

"Oh no, daddy. Don't be so silly. I can ride a fussy pony, can I? And Gyp wants the pony too," he added.

Jessica paused to discover how this information had reached her.

Her father held up a warning finger.

"Jessica, Jessica," he said, shaking his head at her.

The child caught hold of the finger and tried to bite it, while she laughingly carried on the argument.

"It was difficult for the man to refuse her. Even now the tears were standing in her eyes—eyes so like her father's.

"Daddy dear, do say yes. You have only got to say yes," the baby voice was pleading.

And then as his eyes wandered round the room, as he strove for suitable words to break the refusal to her as gently as he could, his gaze suddenly rested on the bag which lay on the table before him—the bag which held a fortune.

"She is not mine. It all belongs to young Harry." Arthur Weston spoke unconsciously.

But the baby arms about his neck seemed to be uttering a protest.

"Naughty daddy. You must give Jessica the little pony. You must, daddy. Oh, please!"

Harry Weston gazed down at his child.

"Never before had he done a dishonourable action that could mar his character, but he had never been so tempted before.

She will tire of it, and then I can sell the pony, and perhaps buy some of the many golden bars of the new year.

Never before had he done a dishonourable action that could mar his character, but he had never been so tempted before.

You must give Jessica the little pony. You must, daddy. Oh, please!"

Harry Weston gazed down at his child.

"Never before had he done a dishonourable action that could mar his character, but he had never been so tempted before.

She will tire of it, and then I can sell the pony, and perhaps buy some of the many golden bars of the new year.

Never again will I utter a false protest.

Somehow, his heart became heavy. It was not as if he were considering his own worldly happiness.

"Oh, but I do. I remember it when I was little. I always picture it when I am away just like there is one."

Harry spoke feelingly, and turned away abruptly. He was abnormally sensitive, and all a boy's horror of showing his feelings, and so he avoided Arthur for the rest of the evening.

The reading of the will did not take long.

A Boy's Confidence.

Cecil Rae became very excited and angry when the will was read. Somehow, he found that he was not the sole heir, and there was another being. There were a few small bequests to the servants. The son of one thousand pounds was to Arthur. Bertram Ferguson, to pay for Harry's schooling, and costs; a small legacy for the clergyman for his trouble, and five hundred pounds to his son, Harry.

"And Greystone Manor, the contents and all the land surrounding, was bequeathed to Arthur Weston, the son of the deceased, on his reaching the age of nineteen, with the proviso that he should not marry without the consent of the trustees.

Mr. Cecil Rae interrupted the lawyer with a volume of excited protest, and Arthur quickly took his departure. He had heard all that he wished to hear. Greystone Manor was, to all appearance, and as far as the law was concerned, his property. Only he and his God knew that he held it only in trust. He took his way slowly through the grounds. He knew that they were not as overgrown as in his mind plans for the restoration of the place were already made. His latest novel, which he had haunted the woods, with its picture of the old place, had been passed through the kitchen garden into the orchard. The fruit hung heavy on the trees.

"If I had not been this fruit of his thinking, quite unconscious that such a thought had never entered his mind about his own orchard. Yet, he had loved it all, and it was left him to work; to turn into something like a business proposition.

At the farther end of the orchard there was a gate which led through to the house meadow.

From there he could get to the road without returning to the house. As he made his way towards it he became aware of voices on the other side of the high, overgrown hedge.

"I am not sure that I understand it at all; but you must not think unkindly of your mother. I am certain she meant well. With all her faults I knew she believed she was acting for the best."

Arthur had listened to so much, before he really knew what to think. Then he recognised that the boy was Harry, and the girl Grace Ferguson, the vicar's daughter who was about the same age.

"If she meant well, it is a strange way of showing it," Harry's voice was harsh with pain.

"I can't believe that another could have made such a wish, Grace. Honestly, now, can you? She has done for me; I have the old place, and how scared I was when dad talked of September, and never had Greystone Manor looked more desolate.

Already the leaves had commenced to fall, and the sky was grey, and the old house wore a most mournful appearance.

Cecil Rae had come down the night before from London to attend to the business of informing the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, that he had already taken steps to place the property on the market. It did not see him, in the shabby, dilapidated library, for the reading of the will, but he found him.
A Little Star

Interview With Little Joan Mary

My First Engagement.

My first experience was to play "water-babe" in an artistic scene entitled "Historic Hampstead," which was conceived and carried out by Mr. K. C. Spiers, the well-known journalist who has also the honour of being my uncle. (No, that isn't a joke; he says he's proud of me!)

Well, in that film I had to crawl out of a bed of wilting flowers with very little on except flowery petticoats. It was badly I was requested to crawl for I could do little else at that time, being but—well, what's less than 1—0 and a half?

A Jammy Story.

My second performance was in my daddy's piece called "The Port of a Rose." I had "come" part in that! I was only two years of age, and had to be "on" in a dozen scenes. Sometimes I wanted to and sometimes I didn't, which worried the producer, Mr. Jack Denton. But he's awfully nice to kiddies. He didn't smack me, though I stuck his working script so tight with jam that he couldn't see what came next till the stage carpenters got hot water and unstuck it.

I wasn't the only one who got all over jam; there were other children in the scenes—all Mrs. Shufflebottom's children. We started off by eating cakes and jam very nicely, but by the time we'd rehearsed the scene untimely, because one child looked at the camera of some dreadful un-actor-like thing of the sort, we gradually got so stuck all over that I was afraid we'd have to be scraped.

Testimony.

My most recent engagement was a few weeks ago in the George Clark Production's latest screen play, "Testimony."

Her First Love.

I've had a really and truly love letter from an unknown admirer—a little girl in Lancashire who saw my picture in the Picture Show last year. In her letter, she says, "I think you're the dearest, sweetest little girl I ever saw." Her mother and I are keeping her letter, so that when I grow up I will remember to be always sweet and dear to other little children.
Yellow Net Curtains and Sunshine.

IVY DUKE has a wonderful idea of colour effects. When I went to have a chat with her the other morning she was wearing a delightful black silk stockinet gown, with a layer of black lace hats that off the glint of her hair. The softness of black lace hats that off her delicate features.

"I usually wear dark colours off the stage, or when I'm not doing film work," she told me. "I love simple things, and I have a craze for collecting old oak, not oak with a lot of carving, but plain old oak of the Queen Anne period, and I'm very fond of old glass," she smiled, "especially of the old Waterford variety."

She asked me if I had ever tried yellow net curtains in my windows.

"They give a sunny effect," she declared.

From Fairy Queen to Villainess.

An old actress told me the other day, Miss Duke confessed, "that there were not so many good actresses about now as the old days when many were paid about twelve shillings a week."

"Because," she explained to Miss Duke, "then we had to play everything in fairy queen to villainess. One was never allowed to say, 'I'm too old or too young for a part,' she had simply got to make herself do it."

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

I THINK the old actress's comments were most useful," said Miss Duke, "for it is so easy to get into the habit of thinking one can only play a certain role—comedy or tragedy.

Personally, I find comedy difficult, and it's very try work for a producer when he finds himself up against rooted ideas. If he'll take the trouble to get one out of a rut, he's a decided blessing to the fortunate artiste who can awaken his interest."

It's a terrible mistake to let people persuade one to do only one part all one's life.

The Lowest Rung of the Ladder.

"You see I had luck," Miss Ivy Duke confessed. "All the same, if you start off in a leading part, you're got to be good. I have quite to be best at the bottom and work up to the top. If a girl is paid well in the films, in the hope of coming a small part one day, she must keep her eyes open and train herself to be observant."

"But don't you think Cinema acting a gift?" I asked.

"It's a question of experience. One has to be terribly persevering. Anyone who has brains in their head and a heart in their body can get on."

Can You Cry at Will?

I DEFY anyone to do so without training," said Miss Duke, "until you can cry, you cannot call yourself an actress."

"When I first started," she laughed, "I had to use onions to bring tears to my eyes, but the effect wasn't natural enough. Not long ago I played a scene where I was in the morning until twelve o'clock at midnight, and most of the time I had to cry."

"I simply had to work myself up into a state of real emotional grief. Having reached that stage I was filmed."

Gerald Lawrence.

But much as Miss Duke adores screen work, she has another passion and that is animals and open-air life. "Betty," Miss Duke's rough-haired terrier, is also a star in her way, and often does film work.

"On a farm in Oxfordshire," Miss Duke told me, "I've got three horses, some pigs, two calves, and a kitten, and, of course, I've two dogs. If my heart was not in films, I should like to work on the land, do rough riding, and groom my own horses."

In Picturesque Garb.

I WENT to see Mr. Gerald Lawrence the other evening. I expect many of you saw him in the role of Mario Caravadossi, in "La Tosca," not so long ago. Incidentally it was a part that accentuated that fascinating musical voice of his.

An Irving Touch.

"I ADORRED Irving," he told me. "In fact, I worshipped him, and I was equally devoted to Laurence, with whom I collaborated in the play 'Richard Lovelace.' When Irving gave me the parts that Lawrence had hitherto played, the latter never showed the slightest resentment. We were always friends to the last."

"I was playing the King to Irving's Becket the week he died. I always used to look forward to a little chat with him between the acts."

"It was a strange coincidence that only the night before he died, he turned to me and said: "'Just as one is beginning to know a little about this work of ours, it's time to leave it.'"

A Strange Coincidence.

"I'm immensely interested in British film production," Gerald Lawrence admitted. "Of course, I think that the producer has the most difficult task. He has to be so careful to build up each consecutive part of the play or the effect is disjointed."

"Amongst films in which I've played are 'David Garrick' and 'A Lurch of Violets.' My last film was for the Gaumont in 'The Fall of a Saint.' By the way," he added, "I'm absolutely sure that I did 'Enoch Arden.' It was on my suggestion that they played some of the scenes where 'tropical effects' were required in the Scilly Isles.

"We put up at a hotel there, and a few days after the hadlstry came to me and asked: 'Are you doing 'Enoch Arden?'"

"I admitted that that was the case she said, 'Come with me.'"

"I followed her through the hotel grounds to a certain spot near an immense tree, and there was a tablet which bore words to this effect: 'In these grounds in 1869 Alfred Tennyson wrote 'Enoch Arden.'"

"Mr. Lawrence told me that he had no idea of this fact when he suggested the Scilly Isles for some of the scenes."

Mery.

"It's my own name," laughed Mery Hatton, when I was having with her the other afternoon; "but they used to call me 'Fairy' in the department in which I worked at the War Office during the war."

"So, I assure you it had nothing to do with my temper," she laughed. "It was because of the red hair in my hair."

Indian Embroidery and an Idea.

MISS DUKE and I found that at least we shared one pleasure in common, and that was watching other people, but for the moment I was quite content to look at her.

She was wearing black charmeuse, and a wonderful charmeuse coat-capé affair, with big wide kimono shaped embroidered cuffs, and touches of gold across the collar.

"It was my own idea," she confided. "I adore designing. The gold embroidery is Indian. It was once a funny little Indian gold embroidered cape. So if you have such a treasure, you'll know what to do with it."
SYMPATHY is one of woman's greatest charms. Here we see it as expressed by dainty stars in famous films on the screen.

ENID BENNETT as a silent comforter—in "The Virtuous Thief." Paramount.

VIOLET HOPSON shows practical sympathy to MERCY HAYTON.
The Fluffy Heroine.

"I've played in quite a lot of films," Miss Hatton told me, "and in several of Barrows D'Orey's books, and I simply adore her. She's a dear. I've played in 'Her Son,' and 'In the Case of Lady Camber' for the Broadwest Films, also in 'The Romancer of a Movie Star,' and 'In the Sands of Time.'" 

Between ourselves I think Miss Hatton is delightfully pretty, but she obviously doesn't mind sacrificing her youth and beauty to her art, for she plays the mother in "Her Son," and she also assures me that she was never on the "fluffy-haired" heroine type, but she preferred doing character parts.

The Porter and the Lady.

ALEC FRASER was playing the part of a captain, and rigged in his blue and gold uniform, he was going down the stairs of his hotel one morning to join the rest of the company, when a lady suddenly rushed up to him, thrust her suit-case in his hand, and said: "Porter, take this up to room number eight!"

"Hallo, Dearie!"

"I WAS one of the first British actors to go in for film work," Mr. Fraser told me, "and in the days when fifteen shillings a week was considered a huge salary, I've played in one or two; my best-known song was 'Hallo, Dearie.' I was Dick Smith in 'The Wild Widow' at the Lyceum, and I also played in 'Boy of My Heart.' Of course I've played in crowds of musical comedies, amongst them being 'The Belle of New York.'"

He's now at work on a film for the Ideal Company.

Scenario Editor and Producer.

ONE of our most versatile producers is Mr. Guy Newall. Hand work has no terrors for him; he lives, dreams, and slaves for his ideal—that of producing the best films in the world.

It was when Mr. Richard Clark and I were stationed at Dover on those nights of air raids, that we decided, "when the war was over, to set up and make pictures," he told me the other morning.

One in a Hundred.

"ONE has to be tremendously particular in the choice of a scenario. Hundreds of books are studied by our readers during the course of a year, yet the percentage that is selected only works out at one in a hundred."

The Sub-title Habit.

SUB-TITLES are of the greatest importance," he declared, "the days of the commonplace phrases are past. When describing the intervening period, for instance, between summer and autumn, 'thrice three months are supposed to elapse,' was quite good enough in old days for a sub-title, but not now!

This is one of Guy Newall's sub-titles to describe an interval between the seasons: "The sizzle of time had been to the corn," Much pleasanter reading, don't you agree?

A Fine Film.

THE other afternoon I went to see "Testimony," adapted from the novel by Alice and Claude Askew, and included in Stoll's Emigrant British Authors Series. The scenario and entire production is by Guy Newall. Miss Ivy Duke plays the leading role.

Rachel Lyons (Mary Rorke), the descendant of Purtinent stock, who for centuries have lived at Lyons Farm, has at last left in her son—Gilian (David Hawthorne) that what was in the beginning, shall so remain.

Rachel is a hard, just woman, and rules Lyons Farm with a rod of iron, Lucinda (Barbara Everest) lives with Rachel and her son. Lucinda has trained to become Gillian's wife, but at the opening of the story her heart is fairy free.

The Disappointment.

THEN one day Althea May (Ivy Duke), bred in a city, comes to a schoolmistress to the old-world village, and with her beauty, her bewitching charms and her poppy red gown, she fascinates Gillian. She reminds him of a flower, and he is attached to her, but practical Lucinda has been told by Rachel, "she is to go out more with Gillian," and Althea is last, stung to bitterness, says, "if Gillian wants me for a wife, he'll have to ask me himself; besides I'm not good enough for him;" to which Rachel replies, "Take this for your comfort—no woman could be better."

But Gillian becomes more and more enamoured with Althea May. At last, one glorious summer's day, they discover their great love for one another. Althea lives with a little old maid named Lizzie Emmett (Miss Marie Wright), who watches with a young dream with watchful sympathy.

When Rachel hears of this, she faces the disappointment of her life. Her castle in the air comes crumbling to the earth. She has a bitter quarrel with her son. At last, however, she has to give way, but her storm unbecoming spirit returns, and Althea and Althea are married. Through many months, Althea suffers the iron will of her mother-in-law. At last, her child is born. But she has now entirely cut herself adrift from Rachel. She refuses a bundle of old-fashioned hobby clothes, because they are not preferred pretty ones for her baby, but knowing that they had been Gillian's. In her agony and rage, Rachel and her sister the little garments she had long cherished.

The End of the Story.

THE baby dies, and the gulf widens, Rachel regains her old power over Gillian. An uncle, Reuben Curtis (Douglas Munro), writes and offers Althea May a home if she is unmarried. Believing Gillian no longer loves her, and knowing that Rachel regrets her son did not marry Lucinda, she runs away. A terrible scene follows: when Gillian discovers his wife has gone, he banishes Rachel, and goes out into the world to seek Althea.

Althea is now the petted heroine of Reuben Curtis; she is flung into the vortex of London social life, Reuben wants to marry Lady Letty (Ruth Hockey). She consents to do so if Althea marries Cecil Coram (Lawford Davidson). When Cecil Coram asks her to be his wife, Althea has to confess she is already married. Reuben Curtis turns her out. She goes back to the farm. Gillian is still searching for her. Eventually Rachel's heart is softened, and with Gillian's return, new and abiding happiness comes to Lyons Farm.
A Story of a Strange Legacy, and How a Backwoodsman Learnt the Ways of Society.

WINFRED S. HART

WHEN Hardwood John Haynes arrived in New Orleans and stood outside the station, he would have made a good photograph for a comic paper, with the title, "Lost in a Big City!"

Picture a man six feet in height with a very powerful physique, but wearing round glasses, and face brown from sun and wind—a strong, handsome face, the face of a child of nature.

His clothes consisted of rough homespun, with the trimmers turned into high boots. In his hand he held an old-fashioned rick-bag, on his face was a expression which made the most discreet of strangers wonder.

John Haynes was just as much out of place in that quicky moving throng as any of the well-dressed city men would have been in the Timpani camp from which he had just come.

The reason for Hardwood Haynes coming was contained in a letter he had received from a lawyer, telling him that his uncle had left him a legacy—the land, building contents, and goodwill of a modiste's shop.

Until well on his journey Haynes had not even known what a modiste's shop was, and when, by careful inquiry of a fellow-passenger he had learned that it was a place where sold ladies' frocks and ribbons he had thought he was none out of turning back.

But doggedness was John's strong point.

He determined to see the shop and then decide what to do with his strange legacy.

He had the address, and after many directions he got to the shop, but when Haynes saw the saloon and altering garments displayed in the windows he was filled with dismay.

"No, I just couldn't do it," he muttered. "Face them girls inside with all that stuff hanging like launces in the breeze? No, Hardwood, you've got to think to yourself that the goods must be right for the place.

As he walked outside he caught sight of an old gentleman of a very distinguished appearance gazing sadly at a window filled with wax models wearing gorgeous girdled-trimmed gowns.

As the gentleman was about to enter John Haynes went up to him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said: "If you are going in there would you mind me coming in with you, for I ain't got the courage to go alone?"

The gentleman smiled, and noticing the backwoods dress of his questioner, guessed the reason.

"Certainly, sir," said the gentleman.

Haynes stuck to the gentleman as he walked up to a counter, though the flush of mortification showed through his face as he heard the unadorned title of the shopgirls as he passed them. He stood behind the gentleman as the latter, producing a paper on which were written some measurements, added to a stock suitable for a young girl.

A good many were brought to him, and he at last asked for the "Nineteen dollars," said the saleswoman.

"That's a lot over the gentleman's face."

"I am sorry I have given you so much trouble," he said, but Haynes not got so much as to ask you to reserve the for me till later in the day.

"With pleasure, sir," replied the young lady. When they got outside John Haynes suggested a drink, somewhere he'd heard the polite man was, and as they stood at the bar Haynes put forward a proposition which had suddenly lighted to his mind.

"You must excuse me, sir, but I couldn't help overhearing what you said about not having enough money.

"That cannot concern you," said the gentleman stiffly.

"Just hear me out, please," pleaded Haynes.

I've got very impor- tant business in this city, and I'm not paying a dividend for years—gave a party. Haynes, the man who told us he was going to turn into a grouch, fitted his superb figure like a glove.

Caroline he made him as he entered the reception-room, ran up to him with real admiration.

"You'll be the lion of the evening, Mr. Haynes. All the girls will fall in love with you, and the men with Caroline's beauty and grace too."

"I'm glad just what you ask and thank you."

The stranger frowned for a second, and he heard the honour of the situation appeared to him. That Judge, Clay Emer- son Meredith, of one of the oldest families in the South should be asked to take in a barker, and that hardback woodsmen, was too funny for words.

But then came the thought how useful the money would be. Judge Meredith had been pressed for money.

He looked up at the face of John Haynes.

"One of nature's gentlemen," he thought as he held out his hand.

"I will agree to your suggestion," he said. "Because I need the money, and I feel that I may be of assistance to you in what business you have to transact in the city. I feel sure you will always me to make taking you.

"You may rely on that, sir," said Haynes.

The Judge then told Haynes the history, and mentioned the sum he would be willing to accept in return for his hospitality.

Haynes took a wallet of notes from his pocket. And now Judge, there is only one point I wish to ask you. Will you allow me to pay one month in advance? I shall feel more comfortable if you will.

The Judge knew only too well that it was his poverty that had prompted Haynes to make the offer, and he appreciated it.

You have the instincts of a Southern gentleman, Mr. Haynes, and I will take advantage of your kindness. If you will wait for me I will complete the purchase which my- or lack of funds is delaying.

The Paying Guest.

A ND so it was that Hardwood Haynes became a paying guest in Judge Meredith's house. By this time the Judge had found out that he was a backwoodsman, under the discreet but careful tutoring of the Judge Haynes had been to his backwoods routines.

He had begun to have faith in himself to accomplish what he had determined to do once he had taken up residence with Judge Meredith—show these city people that it was easier to earn the conventions of society than it was to wield an axe.

But when he saw Caroline all his old shyness returned.

She was a petile, golden-haired girl, with a fairy-like face, dancing blue eyes, and a meekish voice which reminded Haynes of a roasting just opening its petals for the first time.

She felt like a litte man in a drawing-room. But to his great relief, Caroline did not appear to notice his rough clothes or his awkward manners.

She talked to him about the subjects he knew lest, the big woods and the lovely spires. When the left him John Haynes leaved a tremendous shock.

The backwoodsman decided that Page was a waster, but he determined to take one out of her from him.

He went to get some city clothes.

He broached the subject to the judge, and the latter, who had been wondering what he could suggest the same thing without offending Haynes, agreed to act as his agent.

And when John Haynes was arranged in city garb the Judge, Clay Emerson Meredith, said:

"One night the Judge—who had in the meantime come into a sum from his shares in a company in Illinois and he was paying the dividends year after once a year, gave a party. Haynes, you know, just as the other guests, the Judge dressed in his suite of gowns, which fitted his superb figure like a glove.

Caroline she made him as he entered the reception-room, ran up to him with real admiration.

"You'll be the lion of the evening, Mr. Haynes. All the girls will fall in love with you, and the men with Caroline's beauty and grace too.

"It's good of you to say that, Miss Meredith," he said. But if you knew how—It seem to me I move I shall burst something.

"Oh, no, you'll soon get over that feeling," laughed Caroline. But don't forget you must ask me for a dance," she crie as she ran off to meet some of the other guests.

The Dance.

JOHN HAYNES swelled with pride at her words—Little did he think it was the pride that was before a fall.

At the opportunity he asked Caroline for a dance.

If there was one thing Haynes was certain he could do well it was dancing. He had not been the best dancer in his loces camp.

But in the camp it was customary for the man to dance a reel before taking his partner, and poor John, in his innocence, imagined he was now.

To the astonishment of the guests he shouted out to the leader of the orchestra.

"Say, mister! Can you play 'Turkey Song' and 'Elegant Brother' and a fast dance with a breakdown at a terrific speed.

I once he that he had a great success that he did not hear the ginges of the company; and as he went on even the loud laughter of those who were in the audience made his face blush.

He danced till the sweat ran down his cheeks, till his white tie became undone and ruffled like a flag in a thunderstorm. Only when the band stopped did Haynes step.

Then, as he turned with tumultuous face to seat the audience, he felt that he was drawn through the floor. With the exception of the judge and Caroline, the guests burst out with laughter.

"Idiot!" he muttered. "You're sure the pride fool.

As he stood there, not knowing how best to away, Caroline ran up to him.

I guess my brevis dancing isn't been introduced south yet," she said apologetically.

"Never mind, Mr. Haynes," said the girl kindly. "I liked it, and you must teach me some steps some time.

She placed her arm on his and laboriously guided him to the dance, where she could be opened. And it was Caroline's hands that did it for him.

Haynes danced no more that night, but he watched the dance, and he determined to change his style of him.

It was now that he turned the matter over in his mind, and at last he thought of a plan.

He called over the judge, and arranged him with draw money as he needed it. While he needed, it was made known to Haynes that he had served the judge with the dress, and she had been introduced to Haynes as Miss Roadie And.

Incidentally he had learned that there was a reception room attached to the shop where the girls learned to dance, and held occasional parties.

He determined to ask Miss And to teach him dancing, and full of his resolve he visited the shop the next morning and saw the girl.

He impressed upon her what he wanted, and added that he did not want any of the other girls to know he was the proponent.

"But how shall I introduce you?" said Roadie.

"I couldn't say I was a poor relation?" suggested Miss And.

"I'm afraid that would not do," replied Miss And vividly, "for I know you are the new state detective."

She led him through the various departments and introduced him. Haynes, who had some of them seemed to recognise him, but if they did they said nothing.

When they got to the recreation-room there was a question about whether to allow it to learn to dance, if the whole world was looking on. "Give you'll find this funny," said Roadie, "so laugh if you feel like it and mind your business."

And laugh the girls did, but Haynes persevered till, looking round, he found himself in the room.

Then he stopped, and, thanking Roadie, began to think of getting out before Page could question him.

But by this time the girls had become interested in the stranger, who had been sitting there with a lark with him.

"Let's mend his in the lift and keep it working up and down," said one. "I'll bet he's never been in a lift before."

(Continued on page 18.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF DORIS MAY.

(DORIS MAY.

CHARMING little Doris May is a co-star with Douglas MacLean in Thomas H. Ince productions, and wherever we see these two artists on the screen we can be quite sure of a delightful photo-play. Their chief charm is their spirit of youth—Doris May and Douglas MacLean are essentially one's ideal of a modern girl and boy.

Mr. Ince's Persuasive Powers.

DORIS MAY's mother was very much against her daughter going on the films, but when Doris's father died this amiable little girl felt that she ought to do something to help fill the family coffers, and she thought she could do this best by motion-picture acting. She applied at the Ince Studio, and it was Mr. Ince who finally over-ruled all Mrs. May's objections, and persuaded her to let her daughter join his company.

The Importance of Make-up.

WHEN Doris May applied at the studio, Mr. Ince told her that she must have a test. Poor Doris did not know much about make-up, and her hair was not quite right, so that when the test was run off she came on the screen looking a fright. It does not seem possible, does it, when you think of pretty Doris May?

Mr. Ince, however, ordered the test to be done again, and he personally directed Doris' make-up. This time she was so successful that she was immediately engaged to act with Charles Ray; and now Doris has proved that she chose the right profession, for she is a co-star with Douglas MacLean.

These are some of the films in which these two have acted: "Twenty-Three, and a Half Hours' Leave," "What's Your Husband Doing?" "Let's Be Fashionable," "Green Eyes," and "Playing the Game."

Literary Ambitions.

ONE would naturally imagine that Miss May had reached the height of her ambition, but no, this little star has other heights which she wishes to scale. Perhaps it is not surprising to learn that she cherishes literary ambitions, since she is the daughter of Wilie Green, a sporting editor, while her mother was a feature writer on a newspaper.

An All-Round Sports Girl.

DORIS MAY confesses that she would rather read than anything else in the world; but she is also an all-round sports girl. She loves to go for a morning run on her mare "Strawberry," while she is a good tennis player and swimmer, and not so very long ago she started to learn golf. The reason for this was that in one of the May-MacLean films, Doris had to play golf, so Douglas offered to teach her.

She also has a wonderful talent for music, and is a splendid pianist.

They Knew What Was Good.

A NOOTHER accomplishment of this gifted star is cooking. During the making of a film it was necessary to have bran muffins. The property man had a difficult task—he couldn't find anybody who knew how to cook them. Then Doris came to the rescue and cooked the bran muffins herself. They were so delicious, and a member of the cast happened to taste them, with disastrous results—they had very soon all disappeared.

The scene that was to have been filmed had to be delayed until the next day, and Doris had to do more cooking. The director warned everybody in the company that they must not touch the second batch, but he counted without "Teddy" the dog. Teddy happened to find the muffins and once more the plate was cleared. Doris had to cook on still another day, but third time lucky!

A Short Description of This Pretty Star.

DORIS MAY has soft hazel eyes, and very light brown hair with golden lights in it, and she is only two inches over five feet in height. She has an adorable lip that is most fascinating.

If you wish to write to her, address your letter—

DORIS MAY,

c/o Thos. H. Ince

Studio,

Culver City,

California,

U.S.A.

appealing.

"I must think about it."
"JOHN PETTICOATS," (Continued from page 18.)

They made a laughing mock at Haynes, and before he knew what had happened he was in the lift. Haynes had never been in a lift before, and an unpremeditated fear took possession of him. He began to shout for help, and as the steel cage dashed up and down he became really terrified. As he clutched the battered steel work of the door he caught sight of Wayne Page.

"Get me out of this!" he shouted.

Wayne Page stopped the lift, and as Haynes staggered out he grasped the young man by the hand.

"You're saved my life," he gasped, "and if the time ever comes when I can repay you, you can bank on Hardwood Haynes to do anything you ask."

The First Suspicion.

A few moments later Haynes was going out of the shop he ran into Caroline, who was doing some shopping.

"Whatever are you doing here, Mr. Haynes?" she asked.

John Haynes blushed furiously. He did not care to tell Caroline what he had come to the store to do.

"I'm shopping," he said awkwardly.

"Surely you don't shop at a ladies' store?" said Caroline.

And then, suddenly realising that Haynes was misleading her, and that she was taking too great an interest in the doings of one who was a comparative stranger, she gave him a pleasant bow and was passing on when Haynes, anxious to put himself right, added:

"I have started here as a store detective."

"A detective!" echoed Caroline, in a tone which told that she did not think much of Haynes's choice of jobs. Then with another bow she left him.

John Haynes walked back to Judge Meredith's house in a very miserable state of mind.

He had made a fool of himself before all the girls in the store; had put himself under an obligation to Wayne Page, and had deceived Caroline by telling her he was the owner of a store detective because she thought he was a spy in a store.

As he neared the house he saw Rosalie Andre outside the gates. The girl was evidently in trouble, and as he got nearer Rosalie could see she had been crying. As Haynes moved forward with the intention of asking what was the matter, Rosalie started to walk away.

Haynes followed her, and as they neared the bending-stage of the river she saw to his horror that Rosalie was making for the edge of the jetty. He started to run, but before he could reach her Rosalie had thrown herself in the water.

John Haynes dived in after her, and after a struggle got her to the bank. Rosalie was only semi-conscious and as she looked up into his eyes and chided him round the neck she said in a heart-broken voice:

"Wayne dear. You won't leave me now, will you?"

In a flash the terrible truth came to John Haynes. Wayne Page was Rosalie's lover, and he had deceived her and then left her in order to marry Caroline.

By this time a number of people had come up, and Rosalie was placed in a vehicle and taken to the hospital. After seeing that she was being well looked after, Haynes began to think about the best thing to do. At last he determined to tell Wayne Page exactly what had happened.

He found Page at the judge's house, and without any beating about the bush, he said:

"Miss Andre tried to commit suicide this evening. Does that mean anything to you?"

"What should it mean?" replied Page in a blustering voice, but Haynes saw him change colour.

"I mean that you will go to the hospital in the morning and take a message with you," said John.

The next morning Haynes went to the hospital, and to his horror learned that Rosalie had died during the night from shock following exposure. In a very sad mood he returned to Judge Meredith's to find that the judge had read the report of Rosalie's suicide.

"I wish to speak to you and Wayne Page about this affair," said the judge. "Last night I overheard you two near quarrelling, and this poor girl's

name was mentioned. I have sent for Mr. Page."

The judge repeated what he had said to Haynes, and addressing the two young men, said:

"I await an explanation from each of you."

John Haynes was about to tell the whole truth of the matter when Page stopped him, dragging him from the judge's presence.

"No other man, probably, would have regarded his lover drowning in such a manner, but Hardwood John Haynes came from a country where a man's word is his bond. He remained silent, and the judge, taking his signum of guilt, told him to leave the house.

Page's one thought now was to get away from the city as soon as possible. He went straight to his shop and making the necessary arrangements to sign the document making the establishment over as a deed of divorce in Judge Meredith's name.

While they were thus engaged, there came a telephone message from the judge saying that Haynes was to return to his house at once.

When he arrived Haynes found that his inconsiderate wife had gone by a letter Rosalie had written to her mother, in which she said that she did not want Wayne Page to be punished, as it was as much her fault as his.

"Why did you keep silent when you could have cleared yourself?" asked the puzzled judge.

John told him about the lift incident, and how he had pledged his word to Page, and then he added:

"Besides, I figured that you and Miss Caroline would never believe that she is going to marry me."

"And suppose, I would allow my daughter to marry Page after this, do you?" said the judge.

"I preferred that Miss Caroline should not return home, and I thought she will never return here. But there is something I can tell you which ought to interest you. Before all this happened I had talked to a solicitor about taking a divorce.

"And, sir, if you have not been quite blind, you might have seen the reason for this.

"I may be slow, judge, but I think I get your meaning. I'm going to find Miss Rodney right now."

And when, an hour later, the judge saw his daughter and John Haynes walking in the garden, even his old eyes could see in the happy smile on their faces that Caroline's answer had been "Yes."

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount-Artcraft photoplay, featuring William S. Hart as John. By permission.)

"Manaced By Money." (Continued from page 9)

ashamed of himself, but that fact only made him aggressive.

You had no right to listen," he said, eying his young cur with deadly earnestness. "You do not seem aware of it, but it is simply not done by the people I associate with."

"I'm a young cur. When I want you to teach me——"

Arthur went towards the boy threateningly.

Harry threw off his hat and unbuttoned his coat.

"You go back into the house, Grace. I'll follow you when I have finished with this fellow," he said carelessly.

The girl glanced with but frightened eyes from the man to her companion, and then slipped away.

Harry rushed forward, and Arthur found himself in the position of having to defend himself.

A sharp blow between the eyes made him realize suddenly that he was up against it.

Arthur was no fighter, Harry had it completely his own way, and after a few minutes Arthur had to yield to an enormous defloration.

He saw the contemptuous smile on the boy's lips as he turned on his heels, and after picking up the coat, stormed off whistling a British air as he went.

Arthur picked himself up from the ground. He was incurably angry. Never since his boyhood's days had he been so defiled.

All the bad blood which had lain dormant for years rose up within him. All his good intentions towards his cousin were swept aside.

"I will punish him! I will! I must!" he said man-

evitably, under his breath.

It did not help matters when the storm got about. Arthur had to hide his bruised face from an inquisitive world. Even his own servants sniggered when they saw the marks that Harry's fist had left.

"You be marked, sure, sir," the cook had tactlessly remarked. And she received a month's notice on the spot.

A few days later Arthur received a letter from his lawyer.

Carlo Rae was going to dispute the will in a court of law.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)
"THE LITTLE HOUR OF PETER WELLS."
GRANGER—BINGER PRODUCTION.

THIS photo-play, adapted from David Whitelaw's novel of the same name, presents a combination of romance and everyday fact that is somewhat rare in screen plays. It is the story of a little Cockney clerk who finds himself suddenly embroiled in the revolutionary activities of a small foreign kingdom. For a little while—a glorious hour of crowded life—Peter Wells plays a man's part in a world of men, to retire gracefully and somewhat heroically at its close. The story is typified by the well-known lines of Dryden the poet:

"Not Heaven itself to take the past has power,
What has been has been—and I have had my hour."

From the first moment when we are shown Peter Wells cycling to his work in the early morning we follow the adventures of the little clerk with interest. The discovery of the wounded Pierrot—a late reveller from the fancy dress ball at Covent Garden—lying behind a crate of oranges in the market, plunges our humble hero into all manner of high adventures. For Peter Wells there is to be the glamour of courts, the flash of rapiers, the clash of arms and the smiles of women. For a short period the little clerk drinks deep at the cup of life, and then back to the humdrum existence, an existence to be forevermore sweetened by memories.

It is interesting to note that David Whitelaw, the author of the book, is also the author of the story version of Griffith's great film spectacle, "Hearts of the World."

The picture in the top right-hand corner of this page shows one of the most striking scenes of the play—a duel between Captain Paroa and Franco. Below Mr. Hobden Foster and Miss Heather Thatcher as the new King and Queen of Bragalia.

To the old King of Bragalia, dogs are more important than his subjects.

The warning of revolution reaches the Convent of the Sacred Thorn.
PHYLIS SHANNAN.

PHYLIS SHANNAN.

PHYLIS SHANNAN.

How She Was "Found."

MISS SHANNAN told me the story of her meteoric rise to fame a few days after that film was made. For some time she had been a full or part time model for various French dress designers. She told it with freshness and modesty, for she is herself is fresh and modest; very like the sort of girl we "putted" with in our fifties. She is athletic, even freckled; with a mop of wavy, reddish hair, blue-grey eyes, and a pretty, but not absurdly small, mouth. A thousand smiles came from the chignon, sugary-sweet type of ingenuous.

"Contrary to some reports, I had never appeared in a film. I was twenty-four when I first read the notice of Mr. I. Bernard Davidson," said Miss Shannan. "Only in a little sketch on the halls. But I had seen my name in film dialogues. I was interested in the film business. I was a part time employee of the film department of Mr. Sydny, the film agent, and it was at his office that Mr. Davidson happened upon it—just by chance, I believe.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

EVERY picturgoer has felt thrilled at some time or other by the performance of one of the newetter girls. Her acting was wonderful, perhaps her beauty was striking; but if you stop to analyse the make-up you will more often than not, have to admit that it was her wonderful expression that charmed and held you most of all. And it is the same with Miss Shannan. Her face is built like a movie star. It is not only lovely to gaze upon, but without a pleasant expression it lacks half its charm.

A Love of Pleasure.

It is surprising to note how many girls assume a disagreeable or indifferent expression of face sheer laziness. Just at the age when life should be a joy to them they allow their needs to resist everything that is not for their personal pleasure. And particularly does this apply to the modern girl, who is always on the look out for some amusement. They assume a blank, stolid expression of countenance which only belongs to women hardened by extreme misfortunes and continued disappointments.

No girl should assume such an expression. It was not put there by Nature. She may be a little less kind to some than to others in the way of features, but it is up to each and every girl to make the best of the chances she has, be they ever so minute.

Adopt a Happy Expression.

If a girl looks at the world as her enemy, because she wishes for is not sown immediately, and will cultivate a disagreeable expression of features that will grow harder and uglier with years. Every girl who has not the shape you would like to be, nor your lips a perfect Cupid’s bow, you can make them appear prettier by adopting a happy expression. Pleasure will cover all disfiguring features. "Love and kindness in your heart will imprint beauty upon your face, no matter what changes with your thoughts. If you resent what gifts you have, give a sad look to your eyes and wrinkles your forehead; while all possible prettiness is ruined by its down-turned corners. If you simply don’t care, a countenance will be the result.

Exert a Little Effort.

I HAVE heard crowds of girls bewail the fact that they are not beautiful; yet they do not exert a little effort for their complexion even the best of themselves. Perhaps they think they do not need cosmetics for the beautification of their appearance. But happily they entirely forget that such applications cannot be expected to alter their complexion or make them well proportioned. Complexion campaign fringers are very helpful, but they only correct the things that go wrong. Pleasant thoughts, a happy disposition, a smile, would please others, implants itself upon the features as well as upon the soul. When it goes very, very far to beautify an otherwise plain face. As an instance of this cinema star remarked, only the other day: "Beauty is not skin deep; it starts at the heart."

Facial Expression—The Beauty of a Pleasant Expression—How to be Really Beautiful—The Picture Girl’s Coat.

PAPER PATTERNS of this coat can be obtained in 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each—Pantaloon made payable to the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

A DRESSER.
The Girl who Cried her Way to Fame.

It might be said that beautiful Carmel Myers cried herself to fame.

When D. W. Griffith, the famous producer, asked her if she would like to act for the pictures under his direction, she gazed up at him, and her lips began to quiver. She was so overcome because she realized that the big chance which comes to most people once in a lifetime, had come to her, that she burst into tears.

It was a strange thing that later on, when another director wanted her to cry for a film, she just could not do it until she ran to her mother, and told her that she simply couldn’t cry, and then and there the tears began to flow. Her mother immediately pushed her back in front of the camera before they ceased to flow once more.

Fond of Motoring.

Carmel is very fond of motoring, and it is said that at her home the chauffeur has a very easy time, because Miss Myers nearly always insists upon driving herself.

A Few of Her Films.

Carmel Myers is one of the most versatile screen artistes. You may have seen her in some of these films: “Sirens of the Sea,” “The Dream Lady,” “A Society Seduction,” “The Haunted Pyjamas,” “The Little White Savage.”
Superfluous Hair Vanishes — Never to Return.

HAPPINESS FOR THOUSANDS OF WOMEN.

A remarkable experience that befall a British Officer in the East has led to the disclosure of a secret Eastern remedy of vital interest to all who take a pride in their personal appearance.

Major Hudson, whilst on Active Service in India, was instrumental in saving the life of a famous Hindoo philosopher. The Hindoo, out of gratitude, and as a token of that death was about to occur to him, imparted to the gallant Major a closely guarded recipe for removing all trace of superfluous hair from the arms and face.

After a great deal of trouble and expense the various ingredients were obtained and compounded, and the resultant preparation has proved wonderfully efficacious.

Mrs. Hudson, the wife of Major Hudson, was the first English lady to benefit by the marvellous hair-destroying properties of this recipe, and is anxious to impart the secret to all who are afflicted with hideous growths of superfluous hair.

Fill up the coupon below, and full particulars will be sent in strict confidence.

FREE COUPON

For immediate use only.

To MRS. HUDSON,

Please send me free information and
your confidential instructions for banishing
superfluous hair. I enclose three
postage stamps to cover cost of postage.

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ADDRESS

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THE DEAF HEAR

SOUND DISCS

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established. Are the same as to the rarest
clairvoyant. Unobtrusive, comfort-
est. Worn months without interference.


ARE YOU SHORT?

Has the "Great Phalanx" helped you
to increase your height? Mr. Boggs,
shortest man in Europe, 4 ft. 9 in.

After a year's treatment, Doctor E. C.
Jaques, Mr. Ratcliff, J. K. Hotes,
Mr. Delprat, Mr. Kelley, 4 in.

This system greatly improves the
height, strength, and general tone.

Send stamps for further particulars and
address as above.

E. C. Jaques, E. K. Hotes,

Dept. T. C. 17, Bristol Green Road,

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."
FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

I noticed that just before Mrs. Lippett had forced Judy—in "Daddy Long-Legs"—to put her finger on the stove when she turned round to speak to the children, she rested her own hand on the stove—re. awarded to Miss E. F. Tucker, 83, Kingsland Road, Plaistow, E.13.

ONE LOVELY BLACK EYE.

In "The Gipsy Hunter," the villain of the piece is seen, the day after a fight, with a black eye. A few hours later, at an office, the black eye has entirely vanished. Did he use vanishing cream—re. awarded to Miss M. Lambertini, 18, Newbury Buildings, Spring Road, Bournemoutih, F.R.

In the first episode of the serial, "Lightning Hawker," a coach is supposed to rush along a cliff without a driver, but through an opening in the vehicle two hands could plainly be seen guiding the horses.—re. awarded to Miss B. Sutton, 28, Albert Road, N. Woolwich, Essex, E.10.

I noticed in the film, "Sahara," featuring Louis Glenn, that during the terrible sand storm in the desert, when the tents were being blown about and the people unable to stand, that the trees in the background were standing perfectly upright with not a leaf astray.—re. awarded to Miss M. P. Lawrence, 18, Gipsy Road, Hornsey, N.8.

Five shillings will be awarded to the sender of every "Fault" published in the PICTURE SHOW. If we receive the same "Fault" from two readers, and we think it worthy of a prize, this will be given to the one which reaches us first. Address: "Edition," Film Faults, PICTURE SHOW, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

PICTURE SHOW PERSONAL.

WHERE TO WRITE TO YOUR FAVOURITE FILM STAR. You are kindly requested not to ask for any addresses by post, owing to the large number of other letters that have to be answered. If you wish to communicate at once with any artiste not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a double 2d. stamp to the Editor, The PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Millbank Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail.

If the letter weighs more than 1 oz. it will require an additional 1d. stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. Remember always, when writing to artistes, to give your full name and address, including the name of your county and city, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. It must be understood, however, that we cannot guarantee that such letters will be replied to. Please keep these addresses for reference.

MARION DAVIES, Marion Davies Film Co., Inc., 811 Longacre Buildings, New York City, U.S.A.

MAE DAVIES, She and I, Inc., 2730 Western Avenue, Los Angales, California, U.S.A.

MARJORIE RAMSEY, director of Robertson-Cole Co., 129-151 Broadway, New York City, U.S.A.

LIONEL BARRYMORE, Violet Hening, care of Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

(E.4 address next week.)

THE BIG THREE!

THE "PICTURE SHOW." THE "BOYS' CINEMA." THE "GIRLS' CINEMA."

No More Pain in Your Daily Life

There is hardly a home in the world where pain does not occur frequently—someone suffering from an attack of Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Fatigue and any of the painful minor ailments that attack the human body. Think what it would mean to be able to relieve every sufferer in your home! And here is a simple remedy that banishes pain in a few minutes. To prove this astonishing claim we will send you a FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Antikamnia Tablets.

Many members of the medical profession from every part of the world report that Antikamnia Tablets are never fail to give relief from the pains of Rheumatism, Headache, Neuralgia, Swelling, Toothache, and women's aches and pains. There are no unpleasant after-effects from taking Antikamnia Tablets, which are entirely harmless.

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The Children's Newspaper

Every Friday    2d.
RUSHING THE FILM

There are a few gentlemen who claim to enjoy a film - entertainment may not be due to the quality of the motion picture, for which the programme has been arranged. For even a good picture can be spoilt, and a poor one made beautifully worse, by the ignorance of the audience, which renders any appreciation of either utterly impossible. H. C. Vosper, of Watford, who is the public still has cause to complain, though there should be no great difficulty in finding competent people.

A recent instance is that mentioned by a correspondent who visited a West End of London picture theatre some years ago. He had just arrived, the programme struck him, as stated, as being made to appeal to a very low and old-fashioned audience. Scenes were flashed on and off the screen so quickly that they merged into one another before there was time for the audience to connect the stories between.

When several of the sub-titles were treated in the same way. One picture, "The Canyon Hold-Up," a Western drama, depicted towards the close of the story the chase of the villain up a steep and rugged incline. But the scene at which both pursuers pursued were shown clambering up its surface would have been impossible to see, had not the caption, correspondent from Salisbury touch on the same point.

Who is to blame, he asks, for pictures being shown in such a manner? The old man in his hunt in which the people were shown as walking at least ten miles an hour, while an old man of seventy, who was following, was tearing alone as if he were being carried. In fact, the whole programme was shown too fast.

It's a pity these things should happen. Apart from the fact that if the audience is left to the attempt to make the incidents in a picture real it destroys the whole idea of an absorbing story when screening them.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany all letters. The Editor reserves the right to use any letter should the title give the name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show" Building, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4.

D. R. (Hartley) - Clark Walton was the star in the film "Sealed Lid," but I cannot find any other mention of the cast. In "Think of Her," Catherine Calvert played the lead, and in "Little Women," played by Mrs. Paton, married in the picture was Richard Tucker, "spike." This is a great joke, I'm sure. And the "Klo" featured Sonora Grand. In "Rey of Hearts," Eileen Sedgwick was the star. In "The Lone Wolf," the chief parts were taken by Pat Blyth and Hazel Dawn. Of the ladies I mention, you will see that Elsa has been quoted, Gladys Cooper, on December 15th.

D. W. (Fleetwood) - I am sorry for the two errors you mention, but I was thinking of the two, Vera White or Ruth Roland. That is rather difficult, so I think I will leave it to you. The cast of "The Road to Yesterday" is as follows: Your first question is: William Demond (Jim) White's "John Ford"; Robert Wilcoxon, "Man's Best Friend"; George C. (Mr. Easton), "The Ghost of Rose"; Walter (Mr. Wright), "and Charlie B. (Mr. Right)."

J. E. (Leichfield) - You ask me to tell you who, in your opinion, is the star of the two, Vera White or Ruth Roland. That is rather difficult, so I think I will leave it to you. The cast of "John Ford's Best Friend" is as follows: Your first question is: William Demond (Jim) White's "John Ford"; Robert Wilcoxon, "Man's Best Friend"; George C. (Mr. Easton), "The Ghost of Rose"; Walter (Mr. Wright), "and Charlie B. (Mr. Right)."

F. J. (Fleetwood) - Yes, Eileen Dunne is English, and was in musical comedy for some time before she entered pictures. Old films in the "Better 'Ole" was taken by the late Charles Royal.

B. C. (Film Lover) (Garfield) - So don't think that Gregory Scott, with such delightful looks as he has, is not the right man for "The Story of a Girl." He was very good in "The Great Controversy," and the only other names in my printed cast are those of Peggy Wyman as Kate Hampton, Cameron Cnich (Mr. Armstrong), and Mrs. Doris May. However, I am sorry, but I do not know the name of the picture, or the character he played.

E. C. (L). (Fleetwood) - Yes, Doris May was formerly Doris Levy, and was known to friends and relations as Helen Garrett. This is a pity, as her pictures have been revealed to me yet.

In "The Story of a Girl" she is the very picture of brown eyes and golden hair.

GLADYS RUSSELL, or A CHINAMAN'S REVENGE.

A dramatic, vivid tale of a beautiful English girl in the power of a Chinaman's revenge, her terrible ordeal in the East.

Do not miss the opening chapters in TO-DAY'S...

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2757/10/0202
We are shortly to see Priscilla Dean in "The Virgin of Stamboul," a screen triumph that took six months in the making. A whole day was spent trying to get the camel, who is photographed above, to kiss Priscilla. He was adamant to all her coaxing and as you see even preferred watching the camera to looking at her.
How will you look tonight?

Your whole future may depend on how you look tonight. Use Icilma and look your best.

Your complexion is even more important to your appearance than your stock. Icilma Cream (unscented, pre-war quality) imparts a wonderful natural glow to the skin which commands admiration. It gives the beauty that makes people say, "You are looking radiant tonight!"

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DAISY, alone of headache cures, combines certain cure with absolute safety.

For the extra 1/2, you pay for Daisy, you get 50% more Value. The expensive, exclusive ingredients we use cost FIVE TIMES as much as those of any ordinary headache cure.

Daisy is a Certain Cure. Daisy removes pain instantly, and will be in five minutes the most persistent headache you ever had—not just relieve but give you a certain, lasting cure.

Daisy is Absolutely Safe. Daisy is safe with every time. The Extra 1/2 for Its PERFECT SAFETY—Contains NO artificial—mixing hot water, powerful, yet harmless elements. Dr. Wallis's letter below contains the receipt for Daisy. It is absolutely Safe.

Medically Approved. Daisy alone has received medical approval—it is everywhere recognized as a pain and nervous preparation which removes the pain absolutely, but has no effect on the system. Read the Physicians letter below and decide to purchase today. NO! Included Daisy for headache relief.

Dr. Robertson Wallace writes:

RILEY, 9, James's, Strand, B.C., London, W.

I first used Daisy when suffering from a bad headache. I was at once completely relieved, and I am especially pleased to note that you have replaced the deplorable ingredient called methylated spirit by a more potent and pure substance. I wish everyone who suffers from headache would try Daisy. It is not only painless, but has a wonderful effect on the skin, and the result lasts long on the system and safety, and will recommend you as an excellent headache in playing, an extremely costly powder, at a reasonable charge, at the moment of the public. Yours faithfully, Icilma Robertson Wallace, M.B., C.M.

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How all the family can spend the long Winter nights in recreative enjoyment at home.

There is no game more fascinating and certainly none more enjoyable than the King of Indoor Games—Billiards—especially when played in your own home on a Riley's Home Billiard Table.

For Riley's lovely Home Billiard Table, they can enjoy the same advantages that you would have in a public room. They are not only a combination of the highest quality and the most ornamental pieces of furniture, but they are also designed to give the most pleasure to those who play them.

Price £10.00, with revolutionary price in proportion, from £8.50.

16/- down brings to your door a 6 ft. 4 in. size RILEY "HOME" Billiard Table and whilst you play, you pay the balance in 12 monthly payments.

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For "REEL" Pleasure

From hand to hand goes the orange tin with the parrot and knot on it, and nimble fingers deftly unwrap the paper surrounding the creamiest, purest and most wholesome sweetmeat ever made—SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE. Truly, it seems a rival attraction to the pictures, and while tastes differ with regard to films, everyone looks forward to Super-Kreem with "REEL" pleasure.

Sold loose by weight or in 4 lb., 1 lb., and 1-lb. tins. See that name is on each piece of paper in which Toffee is wrapped.

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WRITE for further particulars.

RILEY'S 'HOME' BILLIARD TABLE

WRITE for further particulars.

To-day.

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**Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."**

**No. 47—MARJORIE VILLIS.**

*MARJORIE VILLIS,* the clever British actress whom we see playing opposite James Knight in many Harmon photo-plays, enjoys reading of her sister stars across the water in the *Picture Show.* Now that Edith Nyeppen is spending her weekdays visiting the British studios, Miss Villis will find the *Picture Show* even more interesting, for she will be able to read all the master stars at home.

**The Big Three.**

Letters still pour in, telling me that the *Girls' Cinema* has found a permanent home in the hearts of many of my readers, and I must say here that I am very pleased in having the book to find just the kind of stories and the kind of articles to please my readers. I also have a very kind thought for many of my friends in the cinema world for their very valuable contributions. I know you like first-hand talks, and the *Girls' Cinema* seems to have provided a long wait. The *Picture Show* has always done full justice to the many beautiful photographs sent us each week, that the reading matter and letters from filmland have had only to be allowed a small space. Now you have the *Picture Show* for pictures, and the *Girls' Cinema* for stories, letters, and talks from your favorites. Then the "Boys' Cinema" brings the breezes of the Great Wild West to your doors. In this latter paper we can read of the heroines of the other side—the spirit of adventure that is in the heart of every boy.

Don't you think you have now a splendid trio of papers? I will try the Big Three.

**Old Time Recollection.**

It is solemn work, "Punch and Judy" show these days, so the scene showing one in the coming Harma film, "Brenda of the Bears," will bring back many old-time recollections. In this film James Knight plays the hero, and Marjorie Villis plays Brenda. Another novel player in this film is Bernard Dudley, and we shall see him and James Knight in a fight scene, which has been filmed on the actual spot where Tom Sayers and Heenan fought their memorable contest many years ago.

**Mahlon Hamilton III.**

*Mahlon Hamilton* is the latest member of the film colony to suffer in the cause of art. It was towards the end of the coming Pathé film, "The Girl Montan," starring Blanche Sweet, with Mahlon as leading man, in which he suffered painful injuries in a rough and tumble fight scene. But in spite of torn ligaments in his leg, Mahlon Hamilton went on to the end of the picture, and in consequence is now laid up.

**A Stupendous Success.**

With the wave of spiritualism spreading over the country, it is interesting to know that "Earthbound," the big Goldwyn picture, which is now being shown in London, and will shortly be shown all over the country, is said to have had a stupendous success in America. The manager of a New York theatre issued a sworn statement that during one week 73,251 people had seen the picture.

**He Forgot One Thing.**

THERE is an old tradition playing as an extra in the next Lyons and Moran comedy, and for the past three months he has been absenting himself at times from the studio to attend funerals. The other day Lee remonstrated with him, but wishing to make his job "What's the idea of attending all these funerals, Terry?" he asked. "The people are not even distinctly related to you."

"I'm an old man, Mr. Moran," replied Terry, "and I've got to think of the future. If you don't attend other people's funerals, how can you expect them to attend yours?"

"The Great Lover" on the Screen.

"THE GREAT LOVER," the play that has been having so great a success in London with Macbeth in the chief part, has been made into a film play by Goldwyn.

In "Sentimental Tommy."

Among those chosen for the cast of "Sentimental Tommy," the photo-play version of the novel by J. M. Barrie, are Kate Davenport, the niece of Doris Rankin, who played opposite her husband, Lionel Barrymore, in "The Copper Head," and sister of Arthur Rankin, who played a prominent juvenile role with Irene Castle.

**Is Charlie Coming?**

**RUMOUR** is busy that Charlie Chaplin intends coming over here to visit his old home in Eton. He has rented his studio to Carter De Haven, so perhaps at last there is really some truth in the rumour, and we shall have a chance to welcome the great little comedian back home.

**Making Mountains Out of Molehills.**

*Sinclair Hill,* who is filming one of Ethel M. Dell's stories, "The Place of Honour," may gain the reputation of making mountains out of molehills. For the purpose of the film he is going to make a mountain out of a Surrey hill. By the way, all the male parts in this photo-play are to be filled by ex-service men.

**A Famous Family.**

We are to see Gustavo Salvini, Italy's veteran actor, on the screen in the L.P.T. picture, "Hold On." For three generations the name of Salvini has been famous in the dramatic world. Alessandra, the father of Gustave, will be well remembered by the older generation of playgoers. Gustave's last visit to this country was in 1902, when, with Eleanora Duse, he drew all London to the Drury Lane Theatre. His son, Alessandro the second, you will remember, starred with Francesca Bertini in some of her most ambitious subjects.

**Not the First.**

*LOYD HAMILTON* tells a good story of the time when Bud Booth and himself were acting for the Kalem Company, and used the West Lake Park for many of their comedies. The lake in this park had often been used for other comedy scenes.

One day Ham lost his stage moustache in a diving scene—you will remember he wore one in those days—and called the property man, who was a noted diver, and asked him to get it. He accordingly dived, and came up with a handful of moustaches, lost by Charlie Chaplin, Chester Caukin, and others who had used the lake, and yelled as he threw them on the bank: "Hey, Ham! Which is yours?"

**All Wasted.**

Most actors, no matter how emotional they be, need inspiration for tear. That was why Clair, prepare little Frankie Lee for a weepy scene the other day by telling him a very, very sad story.

She had him nearly at the point of crying, when she herself gave way at her own sad story, and tears began to flow. Everyone expected Frankie to follow suit, but when he saw Clair weeping, he threw his arms around her and comforted her. Looking up, and his own eyes were moist, he said:

"I shouldn't hug Claire, but it's the only way to stop a woman crying!"
“PICTURE SHOW” CHAT. (Continued from page 3)

The joke was on Claire, and everyone had a laugh at her expense. When the atmosphere dropped back to normal, the scene was taken, and Franklin demonstrated his ability to work without the aid of a sound atmosphere.

Isn’t She Thin? MARY MCVAY is a new cinema find. We are to see her playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in “Man and His Woman.” She is one of the most diminutive actresses playing on the screen. Her height in exactly 4 ft. 11 in., her weight is slightly less than 100 lbs., and she wears size 14 shoes.

Song to Accompany Play. DOLORES LOPEZ is the author of the screen story, “Can a Woman Forget?” now being produced; and she is also writing the words for a song of the same name which will be published simultaneously with the release of the picture.

The Simple Life Pays. EILEEN PERCY has never been attracted by the gay life which appeals to many nowadays. Even when she was playing with the Folies in New York, and other girls around her were rushing off to dinner and dances, her mother and her home came first. Now that she is a star, Miss Percy still adheres to the simple life, because she knows that too much gaiety will interfere with her work, and with her work counts before pleasure.

For this reason, she insists on having eight hours of sleep every night, regardless of all social demands. She has often been told by her friends that she should spoil all engagements at a party by leaving before midnight. Of course, she dislikes to leave, but she has determined to hold herself to a standard and make sacrifices for the success of her work. For this same reason, Eileen Percy makes a point of being punctual when called upon for studio work.

“IT’s what I am being paid to do,” she says, “so it’s up to me to be on time.” This is the spirit which the pretty star puts into her work.

“Sitting up all hours in the night is not for the woman who has to work during the day,” she says. “The woman who isn’t devoted to her work cannot succeed.”

A Rapid Rise. TERENCE CAVANAGH, whose portrait appears above, has had a phenomenal success on the screen. His first appearance was in a crowd, since when he has always played leading parts. Mr. Cavanagh must have an ideal screen face, for he has never been an actor; but perhaps his great success is due to the fact that his heart and soul is in his work.

An Offer From Plymouth. SEENA OWEN wants to thank an admirer at Plymouth who offered her the use of some old Irish lace that had been in the family for many years. She is an extract from the letter Miss Owen received:

“You will pardon me for writing you, my dear, but I am an old woman, having seen seventy-two summers, and I thought I might help you a little bit. It just happens that I have seen you in three pictures; the first was ‘Intolerance,’ and the second was ‘A Woman’s Pictorial.’”

On Circus Day. WILL ROGERS couldn’t resist the old call the other day when a circus was in full swing on the Goldwyn lot for the Edgar Small boy series. He describes his own work, and had a great time displaying his rope stunts for the kiddies in the big tent.

“Nothing don’t’ protest to Clarence Badger, his director. “I’ve always played hookey on circus day, and I’m always goin’ to, so be it!”

Fay Filmer.

Picture Show, December 4th, 1920.

FROM “OVER THERE.”

Notes and News from New York.

Charlie Chaplin Still in New York. THE change Charles Chaplin, who has given his newspaper friends to understand he will not be interviewed on the subject of his matrimonial difficulties, has not gone to London, as we were led to believe last week.

He is in New York still, spending much of his time with the famous director, Spencer, Macaulay, and Emerson, playing on his fiddle, and trying to forget the accusations that Miled Harris Chaplin, his young wife, brought against him. But Charlie isn’t devoting all his time to his books and violin, he attends a theatre now and then, visits a cabaret, and ventures in and out of some brightly lighted cafe, possibly in search of atmosphere. His friends say he presents a life-sized picture of a man who is not heartbroken in any sense of the word.

Opens Her Vaudeville Season. MADAME OLGA PETROVA has gone to Indianapolis to open her vaudeville season. She rushed down to the station in time to see a crowd of interested spectators rush up to get a glimpse of her. When she saw one of them recognised she hurriedly disappeared into the train, for despite years on the stage and screen she is exceedingly shy and would not sign up to play a twelve weeks’ engagement with the Keith Vaudeville interests she will not make a picture till later in the season. Her plans are indefinite at this time, but everyone hopes she will soon give us a screen play—one in which some of the latest themes of feminism are discussed. Madame is an ardent feminist herself, believing in the equality of women in business and social life.

For Sasen Eye Balfour. EVIE BALLFOUR, who lives in London, England, arrived in New York four months ago, with a grim determination to get a motion picture contract or die in the attempt. Her good looks, her pleasing personality, and the twinkle in her eyes made everyone with whom she talked quite sure she would have no trouble in getting a role. But Miss Balfour knew she could always go back to England and get a job, so she refused to worry over America’s indifference.

At last, when her British determination was nearly broken, she received an offer from the Fox Film Company to play the “heavy” in a new serial they are about to film. She is now at the studio waiting to begin that highly priced engagement.

The Return of Irene Castle. WHEN Irene Castle married Robert Tremaine, the young millionaire who bears such a startling resemblance to her late husband, Captain Vernon Castle, she said she was through with films and dancing for all time. She said she could never dance without Vernon, it made her depressed and unhappy. But time heals many wounds, and now Mrs. Castle-Tremaine is coming back into films. Her millionaire husband is going to deposit some of his cash in a new film organization to be known as the Irene Castle Company, and I, for one, shouldn’t be surprised to hear of her accepting a dancing engagement. It takes a strong-minded soul indeed to stay away from the glare of the footlights and the fascination of public applause.

Bessie Gets a Shock. BESSIE LOVE was highly amused the other day at a remark made by a visitor at her studio. The woman, thinking this being so close to a live motion-picture actress, asked her what she thought of the picture of her entitled “Old Curiosity Shop.” Said Bessie, “by Charles Dickens. Although most of the scenes were laid in Victorian London, they have been here at the studio, and I believe the effect is just as good.”

But if you like his stories so well why don’t you get Mr. Dickens to write you another,” said the dear old lady, supremely unconscious of the effort Bessie was making not to laugh.

LOUVEL L. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

It is all in the day's work of a cinema actress to be perched in perilous positions. Here we see GLADIS WALTON sitting on the roof; JACK FERRIN is also in the picture.

ANITA STEWART and JAMES MORRISON, who is her leading man in "Sowing the Wind," are having a little talk about old Vitagraph days.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO and BEATRICE DOMINGUEZ in a dancing scene for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

It looks as though LAURA LA PLANTE has not much chance of dodging the ducking which BOBBY VERNON and BILL BEAUDINE have planned.

Two film artists who are favourites of many picture-goers—PAULINE FREDERICK and JULIAN ELTINGE.
BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. By EMMIE ALLINGHAM.

ARTHUR WESTON is summoned by his aunt, Rae, to Greystone Manor. "He is in the study, and has sent for you," she tells Harry, because she is worried about her son. Harry hurries to the study, where he finds Arthur Weston. "He has managed to let the money go, and asks me to hold it in trust for her. She tells Arthur that she will leave Greystone Manor to him; but it is really for Harry, and he is to pass it over to him when he is twenty-six years old.

Arthur is deeply touched, and says, "You are right, Harry; if I do not respect your trust in me, I say, very earnestly.

A fortnight later Rae dies. After the will has been read, Arthur Weston is walking in the grounds of Greystone Manor and overhears a conversation between Harry and Greystone Ferguson, who is his father's daughter.

Ferguson is saying that he cannot believe his mother could have made such a will; and after he has spoken of Arthur's name, he says, "I have seen your lips. He is very rude, and it ends in a quarrel, with no lighter, and is very deeply defeated.

"I will punish him for this," said Arthur as he paces himself up.

The days later Arthur Weston receives a letter from his lawyer, Cecil Rae is going to dispute the will.

THE RECTOR TRIES TO MAKE PEACE.

ARTHUR WESTON read the lawyer's letter, and an exclamation of disgust escaped his lips.

He went across the room to his desk, and after furiously glancing around he unlocked a drawer and took out the leather case.

It was a large case, and it contained a large sum in the house, yet what was he to do with it? He could not take it to the bank. It was such a large sum.

Suppose they began to make inquiries as to how he had come by it? The sweat stood out on his brow at the thought.

Suppose these lawyers went into his aunt's affairs and discovered she had had so much money from a speculation? Suppose they discovered he had stolen it? He could not tell the truth, for, unfortunately, he had spent a little of the money. There had been three bills which had been pressing. His investments had suddenly dropped. No doubt they would receive a letter, and it would be very awkward for him if he had not been able to meet his debts. The money had seemed a godsend at the time; even now he could not honestly bring himself to regret having had it in his charge.

The secret fear of the notes fascinated him, and not a day passed but he examined it and counted them. He told himself that it was his duty. He was only looking after what had been entrusted to his care.

He was startled by a knock at the door. Hastily concealing the bag, and locking the drawer, he went across the room and threw open the door with such violence that the maid shrank back nervously.

"Please sir, the Rev. Mr. Ferguson is here," said one of her attendants.

Arthur frowned at the girl.

"Show him in here," he said harshly.

The girl opened the door, and the man turned back into his room.

What had the parson of Greystone over, he wondered. "Something to do, no doubt, with Harry. Arthur Weston flung himself into an easy chair, and waited. The Rev. Ferguson entered the room with his broad hat on his head, which had been mentioned in the will.

"Ah, my dear Weston! So pleased to find you. What glorious weather we are having." Arthur nodded, and pointed to a chair. "I presume you have come seven miles to tell me that," he remarked ungraciously.

The rector glanced round at his companion sharply, then he smiled.

"My dear Weston," he said, "I must be—It is my father and his father is naturally something which disgusts me."

The rector nodded sympathetically.

"It must be," he said, "I am sorry to trouble you, Arthur."

Arthur clutched at the arms of his chair. The words startled him. He felt he must be on his guard. Ferguson was a friend of the Rae's. She had come out of their way on more than one occasion to show a kindness to him and his motherless little girl.

"I am not quite myself, Mr. Ferguson and his father is naturally something which disgusts me."

"The rector sat down on the armchair, and his rector continued. "Indeed it will, Weston."

Again the two men gazed thoughtfully at each other. It was upon Arthur's lips to say that he wondered where the money was to come from, but somehow he could not. He found himself quite unable to mention the money at all.

"I think, myself, the boy ought to know. What is the boy's name?" Ferguson continued, after a pause.

"The stories, I am left in charge of it, to speak, and I know that his mother wished him to continue at school. He talks of giving all that up and going out to Australia.

"He would be away from his father's influence," said Arthur.

The visitor glanced at him swiftly.

"So he would be at school, and in the vacation he can make his house wide."

Arthur sprung from his chair and began to pace the room.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, I regret to say," replied Ferguson. "The boy is not to know for another five years," said Arthur violently.

"You have not made up your mind! Nothing I can say will alter you!"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," said the rector.

"But, Mr. Weston, a law suit—the estate cannot stand it. It may go on years. It would put a stop to thinking entirely of you, Weston. I hear that Mr. Rae is taking the matter into court, but his lawyers will, I am sure, advise your to relinquish the idea."

Arthur produced the letter. The rector read it through, and sighed.

"It is such a pity, The estate has been drained to the utmost," he said. "Yes, it will take a fortune to put right as it is," remarked Ferguson.

Arthur, I believe, myself, in Fate."

"Indeed it will, Weston."

"What is in the will?"

"It is on the chance of it, and I dare not talk to you."

Arthur started by a knock at the door. He was startled by a knock at the door. He was startled by a knock at the door.
"THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE."

A coming British Film founded and produced by the well-known artist, E. P. KINSELLA, on his famous coloured picture of the same name. All the parts are played by children.

Bowled out first ball. THE HOPE tells the REJECTED ONE of his great disappointment.

THE HOPE confides in the REJECTED ONE that SHE has found another sweetheart, and together they plan revenge.

The little stars in this film are as follows:—"The Hope of His Side," GEORGE GRIMWOOD; "She," DOROTHY ADLARD; "The Jilted One," NINA SANDS.

Meanwhile SHE and his rival are married, little caring for the heart they have broken.

SHE suggests that the rivals should play for her hand. A game of cricket is decided upon, the captain of the winning side to have her hand.

THE HOPE goes in first certain of victory. This is his smile when he gets ready for the first ball.

Fed up! THE HOPE is left on the Church steps. "Nobody loves me!"
stop him? He may do very well out there. As you remarked, the estate will want something spent on it—Arthur paused significantly.

The clergyman gave him a queer look. "You have not forgotten that, Mr. Weston," he said.

Arthur watched the clergyman go down the drive a few minutes later, whistling to himself. He was agitated. He showed it in his walk; the man watching him was also excited, for his hands kept shifting. It was he who went over the conversation once more in his mind.

"Did the Rev. Ferguson know about the moot sewer?" he asked. "I had given him to restore Greystone Manor, or did he not?" That was the question that kept recurring to his mind. It was not honest, he told himself impatiently.

He turned back into the room, and flung himself on the sofa.

"Everybody suspects me. It is enough to make a man pay them out in their own coin."

For some minutes he sat thinking deeply, and as he did so the shadow on his face grew darker.

"The place is mine for five years, and I won't give it back as an assurance," he muttered.

"Silly, distrustful old woman! What did she want to leave it to me for if she did not want me to have it?" He was not sure that, what else did she tell him? Does he know about the leather bag, I wonder?" Did she tell him that, too?

It is told himself repeatedly.

He was going to do exactly as his aunt had asked him. He would do the right thing. He would make sure that the dummy manor had not trusted him. She had evidently trusted no one. She had even deceived her husband, pretending to have spent money while all the time she was saving secretly.

Harry Rae's Promise.

"PLEASE do not try to dissuade me, sir. I have quite made up my mind. I had a talk with my aunt yesterday, and she agrees with me. It is the best thing I can do. I am simply wasting my time now at college, and the money will be far more useful in starting me in a new career."

"But, my dear boy, think of your future! These next few years will make all the difference."

He continued to tell me all about the Church when I was in public school. He would hold him to his word."

"That must be wrong then, why would all his people have turned against him like they did?"

"But, dear boy, why not wait and see? Try to get a chance. If you were to take my advice, I would call on your cousin and make your peace with him."

I don't care for the fellow. There must be something wrong with him, or why would all his people have turned against him like they did?"

"Well, you say. You can't be taking his advice, can you?"

"I want to impress upon you that your mother acted as she did from the best of motives. With all our own troubles, my boy, you will understand. I may not tell you as much as I wish, but on your twentieth birthday they'll be an old lady that will have a whole room of her own, and she’ll have a big house, and a large garden, and every other thing you can think of."

"Harry gave meaning to the obstinate expression.

"If you want to go out of the family, and buy a cow, have you?"

"Can I say anything to dissuade you, my boy?" he asked sadly.

"Nothing at all, sir. I've made up my mind. I want you to help me to get out there, and then I'll tell my mother."

"There is one thing then, that you must promise me, Harry."

"What is that, sir?" he asked."

"You must return here for your twenty-first birthday. Whatever your condition of life may be, if trouble and necessity give me the word of honour that you will return. If you have not your fate, you must promise to write me a line to tell me."

Harry smiled at his old friend's eagerness.

"I shan't be hard up. Everyone makes a fortune out of the dummy manor with easy confidence. "But I won't come back for my twenty-first. I promise you that."

Two weeks later had given him to restore Greystone Manor, and I think not?"

"The Rev. Ferguson had a friend in Melbourne, to whom he had written, and Harry was also taking letters of introduction with him. He was still very quiet when he came to say good-bye to her.

"I shall write and tell you all about everything," she said, smiling up at him; and Harry never guessed how her heart was crying out within her.

He shook her hand, and laughed as he thanked her. In a vague way he knew that she did not want him to go."

"Girls and clad in a drab suit, like a curious at the leather bag. She was so brave, but now he was gone she almost broke down."

She rustled the garden, and then took the footpath through the paddock to Greystone Manor grounds.

The house was deserted and completely deserted when she reached it.

The shutters were closed over the windows, and all the doors were shut down on the discoloured stone steps and stared desolately in front of her.

She knelt on the secret passage into the house if she really wished to enter. She and Harry had often used it when they were children. They had discovered it quite by accident, but to-day the girl had no heart to explore."

Suddenly the girl raised her head and listened—a startled expression in her eyes. Then slowly she turned her head towards the shuttered rooms.

There was someone in the darkened room behind her—one some who evidently had no idea of her presence. They did not open the shutters instead of carrying a light?

For a moment the girl hesitated, her eyes glided through the cracks of the shutters, and then her thoughts flew instinctively to Hoff."

There were two doors of strength to stem it from her.

She forgot that the house was no longer his, as swiftly and silently she made her way to the old mansion that stood surrounded by a perfect circle of oak trees at the side of the house."

It was Harry who pointed out the absurdity to the girl years ago.

"What is the good of a sundial if it's hidden by those great trees?" he had said one day, and then they had discovered the secret.

It was quite by accident. Harry was seated on the stone steps watching for the horse. Regardless of his suit, he was wriggling over the moss-grown surface, when suddenly the dial was turned to the children a flight of stone steps.

That had been an exciting afternoon. Harry had descended first, and Grae had eagerly followed him.

The steps led into a passage, which was concealed from sight by a hedge, and was made by a greenhouse placed between one of the oak and the house. The door at the further end of the passage was fastened on the inside, and this led into darkness.

Mrs. Rae had told the children that she had played the part of a girl, but there was a legend which warned the owners of the house not to impart the knowledge of all that was in the annexe. Any of them that discovered the secret for themselves. This had impressed the children, and when Mrs. Rae had encouraged them to explore further, and when they discovered that the stairs went up between the wall of the staircase and the chimney, they were simply overcome.

A secret panel disclosed an entrance from either spot, and the children had amused themselves at unexpected moments, almost under the nose of bewildered servants.

He did not take as long to move the ton of the sundial now, for she had done it so many times before. The only danger was that she could not readjust her position. But there was no one about, she decided, as she gazed around. It would be quite safe to move it.

A few minutes later she was feeling her way up the dark, narrow stairs. A faint light through the keyhole in the door told her that she was on a level with the library.

She cautiously felt for the wooden catch, and the scene was not very still, and made a peculiar grating noise.

She glanced at once, but the sound had reached the man in the room. He raised his head quickly from the papers he was examining at the desk, and stood listening.

"Who is there?" he cried, in a startled voice.

Green, covering behind the oak window-plant, did not answer.

The man stood for a few seconds, and then waved with a finality, and turned to the passage. He had reached the door, opened it, and went back to the desk.

Grace, gaining courage, peeped through the keyhole, recognized the man, and said, "It was Arthur Weston!"

How foolish she had been! Of course the man was there before him now. He was the master of Greystone Manor, and she was a trespasser.

She should never have entered. Her father would be angry.

Very cautiously she slipped the panel back into its place, and began to descend. She had reached the job, she had slipped back the panel, and then she might have a frightened jerk, and she stood still.

Someone was moving about the stairs which led to the sundial and the passage.

Slowly she became aware that the person was descending. Now thoroughly scared, she began to slip down the stairs. The sound of footsteps behind her was a trap of bedlam.

It was Cecil Rae, Harry's father.

The gentleman was chuckling to himself, he said, "Harry, a step forward, and then proceed to descend the stairs."

He had proceeded half way when once more the library door was thrown open, and Arthur Weston appeared.

What do you mean—" he began, and then an ugly expression passed over his face.

"I was wondering who could be here," he said. "I might have known, though, if I had given that man a chance. What are you doing? I should like to know?"

The door closed upon the two men, and Grae heard her mother.

Her one idea was to get away before she was discovered.

She had with her to the secret panel, and shut it carefully behind her. Then, as she came on a level with the library, she heard voices raised in a low whisper.

The two men were quarrelling.

The girl hastened her movements. It was too late—she could not get to the stairs."

She reached the garden, and was hesitating whether or not to replace the sundial to its proper place and then start running.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, the girl slipped the sundial into its proper place and then started to run.

"Another instalment in next Monday's" "Picture Show."
THE EXPRESSIONS OF JACK MULHALL. (Special to the "Picture Show.")

JACK MULHALL.

I've always heard that a mole on the left eyebrow is lucky, and now I'm convinced of the truth of it. Here is a case in point. The subject of this, Jack Mulhall, possesses a large one just in the above position, and hasn't Fortune smiled upon him?

Young, good-looking, a successful actor with a long contract at Lasky's, a big following of admiring "fans," a pretty wife and a lovely baby! What more could a mortal desire? And yet he's so refreshingly modest! It's hard to get him to talk about himself, because he won't admit that anybody can be interested in him, and I have to literally drag bits of information out of him. When he hears that the interview is for the British public, he begins to unbend.

His Reminiscences of England.

"GEE! I love England!" he starts reminiscently. "I spent six months there in 1910, and I had a dandy time."

"How did you happen to visit us?" I asked.

"Well, just then I had some money that burned a hole in my pocket, and I thought a trip across would be the very thing. I went first to France, saw Paris, Dijon, Belfort, and many other places that have since been nearly wiped off the map. Then I got over to Southampton, where, with a party, I spent a week exploring the beauties of the New Forest, after which we made tracks for London. I happened to reach there at rather a sad time—the whole country was in mourning for King Edward, who had just passed away. I witnessed the lying-in-state in the Abbey, and afterwards saw the Royal funeral. What a wonderful procession it was, too! What a collection of kings for a democratic American to gloat over! I can well remember seeing the trouble-maker of the world, Wilhelm, all dolled up in a white uniform!"

His Favourite Authors.

I suppose, like most of our countrymen and countrywomen, you did some sight-seeing, Mr. Mulhall?

"I guess I did. I've always been fond of reading, and among the many authors I admire Dickens, Carlyle, and Thackeray. I made a special visit to Gad's Hill, to see where the great novelist had lived, and poked about all sorts of queer places in London that are associated with his books and characters. I went over Carlyle's house in Chelsea, and revelled in the Wallace Collection, because of Becky Sharp.

A Sore Point.

Mr. Mulhall appears to have a sweet disposition, but one of the few things that "get his goat" is asking him if he married his hair! It's a shame, really, to tease him; but it's rather unfair that a man's hair should grow in great big natural waves that a woman would give her soul for! Added to which attraction, he has the bluest of eyes, with long, curling eyelashes. As a matter of fact, he is rather an Aladdin; and, doubtless for that reason, was chosen as a model for a very popular style of collar. Therefore, not alone, then, is he familiar to the public through the medium of the screen, but his face greets you on all the railways and trams. His teeth, which are perfect, are also used to set forth the virtues of a well-known tooth-paste. I was just about to ask him if Messrs. Blank, of the Permanent Hair-Wave Company, had approached him; but, on second thoughts, decided I wouldn't.

The Popular Star With the Wonderful Wavy Hair.

Adores Children.

He looks ridiculously young, although why shouldn't he? He's in his early twenties. I can't imagine him as a fond parent, but he is, owning a bouncing boy three years old. He says that he adores children, clean or grubby, and he would like dozens and dozens!

His favourite pastime is tinkering with his car, a handsome Hudson super-six. He also confesses to some skill in handling a rod.

A Nasty Experience.

Of course, he does all sorts of stunts on horseback and in the swimming line. Talking about the latter, he relates how he nearly lost his life in a picture that was being taken in San Francisco. The scene was in Golden Gate Harbour, and called for him to receive a blow on the head which was to knock him unconscious into the water.

This all happened as per directions, but the engine of the motor-boat that was within call for the purpose of picking him up when the camera had finished "shooting" went wrong suddenly and calmly stayed where it was; and there was Master Jack, fully dressed, with the collar of his silk shirt shrinking through the action of the water and slowly throttling him! A preserver was thrown to him, however, and he was able to keep the water in; but the presence of mind to cling on to it, and in a few moments he was being piled with nips of brandy from a friendly flask.

His Wife's Adventurous Life.

As is required of most heroes in the movies, he is a graceful dancer, and, in company with his pretty wife, is often seen at the cabarets and places where dancing is popular. She, by the way, has revealed a good deal of incident into her short life. She lived for ten years in Mexico, and while there saw many a revolution,-times such as raids, burning up villages, looting towns meant nothing to her!

British.

That the British public may know he has a bit of Britain in his veins, Mr. Mulhall points out that, although he was born in New York, his mother was Scotch and his father Irish. I might add, in passing, that he is 5 ft. 11 in. in height, weighs 11 stone, and has light-brown hair.

The post-bag of a movie favourite is no small matter, as Jack Mulhall knows well. While I talked to him a large packet was brought in, and I noticed they were from all parts of the world. One which caused much amusement was from India, and said: "The humble writer awaited the weekly showing of 'The Brass Bullet'—a serial in which he appeared—" with trepidation and delight not to be spoke of, and he trusted the honoured recipient of this unworthy letter would live very long to please many peoples."

And so say all of us!

Summing you up.
Absolutely determined.
Laden with thought.
His pleased smile.
His clear-cut profile.
Hissed for the First Time.

WHEN I saw the famous actor—Mr. Holman Clark—in his dressing-room the other afternoon, he assured me that the novel ordeal of being hissed—when playing in the “Right to Strike,”

His dark eyes and mobile features were alight with enthusiasm. He was tremendously elated at the demonstration.

“There’s a certain element of excitement in playing in ‘The Right to Strike,’” he declared smiling. “Up to this afternoon the house had always been divided into two sections—for and against!

“Don’t! I went on the stage to-day I felt a certain tense magnetism in the air. Every word of the play was followed with breathless interest and then in due course, this new public filters into the theatre, so the theatre will never be cowed by the films.”

Golf as a Rest Cure.

THERE, whilst talking of the pleasure seeking habit, we went on to games.

“Dorset! I don’t get enough time now I’m a producer.”

Mr. Clark has played in the screen version of Red Pottage and amongst other films in “Her Heritage,” “A Message from Mars,” My first film, “The Brass Bottle,” went all over the world,” he told me.

Her First Picture Within a Fortnight.

AND then we drifted on to more serious subjects.

“Of course the war was a setback,” she confessed. “It interfered with business and my finances, so I just packed up and went home again. But after a time I was discontented, being in Wales. I wanted to get back to work. I had an offer to play in Goodsmith’s and Learchodzą’s production, ‘To-night’s the Night.’ I accepted. It’s followed various engagements—playing various types from principal boy to girl ingenue—and heavy parts.

Books Better Than Plays.

AND then our conversation drifted on to books.

“I think scenarios taken from books are more successful than when taken from plays,” he declared, “and scenarios written for the screen are better than either. When the have really learnt the possibilities of the art, we shall make it a very rapid advance.”

The Pleasure-Seeking Habit.

ALL the same, I think films will ever injure the theatre,” he assured me. Nobody will ever be quite satisfied with the screen, unless he, or she, happens to be human. This human voice is missing! But the cinema is attracting a new public. It entertains them in their spare time, in the afternoon and evening, and in due course, this new public filters into the theatre, so the theatre will never be cowed by the films.”

Clive Brook as Marlows in “Trent’s Last Case,” the new Broadway mystery film.
SOME men like dancing, others have the accomplishment thrust upon them. Here you see some cinema favourites in the awkward first moments when learning how to put their feet.

CHARLES KAY is an earnest, if a shy, pupil.

DOROTHY DALTON finds enthusiasm is not confined to youth.

BILL HART is more used to a gun than a polished floor.

Don't believe that the art was born in Oriental dancers, but he likes being taught, hence the picture.
OUT BRITISH STUDIOS, AND Gossip about

YOUR OWN STARS.

"The whole of the trouble is this," he declared, "I wasn't born under a lucky star" — I couldn't resist a smile, for many would consider themselves tremendously favoured by the gods, to have such thousands of admirers as this famous television player. His writing-table was up with letters from worshippers at his shrine, from all over the world.

They all ask me the same question," he declared gloomily. "Why do I always play the part of villain?"

"Then why do it?" I asked.

"To be candid," he answered, "I'm entirely in the hands of the producer. I hang to try some other role."

He has his chance in the "Trent's Last Case," and no doubt others will follow.

Hearts Not Always Trumps.

I KEPT to my point that I wouldn't believe in the unlucky star business.

"But my bad luck is proverbial!" Gregory Scott persisted; "all sorts of people know it. When I was in the Garrison Artillery I used to play 'Crown and Anchor.' The other day I received a missive from a certain bandy-dard in my old battery.

"He had cut out an illustration out of a newspaper. It was just my head, depicting an expression of horror. Below he had drawn a sketch of the 'Crown and Anchor' game, and there was I, looking down upon the table of notes on the Crown, and I, as the banker, had thrown a double Crown."

The photograph on this page of Mr. Gregory Scott is his favourite, and is an autographic unpublished one. He gave it to me specially for Picture Show readers.

Sunburn and Fog.

I FOUND Miss Faith Celli looking very sunburnt when I went to see her in her dressing-room the other day. There was a fog without, but within, crowds of flowers, rose-tinted lights, and Miss Celli's shapely brown limbs created a wonderful impression of summer tone.

"I love playing in the 'Blue Lagoon,'" she told me; "but I do wish they'd film it — it is such a glorious play; one wants to let one's self go all the time."

Miss Celli's a fresh-air girl. Everything about her denotes this. Do you remember her in Barrie's play, 'Dear Brutus'?" She fitted into her part so completely, that it wasn't like acting at all. She has also played one of the last boys in "Peter Pan," and later, the immortal boy who wouldn't grow up himself!

Character and the Screen.

WE were discussing the intimacy of the screen with regard to the audience.

"It's a rather weird sort of feeling," she said, "about playing for films, whatever one's character is, it seems to show. If you're charming and sweet so you appear. You can do nothing to give this illusion. It's some hidden consciousness within. If you're selfish, and otherwise unpleasant, you can't disguise it by a smile — before the tell-tale camera."

A Little Quaker.

MISS CELLI then went on to say that she came of Quaker ancestry — all the same she adores acting.

"On the films, one discovers quicker than any other way just what not to do," she declared. Miss Faith Celli made a hit in the Minerva comedy, "The Bump." When she isn't playing for the screen, or acting, she slips away to the country.

I love milking the cows and I feeding the chickens," she laughed jovially — it is this air of feminine light-heartedness that makes her so delightful!

Mr. Cameron Carr.

THIS famous Broadway star is usually cast for the heavy lead. I had only a few words to chat with him the other morning.

"I've played in sixteen pictures for the Broadway Company," he told me. "British films have improved tremendously during the last three years."

He will have more to tell us when next we meet. He plays the part of a detective inspector in "Trent's Last Case."

"Trent's Last Case"

W AS written by P. C. Beaton, and dedicated to his friend, G. K. Chesterton. The Broadway film version preserves the brisk action of the book.

The scheming millionaire, Sigfried Manderson (George Foley), is murdered near his English country house. But in spite of his vast wealth he is more hated than loved, and few mourn his death. Manderson's financial enemies are numerous. He had married an English girl, but there were rumours that it was far from their union.

"The Evening Sun" was the first paper to publish the exclusive news that Manderson had been murdered. Philip Trent (Gregory Scott), something of an artist, also a free lance journalist, was persuaded by the editor to investigate the case immediately.

Trent is well received on the scene of the tragedy by his old friend, Mr. Cupples (P. E. Huddard), the latter in Mrs. Manderson's (Miss Pauline Peters) house. Detective Inspector Murch (Cameron Carr), is greatly puzzled by the case, and he is only too delighted to get any helpful suggestions that Trent might offer.

Manderson was discovered a long way from his house early in the morning. No revolver was found by the body, and all ideas of suicide were swept aside. Moreover, there was no apparent motive for murder.

Martin (Richard Norton), the butler, was the last man to see the millionaire alive. John Marlowe (Clive Brook), a young Oxford man, was Manderson's secretary. Any suspicion that might have rested on him was dispelled because it was proved that he had motored to Southampton the night of the murder.

The Inspector could not make up his mind as to the guilt of any one. But Trent, who followed clues unobtrusively, comes at length to a logical conclusion. From that moment he vowed he would never again undertake such a case!

The Real Criminal.

THE reason being that he fell in love with Mrs. Manderson (Miss Pauline Peters) at first sight, he firmly believes that, actuated by feelings of jealousy, John Marlowe murdered the millionaire. He questions Mrs. Manderson; she becomes terribly distressed. Then Trent discovers footprints — he finds they were Manderson's, and that someone else wore his boots — and that the man was Marlowe! Also that Manderson never took more than one glass of whisky. On the night of the murder several glasses were taken by someone. By a ruse he finds that the finger-marks on the glass used for whisky are Marlowe's, but for Mrs. Manderson's sake he hesitates to give Marlowe away. At last he says the ends of justice must be served. Marlowe is accused. Trent reveals his decision to the "Evening Star." At last, driven to despair, Marlowe declares that Manderson plotted against him, tried to ruin him, and then committed suicide. Fortunately for Marlowe Mr. Cupples is able to prove that this is the case. Trent is only just in time to prevent his sensational report being published.

Tumps elapses, and every indication is given that high life for Mrs. Manderson is not in vain.

The emotional acting of Miss Pauline Peters is of a very high order. Gregory Scott played with dignity and distinction, and Cameron Carr, this time cast for a less important part than usual, made it a telling and interesting study of a not too intelligent inspector; Clive Brook was an ideal Marlowe.

Edith Nepean.
A YEAR later found Pierre and his sister in New York. A baby was born to Gabrielle which she named Pierre, after her brother, and the man she loved, and who was now engaged to be married to her. The baby brought much joy to the family, and was the center of attention for everyone who met him. The couple was overjoyed at the news of his arrival, and the baby's sweet smile and adorable features brought tears of joy to the eyes of those who held him.

Pierre and Gabrielle had planned a wedding, and the date of their engagement was quickly approaching. The couple was excited about the prospect of starting a new life together, and they were determined to make their wedding a special event. They invited their friends and family, and plans were made for a grand celebration.

The couple was also planning a trip to Europe, and they were looking forward to exploring the continent and experiencing new cultures. They were eager to create memories that would last a lifetime, and they were determined to make the most of their time together.

As the wedding date approached, the couple was busy preparing for the big day. They were working on the details of the wedding, and they were looking forward to the beginning of their new life together. The couple was filled with excitement and anticipation, and they were ready to take on whatever the future held.

The Night of the Party

The night of the reception arrived, and Gabrielle and Pierre were glowing with happiness. The couple was surrounded by friends and family, and they were filled with joy and excitement. They were ready to celebrate their love and commitment to each other.

The reception was filled with music, dancing, and laughter, and the couple was at the center of attention. They were surrounded by their loved ones, and they were filled with love and happiness. The couple was overjoyed at the prospect of a bright and happy future together.
Gabrielle, and when she was attired Kathleen looked at her gown with unfeigned admiration. "You look perfectly beautiful, dear," she said. "I do wonder your brother is proud of you." Her maid now began to dress Kathleen and suggested that she should wear a string of pearls.

Kathleen took the pearls in her hand and then put them down. "No, I will not wear the pearls to-night," she said. "Pearls mean tears, and I wish everybody to be as happy as I feel."

No sooner had the two girls gone downstairs than Rouget ran in from an inner room in which he had been hiding, and seizing the pearl necklace he made his way from the house unseen by anybody except Blake.

The recital was a great success, and the famous publisher enthusiastically congratulated Pierre.

"There is no question that your genius will bring you world-wide fame," he said. "I shall esteem it a great honour to publish your symphony!"

Pierre was naturally delighted, and he sought out Kathleen to thank her for what she had done for him. But there was more than thankfulness in Pierre's heart as he went forward to his beautiful hostess, whom he found alone in the conservatory.

"You have made me famous," he said. "How can I ever thank you?"

"No, it is your own genius that has convinced everybody," said Kathleen. "It was only necessary that somebody with power to publish your music should hear you play, and there was never any doubt in my mind what the verdict would be. I am only too happy to think that I have been the means of getting your talents recognised."

"There is something more you could do for me," said Pierre slyly. "I wonder if I dare speak of that which has been in my heart ever since I met you?"

A soft flush spread over Kathleen's face, and a bright light came into her eyes. She knew that if she could only have said "yes" to the question, that was on Pierre's lips, she would have been the happiest woman in the world, but it could not be. At all cost she must keep her word to Robert Blake.

Before Pierre could say anything further she put her hand on his arm. "I have no right to listen to you," she said. "I am engaged to another."

She held out her hand as she spoke and pointed to her engagement ring.

"But," she added, "I am deeply sensible of the honour you would have offered me, and I hope we shall always be friends."

"I forgive you as I kissed your hand," he said. "I may have misled you.

Mr. Blake's relations have heard of your adventures, and are certain to make you the object of their envy."

"You have no right to say that!" exclaimed Kathleen indignantly.

"I am only saying what the police say, and I suppose they know their business," replied Blake. "I'm going with them now."

He hurried away to join the police who were on their way to Pierre's lodgings. When they arrived they found the musician and his one remaining accessory in the room. Gabrielle was asleep in the adjoining apartment. Pierre looked up in astonishment at Blake following the police entered. Blake came straight to the point of his visit.

"Miss Noyes's pearl necklace is missing, and we have proof that either you or your sister stole it," he said.

Pierre clenched his fist and strode forward. "It's a lie!" he hissed. "How dare you suggest it?"

"Perhaps you recognise this?" sneered Blake showing him Gabrielle's handkerchief. Pierre started back. He recollected that he had seen Rouget hanging about, and he felt that the sound had forced Gabrielle to steal the jewels. At once, he must save his little sister.

"You are right, it was I who took the necklace," he said quietly.

Blake could scarcely express his exclamation of triumph. He had not expected this stroke of luck; before the detectives left Pierre away from his brother he asked to be allowed to speak to La Touche.

"It is that villain Rouget who made this to his wife, he whispered, "But I must not take the blame. Look after Gabrielle, my old friend. The fate are against her."

Pierre was brought up at the police-court the next morning, but he did not go to prison. Kathleen refused to prosecute, though she was convinced.

(Continued on page 18.)

"Once Aboard the Lugger"

A New Hepworth Film.

ON'T always be sure of a Hepworth film being good, and "Once Aboard the Lugger"—their latest film—is no exception to the rule.

The cast of this photo-play is distinctly clever one, and includes Eileen Denney, Wyman Herbert, Evan Thomas, E. Holman Clark, and John MacAndrews.

A Word About the Story.

Mr. Marraput, and the most important thing in his life is his love for his cat, "The Nose of Sharam." This wonderful cat plays a big part in the plot of the story, being the means of bringing fifty hundred pounds to George (Evan Thomas), who requires the money to buy a medical practice. So all ends happily for George and the girl he loves, Mary Humfray (Eileen Denney).

An amusing incident in "Once Aboard the Lugger." This film is produced by Gerald Ames and Gusten Quireb, under the personal supervision of Cecil M. Hepworth.

Who could resist her? EILEEN DENNIES as Mary Humfrey in this new Hepworth film.
“HEART STRINGS.” (Continued from page 11.)

wished to believe him guilty in face of his own confession.

But a greater blow was to fall on him.

When he returned to his lodgings and told Gabrielle what he had heard, she denied having touched the necklace.

“But," she added, "it is Rouget who has done this. I saw him on the balcony outside Miss Noyes' dressing-room."


“Alas! I cannot call him husband,” replied Gabrielle. “Since we have been living in New York he has called on me while you were out, and he told me that the carriage was driven by a rogue one.”

Pierre's face was dark with fury.

Leading his sister to a chair he raised his hand in a row, as he swore never till he found Rouget and made him stand at the altar by his sister's side or else he would kill him.

After many weeks of weary search in New York without finding Rouget, Pierre decided he would go back to France.

He told only one friend— to find Rouget and make him right the wrong he had done.

One day when he was in his old rooms at La Touche came running in with the news that Rouget was in the blacksmith's shop.

Pierre ran out like a man demented.

At last the hour of his revenge had arrived.

As Rouget saw Pierre running into the stable, his face went deadly white.

He picked up a heavy hammer and struck at Pierre.

The last thing he remembered was seeing the weapon from his grasp.

Then he felt the villain by the throat, and bounded on the ground.

He would certainly have killed him, but the thought came to his brain that if he did the wrong done to Gabrielle would be righted. With that, the completely enfeebled Rouget passed out.

The arrival of the police was followed by a series of events that made the case famous.

Finally, the trial was held, and the case was seen as a symbol of the fight for justice.

But the story doesn't end here. There's much more to be learned about the lives of these characters and the events that shaped their world. This is a story that will keep you on the edge of your seat.
At one time KATHERINE MacDONALD, the beautiful film star, had no intention of entering into pictures. She managed the business affairs of her sister, who, by the way, is Mary MacLaren, but one day she suggested that she should work in her sister's productions. She was given many small parts, but was soon playing big roles.

A delightful photograph of KATHERINE MacDONALD, with her sister, Mary MacLaren, and their mother, taken in their beautiful home.

Whatever KATHERINE MacDONALD does she does thoroughly. Here you see her in her dressing-room between the scenes of one of her films, and she is spending her time by practising expressions in her mirror.

KATHERINE MacDONALD is very beautiful, but her beauty has not spoiled her. She is one of the most modest of girls.
The Newspaper the Whole World Loves

FROM end to end of the earth, wherever English is spoken, this brightest and merriest of papers is known and loved.

The following paragraph appeared in The Daily Mail of October 4th, 1935:

"In a sermon at Abergavenny, Denbighshire, the Rev. J. Talwn Jones, Brymbo, said the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER was far and away the best newspaper in the British Isles."

It was, moreover, of immense educational value to the rising generation, and should be read on every hearth in the land."

Buy Your Children THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER. Price 2d.
In the Dressing-Room.

Who can resist a fancy dress carnival? Very few dancers, anyway. There is nothing more exhilarating than the dance that demands "fancy dress only," that few girls (or men) care to refuse an invitation when it comes their way, unless they are very, very far from being either rich or famous. The idea of a fancy dress having to be elaborate, and therefore expensive, is a stodgy one; for some of the cheapest and simplest frocks are often the most becoming, and frequently carry off the best prizes. The chief necessity for a fancy frock is novelty and originality.

Topical Ideas.

There is a wealth of ideas and insights on the topic of fancy dress, particularly for those attending carnivals or other events that require "fancy dress only." These ideas can be both easy and affordable, providing a range of options for attendees. The text highlights the importance of originality and creativity in selecting a costume, as well as the value of dressing in a way that is both practical and eye-catching. It suggests that the best costumes are often those that are simple yet elegant, and that creativity should be the driving force behind any choice. The author also recommends considering topical themes, such as current events or historical figures, as inspiration for a costume. This approach can result in a unique and memorable fancy dress outfit that stands out from the crowd.
When It's No Use Pretending.

THE PRACTICAL WOMAN AND HER GREY HAIR.

The gayest of us have our moments of hollow despair. Some claim their hair is grey, others that they all have to give up pretending, even to ourselves, and relapse into unhappy candour.

At no time, if one is a woman, does one feel more acutely miserable than when one faces one's own clear, cold light, and marks the first sign of the "going off" of one's charms. I know a very charming and phisticated woman whose nightmare is that she may one day find herself in the situation beloved by novelists—that is, alone or nearly so on a desert island. "Just fancy," she would say, "to find myself on a lovely island, with my hair and hairpins, and, worst of all, no tamamille. Because, do you realise, that I should actually be grey?" "To see her soft, brown hair one would suspect her of perveting the truth. But she frankly assures her friends that her hair was nothing without an occasional timely application of a tonic made of bay rum and pure tamamille. "It brings back all the colour," she affirms, "besides making one's hair beautifully healthy. Why, I was in despair a year or two ago, because my hair was growing grey in streaks. But since I discovered tamamille, I haven't the slightest difficulty in keeping my hair its normal shade."

And what a difference beautiful hair makes to a woman's attractiveness! It enhances beauty. What man pictures the woman of his dreams with anything but soft, abundant hair? From the hair of Medusa there is something romantic about lovely locks. It is deplorable nowadays to see naturally beautiful hair ruined by neglect, curling iron, harmful shampoos, and the like. Many girls, otherwise careful of their good looks, think nothing of going to bed without brushing their hair. Without constant brushing the hair can never be healthy, so that is a delight. A good brushing for fifteen minutes night and morning should be included in the discipline of every woman, pleasant and pretty. A teaspoonful of stallax is sufficient for each shampoo, so a 1/2 lb. packet will last for a long time.

This very simple shampoo gives splendid results. The delicious foaming lather it makes not only cleanses the hair thoroughly, but brings out every atom of its latent colour and brightness. The hair dries quickly, and though beautifully soft, it is quite manageable.

When the scalp is inclined to be dry, and the hair brittle, it is a good plan to massage it with olive oil before giving it a stallax shampoo.

This brings us to the point at which one's self respect so much as the possession of a healthy scalp. It is a perpetual joy to oneself and others, and with a little care, one can defy hair troubles. The romantic, situations on an uninhabited island.

PAREE BEMELTON'S CYNLAG BEERIES
FOR OSTEITY.

(Most)
GET THIS 4-in-1 GIFT FOR YOUR HAIR.

See How It Will Banish All Hair Troubles, Promote Abundant Growth and Beautify Your Hair.

DON'T BE CONTENT WITH IMPOVERISHED HAIR

Thousands who were formerly worried about the poor condition of their hair have been amazed and delighted at the wonder-working powers of "Harlene Hair-Drill." You will be the same if you write to-day and accept by return a Free "Harlene Hair-Drill." Outfit. You are only asked to send the sum of 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing, and this Free 4-in-1 Gift will be dispatched to your address in any part of the United Kingdom promptly. It will include:

1. A Free Trial Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair," now universally recognised as the greatest of all hair tonics, and as used by Royalty, the nobility, the aristocracy, social leaders, public people, and millions of men and women in every grade of society. Harlene feeds and nourishes the hair as nothing else does, and so it naturally becomes stronger, healthier and altogether more beautiful.

2. A Free Trial Cremex Shampoo Powder, which cleanses the scalp and hair, and soon frees it from all scurf and dust. A "Cremex" Shampoo is most deliciously refreshing and invigorating at any time.

3. A Free Trial Bottle of "Uzon," another preparation that has won world-favour and world-praise from all sorts and conditions of people for giving the final touch of radiant beauty to the Hair. It is particularly beneficial to scalps inclined to be dry.

4. Last, but not least, the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Manual, containing full instructions for carrying out Hair-Drill in the most successful and useful way.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound "ASTOL," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill." parcel—1A, 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

HOW "HARLENE" HAIR-DRILL HELPS THE HAIR

Not a single moment should be lost by any man or woman who has not yet seen how "Harlene Hair-Drill" works a literal "transformation" in the hair in writing for one of these hair-beautifying "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfits now so generously offered.

EVERY WOMAN who tries "Harlene Hair Drill" is surprised and delighted at the speedy improvement in the richness, the luxuriance, the strength, and the radiance of her hair. They are amazed, too, at the comparatively speedy way "Harlene Hair-Drill" revives and revitalises the hair.

The hair "glows" with its richness of colour. It becomes "living" hair, not hair that is dull, lifeless, and half-dead.

EVERY MAN who once begins to practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" soon sees a similar improvement in a more modest scale of his hair. Bald spots are filled up with strong, healthy hair. Too-dry hair becomes healthy and moist. Oily or greasy hair is "corrected" to a normal state. Men who practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" are conspicuous among their fellows for their "smart" and "well-groomed" appearance.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE OUTFIT TO-DAY.

This wonderful "Harlene Hair-Drill" only takes up about two minutes of your time—an addition to the time spent on your toilet daily that is repaid a thousandfold because it relieves you from all hair troubles, makes your hair grow thicker and stronger, strengthens the roots of your hair, imparts a charming, natural healthy "waxenness" to woman's hair, gives it a radiantly beautiful look which makes all the difference, and keeps on improving in quality until it reaches its highest possible standard of health, strength, and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven-shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage by Edwards' Harlene, Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

"FREE HAIR-DRILL" COUPON


DEAR SIRS,—Please send me your Free "Harlene Hair-Growing Outfit as described. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. Picture Show, 4/12/20.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.").

If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "ASTOL" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.
SEND to-day for the Free Prospectus that will tell you all about the Charles Dickens Library—the Edition-de-Luxe of the master's works—the edition which the finest private libraries in the world are proud to own. It contains unique features to be found in no other edition whatsoever, and it surpasses all others in the splendour and number of its illustrations. It is a monument of Scholarship and Art.

DO not forget the delight of possessing and enjoying this magnificent Charles Dickens Library.

Its 14,000 beautifully printed pages will give hundreds of hours of pure enjoyment to yourself and your family.

You will get more pleasure from these 18 sumptuous volumes than from a thousand nights at the theatre—and you will get it at a fraction of the cost. The Charles Dickens Library is an ornament of the home and an ornament of the mind; an investment of more than merely material value; a precious heirloom for your children.

In addition to all the pictures by all the great classic illustrators—Cruikshank, Leech, Phiz, Seymour—this edition has been illustrated throughout in every volume by the inimitable genius of Harry Furniss.

Seize the opportunity before the limited edition is exhausted. The complete Library can be delivered to you for 7/- down and a few further monthly payments.

Bring them into your own home—Micawber, Pecksniff, Fagin, Mantalini, Pickwick. They are all real people who step right out of the pages of the book to entertain you and to fill your home with their oddities, their humanity, their charm. Ask them in to talk to you.

Take the first step now by sending this coupon which brings you an interesting coloured prospectus of the finest Dickens Library in the world.
Maurice and Leonora Hughes are delighting London again with their wonderful dancing at the London Pavilion and at the Savoy Dances.

GRAND NEW COMPETITION—£150 IN PRIZES—begins this week.
Pure Soap makes Clothes last longer — that is why the Sunlight Guarantee means so much more to you to-day.

Mother can never make a mistake in using Sunlight Soap—it is a pure soap, and there is no extra charge for its guaranteed purity. The clothes are Mother’s first consideration when washing them, and clothes washed with Sunlight Soap certainly last longer, because there are no injurious chemicals in the soap to injure the fabric.

Then again the clothes are not subject to a destructive rub-a-dub method with Sunlight Soap. The dirt slips away easily and quickly, saving Mother’s time and labour as well as saving the clothes. Clothes look nicer when washed with Sunlight Soap—they are more wholesome and are a greater comfort to tender and sensitive skins.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.
turning over in the process. In order to get the desired effect they had to do this five times, and even then, after the fifth time, when the car was turned up on its wheels, they were able to start the motor, and drive it away on its own power. The first four times the car smashed through the fence, but absolutely refused to turn over, landing right side up on all occasions. It was an old model of 1911 make.

Our Picture of Nazimova.

OUth centre page this week—the 16 by 20 picture of Nazimova—is in answer to numerous requests for a picture of this wonderful actress. I am sure the picture will justify your many letters. It is a reproduction of Nazimova’s favourite picture. I hope it will please you.

Teddy's New Contract.

ONE of the most famous dogs in pictures is to sign a new contract. This, of course, is Teddy, who has starred in half a hundred comedy films.

Teddy’s contract expires with Jack Emmett next January, and immediately following he will be starred in special pictures. Teddy’s contract calls for a salary that will enable him to have roast turkey every day if he so desires.

A Welcome Gift.

ILDRED DAVIS recently received a letter from a little admirer in Cork. The girl wrote: “I love you very much, and I am sending you half a dozen handkerchiefs which I hemstitched and worked with your initials. I know it is not much of a present for a fine lady.”

Miss Davis says she hastened to assure her Irish friend that beautiful linen is becoming very rare in America, and that she appreciated the hand-hemstitched handkerchiefs very much indeed.

A Year Ago.

ID you know that Miss Madge Stuart was playing the part of an unimportant slave in that particularly long-lived play at His Majesty’s, “Chu Chin Chow,” a year ago? To-day she is one of our best-known British screen actresses.

Continuing with a small part in the Stoll picture version of Harlou Henry’s “Eulalie Prangenever,” she was given the one featured role in “The Amateur Gentleman,” and now in the screen version of Marie Corelli’s famous novel “Innocent,” she has displayed considerable emotional power.

She is now in France, making the outdoor scenes for “A Gentleman of France,” which Mr. Maurice Elvey, the producer, is now beginning.

I Wonder?

“SUPERSTITION” people make me tired,” said Buster Keaton, when he spilled a few grains of salt at luncheon the other day.

Just then the man across the table whom he was addressing turned his head to greet a friend who had just entered the restaurant. He wasn’t sure, but he thought he caught a fleeting glimpse of Buster tossing a pinch of salt over his left shoulder. It couldn’t be true.

On the way to the door of the cafe a large rat scampered across the path of Buster and his friend. The friend saw that Buster had crossed the second and index fingers of either hand, but he didn’t know whether it was a habit or not.

Buster’s studio was but half a street away, and he was hurrying to complete “The Scarecrow,” his third Metro picture. In front of a tailor’s shop on route stood a ladder, and at the top was a man erecting an awning. Just before reaching this point, Buster requested that his friend cross the street to look at a peculiar watch in a jeweler’s window. They didn’t reconver until they got opposite the studio. As they reached the “ltd,” the gateman stopped and plucked a four-leaf clover from the grass.


The arrival of the broker’s man in the hero’s flat, a splendid scene in the Hayworth film version of Temple Thurston’s most famous novel, “The City of Beauties,” in which HENRY EDWARDS plays the leading part.
George Will Never Forget.

GEORGE WALSHE, as you know, is an all-round athlete. He has been in many tight corners during his screen career, and tells of his closest escape from death.

"We were producing a picture out in California," concluded Walshe. "In one of the scenes the heroine falls into the river, and I have to dive in to rescue her. My leading lady fell into the river all right, but the company realized a moment later that it was going to be a real rescue. As it was in spring, the river was in flood, and rushing along at a rapid rate. The girl screamed for help, but as soon as I reached the water I knew I was going to have great difficulty in getting ashore.

"However, I managed to hold her, although the current was carrying us down stream, and I suppose my body struck a bit of flotsam, and I lost consciousness for a moment. When the faintness passed away, the girl was some yards down the river ahead of me. I made another attempt to reach her, swimming my utmost, and eventually caught hold of her again.

"By this time I was in a pretty bad way, but to make matters worse, the girl lost her head, and clung to my neck commenced to struggle. The last thing I remembered was that my strength was nearly gone, and I suppose I must have made a supreme but successful struggle for the shore.

"It's an experience that I shall never forget, and needless to say I did not make any more scenes that day. Both of us were badly shaken up, but as the 'Louisiana' rest we back and finished the picture."

Conan Landis and His Adventures.

A RECEPTION has just been held at the Goldwyn studio to celebrate the safe return of Conan Landis, who was lost for two days and one night in the mountains without food.

Landis started out with five friends on a deer hunting trip. They all thought Malish a good deer, and wandered off from his companions, lost all sense of direction, and was soon completely lost.

The first night he stayed in a cave. The weather was extremely cold, but he lighted a fire. This drew a pack of coyotes, which howled at the actor, but made no attempt to attack him. He had seven matches and eight skills for his gun, and a plentiful supply of cigarettes.

The mountain streams furnished water.

At dusk of the second day, Landis mounted a high mountain to make a survey of his surroundings, and he was his surprise to see two tent. He approached, and found an old prospector and they prepared for him an appetizing supper of venison steak. The next morning the prospector took his leave back to his camp—a distance of twenty three miles, impassable except by foot.

Our hero, Landis, had the whole country-side out looking for him. His friends had been searching frantically, and had almost given up hope of finding him.

"I wouldn't take a million of money for the experience; but I wouldn't give a copper for another just like it," said Landis.

Charlie's New Part.

CHARLES RAY says he has never revealed in such a part as that in which he is now appearing, entitled "Nineteen—and Phyllis." In this play he appears in up-to-date part, a smart young nineteen-year-old. He puts more inhibiting touches in his character role of a boy who cherishes memories of an old-fashioned rearing, and gets much ridicule for it.

Daly Cooper and Mabel Laity, who are soon to be seen in British comedies. Daly Cooper began his stage career at the age of five in a Drury Lane pantomime, and since in numerous musical comedies and pantomimes. Mabel Laity also is a musical comedy star, and has played principal boy in many pantomimes. It was Miss Laity that played Dick Whittington in that pantomime at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in the 1919-1920 season.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

MABEL NORMAND, scintillating, effervescent, and endowed in a pale blue and pink evening frock, came dashing into Florence Reed's dressing-room the other evening. Executive Florence Reed is making a great success in "The Mirror," a new play which recently opened in one of New York's new theatres, and Mabel's visit was to tell Florence that she had cried her eyes out over the sad ending of the play.

"Why didn't you Benne go to the country and start life anew?" said Mabel.

"Fannie isn't a really big character," explained Florence, "she's only a sentimenals of life, and who has never paid any attention to the demands of beauty, wouldn't be content to lie in a little country town. She could leave her husband and come back to her lover in a month."

"The country isn't so bad," argued Mabel. "not when you get used to it. Look at these," she said, extending a pair of badly calloused hands. "I have been playing golf and living the simple life."

Mabel dictated rather straightforward to attain a property ofペンテンン."I have a story," he said, "a picture she recently completed for the Goldwyn Company, and as a result is now underweird and made up. She is the kind of girl to get fat, and is weighing herself with scrupulous care to report every added ounce to her physician. Mabel remedied all the ways of herself, and her friends have now taken her in hard and prevailed upon her to try and keep the roses in her cheeks."

Her eyes seemed to narrow and deeper than eyes.

"Look at these lashes," said Florence Reed. "You could braid them."

"Braid's no use," answered Mabel. "Bobbin hair is in vogue."

Mabel never loses her good spirits; she always has an epigram, or at least a sentence, on the tip of her saucy little tongue. But at one man said once, in speaking of the gay little lady: "The way Miss Westover is列入 in a Scotch, and not in spite of her mischievous pranks. She scatters her songs broadcast, takes everyone to her heart, and then promptly go back, forgets all about them—until she meets them by accident again."

But one feels it is a joy to know Mabel, and other a world is better for having had her here.

Back From Sweden.

DO you remember Winifred Westover? She is the little blonde girl so many of Charles Ray and W. S. Hart pictures. Well, Winifred is just back from Sweden, where she starred in two special productions made for the Film Central Company. Having a Swedish ancestry by her Norwegian and Scandinavian affiliation, Winifred has found exceedingly profitable.

"This is the way it happened, if I may be pardoned for going into history, five months old. The Swedish Film Company sent a newspaper woman to California from Stockholm for the expressly expressed purpose of obtaining a Swedish-American preferred. The newspaper woman landed in California with a hawt hawt hawt amethyst of Anna O. Nilsson, Gloria Swanson, and Juanna Hansen. Each of these three women were tied down with a contract, and for that reason were unable to consider going to Europe."

"But a young, lovely, and within a week all arrangements were made for her to sail for Sweden. Denmark, and then another."

"And it's a mighty good thing I had mother with me," said Winifred. "She was able to intimate the whole of the scenario and every word of direction I received—for the first mouth at least. She saved me a lot of chagrin and trouble."

LUCELLA O. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Don't you like this new studio portrait of CHRISTIE WHITE, the popular Hepworth star?

An amusing incident in "All's Button," the British screen comedy, produced by Cecil M. Hepworth. LESLIE HENSON, the popular actor who is appearing in "A Night Out," at the Winter Garden Theatre, London, is starred in this film, and can be seen on the right of the picture.

KATE LESTER in a typical character study, dreaming by the fireside, in which she sees visions of the past. A scene from one of the latest photo-plays in which this clever actress has a part.

"Tiger's Cub," which had such a successful run at a London theatre, has been filmed by the Fox Film Company. The above is a scene from this photo-play, and shows PEARL WHITE, who takes the star part.

A picture to delight the heart of "Pussyfoot!" RUTH ROLAND does not mind the country being "dry," as she never drinks anything stronger than milk, and is training her company to follow suit.

A good old English bull terrier, BLANCHE, SWEET'S dog, "The Kid."
A

Arthur Weston is summoned by his aunt Mrs. Ferguson. His uncle, the Rev. Ferguson, has heard Mrs. Ferguson say that she is worried about her son Harry. Her husband married her for her money, and he has spent it as fast as he can, and there is no provision made for her son's future.

As he has no fixed abode, and gives him a bag containing twenty thousand pounds in notes which she has managed to save, and asks him to look in trust for her boy. She tells Arthur that she will urge Greystone Manor to him; but it is really for Harry, and he is to pass it over to him when he twenty-one.

Arthur is deeply touched.

"May God punish me if I do not respect your trust," he said and explained his case.

A fortnight later Amy Rae dies. After the will has been read, there is an unpleasant incident when Weston overheard a conversation between Harry and young Ferguson, the year's daughter, and it ended in a fight between the man and the boy.

The Rev. Ferguson calls on Weston as he wishes to make peace between him and Harry but Arthur refuses to go to dinner with the rector to meet his cousin.

On returning home, the Rev. Ferguson tries to present the matter again to Australia, but with no avail; and one day the boy comes to say good-bye.

"I meant to think he is going away, and after he has left she goes to Greystone Manor and enters the house by the secret passage because she thinks there is a burglar in the Library. She finds it out and then she makes her way out again and finds that someone has entered the house by the secret passage. It is Cecil Rae, and Arthur slams the door in his face and tells him that as he is leaving the library. They enter the room together, Arthur forces the door, and when he sees the garden a shot rings out.

The Tragedy.

The Rev. Mr. Ferguson was late down to his parishioners this morning. He had spent a restless night.

"I think it must have been that Welsh rarebit," he explained to his wife. "I had the most horrid nightmare, I trust I did right in letting the dear boy go," he continued, "but I was so scared I couldn't breathe.

"Why, of course you did, my dear! You did your best to stop him," said Mrs. Ferguson, in her motherly, warning voice. "Tell me, have you been able to find a suitable replacement for Mrs. Weston, your little girl?" he asked as he went on, with quiet confidence, as if she put the rector out of his coffee.

"Harry will make good; he will make us all proud, I am sure of that!"

The rector sighed.

Mrs. Ferguson furnished the hope for the best," he said, as he opened the morning newspaper.

Grace stole a grateful glance at her mother.

It was so good to hear Harry praised. She wanted to speak of him, to add her words of hope for his well-being, but her tongue seemed tied, and she could only breathe a prayer in her heart for his safety.

Mr. Ferguson admired her spectacles.

"The body of a man was found in Greystone Woods last night by a party of workmen. A revolver was found with the body. C. R., was identified as belonging to the dead man, who was well-known in the neighbourhood. The police believed that he had committed suicide.

"Cecil Rae, the dead man, was the husband of the late Mrs. Rae of Greystone Manor, who, in his will, left his husband off without even the proverbial shilling. Mr. Rae, it is understood, was very heavily in debt, and had already, on the day of the tragedy, had an interview with his lawyers. The police are busy making further inquiries.

"Graves was found by her seat, and was leaving over her mother's shoulder. As she read the words, her mind was going over the events of the evening.

"She had heard the pistol shot, but it had not been in the woods, but in the manor house itself. What did it mean? Had Cecil Rae shot Arthur Weston and then gone into the woods and shot himself?

A horrified little cry escaped her.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced quickly up, and, noticing the papers in her hands, remarked, "She had no wish for her young daughter to read such horrors.

"Now, Grace," she said kindly, as she noticed the girl's white, drawn expression, "you do not want to read this. It is very terrible and such things mean that if I will the news will bring him back?"

Grace opened her mouth to speak, but no words came from her lips.

She wanted to tell her terrible suspicions. She had not mentioned her adventure the day before, but now she felt that surely she had kept her secret.

She was afraid of those kind, understanding eyes guessing her secret.

"There she must tell him yet as in her heart strings if she confessed her visit to Greystone.

Grace took after her father. She was very sensitive, and she was not the kind who could stand to see her beloved rector from stating clearly to Arthur Weston all he knew about the late Mrs. Rae's wishes, and he wasn't the kind who could bear to see her heartstrings if he confessed her visit to Greystone.

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Mrs. Ferguson got slowly up from her chair, and there was a very troubled frown on her face, "Oh, my dear," she exclaimed, "I am always pleased to have you.

Grace stood hesitating. Should she let her father go with her? If the Rev. Mr. Ferguson touched her tightly on the shoulder.

"I want you to drive into Toolescombe, dear," she said. "There is some work to be done and some money to be found for the mother's meeting this afternoon.

Mr. Ferguson had further details to discuss, and when at last Grace went to seek her father, he was gone.

Arthur Weston was in his study. He had given orders that he was not to be disturbed, so the maid informed the rector.

"Please, Rev. Mr. Ferguson, at questioning whether he should depart, when a fairy-like little figure darted out from one of the French windows leading to the drawing-room, and came towards him.

I saw you coming," she cried, "Mr. Weston, before I arrested you, he asked her, for I want to keep this young man, and, if possible, to help you on your way back.

"Tell your daddy that I am taking you out," called out the rector.

I was at the moment that Arthur Weston, hearing the voice it came from, turned at the corner of the house. He stood still and stared when he saw his visitor.

Mr. Ferguson glanced towards him.

"My dear Weston!" he exclaimed. "I came to see you, but they told me you could not be disturbed. I trust you are not ill!"

He continued, in a voice of genuine concern, as he caught sight of the other's ghastly face.

Arthur Weston pulled himself together with an effort, and endeavoured to smile reassuringly. He was not all right. Only I suppose I wasn't cut out for business; everything seems to worry me.

"You want a change," said the rector sympathetically. "Indeed, you look to me very ill. I should go away for a bit."

Had he not been called yesterday," remarked Arthur, as he moistened his dry lips, and his companion had an uncomfortable feeling the rear anxiety under the words.

"Yes, he went, but I should not be surprised if the news in the papers will not bring him back."

Arthur Weston, who was cut out for business, was aghast with the tragedy.

"I have not been out, and I do not listen to gossip.

"Then you have not heard!"

The rector's voice was almost incoherent. It was clear that anyone could be within five miles of Greystone Woods without having heard what had happened.

"You don't seem to think that anyone could have been?

I haven't just explained that I have not left the house for days?

The man spoke querulously.

"I don't fancy, Weston. I thought naturally you would know that Cecil Rae came into this neighbourhood last night."

"Why should I know?" asked Weston, with a sickly smile. "I have told you before I have no interest in the past."

"Then what I have to tell you may give you a shock, but you must hear it sooner or later. Your uncle, Cecil Rae, was found shot in Greystone Woods!"

Weston's face went white. His eyes were fixed straight before him, and he did not glance at his companion.

"I don't believe it," he said thickly, "Why should he be come down here to commit suicide?"

"That is what the police will find out," answered the rector thoughtfully.

Weston glanced at his watch.

"What in the deuce do you mean by saying that? I know nothing about it!"

The rector, who was the last man in the world to think evil of anyone, looked astonished.

"Dear Weston!" he exclaimed kindly. "The matter is the matter with you? Your nerves are all unstrung. You are ill. Let me tell you how to keep away from the wine on your way back."

Weston shook his head, as with a Calvinistic effort he endeavoured to pull himself together. He had come out with the express idea of emphasizing on the rector that he was in a mood of sin, and he had been up for the occasion, and now he experienced the sickening fear that he was giving himself away, and, when he saw the rector, he was most anxious to avoid.

"Thank you, Ferguson," he said, striving to speak with dignity, but there is something amiss with me. I am a bit run down, that is all, and..."
THE EXPRESSIONS OF DOROTHY DALTON.

DOROTHY DALTON.
The Star Who Believes That Dreams Come True.

DOROTHY DALTON, who made such a success in the sensational play, "Aphrodite," which set all New York talking—and thinking—a play in which Nazimova is to star in the screen version—has had experience as an artiste on the stage and cinema. Like many other famous actresses and cinema stars, Dorothy, in her early aspirations to find fame behind the footlights, encountered a perfect storm of parental opposition.

Dorothy argued and pleaded, but to no purpose. She was sent to the Sacred Heart Academy in Chicago. Though her ambition to become an actress was sidetracked, it was by no means crushed. After she had finished her studies at the convent, Dorothy once more put forward the suggestion that her future was on the stage, and that there were electric signs waiting to spell her name in the big letters that signal success in the skyscrapers of Broadway.

Dorothy's Plans.

This time her father met her with the proposition that she should study law. Dorothy must have had some persuasive powers, for she was able to convince her father that she ought to let her have a course in a dramatic school, and if she failed she would have a shot at the law.

But Dorothy Dalton did not fail. She made good in the school, and was able to get an engagement in a stock company. After a spell of vaudeville, she played leading ingenue roles in another stock company, and eventually graduated as leading lady in F. E. Keith's company.


Later she enlisted under the Paramount banner, and among her triumphs with this combination will be remembered "Half an Hour" (one of Barrie's most brilliant comedies), "The Dark Mirror," "Guilty of Love," and "Other Men's Wives."

A Believer in Dreams.

DOROTHY, who was born on September 22nd, 1883, is a believer in dreams. She will tell you that she has foreseen all her screen successes on the screen and stage in dreams. She has a dream-book, but it is not at all like the ordinary dream-book. It is a book of newspaper cuttings, recording the actual experiences of people who have dreamt the things that have come true.

John Lynch, the scenario writer, once challenged her to the effect that if she could give him an authenticated case where a dream had come true, he would write a play on the subject. Out came Dorothy's scrapbook of cuttings, and Lynch agreed he had lost. The outcome of the bet was that Lynch wrote the play, "The Pretenders."

Always Comes True.

"I DON'T dream often," said Dorothy in an interview, "but I can honestly say that when I do, the dream always comes true, and I have received heaps of letters from people who have had similar experiences."

By this you must not think that Dorothy Dalton is a dreamer at work—or play. On the contrary, she is one of the most alive women on the screen. She is an outdoor girl, and delights in every kind of physical exercise. She can work a motor-boat as well as she can drive a motor-car; plays golf and tennis far better than the average girl; and is an expert shot and swimmer.

Dorothy is not fond of giving advice, but she has one piece which she is always ready to hand out. It is—"Don't worry."
I was never good at standing any worry, this worry about Greystone naturally worried me. The worry to see the results again. It is a nuisance. I am wondering how I am to get it done up, and now you say that there has been some trouble? Well, that should simplify matters somewhat for me, eh? I am sorry, of course, but he was a thorough wrong thing. The mistake was his all the way, and for the loss of you. Don’t you think so?

The reverend said, ‘It is terrible, you know, to think that a fellow creature should hurl himself before his Maker without a prayer. He must have been doing it to some extent, I am sure, before he began when Arthur interrupted him impatiently.

‘Oh, of course, you are a person, and so think that you can talk like that,’ he exclaimed, and the reverend noticed with pity, that his hands were shaking and unshaking spasmodically. ‘But you need not bother to try it on with me. I used to think as you do; but I don’t now. This is the life one has to trouble about. This is the world we live in—a very un-gentlemanly—unprofitable. You people preach because you are paid to do it. I know.

`The father’s eyes softened as he glanced at her, and, indeed, she made a pretty picture, with her short curls falling over her shoulders, and her blue riding-costume fitting her slight frame to perfection. ‘I am taking your little girl to spend the holiday with us,’ Weston, I remarked the reverend. ‘You have offended us?

‘None at all, if she wants to go’.

Jessica did, and Arthur watched them both ride away, the rector on his bicycle, and the chiki on her pony.

Left alone, Arthur Weston glanced suspiciously around him, and walked up the drive back to his study.

‘That is what I want—to get away, a thorough change!’ he exclaimed as he poked up a newspaper which he had previously thrown to the floor, and which he had been reading when the reverend opened the window of the rector inquiring if he was in.

He read the paragraph that was of so much interest to all in the neighbourhood for the third time that morning.

'The police are busy making further inquiries into the case.

'The sweat stood out in great beads on his forehead. Suppose the dead man had been seen to enter Greystone Manor? Suppose someone had seen him come out? There was always the chance. Suppose he had been caught behind him? A stick or a glove.

Weston’s restless eyes travelled round the room. He had covered up all his traces, but could there be anything that he had missed?

He stood with the paper in his hands while he went over, in his mind, all the events of the preceding evening. It was not for the first time. He had done it a dozen times before.

It was impossible for him to sit down quietly as he had intended to do. He felt he must be on his way. About the people who might be trying to find him down. He must know what was going on.

The rector’s visit had brought him to this state of feeling. He had quite made up his mind to lie, but having seen the rector, he now felt that he might have given himself away, if the meeting of a few people in the room, he might mention it to others. Weston himself, in the ordinary way, had dearly loved to go, and he judged the Rev. gentleman by himself, with his mind fixed on himself and his danger, he went up to his room and dressed himself with extra care. It would never do for there to be anything unusual about him.

A few minutes later he left the house and made his way westward.

Little groups of women, and here and there old men stood at cottage gates and open doors discussing the question. And all the time, and even the next day or two, he evaded them.

In the ordinary way Arthur would have passed on, but now an irresistible impulse to discover the state of public opinion, and—worse than anything. He hurried westward.

They were all ready to talk. Everyone had been to the house, apparently most of them before the police. The body had been moved by the woman being curious but she was relieved to know that it was for granted that Cecil Rax had taken his own life.

With the thought of the case considerably increased, Arthur went on to the woods. The branches had been trampled down by many feet. Branches of trees had been torn down, and the place looked as though an army had passed through it. Around the spot where the body had been a cord had been placed, and the village policeman stood on guard.

He saluted the new owner of the place respectfully, and was expected to talk.

‘I presume that there is no doubt but that the man committed suicide,’ said Arthur, and he congratulated himself at the unceremonious in his voice.

‘No, sir. The gentleman must have taken his life,’ said the driver, who watched it in his pocket, and he had got on his diamond ring.

Arthur went on to the Manor House. A weight seemed to have fallen from his shoulders, but there had been a sense of healthy freedom, and the woods and the villagers had covered up all his tracks.

He walked down to the ground, keeping to the way he had traversed the night before, until he came to the house, which he entered.

The library was just as he had left it, no one had, apparently, entered.

 luckily on his side.

He wandered through the dismal rooms, and then out again into the sunlight. He would begin to have the place put in order as soon as he came back. He decided, but first he would take a holiday. He would go abroad. He had so often wished to travel. Jessica should go with him, he would engage a proper governess for her.

and then they would start. He stood again one of the great stone pillars of the porch and gazed at the garden. It was the same as it had been, but it was different for him, as he weaved his plans for the near future.

Suddenly he became aware that someone was approaching. A cart was coming up the drive.

**Picture Show, December 11th, 1920.**

Arthur Weston stared up at him, and then some pronouncement of what had happened swept over him and loosened his tongue.

‘Jessica!’ he cried.

The visitor nodded.

‘She was riding-costume the paddock when the pony took fright,’ he said. ‘Come man! Get up and let us get back.’

And Arthur scrambled into the seat by the driver, and Mr. Ferguson turned the horse, and the next moment they were on their way to the porch.

Arthur sat as though he had been stunned. His companion looked at him once or twice considerately, and then he needed to relieve his own feelings, he began to explain.

‘She was so happy, and so proud to show us what she could do. He said sadly. ‘We thought that she was quite safe, but the pony shied and threw her off. I watched the whole time.

Her face was caught in the stirrup, and she was dragged along. Weston, I am so sorry, and that it should have happened at my house of all places.

The rector broke down. He was not ashamed of his older man looked at him pityingly.

Arthur suddenly turned on him savagely.

‘She is not seriously hurt,’ he cried. ‘It is only a tumble, isn’t it?’

The rector shook his head.

‘They sent at once, of course, for Swales, and I came for you right away—er, from your house. I met the doctor, and he told me, Weston, that I was to prepare you. God help me!’

Arthur started his companion by uttering a loud discordant laugh.

‘If anything has happened to my child, you will have to answer for it.’

The driver did not reply at once, his shoulders were heaving. He had loved Jessica as though she had been his own, and he was filled with the clitch’s threats, knowing, as he did, that they were utterly unjust.

At the approach to the rector Arthur noticed that all the blinds were pulled down. Without waiting for the rector, as soon as the trap came to a standstill, he sprang out and entered the house.

There was a strange stillness in the air.

Mrs. Ferguson crouched. She had been crying. She put out her motherly hands towards the visitor, but he swept her aside.

‘Where is she?’ he asked fiercely.

Mrs. Ferguson hesitated a moment, and then led the way upstairs.

The door was covered with a sheet that was laying on the bed, Arthur Weston, with a hirsute eye, turned round.

Not until that moment had he fully realised that Jessica, his beautiful darling, the only thing in the world he wished for, was dead.

Another thrilling instalment next Monday’s 'Picture Show.'"
MEASURING A FILM FACE.

Why the Pretty Girl Often Makes a Bad Portrait.

It has been said by someone that everybody at some time or other has entertained an ambition to act—either upon the stage or before the camera.

Allan Dwan, one of the most noted motion picture producers, tells us how to discover our photographic qualities, and the Perfect Camera Face.

Here's the recipe:

Take in hand a T-square, a couple of triangles, and a tape measure.

'And proceed to measure the curves, contours and planes of your face, standing before your mirror to make certain the operation is proper and correct. For it is known that Allan Dwan, before becoming identified with the movies, was an electrical engineer and professor of physics and mathematics. And by applying the knowledge he gained in this capacity, Mr. Dwan has been able to invent a formula based on the sound principle of mathematics which will determine quickly and decisively the value, photographically speaking, of a face.

'Because a girl happens to be pretty,' says Mr. Dwan, 'does not necessarily signify that she is the possessor of a photographic face.'

'There are certain elements of bone structure which the camera calls for that are missing, strange as it may seem, in the faces of the majority of beautiful women.'

The distance from the point of the chin to the base of the nose must equal the distance from the tip of the nose to a point exactly between the eyebrows. The distance from ear to ear over the forehead—measured with a tape measure—must equal the distance from the apex of the chin to the exact crown of the head.

The mouth, when in a smile or a laugh, should never be more than a fifth larger than the mouth in repose. The eyes should be the distance of one eye apart. And the distance from the point of the chin to the eyes should be equal to the distance from the eyes to the crown of the head.

'The nose should not protrude more than three-fourths of an inch—that is the maximum.'

'An excellent example of what constitutes perfection from a photographic standpoint,' Mr. Dwan continued, 'is expressed in the face of Mary Thurnam, who has recently won her way to stardom. Not only are her proportions perfect, but planes and contours are so arranged as to lend themselves most advantageously to artistic lighting.'
The Lure of the Stage.
I started acting when I was seventeen," Mr. Milton Rosner told me the other evening. "My father was an old theatrical manager. He ran away from home and joined a circus, and was the first man who took an English musical comedy show out to the Continent. My uncle and he were known as the Milton Rays, and were very good comedians. And my grandfather — he smiled — was just like the rest of us; he played in the days of Barry Sullivan, Charles Matthews, and other leading lights.

Mr. Rosner held up a beautiful old gold eyeglass, which was suspended round his neck by a length of black moire ribbon.

"Charles Matthews gave this to my grandfather," he told me.

An Old Love.
fish, I must be a real success," Odette declared, "and any little bit of realism that creeps naturally into a picture helps it tremendously. I will tell you an instance of it. When I was playing in 'Enchantment,' my hair was supposed to catch fire; the man who is in love with me at once puts it out. Some rows had been arranged on my head that would catch fire, but not burn my hair. However, when the time came for the fire to be put out, in his anxiety my lover of the play pressed the smoothing-tow so hard that it fell on my neck, causing severe burns. I tried to bear the agony, for the thought flashed through my mind 'that as I am being burnt I might as well endure the real thing,' and I was filmed at this critical moment.

A Rein on the Emotions.
Later Milton Rosner talked of Martin Harvey. "I played with him in 'The Only Way,' and created a part in 'The Bread of the Brehams.'

Martin Harvey is a master of technique. He was always saying: 'Real acting is never over-acting; but so few people know this.'

Some time afterwards Milton Rosner met Martin Harvey, and they were discussing old times, when Harvey exclaimed: "I expect you just wished I'd let you alone and allowed you to act from your own emotions, but I had to fill the time you.

Donald Crisp.
"Naturally," I said, 'that I had often felt like that.

And Martin Harvey answered: "There was a time when I went through exactly the same phase, when I was with Irving, feeling that if Irving would leave me alone, what a great performance I could give. But when I left him," Martin Harvey added, 'realised what a tremendous control of my resources Irving's discipline had given me.

From Two to Six-thirty.
Mr. Rosner gave me some amusing experiences of his visit to America with Ben Greet. "We used to play Shakespeare in its entirety, so that a performance lasted for four hours at least. Romeo and Juliet started at two and finished at six-thirty. The theatre reopened again at seven-thirty and we finished at twelve, by that hour most of us were unable to speak!"

"In the summer we played two shows a day for weeks, never seeing our trunks for six and eight weeks on end, so we travelled with a shirt, toothbrush, and a mist e.

I saw some magnificent scenery — the lake resorts and the White Mountains of California. Tristan, however, caused us to arrive very late at one place, so we started at ten o'clock at night, the audience having helped us to put up our scenery, and we finished at one o'clock in the morning!"

Moonlight and Music.
All the same," Milton Rosner declared, "we had fine productions. We travelled with a Russian symphony orchestra. We did 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' and 'The Tempest,' with full orchestra,
EVERYONE appreciates a good listener, someone to whom one can tell secrets, knowing that their confidences will be respected. These stars have found out to whom they can tell their most secret thoughts without fear of them being repeated.

PAULINE FREDERICK gives strict instructions to the horse she is learning to ride.

SHIRLEY MASON whispers her latest love secret into discreet ears.

MARIE PROVOST "makes friends" with a stranger.

WILL ROGERS has no need to speak.

WESLEY BARRY with his chum, who listens to all Wesley's adventures in filmland.
PLAYMATES

NOTHING delights the youngsters more than a few minutes' roop with their elders. Here we see some favourite playtime pals.

GEORGE BÉBAN, junior, with his biggest chum.

ALICE JOYCE MOORE'S favourite playmate is her daddy, TOM MOORE.

FRANK MAYO delights in playing with the kiddies and, incidentally, their toys.

MAY ALLISON finds a sparring partner in her young nephew.

MARY PICKFORD SUPP has two great loves, her auntie and her doll. The two Marys have been playmates since the younger was old enough to take notice.
and at one period Walter Damrosch conducted. On Lake George old men were at the edge of the water. I played Oberon. The setting was exquisite; it was the edge of a lake, in the white moonlight. A band of seventy-five horn players from Wagner's orchestra was hidden in the wood. It was as near Fairyland as one can get it.

**An Obscure Position.**

**F**OR Mr. Rosner's varied experiences in America our conversation drifted to British productions again. "I played in 'The Palace of Truth,'" musing on that wonderful producer, W. S. Gilbert, he said. "Gilbert could get more humour out of a funny line than any other man I know." Mr. Rosner's first productions were 'Justice' and Masnet's 'Nan.' "One day," Milton Rosner went on, "I had a sudden desire to appear in a film production, and did so. Mr. Rowson, managing director of the Ideal Film Company, thought I would make a good screen actor, and bagged me for another film. There was an interruption during the war. I became notorious in Dublin as the driver of a motor-lorry. I certainly filled an obscure position in an obscure manner."

Amongst the many successes to Mr. Rosner's credit in filmland are leading parts in 'Still Waters Run Deep,' 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,' 'Who's Without Sin,' 'The Man Without a Soul,' and 'Torn Sails.'

**Battle Burrows.**

I had an interesting chat with Mr. Donald Crisp the other morning. Many of you will remember him playing the imposing and thrilling part of Battle Burrows in the film 'Broken Blossoms,' adapted from one of Thomas Hardy's stories in 'Luncheon Night.'

Mr. Crisp came home after being away in America for sixteen years, and his first impression on getting back to the old country was to see his father again after all those long years of absence.

**We Must Struggle Through.**

"At the moment," said Mr. Crisp, "I am one of those who are trying to make British films the 'Hit' in the world, and to gain this end the whole thing has to be taken seriously. During the war England lost five precious years, and now she's got to do all in her power to regain them. We must struggle through."

"The one thing I notice here," Mr. Crisp went on, speaking of his work as a producer at the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions, "is the co-operation of everyone at the studio. Everybody is so willing to learn. Major Bell is our manager, and a great deal of credit is due to his magnetism in keeping the forces together. And all do their best for the director in chief."

**No Lillian Gishes.**

"We have not found our Lillian Gish or Mary Pickford yet, but who knows? Any day a potential Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish may drift into one of the big London studios—as a child, just as Lillian Gish did—and work her way up into the technique of this great art," says Mr. Crisp.

"Our own particular studio gives a contract for a number of years, so that the artists has the chance of perfecting his or her work with us. We have only British artists in the Famous Players-Lasky British Productions, and in the studio we have every modern scientific device known to man. But this lamp—Donald Crisp emphasizes that—has just America's million candle power. At San Pedro, in Catalina Island, there is a lamp giving a light that can be seen fifty miles away."

**A Life of Pleasure.**

"Film work?" Madge Stuart questioned the other afternoon, when I was having tea with her. "To me it's more like a job of pleasure than work. Sometimes, however, I become a little homesick for the stage, for I enjoyed acting in 'Chu Ching.' I have completed some screen work last autumn, and I have certainly never regretted the step I decided to go to the theatre, and my next pleasure is to see Norma Pal-madame films. I have to go off to France soon, and take part in a Stoll Picture production. I have never done this kind of work recently; but, as I shall have to do a tremendous amount when I get the other side of the Channel, I've hurriedly been taking lessons. No, I'm not afraid," she declared, "but I'm a bit superstitious. For instance, I put my jumper inside out this morning, and I didn't dare to change it!"

**Strong and Silent.**

Mr. A. V. Bramble, the producer of "Torn Sails," Ideal Film Co., might easily be termed "The Strong, Silent Man" of the party! He says little, but his keen, dark eyes never miss the smallest detail. If it's a great mistake, he tells me, "to imagine that film drama is silent drama; it isn't. It's useless to move the lips without sound. The human voice brings up all kinds of emotions into the face. In a tense situation, if the actor doesn't talk or shout, there are certain muscles in his neck that are never brought into play, and so the expression of his features are not virile as it should be. If conversation is only carried on in dumb show, the listener unconsciously loses in expression."


**Torn Sails.**

On a very brilliant, but windy morning last summer, I was strolling through the steep, picturesque streets of Newgus, South Wales, when I saw an equally picturesque Welshman strolling about unconsumedly. Later on I noticed an old Welshwoman, with snowy white hair, talking to a young and beautiful Welshman. They looked so attractive that for a moment I thought I was dreaming, then the truth burst upon me—the pictureque Welshman was Milton Rosner, the little Welsh girl Mary Odette, they were members of the Ideal Film Company, embarking in filming Allen Raine's 'Love Story,' 'Torn Sails,' in Allen Raine's own county, Cardiganshire. The other morning I passed out of a London fog into the enchanted portals of a cinema to a private show of 'Torn Sails.' It is produced by Mr. A. V. Bramble, and the scenario is by Elliot Stannard.

Milton Rosner makes a virile and fascinating Hugh Morgan, Ivor Parry, is played by Geoffrey Kerr (here he is), Mary Odette's Gwedas Price is a sympathetic and exquisite study of a Welsh girl. She quickly won all hearts by her charm and beauty. José Shannon's acting as Madame Owen gives an unmarred piece of emotional burning, which is haunting in its intensity. 'Torn Sails' is aBritish production that should win laurels for the producer and success to the company.

**Edith Neffan.**
Marie felt very sorry for Gordon when she told him her fortune. He alone, of all the men she had known, would have the right to feel that it was a blow to him, but he took it bravely. "I was not the only one," he said, "the girl was not to be moved from her purpose, and I can't blame you, dear. With your youth and beauty and you are entitled to have someone better than an old man like me. But when you are married and have a home I'm only hoping she'll try to make you happy as I would have tried."

That night Marie was strapped down to her bed by a soothing lotion. The room was full of flowers, and the nurse tried a number of times to lift her, but she would not move another inch. She tossed her head a few times, but the fire was still fiercer. Putting a wet towel over her mouth, she made one quick toss down the stairs, but the heat and the smoke overpowered her. She felt herself fainting and falling. Then Rising arms took hold of her, and she remembered no more till she found herself formed upon a formless mass of dead, lifeless flowers, as she opened her eyes she saw a young man bending over her.

It was Ernest Lismore, the man from next door, Marie felt as if she was going to have her as she realized it was he who had rescued her.

Then she turned her head, and the man of her choice.

"When she came to herself the second time, Lismore had gone."

"Her aunt explained that he had left in his car for a very important engagement in the city, but that he had a new engagement and that he would be home the worse for her adventure."

"It was very fortunate that he went on that the fire, Marie Lismore had come on the scene, for Marie had been on the verge of suffocation when she got her out of the burning house."

A week after the fire, Mr. Gordon died. The shock was so great and the woman was on a serious illness from which he had no chance of recovering from the start.

"He was married to a young woman, Marie, and the man of her choice."
WARD CRANE.

A Movie Lochinvar.

This year many film companies in America have left the West coast to make pictures in the East, and just as in the poem, another "Lochinvar has come out of the West" in the person of Ward Crane.

He recognized the fact that New York is going to be on quite the same level as Hollywood where the film industry is concerned, and so he went East and signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and at the present moment he is working with pretty Billie Burke in a picturization of Clyde Fitch's successful comedy, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."
Shoiv, December 11th, 1920.

AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT of THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMEDIAN

A British-made Mechanical Toy that faithfully reproduces "C. C.'s" characteristic actions. Always amusing. Easily worked by any child.

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THE BIG THREE

"Picture Show," out on Monday.
"Girls' Cinema," out on Tuesday.
"Boys' Cinema," out on Wednesday.

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Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 1/3

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CURL YOUR HAIR AT HOME, Why go to expense and suffering when you can enjoy the comfort and economy of being your own HAIR CURLING PREPARATION? Like a LOVELY LASTING CURLS, at the same time making the hair beautifully soft and glossy, discounted effective. Send AT ONCE £1 F/P. 2/6 only, for large supplies (plain wrapper) to W.T.S., 220, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E.1.

THE NEW PATENT SOUND DISCS

complete overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter how long standing. As the same in the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Insoluble, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanation Pamphlet Free.


THE DEAF HEAR

THE LIQUID HAIR REMOVER

The simplest and most reliable method. The application completely removes all unwanted hair, leaving skin soft and smooth.

Obtainable everywhere or direct from — 3/9

Famous Dancer who is now Delighting London Tells the Story of His Dancing Days Especially for Readers of the PICTURE SHOW. How He Danced for Mr. and Mrs. Jean de Reske in Paris. ballet—Learned the Apache Dance in the Underworld of Paris.

**Dancing with the Stars**

MAURICE, the star dancer of the successful review, "London, Paris, and New York," at the London Pavilion, and who is now leading the dances at the Savoy, in an interview with "Fay Film," of the PICTURE SHOW, gave an interesting story of his dancing days, and his experiences, which will be greatly enjoyed by readers. Maurice has literally danced his way around the world. His feet have been his fortune, and they are still carrying him on to greater fame.

**Some Hints on Dancing**

YES, I do, and I have a special word to say to all those who wish to learn to dance. It is not a difficult matter, and with practice you can become a good dancer. The first step is to choose the right school and to take regular lessons.

**My Favourite Dance**

My favourite dance is, and always will be, the Waltz. It is a dance that is always in fashion, and it is very suitable for all ages. It is a dance that is not only pleasant to dance, but it is also pleasant to watch others dance.

**The Secret of the Fox Trot**

EVERYONE has experienced, in strolling aimlessly along the street, a sudden jauntiness in our step caused by a barrel organ playing a popular tune. That is the whole secret of the one-step. It is marching without coming down squarely on your heels. He has found bravely, spiritedly, on a smooth floor.

**A Compliment**

MAURICE has more than once appeared before His Royal Highness, King George, Queen Mary, and Queen Alexandra at Buckingham Palace. He has also numbered many royal names among his pupils, among whom may be mentioned H.R.H. Infante Luis of Spain. It is to our compliment that Maurice told me in private that in all the countries in which he has danced, he has found the best audiences in America and England.

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**THE BIG THREE.**

The "PICTURE SHOW," every Monday.

The "GIRLS' CINEMA," every Tuesday.

The "BOYS' CINEMA," every Wednesday.

ALL THE LATEST NEWS AND PICTURES FROM FILMLAND.
"19, 20,—my plate's empty!"

There's no pudding left on the plate when it is served with Bird's Custard as hot sauce.

You can have no better sauce for a boiled or steamed pudding; and BIRD'S, so cream-like and exquisite in flavor, is made in a moment.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

owes its superiority to the rare good quality of its ingredients, and to distinct methods of manufacture.

It should be a mother's care to see that she really gets Bird's Custard. Millions of mothers take this care each week, knowing that BIRD'S adds 25% nutriment to the milk with which it is prepared.

Responsibility for Purity.

We take this upon ourselves. We guarantee that BIRD'S is "the Pure Custard," and we make it only of the finest quality ingredients that money can buy.


greatly improves the skin, and carriage, head 3 years ample for further part.

SANFORD PANTHEON, 18, Ludgate Circus, London.

CAST IRON

SAVES COAL!


DONT BE FOOLED WITH SHORT-HEADED WARE, MENDED CAST IRON!

You may rely on the longer life and greater efficiency of CAST IRON.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Hairdressing and Appearance—Don’t Keep to One Style Indefinitely—Copy the Hairdressing of Your Favourite Cinema Actresses—The Picture Girl’s Hat.

If you want to look your very prettiest at the Christmas party, and to ensure absolutely that your hair shall be effectively and becomingly dressed, a fastidious scanner over its manipulation will do you all, and only spoil the whole effect of any pretty frock that you happen to be wearing. Nothing looks so noticeable as a shoddily dressed head.

I once knew a very charming girl, who had quite a pretty face, although I must admit that few people would have noticed it. And why do you think this was so? Just because her hair was most unbecomingly arranged. She always used to just comb it into either side and carelessly braid it into two plaits. These she would wind round in a couple of coils over the back of her hairpin sticking out from them in all directions.

A Changed Appearance.

O N E day she told me that she was off to a special party, and admitted that for certain reasons she wished to look her best. But still she arranged her hair in the usual unbecoming fashion. I could not see her going out such a fright, so I just made her take her hair down again and allow me to dress it for her. And you would have been absolutely staggered by the result. With her hair pulled out either side, and a net under, this girl looked absolutely charming. She was also a little amazed at herself when she looked in the glass, and then just sitting out with such a changed appearance. But the next morning she was most enthusiastic about the praise she had received the day before, and declared that she was always going to dress her hair in the new style. Not long afterwards she became engaged, and I like to think that I had a hand in the matter.

Look for New Methods.

I REAL ly do think that many girls could improve their general appearance if they could only be persuaded to pay more attention to the dressing of their hair. Instead of sticking to one fashion year after year, they would do well to wise to spend an occasional evening in their room, trying new ways of arrangement.

Not only will the change of style improve their appear-ance, but it will also change the look of the face to the hair, which is apt to become thin in certain places. Not only will the new appearance become a regular feature in the manner of dressing.

Just now you will be attending many festivities that demand your attention to be at its best. Therefore extra attention should be given to your hair. Keep it well brushed, so that it is pliable to manipulation.

FILM FAULTS.

"De Luxe Annie."—Eugene O’Brien as the villain holds up the hero by digging his revolver in his stomach, and with his left hand pulling his arm, and his right hand will blow your head off.——5s. awarded to RENE RAY, 61, Alberon Road, Blackpool.

In "Little Miss Innocence," when June Caprice, who takes the leading part, has been locked in her cottage with one of the other girls at the convent, she is so angry that she twists the eper and basin off the washstand. When the nun arrives shortly after to secld her, the eper and basin are on the washstand and she had never been touched.——5s. awarded to P. S. WATSON, "Plemar," Kilbirnie, Ayrshire.

:: A Few of the Prize winners in this Competition.

Re "Film Faults," in the War Office serial "The World’s Greatest Story," it shows, in the first episode, the first battalion landing in France (August, 1914), and they all had steel helmets on their shoulders.——3s. awarded to JOHN SMITH, 11, Kirtkham Street, Weaste, Salford, nr. Manchester.

In the recent production of Rider Haggard’s book "King Solomon’s Mines," we had got to the part where the travellers had left the last town of civilisation far behind, and they were in a sandy desert discussing the situation and just behind them was a closely cropped hedge.——5s. awarded to W. COLE, 71, Henry Street, Upper Kennington Lane, S.E. 11.

FILMS OF THE WEEK.

The "Picture Show’s" Guide to Pictureseours.

"Luck in Pawn."—MARGUERITE CLARK, (Paramount-Adolph.)

T HIS breathing little star as a country girl, with an aristic temperament, who goes to the city to become a painter. But she finds that success means to be a pawnbroker with a heart, and there! Full of fun and excitement, this amusing play shows the star at her best.

"Captain Dieppe."—ROBERT WARWICK, (Paramount-Adolph.)

ANTO NY HOPE’S exciting romance on the screen, showing the adventures in the life of a Secret Service agent. Love and intrigue are here, and provide the star with a typical dashimg role. The excellent supporting men’s stars, Glad and Glad, and the star appear magnificently.

"The Blinding Trail."—MONROE SALISBURY, (Trans-Atlantic).

A SIMPLE story told with compelling force and full of human interest. It appeals to all that is best in human nature. A fine story, brilliantly acted. Wonderful snow scenes. A type of story which we would see more.

"The Medicine Man."—ROY STEWART, (Western Import.)

A TYPICAL film-play of the great West, with the popular star as the sheriff hero. Plenty of dash and daring, a film glowing with life. A splendid story, presented by a very capable cast. Very entertaining.

"The Joyous Liar."—J. WARREN KERRIGAN and LILLIAN WALLER, (Gumont.)

A REFRESHING and original tale, full of humour and action, starring two great favourites. It goes with a swing from start to finish. Excellent acting and fine photography.

"The Fall of a Saint."—HARTLEY EVANS and GERALD LAWRENCE, (British Screen-arts.)

A THRILLING in British screen-work. Adapted from a novel by E. Clement Scott, this is one of the best home-made films yet seen. Great story, splendid settings, excellent acting and photography. Well able to hold its own with any foreign picture-play.

"The Grey Towers’ Mystery."—GLADDY LESLIE (Vitaphotograph.)

M YSTERY and romance go hand-in-hand in this exciting screen-play. It tells the story of a young heiress, the great love of two men, the complications that arise at the appearance of a second candidate to the estate. Interest is held to the last red. Production is average.

"The Cinema Murder."—MARIAN DAVIES, (Famous-Lasky.)

A SCRATCH adaptation of E. Phillip Oppenheim’s novel, Marian Davies is cast as an actress who nearly comes under the power of an unscrupulous theatrical magnate. A vivid story of love and hate behind the scenes. Thrilling cast, fine playing and well-produced.

"Colonel Newcombe."—MILTON ROßER and JOYCE CAREY (Ideal.)

ADAPTED from Thackeray’s famous book "The Newcombes." A tale of the most lovable character in all fiction. All admirers of Thackeray, and they are legion, should see this play.

"The Virtuous Model."—DOLORES CASIN, (S.F.)

A VIVID story of life in Montmartre, and of a sculptor who married his model and then deserted her. As a story and photography this together again forms the plot of the piece. Excellent acting, lavish settings and fine photography.

SERIAL.

"$1,000,000 Reward."—LILLIAN WALLER, (F.B.O.)

A FIFTEEN episode serial of mystery, thrills and excitement, starring one of the foremost Unsolved Cases, commonly known as "Dimples."
"Shots" from Broadway

Since the release of the latest BROADWEST film, "The Case of Lady Camber," which took place on November 16th, the Directors of the company have been receiving an avalanche of letters and messages from exhibitors and public, congratulating them on the success thus far achieved in the BROADWEST STUDIO. The name of Mr. Walter West personally directed the production, which is itself of sufficient recommendation.

Released only a month after its completion—which is almost a record in the land of British films—"A Rank Outsider" was first seen by the public on Thursday last. Racing films from the BROADWEST Company are always worth seeing, and this one is no exception. Cameron Carr stars in this production, with John Gliddon, Lewis Davton, Gwen Stratford, and Joe Plant, the famous little jockey, in the other important parts. There are plenty of race-course thrills in the picture which has not a dull moment in it from start to finish.

Despite London logs, and the prevailing epidemic of influenza colds, the production work at the BROADWEST STUDIO is moving steadily forward. "The Loudwater Mystery" (the story of which is as thrilling as its name implies) is now well on the road to completion. Some of the most striking scenes in this film, will be the horse races which are shown in the Loudwater residence, for which a big old-fashioned ghost-haunted, and turreted castle has been borrowed.

Next month I hope to have some very big news for you in connection with Mr. Walter West's recent visit to France.

B.B.

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IF YOU SUFFER FROM stimulation, you are not alone. Over 100,000 men are suffering from the same disability. The M a n t o N e r V e Strenthening Treatment at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5 p.m. at the ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD., 516 Imperial Buildings, Lodgate Circus, London, E.C. 2.


Ask the "Picture Show" for a list of all its squares.

If you wish to know what picture is going to please you, ask Mr. Walter West, the Director, and he will tell you.

"Ask the Picture Show" about Films for Play.

JUST TO REMIND YOU.

I WOULD like to draw the attention of my readers to the simple fact that letters are going unopened when they reach us in closed envelopes. If you are sending me any letters, no matter what they are intended, it frequently happens that inside an envelope addressed only to this paper is an open letter to a correspondent. It is written in the belief that the writers give insufficient addresses of their own, which must be something doing this? How, for instance, is a person in America not ac-

posted to that country to know where "Footloose" is? or that "Finklech Road, N.W." is a street in London? Remember, therefore, always when writing to a paper to give your address to add the name of your county and the word "England.

Then, again, I must ask my readers to oblige me in the matter of not sending any addresses to be sent by post—-I am frequently calling attention to this point, and the reason is simply because the number of addresses to be handled each day is enormous. I do not mind that, nor do I wish anyone to ask about the usual information on that account, whenever information is available, if not on this page than post, post. Your wish is complete. But if you want to write to your favourites, then please follow very carefully the instructions at the foot of this page.

The Editor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper gives a considerable time before publication, letters are not inserted in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (no post box addresses), and no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 25, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

GIBREDE (Manor Park).—You and your chums wouldn't believe a thing I said about that girl. Well, it was due to an unknown blow given me by Fate, and ever since then I have had to submit everybody else's curiosity. What is on the bluffs, and among his pictures are: "The Figurative Girl," "The Local at the Camden's," and "A Crooked Romance." M. H. (Oxford).—So you divide your affections between two nice girls, American and American, with the presence of others, and at one a penny, post stamps included? For the particulars of "M a n t o N e r V e Strengthening Treatment" at 10 a.m., 2 p.m., and 5 p.m. at the ELLIOTT-SMITH, LTD., 516 Imperial Buildings, Lodgate Circus, London, E.C. 2.

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FIRST PRIZE £100
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No. 1.—NAZIMOVA PICTURE PUZZLE.

KEEP THIS UNTIL THE SIX PUZZLES HAVE APPEARED.

Billiards by your own fireside.

Always after strenuous exercise take an Evans' Pastille.

EVANS' Pastilles
An effective precautionary measure against the advent of Influenza, Catarrh, Pneumonia, Diphtheria, etc.

Rich with the Tint and Lustre of Nature's Sea-borne Gems.

Indestructible, Insoluble, Unchangeable, Everlasting.

Cleo Pearls
25/- Complete Necklace, 16 ins. long, with a Delightful real gold clasp, in beautiful imitation Ful Gilt.

Morocco Leather Case (velvet lined).

Send for Registered post, on receipt of 7/6 for £25. Money refunded if not later approved and returned within 10 days. Showers of Prentice's Cleo Pearls at
THE PARISIAN JEWELLER, Ltd.,
Better Work—due to Iron Jelloids.

LESLIE WALKER.

Mr. LESLIE WALKER writes:—"Some time ago I was very run-down, no doubt due to the strain imposed on one who is a public performer. I was recommended by a friend to try your Iron Jelloids, and I must say I have felt a different person, so much so that I honestly believe my two latest compositions are the outcome of an improved condition."

A Fortnight's Trial (price 1/3) will convince you.

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Manufactured only by The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., 205, City Road, London, E.C. 1, England.
There was a joyous meeting at Catalina Island the other day when Antonio Moreno, Viola Dana, and Eddy Polo found they were all spending a few days' holiday at the same place. As you know, Antonio is working with Vitagraph Company; Viola is with Metro Film Company, and Eddy with Universal, so that they have very little chances of seeing each other. This snapshot was sent to the "Picture Show" to celebrate the event.

Another chance to be a Prizewinner in £150 Competition in this week's GIRLS' CINEMA.
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Useful as it is at all times Icima Cream is particularly so now for preserving and protecting the skin from wind and cold and changeable weather. Even the simplest application soothes a wind-burned skin (try it for cracked lips, too). Icima Cream is deliciously foamy, delightfully fragrant and completely different from all others. Vanishes better than vanishing creams.

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SEVEN DAYS’ FREE TRIAL GIVEN.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

CLIFFORD HEEATHERLY.

CLIFFORD HEEATHERLY is another well-known British film star who enjoys his Christmas. The Picture Show of this week brings you the chance to see two of his new films, "Hopson's Postcards" and "Moore." Mr. Hopson, who is particularly interested in British productions, has written a special piece for the Picture Show, discussing his experiences in the film industry.

Just a Word From Fay.

This week's issue of the Picture Show features Fay's column, where she shares interesting Behind-the-Scenes stories. Fay's insights into the film industry are always entertaining and informative.

A Fine Paper For Girls.

The "Girls' Cinema," a popular section of the Picture Show, is known for its full of interesting articles and stories. This week, a special article is dedicated to the world of cinema, featuring interviews with famous actresses and reviews of the latest films.

This Week's Art Picture.

You won't want to miss our centre page this week! A special article on an emerging talent in the film industry is featured, highlighting the artist's unique style and the impact of their work on the industry.

Film Faults Competition Closed.

You will notice that this week we have to discontinue our offer of a prize of five shillings for sending in a Film Fault. We would encourage you to continue sending in your comments and suggestions to improve our service and keep us aware of any issues. Your feedback is invaluable to us.
Picture Show, December 18th, 1920.

From "Over There." Notes and News From New York.

Mary and Doug Coming To England Again

If England didn't want Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks to pay a return visit, they couldn't have helped it. Ever since these two screen favourites returned, they have been figuring on how soon they could get back to the Old World to pour out the joint amount of their promised work they have decided they can leave this country some time in January.

Let me tell you a secret. Mary and Doug are going to London to make pictures. They have two more features complete before they are free to pack their bags. The story leaked out following a rumour that Mr. Fairbanks had his pretty little wife, Mary Pickford, and her stalwart husband—put it any way you choose—had decided to stop making pictures. Miss Pickford's husband, who was then in the studio, over-heard this picture story before it was completed and decided to make it up himself. Sh-h-h! a man named Douglas Fairbanks.

If there is time, the celebrated screen lovers may take in a West End picture before they take the boat to England.

Speaking of Screen Lovers.

Our old friends, Bertie, Baynine and Francis X. Bushman will, by the time this reaches England, be at work on a picture for Morocco. They have been playing the important roles in "The Half Breed," in which Ann Little and William Desmond are likewise featured. Bertie's friend says a large part of his family Number 1 and Number 2 are incorporated in California. Mrs. Josephine Bushman, No. 3, has brought them down to California to put them in pictures. Beverly Dayno Mrs. Bushman No. 2, has been in Hollywood several months waiting with her husband and her small son for the Morocco contract to go into effect.

A New Member of the Film Colony.

CONRAD NIGEL, who played with Alice Terry in "Stage Coaches," is on the stage, and who has recently signed a nice flat contract with Famous Players-Lasky, is now playing in New York in a leading role. He is the proud father of a baby girl. His wife was formerly Ruth Hedges, a society girl. Miss Hedges screen experience in the new picture, "The Fighting Chance." She played a part in this picture in which her husband and Anna Q. Xilford were.

Giving the Prisoners a Treat.

THOMAS MERRIHAM has gone in heavily for prison reform. It may be only a temporary impulse, but the last time I saw him he could talk of nothing but prison life and how the boys behind the bars should be treated. Tommy's knowledge was gained after visiting New York's celebrated prison, Sing Sing. The visit was made to get some real colour for a prison story called "The Quarry" which is to be forthcoming Meighan-special.

It's Great to Be Popular.

Do you remember Miriam Cooper, the little black-eyed girl who used to play in so many of the D. W. Griffith features? Well, Miriam, as you probably know, is married to Elsie Yarb, new and very handsome husband of Mary Pickford's pictures. Recently a young woman walked into one of New York's leading hotels and handed the clerk a cheque.

"Sorry, ma'am," he answered, "but I shall have to have some identification.

"It's her," she said, "I am Miriam Cooper, the actress, and I consider your action an insult.

The clerk, not wishing to offend a patron who was known to be a very good customer, profusely apologised, and hurriedly handed the young woman the money value of the cheque.

As it now is, it is perhaps a little too much. The young lady, who was not Miriam Cooper, vanished in thin air, and the poor trusting clerk is now quite in a fix.

Louella O. Parsons.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

A charming portrait of MABEL NORMAND, the talented Goldwyn star. Are you reading "Madcap Mabel"—the story of Mabel's school days—every week in "Girls' Cinema."

Music hath charm! Between the scenes of a Goldwyn film, Director Victor Schertzinger thought he would entertain some of the members of the cast by playing to them, but evidently they did not appreciate it. Left to right: MYRTLE STEDMAN, MR. SCHERTZINGER, LEWIS S. STONE, MABEL JEFFERIES BOTT, and LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS.

EDYTHE CHAPMAN and her husband, JAMES NEILL, enjoy a musical evening.

DAGMAR GODOWSKI has to play with some strange pets in her film "The Throbbing." It is not everybody who could look so happy if they had to allow an animal, whose greatest delight is to wallow in mud, to feed out of their hands.

Music hath charm! Between the scenes of a Goldwyn film, Director Victor Schertzinger thought he would entertain some of the members of the cast by playing to them, but evidently they did not appreciate it. Left to right: MYRTLE STEDMAN, MR. SCHERTZINGER, LEWIS S. STONE, MABEL JEFFERIES BOTT, and LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS.

EDYTHE CHAPMAN and her husband, JAMES NEILL, enjoy a musical evening.

ALEC FRANCIS and LAWSON BUTT in "Earthbound."
BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. BY EMMIE ALLINGHAM

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SUSPICIONS.

The folk of Greystone village, when discussing the affair, always put down his altered demeanour to the death of his little girl. It was a tragedy with which they could all sympathise.

The death of Cecil Rao passed out of their minds within a few weeks, but the loss of the golden-haired Jessica, and the grief of her father, was a thing they could understand.

Pretty, spoilt Jessica, had been a favourite among them. The men remembered her quaint, impertinent manner towards them, and the women had admired her dainty appearance and golden hair.

Victims which the pretty child had never possessed were attributed to her by the simple village folk; and one and all had a kind word to speak for the bereaved man.

No one was surprised when Arthur Weston shut up his house, almost immediately after the funeral, and went abroad.

During his absence the house where he had lived was allowed to run down, and bull competitors and belongings were taken to Greystone Manor.

But Mr. Weston was not long away. A few weeks after his departure there was a knock at the door. He had arrived. The village physician, who had attended him, and in whose opinion he was in very precarious condition, after he had been to the woods and the village policeman has told him that it is evidently a case of some tragedy that seems to fall upon him. The police have not yet been able to find to whom this comes of himself.

When he returns home the Rev. Ferguson received a note that Arthur's little daughter Jessica, who is the successor to the estate, has been thrown from her pony and killed while spending the day at the vicar's house.

"Oh, no reason, miss! Only someone was remarking that the rector seemed to have grown older in the last weeks," said Mrs. Swift apologetically, and Grace laughed, although the colour rose to her face, as a recollection of her own past days.

"None of us are quite the same as we used to be," she said.

"So, that's the reason!" cried Mrs. Taylor, joining in. "I've just been up to the Manor Hall, miss. Did you know that Mr. Weston has brought to me a new servant, and he isn't going to employ anyone else? I don't call it fair, missys. Do you think so?"

"Mr. Weston must please himself. He has had so much trouble lately," answered the girl; and then, with another bright smile, and a nod which included the whole group, she turned and went out.

Mrs. Taylor suffered disapproval.

"There is a person's daughter for you," she said contemptuously. "It isn't her bread-and-butter. She don't care if the squire lives like a heathen, with only a forager to look after him. I thought as she might have offered to go and have a talk with him, but no—nothing of the sort."

I don't see myself how you can expect her to. You forget your little Miss Jessica. Mr. Weston has not spoken to any of the Ferguson ever since that happened."

"So you say. But I've seen Miss Grace in the woods ever so many times. She don't go there for nothing."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Mrs. Taylor had created a sensation. Every eye was fixed on the vicar's front parlour. There is one for her from Master Harry, bless his heart! I know his handwriting."

The guest in the vicar's parlour was Grace Ferguson, the vicar's daughter, who was to have a great deal to say to the Reverend Ferguson before he knew it.

"Well, all I say is that that young lady wants watching," said Mrs. Taylor sternly.

"I don't know anything, but it must say my suspicions."

"Well, what are they?" asked Mrs. Swift curiously.

"That I keep to myself until I know more. But you all keep your eyes open; that Grace Ferguson isn't as innocent as she looks, not by a long-run."

The vicar's daughter, with a wise shake of her head, Mrs. Taylor took her departure, having the satisfaction of knowing that she had given them something to discuss.

Meanwhile Grace had sped on her bicycle towards the woods that Mrs. Taylor had mentioned.

She often went there when she wanted to be alone. It was so much easier for her to think about the absent one when she was in the environment that she and her old playmate knew so well.

And now she had a letter he had written to her. Her heart beat a little quicker at the thought. He had remembered her. Sure she was the happiest girl in the whole wide world!

Steering her bicycle through the bracken, she made her way to her favourite spot. It was a mound that rose some six feet from the ground and then dropped some ten feet on the other side. On the top of this mound or rising, a slight oak had fallen, and its trunk, crumbling yet massive, had been the playing of Grace and Harry almost ever since they could remember. It had served as a castle, a robin's house, and even as a gallant seat in those happy, far-off days and Grace always felt that the friend of her childhood was not so far away when she was resting on its friendly, gnarled old trunk.

Leaving her bicycle below Grace seated herself and then took out the letter and examined it.

To her, even her handwriting was the most beautiful of all the world. She bent her head suddenly, and pressed his lips to the address, and then she looked up with a burning face, and glanced around, as though she feared someone was watching her. But only a saunterer on a branch near by was regarding his mistletoe with wonder. Grace looked behind her and then he broke into a song as he flitted away. Grown and laughed, and shook his finger at her.

Then she opened the letter.

"Dear Grace,—I guess you will be surprised to get a letter from me. I never was much of a fellow for writing, but you have always been a good compositor, and I sent over the whole alphabet of the Mississippi.

Looking of all the people that I knew in the Old County, you are the only one that I can write to. Tell of your news and tell of your friends. I can't think of anyone else. Of course, it is all strange at first, but I do get lonely. I am afraid I am not the kind of fellow who makes friends easily. I can't talk naturally to people I do not know. I wish I could."

I see that you are not at all so that I could talk to you sometimes, but the next best thing, after all, is being able to write to you.

This is a strange sort of letter, but I know that you won't laugh, and that you won't give it away. Tell everyone who asks after me that I am going on fine. I am really. I have got a job on a fruit farm, but, between you and me, I don't see much chance of that farm's case here after—at least, not at present. No one seems inclined to take me into partnership or adopt a nice, handsome youth such as your old pal. Indeed, I sit on a stool and add up beautifully figures until sometimes I feel like chucking it all, and taking the first boat back to good old England.

While I write this I can see you, with your big brown eyes, looking up at me, as if I was the only person you had seen for ages, and telling me what you used to when I told you I should run away from school. By the way, your eyes are grey, aren't they? You mind this point, will you? You will write, won't you? I want cheering up, and you need not be afraid I shall not stick it. I won't come back a failure, and the Arthur Weston goes to live at Greystone yet? I suppose he will be marrying again, and..."
Show, December 18th, 1920.

A STORM in a TEA CUP

Their first kiss.
CORINNE GRIFFITH and WEBSTER CAMPBELL in a Vitagraph film.

"Will he come back?" Her sorrow turns to joy as she sees him coming up the garden path.

"Don't argue with me," she says.

"He is no longer with her.

"He is no longer with her.

Re-united. Everything is forgotten as he takes her in his arms, and they vow never to quarrel again.
"Manaced By Money." (Continued from page 8.)

that kid of his will be playing around just as you and I used to. Those were fine days, little pal. They often come back to me, now I am over here. I never realised how jolly they were then.

"I wonder what you think of them? Somehow I hope you do. I have been thinking of you quite a lot lately. Now do please write me and tell me what you think. Give a child to your mother, and tell Mr. Ferguson that I am with Mr. Nichols, that friend who gave me the idea, and don't tell him I am going strong, and that I like my work. Ever your old pal,

Harry Rae.

P.S., May be a sport, and don't forget me.

—Harry.

The girl read the letter through, and a bubbling little laugh of pure happiness broke from her lips. She stood, quiet, with a smile upon her face. "I am going to write to Mr. Weston again."

"And why not? They often come back to me, now I am over here. I never realised how jolly they were then."

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Harry Rae.

P.S., May be a sport, and don't forget me.

—Harry.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF PARDOE WOODMAN.

PARDOE WOODMAN.
The Young British Screen Juvenile.

PARDOE WOODMAN, who is now making a big impression by his work in recent Stoll Films, was born in Malvern, where he was also educated. "Some are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them." Parloe Woodman is one of those whose first appearance on the theatrical stage was more or less an accident.

A Member of the Benson Company.

It was whilst Mr. Woodman was a member of an amateur dramatic society, that the Benson Company, which was playing in Worcester, made application for certain members of the society to take part in their production.

Mr. Woodman was selected to play the part of the Lord Chamberlain in "Henry VIII," and after the run of the show was finished he was asked to become a member of the Benson Company.

This offer sealed Mr. Woodman's fate, and he determined to take up the stage as a career.

After remaining three years with the Benson Company, he played under Mr. Fred Terry's management. From this time onwards Mr. Woodman appeared in such important London productions as "The Dynasts," "Disraeli," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Prodigal Son," "Be Careful Baby," "Twelfth Night," and "The School for Scandal."

A Prophecy.

Mr. Woodman is particularly well suited to character juvenile work, and although he admits that he is at present a newcomer to British filmland, one feels on seeing his work on the screen, that it will not be long before he has made a very big name for himself in the annals of cinematography.

His intention is to devote all his time to film work in future, and his greatest ambition is to make a success of the characters which he is given to portray for the screen.

An Awkward Moment.

"One of my most awkward moments," says Mr. Woodman, "was during the filming of 'The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown.'"

"We were working at a railway station some miles from the studio, I was told to jump into a train which was just steaming out of the platform, go to the next station on it, and return by the next train back."

"On alighting at the next station I was promptly accosted by a porter, who stared at me as though he had encountered a walking corpse—presumably because of my make-up—but demanded my ticket all the same."

"'I haven't any ticket,' I told him, 'but I want to catch the next train back.'"

"'Where d'you want to go to?' demanded the porter."

"'Where I've come from,' I replied possibly."

"'And where are yer come from?'"

"'I don't really know,' I informed him. For as a matter of fact I hadn't noticed the name of the station at which we had been working."

"'Seems to me,' said the porter, 'that you must 'ave come from the Asylum. Anyways, that's where you're goin' to.'"

"At this moment Miss Ruby Miller and Teddy Arndell opportunely arrived in a studio motor-car, and satisfactorily explained matters—otherwise the porter would have, no doubt, conducted me to the local Asylum, and the mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown would be still unsolved.""

His Chief Recreations.

Mr. Woodman's chief recreations are riding and swimming, and the collection of old glass is his pet hobby. Many specimens included in his collection are extremely valuable, and he possesses some of the most wonderful Venetian glass in this country. He has samples of the glass-worker's art from all over the world, and if ever he is travelling, at the first opportunity he searches out the local curiosity shop and ransacks it for further specimens to add to his collection.

Pardo Woodman.
The Necessity of Keeping Fit.
I HAD an amusing chat with Mr. James Knight the other morning. He is tremendously keen on boxing, and every imaginable kind of sport; added to this, he is a clever engineer. His spare moments are taken up in the building of a motor car for himself.

"I don't think any man can be a successful film artiste," he assured me, "unless he keeps himself in a state of physical fitness. The work is trying, and it takes a certain toll upon one's nervous energy; therefore, to counterbalance this, it is a necessity to keep in the pink of condition. Late hours, and a careless mode of living would be absolutely fatal to a would-be aspirant to the glories of the screen. Tired eyes cannot be hidden from the pitiless scrutiny of the camera. No matter how hard one tries to disguise the 'bit below par feeling,' it is quite useless when one has to face the music in a studio."

The Inner Self and the Camera.
"WHEN I look myself on the screen," Mr. Knight confided, "I often experience a feeling something akin to a shock. I notice certain characteristics portrayed of which I had not the faintest idea I possessed, until they were revealed to me by the camera. At any rate, I'm quite convinced of one thing—that our hidden consciousness is a very weird and puzzling affair; I often feel that I am a stranger to myself when I watch the progress of a film in which I am playing a lead. I notice little mannerisms, a fleeting something which baffles my understanding; it is as if I am in the presence of a being whom I have never met before. Disguise it as you may, one's character is often revealed by the smallest touch—the chance flicker of an eyelid, even the quiver of one's mouth."

Not Lucky.
I THEN our conversation drifted along from films to letter writing.
"I admit I have hundreds of letters every week from various people," Mr. Knight continued. "I often wish I could see my correspondents. I suppose a man is naturally as curious to the averted woman," he smiled; later Mr. Knight acknowledged that the bulk of his correspondence was from the opposite sex—"be caudly, I know practically nothing about women. I suffer from the awful curse of never having had a sister. I expect that's the reason why the girls are so particular about unknown persons as far as I'm concerned."

The Strengthened Life.
OUR conversation went back to the studio, and to the athletic side of film work.
"In a fighter it's quite impossible to do it in a half-hearted fashion," James Knight told me. "In a Harma film which was completed not long ago, Mr. Bernard Dudley and I had to indulge in a real battle of the fists. For this purpose it was decided that this particular scene should be taken at Wraybury. We had a most inspiring audience which was absolutely astounded that our whole energy should be thrown into this business."

Animals and Theatres.
"MY favourite amusement," Marjorie Villis declared, "is going to the theatre. It's a tremendous recreation to me, especially when I'm tired, for it seems to act as a mental stimulus. I am also passionately fond of animals. If I have any spare time I indulge in my favourite hobby—gardening. When visiting the studio, as one has to do, I amuse myself with knitting. It is very difficult for me to remain inactive for any length of time."

Miss Villis also has a weakness for embroidery, her clothes, and she showed me a hat trimmed with kid, and gaily embroidered with silk embroidery.
"It's picturesque, and that is why it appeals to me," she smiled.

A Lover of Music.
"I AM a great lover of music," Mr. Bernard Dudley said when I was talking to him a few days ago. "I was singing for twenty years, but in the middle of my life I found how difficult it was, and I thought I had better leave it alone. Then I endeavoured to do something else, and I took up film work. I very much like the change," he went on, "although, and to relate, my lot is usually that of playing a horrid villain. I completely lose myself in my part; so much so, indeed, that one day when I was playing with Mr. James Knight I alarmed the head of the firm, and he declared—"

"I am sure Dudley has a grudge against Jimmy!" I took this remark as a tremendous compliment to myself. I may add," he said modestly, "I have the mildest of temperaments."

Dodging Round Bookstalls.
OUR conversation then drifted to hobbies.
"I have two," Mr. Dudley declared. "One is dodging round bookstalls in the Charing Cross Road, and the other keeping myself fit at the gymnasium. I cannot be too enthusiastic about the one belonging to the Y.M.C.A. in the Tottenham Court Road. It is the best equipped in London. If a man wants to be fit, there's nothing like a gymnasium; it's the best tone in the world."

Not All Cakes and Ale.
"I AM a film in which I've recently been playing a lead with James Knight, there is a wrestling bout. The other afternoon we were having a rehearsal on the banks of the Thames, and I had concealed my script behind a hedge. I took off my coat and was just going to start, when an agitated spectator, believing we were in earnest, rushed up to us. He was not reconciled until I produced my script from behind the bush. James Knight and I had an encounter outside a well-known inn, the 'Swan and Bottle.' We got to business with cross buttocks and flying names. It was so realistic that a crowd of people collected. It was something of an object lesson to those
THE PARTING.

NINA SANDS and GEORGE GRIMWOOD in "THE HOPE OF HIS SIDE."
There is no love like a mother’s love, as has been proved by these stars of the screen. To them mother is their best friend. She shares their success in screenland as well as their troubles. They paraphrase the old song and sing, “A girl’s best friend is her mother.”

Grace D’Armand and her mother snapped in the home garden.

Lucille and Marshall Ricksen are accompanied by their mother to the studio.

Mme. Doralina has her mother’s beautiful dark eyes.

Priscilla Dean shows her mother her latest film.

Director Tod Browning bunk on.

Leatrice Joy and her mother are great pals.
present that cinema work was not all cakes and ale; there are often tears shed about it too."

In answer to my question, Mr. Dudley told me that amongst films he had played in were: "The Romance Lady," "Power of Right," "Great Impostor," and "The Man Who Forgot." One of the Lucky Ones.

EDNA FLUGRATH, bubbling with life and happiness, smilingly told me, over a cup of tea the other afternoon, that she considered herself "one of the lucky ones."

"I was doing vaudeville work at three years of age, and at sixteen I was premiere dancer at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It is eight and a half years since I started film work. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are my sisters. I had a letter from them the other day telling me how much they were enjoying the glorious sunshine across the water. It reached me on a very foggy day. I did feel a wee bit envious. But I have compensations. In the summer time I live in a house that has one of the finest views in Great Britain—the Thames from the Terrace at Richmond."

A Life of Adventure.

MISS FLUGRATH has had many thrilling years since she took up screen work. On one occasion the film in which she played almost caused a revolution. Five thousand natives of Africa were taking part, and five hundred Dutch. Guns were not handed out until the last minute, then the fight commenced. But the Dutch, thinking the occasion a favourable one for getting their own back on account of an old feud, had secretly filled their guns with pebbles. A hundred and thirty-seven natives were wounded, and they got out of hand, said Miss Flugrath.

"One threw his assegai at Mr. Shaw, the producer, only just missing him by a few inches. It was a miracle he was not killed." A Sausage, Collar Button, and a Pen.

WHEN we were in Russia filming the "Land of Mystery," Miss Flugrath told me, "we often had to sleep on straw. Things were in an awful state at Kovno, the people were so terribly poor. There were no vegetables. I saw a small piece of cucumber priced at £2! The shops had been stripped of everything of any value by the Bolshevists. So the poor shopkeeper was obliged to fill his window with anything he could find, such as a sausage, a collar-button, and a pen."

A 2,500 Mark Hat.

"ON our way home from Russia," Miss Flugrath added, "we found ourselves in the Berlin Revolution. I could see the people shot down from my hotel window. It was a very trying experience. I fell in love with a wonderful hat before I left the city," she smiled, "Naughty of me, wasn’t it? However, I marched into the shop, and was informed it was 2,500 marks, which, owing to the rate of exchange, was quite a low price, as the asperjes alone that RAMMED It were worth considerably more than the hat. I bought it, and a little crowd collected, and business was at a standstill, the people were apparently all amused at my extravagance."

Miss Flugrath is wearing the hat in question in the photograph of herself on this page.

A Clever Character Actor.

MR. REGINALD BACH, pronounced Boisch—is considered to be a wonderfully fine artiste. He is extremely modest when he talks about himself, but is tremendously enthusiastic when he discusses his work.

"I like screen work," he admitted, when I was talking to him the other afternoon; "but I’m a very great lover of the legitimate stage, too. You see," he added, "I was in the stage. I have had ten years’ experience in West-End theatres." In Finland he has played in "Chinese Puzzle" (Ideal), "Amazing Quest of Mr. Bows," "Once Aboard the Lugger," Hepworth Films, and for the Ideal, "Build Thy House." He is now playing in Mr. James Harries’ "The Will" for the Ideal Company.

An Ennui.

On this page you will see Mr. Leslie Howard. I met him in the other morning, for he had just sailed for America. He has a natural gift of humour, and has recently made a great hit in some of A. A. Milne’s film comedies. We want to keep such talent under this side of the horizon. The humorous touch, without vulgarity, is indeed a thing to prize; and, added to this, Mr. Howard’s love-making on the screen is a perfect delight. Romance, bustling with life, no matter what cramped-minded cynics say.

The Harma Photo-Play—"Brenda of the Barge."

JEDD BROWN (played by Tom Coventry) is a typical bargeeer. Mary, his wife (Blanche Stanley), assists him in his avocation. John and Mary married late in life, they are blessed with one child—a girl. At the age of five she is stricken with an illness which proves fatal. After the child’s death the barge is passed under a bridge when Mary is started by a child’s whistle falling on the deck. She glances up and sees a little girl of three leaning over the bridge. Mary hurries off the barge and brings the child away from her dangerous position.

The hunger for her dead child overmasters her. She hides the girl in the barge cabin, and persuades her husband to allow her to adopt it. The child is the daughter of a gentleman farmer named Walden, who lives at the Manor House, and she had as a playmate, Mr. Walden’s adopted son named Jim. Search for the missing child proved fruitless, and the mother (Rose Sharp) ultimately dies of a broken heart.

Judd dies, and twenty years later we find that Mary and the kidnapped child, the latter now grown to womanhood (Marjorie Villis), have returned to barge life, with Harry, who previously helped Judd, in charge. Brenda believes that Harry is her mother.

Harry is in love with Brenda, but she does not reciprocate his passion. Mr. Walden, Brenda’s father, has died, and as his child has never been found, he has left his property to Jim (James Knight). Jim meets Brenda, and a love interest is developed.

Harry becomes jealous, and seeks to revenge himself on Jim, through Brenda. She has a tremendous scene with Harry, and in his mad jealousy he throws her into the river from an attic window. Jim comes upon the scene at the critical moment. He has a struggle with Harry, but overpowers him. Jim jumps into the water and rescues Brenda. Stricken with remorse, Mary tells the true story of Brenda. Jim realises that Brenda is the real heiress to the property when he sees a whistle which he had given her on her third birthday.

The tense, human story ends happily, showing forgiveness for the woman who has been the cause of all the trouble.
The TOWER of JEWELS

Talking of a Girl Cook Who Tried to Go Straight

David Barton, famous lawyer and criminologist, sat in the library of his magnificently furnished mansion. The hour was very late, and the fire in the reception room had been allowed to die. Presently he went to a safe built into the wall and took from it a box containing very valuable diamonds. He then put the box on a side table and took a small notebook from a table beside him. In the notebook was written a list of the names of all the people who had won at the races that day. Presently he went to the safe built into the wall and took from it a box containing very valuable diamonds. He then put the box on a side table and took a small notebook from a table beside him. In the notebook was written a list of the names of all the people who had won at the races that day.

David Barton brought out a notebook composed of diamonds and pearls. The little black book was the most valuable piece of jewelry in the world. It was a book which could tell what any statement was worth when it came out. David Barton was able to understand the meaning of any statement, and if he wanted to, he could even understand the meaning of any statement in the world.

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Love's Young Dream.

WHEN Emily got back to Mr. Barton's house she found Wayne waiting for her. "I am beginning to wonder if you'd run away and left me again, Emily," said Wayne. I wish we had this out right now. When we were at that business college I told you I loved you, and I want to tell you again that there will never be any other girl in the world for me. You said you loved me, didn't you?" asked Wayne, "It's my turn to say yes or no." "Yes, and I believe you love me now," said Wayne in a puzzled voice. "It was because I didn't make good as a business man that I knew I was not very smart, but I told you I would make good and I have done. I don't want you to have to make good, Wayne," said Emily in a low voice. "I was it, and I've still not to do it. If you really love me you will trust me. I can't explain why but there are others who have to be protected. You asked me to do more to you till I am free to speak, and then I will tell you all." Wayne would have said more but that Adele Warren came along, and he was obliged to drop the subject.

The couple kissed by, and Emily was beginning to think that Fletcher Grimstead had abandoned his scheme to get the jewels, when, one day Drew brought her a card on a salver.

"A gentleman to see you, Miss Cotrell," he said semi-nudely.

Emily's heart sank as she saw the name on the card—Fletcher Grimstead.

"What is it, Emily," said Mr. Barton looking up. "It's an old friend of mine, Mr. Barton," answered Emily. "Have I shown him into the drawing-room, Drew," said Mr. Barton. "And Emily, I should like to be introduced to your friend when he has finished his business. Perhaps he would stay to dinner?"

Emily managed to utter some words of thanks, but she felt her face crimson as she left the room. Grimstead was smiling as he advanced to meet Emily, but it was the cold, prince smile of a man who means to have his way.

"I thought I'd forgotten you, Emily, eh?"

"No, my dear. Fletcher Grimstead never forgets his friends. Ingratitude is not one of my sins," said Emily bitterly. "Why do you come here to procure me? Can't you leave me to go my own way?"

"By all means my dear, when you have fulfilled your bargain."

He went to the door and saw that nobody was listening.

"Look here, you little fool," he said, snatching his voice. "Do you think I'm going to let a fortune slip through my fingers because you want to reform? You have got to do this job for us, and then you can settle down to be a good and marry that good-looking boy I saw as I came along. I promise you that when I have got the jewels I will not worry you again. Honest, Prince, it's the last job I'm going to pull off, then it's me also for the quiet life."

"I can't do it, Fletcher," said Emily. "These people have trusted me, and I mean to prove worthy of their trust. Why can't you leave me and them alone?"

"Your dear child, I have no desire to interfere with either you or your new friends. I simply want the jewels, and I mean you to help me to get them.

"And I tell you I won't," said Emily defiantly. "Oh, yes, you will. Just listen to me. We're coming tomorrow night, when the family have retired. You will have the jewels ready for us."

"I tell you I won't. Nothing you can do will make me change my mind."

"You will have the jewels ready, Prince," said the crook in low, key tones, "for if you don't I shall see that Wayne Barton knows all about your past."

"You wouldn't do that. You couldn't play a trick like that on me."

"You have never known me talk hot air, Prince. If you're not ready with the sparklers to-morrow night, Wayne Barton shall know he is engaged to a thief. That is my final try. Think it over, and, believe me, I mean every word I have said. Ah! This is Mr. Barton, I presume?"

Grimstead changed his voice to one of polite interrogation as Mr. Barton entered the room.

Emily was obliged to introduce him, but as she did so she felt thankful that it was dark, and that Mr. Barton could not see the flush of shame on her cheeks.

Grimstead refused Mr. Barton's invitation to dinner, but as he left he turned with a smile to Emily.

"I hope to see you again before long," he said meaningly.

"Yes, call when you like, Mr. Grimstead," said Mr. Barton heartily. "Little did he know the kind of visit Grimstead was planning.

The Theft.

THERE was no sleep for Emily that night. She racked her brain to try to find some way out of the awful dilemma, but no solution came. She had made her mind that whatever happened she would not betray Mr. Barton's trust. How she sought for some way in which she could prevent Grimstead telling the secret of her past to Wayne Barton.

But when the following evening arrived she was no nearer to a solution. When everybody had

(Continued on page 19.)
LILLAH McCARTHY DISCUSSES FILMS

I FOUNDED Lillah McCarthy in her dressing-room at the New Theatre, reading "Much Ado About Nothing," in a pad role which set off her raven hair and ivory skin to perfection. (I told Miss McCarthy that I could not commence this article until I had seen her play; but this is a private exhibition with the best rules of interpretation.)

LILLAH McCARTHY. (Photo: Bert Morris.)

"Oh, I played in 'Masks and Fares,' and 'Mr. Wu' just because I was asked!" she replied, in her beautiful, deep voice. "I think an actress should never refuse work."

That was all. No talk of "perpetuating my art!"

Speech Destroys Illusion.

"Have you any film plans for the future, Miss McCarthy?"

"Done at all. I am quite ".here she gave a lovely smiled smile—unattached, and, if a good offer comes along, perfectly willing to be tempted. I am very interested in the American theatre, too."

"Do you think it affords an artiste as much opportunity for expression as the stage does?"

"I asked.

"Quite, but with a difference. On the stage one must act towards the audience, as it were, but on the screen, never. Film acting tends all in the direction of minimisation, of restraint. One must forget the camera—which takes the place of an audience—entirely, and act as quietly and as naturally as if no such thing were present."

"Moreover, I do not think speech should be employed in film acting, except perhaps in a few instances. To me, it destroys the sense of sincerity which is so necessary in my line. Everything should be expressed, as far as possible, purely in pantomime."

Sidelights on "Mr. Wu."

THERE was a pause. Lillah McCarthy's expression was punctuated by these little silences, but, suddenly, as if the question had only just occurred to her, she declared:

"For which of your publications is this interview intended?"

"I hold this interview upon her, with a smile of recognition:

"The Picture Show! Oh, yes, I know it. Quite a photographic appearance in 'Mr. Wu.'"

I had a great many kind letters from the film public—more letters, in fact, than I had ever received while on the stage. As, from many of them came from your readers. Nearly every one commenced, 'I am a picturegoer.'"

And the Letters Received From PICTURE SHOW Readers

Miss McCarthy lingered over the words as if she thought them very quaint and appealing, and as if she had enjoyed reading them. She then proceeded to give me a few side-observations on "Mr. Wu." She had never yet succeeded in seeing it at a cinema, although it had been shown all over the country.

But, of course, she had been present at the show, and, as she said, "I was seeing it at a cinema, although it had been shown all over the country."

"I was genuinely surprised to find I looked quite nice, after all," she remarked, with a laugh, when I asked her whether she had been present at the show and, if so, if she had been pleased with it. She then replayed a film again, I would never wear anything but a film outfit, but I am a little more lenient with preference."

The dress I wore in this picture was silver, because I didn't know any better, and it made me feel like a fairy."

The garden of "Mr. Wu," Miss McCarthy confided, was in reality the Rothschild grounds at Rishady. She added that, though she might not credit it, working in the open on a hot yet windy day was far more painful to the skin than acting beneath studio lights, and that, for her part, she intended, under future similar conditions, to dispense with powder, as that seemed to aggravate the trouble.

Her Picture Preferences.

Despite the general success of "Mr. Wu," as a photo-play, and her personal triumph in it, Miss McCarthy is not in favour of the artistic representations on the screen, and confessed that she had never seen one she liked, with the exception, perhaps, of "Pollyanna," little that was by Miss Pickford. (She has a great admiration for Mary.)

"And then, I am not a great picturegoer," she hesitated to explain, "because I have so little leisure. The films I care for most are the re-editions of old pictures, and after them, good British or Italian film dramas.

Miss McCarthy considers that "straight" comedy cannot adequately be dealt with on the screen; only drama—sentimental or otherwise—and burlesque.

"I am as far as supreme exponents in Chaplin, whom I love!"

MAY HERSHEY CLARKE.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

CHRISTMAS right at hand, and still many of us have not managed to buy all the things we wish to give. It is, with no doubt, a difficulty to buy gifts for all friends when one compares the present high prices and the fact that not all that can be afforded for all. Still, there is no need for you to neglect any of your friends if you gather their wishes together, and buy it all in the time for the making of the gifts. Many can be fashioned even from pieces in the work-bag, while others will only necessitate the expenditure of a few pence or a shilling or two.

Christmas is a merry time in filmland, and for weeks beforehand all the famous stars are planning gifts for their co-stars and friends. Of course, they have the advantage of having heaps of money to expend upon their gifts, yet you would be surprised if you could see some of the lovely little gifts that are exchanged, and the wonderful pleasure with which they are received.

A Hint From a Film Star.

MAY ALLISON makes quite a number of her gifts; and so averts that she receives for more praise for them than many other stars do who spend fabulous sums upon diamonds and jewels and fine clothes. And she not only makes a lot of her gifts, but she actually designs them herself. One of her favorites is a delightful pair of bedroom slippers. The top part is composed of soft satin ribbon that is gathered on to a cork sole, the whole being covered with swan-down and feathers. The top part of the ribbon is drawn up to fit the foot at the toe, and finished off with a bow of ribbon. If you desire a pair, you can make the slippers to the usual bought shape if you use an old pair as a pattern. Fancy cretonne, flannel with flannellets, would make them both ornamental and cozy.

For the Needlewoman.

THE girl who is intimate with her needle will appreciate a work-bag or basket.

One could easily be fashioned from cretonne, especially in the following shape: Get a couple of half-circles of cardboard, about eight inches across the straight side, and cover those with flannel and cretonne. To the circular edges of these attach a band of the cretonne, gathering it to the covered cardboard. At either end it should be turned over to a form, and the ends fastened together with cord, form will the handles, and if desired can be made inside the bag to take the various sewing articles.

Inside the bag upon cardboard flaps a small basket for the various things should be attached, and the bag itself can be fastened to the other side of the bag to take pins.

Christmas Gifts—A Hint From Filmland—Make Them At Home.

A Few Last Minute Suggestions—The Picture Girl's Jumpper.

low flat make and in dark colour can be obtained inexpensively. These can be transformed into a charming work basket or a piece of ribbon. The latter should be laid all along the inner side of the basket and caught with thick and thin buttons or beads, to take the cottons, wool, scissors, etc., while a pin cushion should be attached to the lower part of the basket for pins and needles.

A Cretonne-Covered Blotter.

The back of crepe-de-chine is wonderfully useful to slip over a plain skirt when attendance is desired at a small party or musical gathering. A charming jumper of black cretonne, with trimmings of bright blue sequins and fringes.

You can obtain patterns of this jumper, that has been especially designed by the Editor of "Hollywood," for you, from PICTURE SHOW Patern Dept., 291A, Oxford Street, London, W.1, to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW.

THE picture girl's jumper is a little of crepe-de-chine is wonderfully useful to slip over a plain skirt when attendance is desired at a small party or musical gathering. A charming jumper of black cretonne, with trimmings of bright blue sequins and fringes.
"The Tower of Jewels." (Continued from page 17.)

...Emily sat in her bedroom waiting for the signal that would tell her Grinstead and the gang were outside.

At last it came—a low, peculiar whistle. They suddenly Emily made up her mind what to do. She would go out to Grinstead and plead once more. If he would not listen to her, she would refuse to break open the safe, and if he was determined to carry out his threat to tell Wayne, he would have to do so. She could easily save herself, in one way, by calling up the police and having the gang arrested, but she was too loyal to do that. Had she been her father, they had been her friends in the past. Sniping on a chink Emily went outside. A man came out of the shadows to meet her. It was Grinstead.

"Ah, good little Princess, she said. "I've come out to ask you to go away. I can't do it, Fletcher. I can't do it!"

Didn't I tell yer?" came a hoarse whisper from the darkness. "She's got the one for you too, with her friends, and, maybe, she's wised the police. But I'll crock her first."

The big brute made a clutch at Emily, but Jimmy the Rat threw himself between them. There was a short, silent struggle, and then the glance of a knife. Jiminny the Rat dropped to the ground with a groan.

"You've killed him, you fool," hissed Fletcher Grinstead. "Here! One of you others look after the girl. I'm not going to be beaten now. I'm going to get the sparklers if I have to blow the safe to bits!"

He leaped away as another of the gang came out of Emily. On the ground at her feet Jimmy the Rat was breathing his last.

"Kidde, I'd save you some life for you any time. Don't worry, Princess.

And with a shuddering mean Jimmy the Rat, criminal but something of a hero, passed away. Emily never quite knew what happened afterwards. She must have fainted, for she only dimly remembered Grinstead rushing back, and the gang jumping in the car, taking the body of Jim with them. Then there came a confused shooting further up the road, some shots and then silence.

When Emily came to herself, she saw there were lights in the house.

When she got in the passage leading to the library she heard the voice of Adele Warren.

"What can you expect, when you have strangers in the house. (Who is this Miss Cottrell, and who was her shifty-eyed friend?)"

"I'll take my life on Emily. But what happened, dad?" came the voice of Wayne.

"Just what I told you. As I came into the room I saw a man flying through the window. I ran toward the safe and found the jewels gone."

"Gone?" The word chilled Emily's heart. Then Fletcher Grinstead had got away with the jewels after all. She had done no good going out. And Emily, faithful Jimmy, had lost his life for her.

She walked into the room. Nothing seemed to matter now.

"Emily, the jewels are gone. Do you know anything about them?"

"Don't ask me to speak. I can't, I can't tell you," said Emily sinking in a chair.

Adele Warren looked at Mr. Barton in triumph.

"I don't think you need ask any more questions, Mr. Barton. Miss Cottrell has explained everything by her refusal to speak."

"Dad, Emily knows nothing of this. I know she doesn't!" cried Wayne.

"But you have not lost the jewels, Mr. Barton," broke in Adele Warren. "I was suspicious of Miss Cottrell and her friend, and I took the case out of the safe and laid it in my bedroom. I will bring it to you."

Wayne Barton smiled to himself.

Miss Warren now came running in with the jewel-case in her hand.

"There," she said. "You can thank me for saving them, Mr. Barton."

The lawyer opened the case. It was empty.

"What does this mean?" he cried.

"This has gone far enough, dad!" said Wayne. "I have the jewels in my pocket. I took them out of the case, but left the case in the safe. I did not speak before because I could see Adele had done something, and I wanted to get at the bottom of things. My reason for abstracting the jewels was because I felt certain that these burglars would come back.

At this moment there came a loud knocking at the door, and a sergeant and a constable came in.

"We've got the gang that were at your place to-night, sir," said the sergeant. "Two are dead. They seem to have had a fight amongst themselves before we struck them, for one of the dead men was killed by a knife thrust. The other, who told us his name was Fletcher Grinstead, was shot by one of my men. Before he died he told us that there is a young lady staying here under the name of Miss Cottrell. It's a long story, but he gave us proofs that she is a lady of good family, who was lured away by crooks when she was a child."

Mr. Barton looked at Adele Warren.

"So you see, Emily is not one of the strangers you were speaking of, Adele," he said quietly. "I think she will stay with us some time.

"Lesser than that, dad," said Wayne promptly.

I'm going to marry her.

(Adapted from incidents in the Vitagraph photo-play featuring Corinne Griffith and Maurice Costello.)
Learn to Draw in YOUR own home

The London Sketch School's postal tuition course of twelve complete lessons is the easiest and most thorough method possible of learning to draw. Beginning at the root of the subject it takes a student from the simple line to the finished drawing, embracing every phase of art work such as landscape, still life, fashion, advertisement designing, posters, story illustrating, etc. Each student is given individual instruction, which means that not only is a pupil's own particular style and taste for any special branch of drawing fully developed, but the course is equally as valuable to the advanced student as to the absolute beginner.

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A wonderful budget of Xmas fiction by the most popular authors of the day. ORDER a copy TO-DAY!

Price 1/6.

FILMS OF THE WEEK.

The PICTURE SHOW'S Guide to Picturegoers.

"The Reckoning Day." B.ELLE BENNETT

A DRAMA of a modern Portia, showing how the wit of a lady-lawyer solved a mystery and exposed an impostor and charity organisation. A film full of tense moments, as may be supposed. Good acting by the whole cast.

"Too Much Johnson." BRYANT WARE

A still smiling spring spouse who steals away and goes yachting under the name of Johnson. When his wife and the real Johnson arrive, the complications ensue. Rolficke farce from the first reel.

"A Fighting Colleen." BESSE LOVE

A NEWSPIPER seller is the heroine of this exciting story. She is the terror of Cobblestone Alley, but her pugnacious habits are the means of bringing to book a hypocrite, and true love reigns in the end.

"Charge It To Me." MARGARET FISHER

A RIFT in the lute of a three-weeks' married couple is due to the husband telling his wife, "I only want to obtain money of her own, use her as a taxi, and four of her passengers take part in the fun which ensues. Average production.

"Huckleberry Finn." ALL star cast. (Paramount-Archerfield)

THE immortal Huck on the screen. A splendidly produced film just as the great Mark Twain would have it. The tale of a lad who "fled from civilization" and boarded a raft on the Mississippi and went adventuring. A clever boy, a lawyer, a sergeant, plays Buck, and there are many clever people in the cast. Excellent; will please young and old alike.

"A Fight For Love." HARRY CAREY and NEW ORLEANS BROTHERS

NEARLY all the scenes are taken in the open air in the great Canadian North West, with beautiful background. A strong story, well acted, with many exciting moments. Very thrilling is the scene where the hero and the villain fight on the top of a high peak. Excellent from all standards.

COMEDIES.

"Mary Had A Little Lamb." MOLLY MALLOW and ROBY GALLAGHER. (Jury's)

A story of a very successful artist who was not successful in art but made a good husband. How he sells his pictures is a mystery, but he does, and makes much fun in doing it.

"Just Home Made." GEORGE OVEY, BILLY FLETCHER, VERA REYNOLDS, ELIZABETH and HARRY DEPT.

A SCREAMING "Stand" comedy. Irresistible.

"Hip, Hip, Hypnotism." Featuring players as above.

A NOTHER side-splitting comedy.

"A Rough Horse." ROSCOE ARBUCKLE. (Paramount-Archerfield)

HE adored "Fatty" in a comedy which should be a great success. Sure to please.

INTEREST.

"Who's Who in the Zoo." (Paramount-Archerfield)

BURTON HOLMES' interest film. Splendid photography, most instructive and entertaining.

The "PICTURE SHOW" CRITIC.

FILM FAULTS

:: A Few of the Prize-::

:: winners in this Competition.

SPECIAL NOTICE—CLOSING DATE OF THIS COMPETITION.

After the last post on Saturday, December 18th, this competition closes. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one to thousands of readers who have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their flesh. For instance, in three weeks over 500 readers sent the following:

"The Market of Souls." Dorothy Dalton leaves the house in a white blouse and dark costume. She only goes out with the "other woman," and then her back. When she enters the house she is wearing a jumper. Later, her costume again changes, although she has not left the room.

In consideration of the large number of postcards received by 5000 people and distributed to 500 readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these and all others that reach us up to and including Saturday, December 18th, are examined, prizes will not be awarded as promised, but no more should be sent for the competition after that date. We are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In one of Violet Hropson's latest films, " Her Son," she (Violet Hropson) receives a letter from Central Africa. After looking at the address she turns it over and—has never been sealed down. Is it a note for people sending letters from Central Africa to England to send them unsealed?

Five Shillings awarded to A. E. HAZLEDEN, 9, Water Works Road, Hastings.

In "The Garage," Roscoe Arbuckle and the "fire brigade" retire to bed. A few seconds later they are called out, but suspend operations in a few minutes when they hear a noise following. Five Shillings awarded to A. W. CARPENTER, 127, Mere Road, Leicester.

In "Out of the Fog," starring Ninomiya, mugs and plates are placed on the table for breakfast. Coats later are removed without the old lighthouse-keeper or the heroine having eaten anything. The scene does not change between the setting and closing of the table.

Five Shillings awarded to V. TYRAC, Caistor Vivacare, North Lincolnshire.

In the picture entitled "The One Great Thing in Life," Lillian Gish's lover, the French soldier in the dug-out scene, picks up an "empty bottle" and kills a German soldier by striking him on the head with it, although the German is wearing a "bullet proof" steel helmet.

Five Shillings awarded to Allen Keirnan, 16, Longfield, Prestwich, near Manchester.

The funniest mistake I've ever seen occurred in "Lady of the Louvre." Stella Shur in the title role, was an ordinary cotton factory girl, and yet, in one scene where her father receives a letter, she is brought into the room by the tutor. How many working-class houses are there, I wonder, that possess a servant, when the only daughter of the household is a "lady?" This mistake, from lack of knowledge, I should say, spite what would otherwise have been a splendid British picture.

Five Shillings awarded to Doris G. HOLT, 56, Burnley Road, Mytholmroyd, Yorks.

In "A Grin Crime," Holmali, after getting rid of his shackles and breaking through the bars of his prison cell gets on the window-ledge and throws down to the ground a raw and Useful hat. Where does he get them from?

Five Shillings awarded to Robert Grit, 68, Uxenholde Road, Chelsea, S.W. 10.
THE Skin Game," John Galsworthy's brilliant play which is having such a big success in London and the Provinces, has been filmed by the Grauman-Binger Film Company.

An interesting experiment has been made by this company. For the first time, an entire stage cast—with one exception, through illness—has reinterpreted the story for the film.

The cast includes Edmund Gwenn, Helen Hayes, Mary Clare, Maggio Albaes, Malcolm Keen, Fred Copper, Bianco Stanley, and in the place of Athole Stewart, who plays the aristocrat on the stage, Davos Hillward.

John Galsworthy has taken a great interest in the filming of "The Skin Game," and has made many suggestions as well as writing the sub-titles.

The story deals with a squire and a business man who come into opposition. Here we see the squire's agent, who obtains valuable secret information.

The man of the people is beaten, and is compelled to sign a document that defeats his ambition, which was to purchase part of the squire's country seat for the purpose of erecting a new factory.

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I DONT DANCE WELL--BUT I NEVER LACK A PARTNER.

My dear Geraldine,

You ask me to tell you the secret of my success at the-Circle, which so met, and say you can't understand why you, a far better dancer, so often lack a partner while I invitably glow my programme filled a few minutes after I arrive.

"Well, my dear, the secret is this--I am always "bien soigne," I look fresh and dainty, my complexion all the rose, my mouth rouge of so, perfect, my hair beautifully waved, and above all I look natural. Shall I tell you why? Because I am careful what toilet preparations I use.

In the first place I always take care of my complexion--I don't give it a little attention now and again, but every night I carefully rub a little mercurial wax over my face, neck, and arms. The wax peels off all the old, dead skin, and leaves the fresh, young complexion beneath in all its beauty.

Then to give a touch of colour to my cheeks I choose, not one of those unnatural looking rouges, which so many women use, but a little colliandum, which gives to my face the faint wild rose tint, which all my partners admire so much, never for a moment suggesting--so perfectly natural is the tint--that I owe that little item of my beauty to a toilet preparation.

I wonder whether you can guess why no one ever suspects me of making up? It is because I don't use powder. Instead of powder, which is always so noticeable, I get an ounce of colliandum and dissolve the crystals in four ounces of hot water. This I apply to my face, with a piece of cotton-wool, and allow it to dry on the skin. It lasts the whole evening as no powder would, so now you know why I never look greasy and shiny as all the other girls do.

To keep my hair bright and make it fluffy and wavy, I shampoo it every week with starchy province. This old-fashioned shampoo, which our grandmothers--who as you know took immense care of their hair--used, brings out all the bright lights and gives to one's hair that natural "kink" which is so much more attractive than the most perfectly waved tresses.

Well, I don't want to say any more, you know now that it is to my toilet preparations that I owe my social success, and you too, can be equally popular if you acquire my advice.

Go to your chemist and buy two ounces of mercurial wax, 1 lb. of starchy for your hair, a little colliandum and an ounce of elements. Throw away your hairpowders and rouges of yours, and your waving tongs, too, and follow my example--use preparations which beauty you naturally, and you will, I am sure, outrival your loving friend,

GERTRIE.

[ADV'T.]

WHAT ARE THE REASONS?

I publish, as requested, the following letter from a lady reader in Rutland, Abbeemeshere, who prefers to hide her identity behind her initials, D.D.

"A good deal has been written lately on the subject of publishing the whole cast of a photo-play. Most certainly, I think that the names of all the artists involved in a film should be given. It is all very well to learn who the characters in a production are, when one is inside the picture house, but if one had not chance to visit that theatre at the time, most probably the chance of seeing either the actor or actress would have been lost. Only the other evening this happened to me. I went to see Billie Burke in, "Good Gracious Auntiebelly," and was delighted to find that Herbert Rawlinson (who is a great favourite of mine) was playing opposite her. The others in the cast were Crawford Kent and Frank Lose--yet only Billie Burke's name was given on the bills! Often in this way I have missed seeing the performances of those actors who should give the full-name in my estimation. Can nothing be done to remedy this defect? Surely it would not be a very difficult thing to do to the whole cast of a photo-play, after all, there are not many disappointments. Any extra expense or trouble that this would cause would be quite worth to all concerned. D. D."

This paper has several times called attention to the desirability of advertising the cast in a proper manner, because the letters which reach me from time to time on the subject are a sufficient indication of the fact that the public is not satisfied with the absurd system now observed. What reasons can there possibly be for giving the public just two or three names outside the theatre, when the whole cast, as in the case of speaking pictures, could be far more satisfactory?

Another correspondent suggests that picture theatre patrons might ask the managers of their theatres to state the names of all artists on the bills. This would certainly be a fair plan towards remedying an old-standing grievance.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publica-
tion, letters cannot be answered in the next issue. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full-name and address of the writer (not for publication), also the names and communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"VULGARISMARIN " (Rexton) --"You needn't tell me that you would wait ten years to see an answered letter, but if that's really so, I'll know where to come for patience if I ever run short of it. John St. John Wood, and after playing on the London stage, he went to America, where he began his film career. His wife is Bla Stannwood, and they have one little girl, Joan. Yes, one of the pictures brought over here do get a lot of attention by the time we see them.

N. C. (Kensington) --"Twelve questions, eh? Permit me to answer seven, there's a multitude of others also writing. Joseph Kilgour was in, "The House of Gold," and Eulmer in "When Men Desire." The ages you ask for are: Marie Doro (thirty-five), Geraldine Farrar (thirty-eight), Louise Gianni (twenty-five), Wanda Hawley (nineteen and three), and Albert Roseau (thirty-three).

"NETTIE " --"I have always been pleased to hear from my foreign readers, and in your typewritten letter you have expressed yourself very well. I haven't heard of a Dolly King at the moment, though there are heaps of films artistes who prefer to blithely call themselves Dolly, hence the late Miss Dolly Simons, a sister on the stage name Nellie. Victor Moore and Tom Moore are no relation.

G. M. C. (Nottingham) --"I've a long time, I know, since I read much about Richard Barthchic and I have no information about them. Richard was born in New York City twenty-five years ago, and, for some years past, has been mar- ried to Margarette Clark. He has dark hair and brown eyes. Lillian Gish was born on 4th birthday, Oct. 14th, and was born in Springfield, Mass. She is not married and has light hair and blue eyes.

"GERVAST " (Baywater) --"On page seven of the issue for October 23rd, you raise the question as to which artiste has acted with the greatest number of feminine stars. I may say that the record in this respect has been achieved by Elliot Dexter, who has played opposite, at least, thirty stars, including Marie Doro, Mary Pickford, Duke, Edna ear, Margaretta, Miss Thelma, Adel Dawn, Ethel Clayton, Ann Little, Gloria Swanson, Mabel Poulton and Thelma and Alice.

"FRANK " (Dorchester) --You are ten years old and would like to see your full name in print. How can I refuse a boy of your age who means to be famous somehow? Madge Evans is eleven, and some of her films are "Little Patriot," "Web of Desire," "Wanted, a Mother," and "Love Nest." William Denman and Carol Holdaway were in "The Floating World," and Henry G. Sell in "The Lightning Raider," and Antonio Moreno and Carol Holdaway in "The Iron Test." By the time this reaches you in Australia, the rate of exchange may have fallen. Therefore, to find out locally how much 25 cents would equal.

"JAY " (Melbourne) --To obliges, Mary Hay Caldwell to give you her full maiden name, was born on August 22nd, 1901, at Belfast, has been for eight years a pupil of St. St. Dennis, the classic dancer, and after a career on the stage, is now acting in motion pictures. She was married to Richard Barthchic on June 18th. One of her films is "Way Down East." (More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW " PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES --Please do not ask for additional addresses or name of the star on the envelope, and enclose with it a postcard to an address where your communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the usual method. A letter without one envelope will require an additional penny stamp for each method, but will be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artistes always give your full name and address, and say which star you are seeing, your country, and mention the Picture Show to ensure the safety of your reply. The reason, however, that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.

HARRY MORY, care of Vitagraph Film Co., Inc., 1660, Broadway, New York City, N.Y.

JAMES O'HALLIN, care of Seitzkin Pictures Corporation, Fort Lee, New Jersey, N.Y.

DOUGLAS DAWSON, care of The Bax Ensemble, Millard Street, Culver City, California, U.S.A.

ANDREW HART, care of Realart Pictures Corporation, 460, Fifth Avenue, New York City, U.S.A.

MILTON ROSEBERY, care of Ideal Films, Ltd., 70-78, Wadour Street, W. 1.

(Signed) Art Plate of THE PRINCE OF WALES

A superbly executed portrait reproduction of the personage of the Prince of Wales in the uniform of the Welsh Guards.

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The NEW Sports Weekly. Price 2d.
NEW "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25
£150 IN PRIZES
FIFTY PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

ON this page will be found the second of our Picture Puzzles, which deals chiefly with the career of Charles Ray. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and so on, until six puzzles have appeared.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical or nearest to the solution in our possession.

Do not send your solutions in yet. When the sixth puzzle appears full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete solution is to be sent to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Cinema" and "Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

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"I was invalided home finally and demobilised, a complete nervous wreck. I tried all sorts of so-called remedies, but nothing did the slightest good till last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After only a few doses I felt ever so much better, and very soon I was cured. At the present time I am in splendid health."

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that's why I've plenty for general use.

There's nothing more worrying to the housewife than to be short of coal; it means discomfort and inconvenience for all the household. In the ordinary way wash-day added to her worry, for the demands of the copper fire made a big hole in the weekly ration. Now, by washing in the Rinso way, the clothes are just as white and fresh, and coal is saved for general use and comfort. Rinso does the washing with much less time and trouble than the old method required. Rinso does in cold water what more costly but less scientific preparations do in hot water. It washes while you sleep.

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Eczema
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Quality, finish, and comfort all the time — of these you are certain when you choose Oak Tree Underwear.

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OUT ON WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22

The Chris m's Number of the

RED MAGAZINE

This Xmas number of the "Red" is undoubtedly one that no lover of good fiction can afford to miss. One very special attraction will be the opening chapters of the

First Book-Length Novel by

NELLIE TOM GALLON and CALDER WILSON

Splendid Stories!—
Margaret Pedler,
Bertram Atley,
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Roy Norton,
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James Barr,
Constance Evans,
Alan J. Thompson, etc.

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!
"Picture Show" Chat
Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

least, it seems now. I have just as much fun opening my packages as I did when I was a tiny little girl. If they come in ahead of time, I look at them, shake them, turn them over and over and guess until I am guessless. Then, when the packages are all opened, and the tree is stripped of all its mystery, mother sits down in a big chair by the fireplace, and I creep up on her lap and snuggle down, and we have a little heart to heart talk about Christmas... passed and gone, and mother's eyes grow very wet, just with tears of joy and thankfulness.

William Hart to Pay Us a Visit.

WILLIAM S. HART has stated his intention of visiting Europe after finishing the pictures in the contract which he has made with Famous-Lasky. He says he has got a hankering to see England and for he has not been over here since he was a boy. Big Bill did not get much of a reception when he came over before, but now he is known to so many millions over here, his welcome bids fair to outlive that given to Mary and Doug early this year.

To Keep Fit.

WILLIAM FARNUM owns one of the most productive farms of its kind on Long Island. He works early in the morning, or during the late evening, whenever he can be spared from the studio. He believes in working until he is dripping with perspiration, after which he takes a cool bath, and, if it is morning, he says he can get through the day in comfort.

A Dream Come True.

CORINNE GRIFFITH says that even when she was a schoolgirl, she dreamed that some day she would be a star; even in those days she was noted for her accomplishments as a dancer, and her acting in the school amateur theatres. Then came her rise to stardom in two brief years in the Vitaphone Company, with whom she is still starring. You can see her now in that very photo-play with Maurice Costello in "The Tower of Jewels."

Did You Know?

LOXEL BARRYMORE is now hard at work on "The Truth About Husband's," which is based on the play "The Profligate" which was originally prosecuted in London with Sir J. Forbes-Robertson and Olga Nethersole in the principal roles.

A Real Thrill.

FOR one of the thrilling scenes in the coming new Vitaphone production, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," a huge sailing vessel, which figures prominently in the earlier scenes of the picture, was blown up for an incident later in the story.

In this we see are Kathleen Calvert, Percy Marmont, and Holmes E. Herbert in the principal roles.

Famous Novelists and the Screen.

ELNOR GRYN, the author of "Three Weeks," has joined the Paramount forces, and will henceforth employ her pen solely in the making of motion picture stories.

Two other celebrities who have recently joined the film colony are Sir Gilbert Parker, author, and Penendy Brandon, the world-famous artist.

Not Healthy for Colleen.

COLLEEN MOORE has been reading the papers. In consequence of which she is now hesitating about her proposed trip over here next year. She was counting on an extended holiday in Ireland, and enjoying a well-earned rest in the country where most of her ancestors lived, and where she still has relatives.

But after reading the news from Ireland, Miss Moore has decided that Ireland is not the place for a rest.

Are You Screen Struck.

THERE would be fewer screen-struck girls, Henry King, the famous director, says, if it were known how intensely the successful screen players labour at their tasks. They have heavy responsibilities, their time is not their own, and they have almost no leisure, except five holidays, to enjoy the financial fruits which may come to them.

"Hard knocks, and tireless work on the treadmill have put them where they are. They have suffered discouragements and worked for small pay in the days when salaries were meager and uncertain at that. Nervous protrusion from hard a realization is often their lot."

Coming to England.

KEELY EDWARD is being sent from Los Angeles with a company troupe to France and England, to make funny films of two-reel length.

This is to make films in England based on the famous old English comedies, and across and make French films in and around Paris. The company, which is being sent by the Special Pictures Corporation, will spend some months over here.

MARY PICKFORD's Christmas.

MARY PICKFORD told me when she was over here that she has never been parted from her mother on Christmas Day.

"Time was when my little old stocking wasn't so very full, but mother always made some sacrifice to put away just a little something in that little worn stocking," she said. "Every Christmas is about the same, but Christmases bring a new happiness—at
From "Over There."
Notes and News From New York.

A Bachelor's Home.

Did you ever hear of a bachelor who loved his home so dearly it cost him a pang at every turn; who would give everything he has in the world to have his own precious fireside? If you have never heard of such a domestic bachelor, then meet Eugene O'Brien. I have never known of a man who loved his home with such unselfish devotion. He is simply wedded to the little place he bought during the emergency plan, and he is actually unhappy when he has to go away to make a picture.

I asked him not long ago, when I happened to see him the day before he was about to go south to make exteriors for a Schickick production, why he exhibited so gloomy an O'Brien smile was entirely missing, and such a look of desperation was in his eyes, I thought he must be either in love, or, at least, on the verge of matrimony.

"I have to go down to the mountains of Virginia to make that next picture," I asked.

"Do you dislike the country so much," I asked.

"It isn't the country, it's leaving my new baby grand piano, my pip, and my books. By the way, more evening was the word at the apartment, the more I hate to tear myself away. Come up one evening, and I will let you see my little home where it's so much more beautiful than it really is, and I will charm you with my stories of how much I have done for myself when I said in the most matter of fact way, "Oh, of course, my mother is living with me. You know, having her is a treat, and then combined with having an honest to goodness home, it's almost too much."

I have some wonderful photographs of Eugene in his drawing-room with all the comforts of the exception. There are no men who might not believe that a bachelor would and to the interest of their domain, especially when bachelorhood is considered such a blessed privilege.

The Inconscionable Artist.

Billie Burke has instituted a country wide search for a wiry-haired fox terrier who answers to the family name of Billie. Said Billie dog belongs to Patricia, the small daughter of Billie Burke the actress, and Forrest Reid, theatrical magician. He disappeared one fine winter day, and Patricia has been inconscionable ever since. She has worried himself sick and almost died from being out in the cold. Thinking to comfort the little lady, her father bought a smart looking Boston terrier with a pedigree and named him "Patricia". He is loved and she refuses to accept the newcomer as a substitute. Her devoted mother is searching the highways hoping for Mr. buck teeth to return to her little daughter's face. The amount of the reward offered is staggering and sufficient to make any thief who has Billie Burke's dog in his possession willing to return it to the family home at Hastings on the Hudson.

Tony Says It's Not True.

If these male stars do not want to be credited with matrimonial aspirations, they should not buy homes. Antonio Moreno, being a thrifty young man, recently purchased a beautiful house but he does not intend to inhabit it, but to sound well with his name I suppose it should be a castle in Spain. Over one of the fans is heard the story of Tony's house, feminine hearts in America have suffered a little shock, and now Tony asks us to please deny he has any immediate intentions of taking unto himself a wife.

Returning to the Screen.

I cannot remember whether or not I told my English readers that Doris Kenyon is making a return to the screen with a starring role in a picture to be directed by Leone Peri, and will supplement this feature with a series of productions for Mr. Kenyon. A little later she will appear in a stage play under the auspices of the well-known American producer, A. H. Woods.

Louella O. Parsons.
A real Christmas card scene! It is from "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," which was filmed by the Vitagraph company in the wonderful snows of Canada.

MOLLY MALONE, a pretty Goldwyn player, preparing for Christmas. They will be very lucky little girls who receive her presents. Molly even likes playing with them herself!

MOLLY MALONE in the costume of a Russian dancer.

Do you recognise this photograph? It is RUTH ROLAND in the costume of a Russian dancer.

With her wonderful Christmas tree, ALICE JOYCE brings joy to many little hearts who have never known childish pleasures before. Here you see her assisted by Father Christmas.

This photograph shows FRANK LLOYD, Goldwyn director, helping his little daughter, Alma, to decide to whom she shall give the Christmas presents she has bought.

PAULINE FREDERICK and her mother spend a busy time decorating theirs.

It wouldn't seem like Christmas without a Xmas tree.

ALICE JOYCE brings joy to many little hearts who have never known childish pleasures before. Here you see her assisted by Father Christmas.
A Christmas Visitor.

The kitchen at Greystone Hall was brilliantly lit with candles. Inside it, there were dozens of them. Candelsticks from every room in the house had been brought together, and stood on tables and in alcoves in profusion.

A Turkey carpet from one of the other rooms had been placed on the paved floor, and a black sleigh rug was before the great kitchen.

An easy, upholstered chair and heavy crinkled curtains formed part of the furniture, as did a plum-decked table which was thrown over the deal table. It gave the place an air of comfort.

A man sat by the stove, which was open to emit a gleam of the coals piled high within. He sat well forward, his sallow face resting on his thick white hand.

It was Arthur Weston. His clothes were ill-kept, a scarf wound round his neck served for a collar. An ill-looked, neglected figure, quite unlike the man who had come to visit his aunt on the memorable night, now a year ago.

Much had happened to Arthur Weston since then. There were times when the money, safe within the leather bag, and which it was his habit to count regularly every day, brought about a strenuous existence. In moments of clear vision, he saw how it had been his undoing, yet such was its hold upon him, that he longed with all the strength of will to make use of it, as had been his aunt's wish.

The death of Jessica. The only human being in the world, whom he loved, perhaps, kept him normal, had been taken from him. Jessica, his pretty, baby girl, had been as the apple of his eye.

At the back of his mind, while she had lived, he had had an excuse for keeping silent concerning the money.

He was keeping it for her. She should be a great lady, and have every chance in the world and power could give her.

It was this thought that had cost Cecil Rae his life.

The idea of having to spend a sum of money on a law suit—in having the contents of the will brought out before the public had made him despise it. He could not bring to light what that would entail an explanation of the contents of the leather bag.

All Arthur Weston had been hampered by the want of that, which now that it was in his possession, he found himself unable to use.

He came of a class which had to keep up appearances. Servants and surroundings were essential for their position. He had had to deny his wife and himself many things which were essential, for the sake of appearances. Money had always been his nightmare.

And now—that he had it in his possession—he could not bring himself to part with it. Indeed, he was adding to it. The sale of his house and most of his belongings had brought him in a tidy sum. His expenses were now practically nothing. He was saving, adding to that heap of his some of it he now had in gold—gold! He liked to let it fall through his fingers. Perhaps that was the only time that Arthur Weston was really happy.

He glanced up suddenly, and stared round him with a frown.

These candles cost over a penny a piece, and there were over fifty burning. It was a terrible extra expense. He half rose as though he would put them out, and then he stood hesitating. He must have light. Even here in the deep gloom of the kitchen he felt nervously—though he did not believe in ghosts. But there were strange noises in that room.

He got up from the chair, and always carried the key in his pocket, but he could not sit in the dark.

You would trouble me, thought Arthur.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON, a young man of forty, was the heir of his aunt, Amy Rae. The bag containing twenty thousand pounds to be held in trust for the boy, until he came of age, had been left to Greystone Manor to him, but tells him this is to be handed over to her son when he is twenty-one. She does this because her husband will spend every penny he can get hold of.

HARRY RAE has quarrelled with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand her mother making such a will, and he determines to go out to Australia.

REJ. FERGUSON tries to make peace between Weston and Harry before the latter goes away, and is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the vicar's daughter, is a great chum of Harry's, and she is broken-hearted when he goes abroad. After Harry has left she goes to Greystone Manor, and asks Mr. Weston to allow her to study with Westen. Later she bears a shot.

CECIL RAE, Harry's father, is found dead in the woods next morning, and it is presumed that he has committed suicide.

When he returns home the Rev. Ferguson assures Arthur that Cecil Rae's life is not to be brought home to him.

Arthur goes abroad but returns after a few months. The Rev. Eve Grace Ferguson, who is very happy because she has received a letter from Harry, takes her violin to Greystone Manor, and caters by the secret passage.

They thought he had nothing—no one troubled about a poor beggar. Last year the reciter had written, asking him to come and spend Christmas Day with them. It was Christmas Eve to-day, yet no one had been to the little house to ask whether he was dead or alive. They did not know about the money. A curious, furtive expression passed over his face, and his lips parted in a sudden grin.

What fools they all were! If they knew what he had, how rich really was, wouldn't they all be after him?

It was at this moment that the carol singers started before the front of the house.

Arthur did not hear them at first, but when he did, he hastily blew out the candles nearer to him.

"They only come round to say: That is what they are, spies! They want to find out if I have any money about me. I know!"

When the carols were over, he crept cautiously round to the front of the house and peeped out of the window to see.

Satisfied that they were gone, he went back to the kitchen.

"I'll have my supper and get to bed," he muttered, "Christmas Eve."

He muttered, "Christmas Eve."

Memories from the past floated around him. He was back in his old home with his girl bride. How happy they had been. Could that man have guessed how many long and loving conversations he had lived through?

He glanced around the humble room. This was to what he had brought. A third of his fortune he had left himself from the world, which he feared. There would be four more such Christmases as this to get over before he would have to get busy if he wanted to be in England when it would be time. He said to himself. He had mapped out all the future. It was waiting on Time that was so monotonous. For some years of it he could act.

The thought was intolerable. From a cupboard he took out his simple fare—bread, butter, cheese and a cake bought at the village store.

There was evidently little cooking done in the establishment.

Leading out from the kitchen was a small room, which in the old days had been used as the servants' sitting-room. Arthur had converted it into his bedroom.

He did not put out the candles before retiring, although it evidently went against his ideas of economy to leave them burning.

"It is so dark in this room," he muttered to himself, as if in excuse.

Standing had lunch touched the pillow, when he raised it again. The music of a violin, played by no mean musician, sounded almost as though it was in the room with him.

Arthur sat up in bed and listened.

Those carol singers back again, he thought.s

But the music was totally different from the conventional hymn. They were tunes familiar to his boyhood, and as it continued Arthur felt his hair stand on end. There was something uncanny about it. At first he had thought that he was going crazy, but now he distinctly heard a footfall in the room above.

Every door and window in the house was barred. No one could possibly get in. Yet, as he sat there listening every nerve to listen, he distinctly heard a chair pushed along, and then the music began again, a light, whimsical air, that spoke of villagers dancing on the green, and birds singing among leafy branches.

Arthur got out of bed.

For a moment he stood hesitating. The noise grew louder, and then a girl's voice, clear and ringing as a bell filled the silent house with melody.

Sometimes, between long shadows on the grass,

The little breast waves of sunlight pass,

My eyes grew dim with brotherhoods white,

Thinking I see thee—thinking I see thee come,

And sometimes in the twilight glow apart,

The tall trees whisper—whisper heart to heart.

From my hand lift the rose answers tall

Thinking I hear thee—thinking I hear thee call!!

The voice died away; it sounded as though in a sob.

Arthur stood spellbound.

Long years ago a woman had sung that song, the only woman who had ever touched his heart. He could see her now. Her fair hair dressed high above her forehead, and her big, blue eyes shining up to him with happiness.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, and then, stirred into action, he scrambled into a dressing-gown, and stumbled out of the room.

The landing was a small room which had been used as a nursery. Arthur had never troubled to look into it, and it was the one room he had entered.

The door was ajar, and a ray of light streamed out of it. It was a strange white light, and for an instant the man drew back; but he quietly recovered himself as he realised that it was but the moonlight.

It shone into the room from the two high windows whose curtains had been pushed well back.

The violin began another tune, a merry air; and then, as Arthur peered cautiously in, he caught his breath.

He did not quite know what he expected to see, but the dainty, girlish figure in flimsy white, who was promenading round in time to the tune she was

(Continued on page 6.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF LEAL DOUGLAS.

LEAL DOUGLAS.

THE VAMPIRE OF THE BRITISH SCREEN.

There are few British film players who are better suited to vampire roles than Leal Douglas, and although this beautiful actress has not devoted her entire attention to vampire roles, those in which she has appeared have been recognised as highly successful.

Although born in Manchester, Miss Douglas spent the greater part of her childhood in Australia, and, after leaving school, she made her debut on the Australian stage under the management of J. C. Williamson.

In her early days, Miss Douglas was closely associated with Annette Kellermann (the world-famous swimmer who has also starred in films), for they were both playing in the same show.

The World is Small.

Miss Douglas tells me it was when Miss Kellermann was only an amateur, and the two girls used to spend hours perfecting their strokes and diving.

It was later when Miss Douglas was in Africa, that one day strolling into a picture theatre, she saw her old friend starred in the film.

"The world is a small place," says Miss Douglas, "and the film world still smaller. I sometimes wonder if I shall ever have the pleasure of playing in a film with my old friend."

One of Miss Douglas’ earliest appearances on the Australian stage was as Barbara Hare in "East Lynne."


Her First Appearance.

On completing a long tour through New Zealand and Australia, Miss Douglas formed a company of her own and toured with it through Australia and South Africa. A little later, this talented player arrived in England, and made her appearance in "The Three Musketeers," in which she played Milady. About this time Miss Florence Turner was producing her first British films.

Miss Douglas, being interested in films, obtained an introduction to Miss Turner’s manager, and was given a part in "The Rose of Surrey."


In Comedy Films.

A part from making a special study of comedy and character parts, Miss Douglas has also appeared in comedy films.

She is a keen sportswoman and an expert swimmer. Apart from this sport, she takes a keen interest in rowing, riding, and golf. Miss Douglas are not quite new, but cut well and worn, and carried well, they will screen successfully.

It was Miss Douglas who brought the fashion of painted gloves into this country. She recently flew to Paris in search of film frocks, and brought back with her a pair of long evening gloves, painted with a neat little design halfway between the elbow and wrist. This fashion was designed by an enterprising French manufacturer who specialises in the novelties. Another pair had a silhouette of a black cat, in velvet, nearly stitched on to the cloth.

Likes the Motherland Best.

Possessed of a charming personality, Miss Douglas stands 5 ft. 7 in. Her hair and eyes are dark brown, which are set off by a healthy, outdoor complexion.

Like many others who have spent many years in the colonies, Miss Douglas is not anxious to return to the land of the Southern Cross. She is determined to settle down in the Motherland, although it is quite likely that she may make several short trips abroad for holidays.

If you want to write her, address your letter to:

MISS LEAL DOUGLAS,
4 Garrick Theatre,
Charing Cross Road,
London, W.C.
"Manaced By Money." (Continued from page 6.)

"Surely, Mr. Weston, you know us better than that," she said. "Neither mother nor father would dream of expecting you to ask them back. Do not please your little experiments with us, darling. You asked me to come out with you away. Do say you will come. Father, I know, will send the trap for you. We should all be so pleased."

She paused, and her eloquent eyes finished the sentence for her. Arthur hesitated.

"You really think our father would like to see me to-morrow?" he said.

"I am quite sure of it!" cried the girl eagerly. Arthur Weston drew a deep breath at this news. "Then you can tell your people I will come."

"This is right."

The girl held up her hand in the frank manner characteristic of her.

"The trap will call here, then, at six o'clock, sharp.

Arthur Weston took the hand and let it lie in his clasped.

"Six o'clock. I will be ready," said gravely. Grace turned to go. Arthur walked by the side of her. Outside the room the girl stopped. "I am sorry," she said laughingly. "How did you get in?" "asked Arthur, unable to conceal all his thoughts any longer.

The girl ignored the question.

"Out here on the landing in the dark, a sudden, nameless horror had swept over her, she remembered the last time she had stood in the darkness on these stairs. Then Cecil Ral had been but a few paces from Arthur Ral who had that very night met death. At all costs she felt she could not tell Arthur Weston the truth, and that knowledge belonged to Harry. It was his home, despite all the wiles."

"Where are you going?" called Arthur as she began to descend the stair. Grace managed to force a little laugh.

"I came in by one of the windows, but I thought you would let me out properly through the door.

"Yes—of course."

He followed her down, and with the aid of a match found the great rusty bolts. A few minutes later and Grace stood outside.

"Good-night, Gracie," she said with a cheerful nod. "Don't forget to-morrow at six." And then with her violin tucked under her arm, she slipped into the house.

Arthur watched her go, then after carefully bolting the door again, he made his way cautiously down the hall. There he seized a candle. Then with the light held high he made his tour of the house. Every window was carefully examined. Then he called to the attic and he made the pigrimage, but every window was carefully and firmly bolted as he had thought.

At the final when he placed the candle on the ledge and looked around, while a fearful expression passed over his face.

"Curse all those men. I am muddled, under his breath. "She lied! She lied!"

"There was no sleep for Arthur Weston that night.

His castle was no longer safe. He remembered how Cecil Ral had somehow found an entrance. His last word had been to tell her to begin and say anything to him."

"I can't do that. I am a very poor man, Miss Ferguson. I should not be able to return the call, but I am very much pleased to come along with you to-morrow."

"Don't say that."

"No. No one knows I have come here, and that remains."

"No, I will not be pleased if you would come and take another with us to-morrow."

"I can't do that. I am a very poor man, Miss Ferguson. I should not be able to return the call."

"I have kept you one with the exception of that old man you saw," he added quickly, with a suspicious glance at his companion.

But Grace was thinking only of his words.

"Girls' Cinema." (Continued.)

Special Christmas Story to the children as they went to bed.

Pleasant thoughts of Santa Claus were running in the children's heads, but they all glanced up eagerly when Grace darted into their midst.

She was not usually an extroverted person.

"My dear, where is the story book," asked Mrs. Ferguson, glancing up from her book.

We have all finished dinner long ago. No one could have waited so long.

"I have been talking to Mr. Weston," announced the girl, her eyes glowing with excitement. He was quite nice, but looks very ill. Mother, I invited him to dinner to-morrow, and he has promised to come.

"Well, that was a poor fellow! I am glad. I often have thought of him, and wished he would see us. But how did you manage it?"

Grace went into a few details, but she did not tell her secret. She was playing cards," she said.

"Mrs. Ferguson, her motherly face one wreath of smiles, nodded her approbation.

"Well, you have your dinner now. Cook promised to keep it hot for you, she said as she returned to the book. "Your father will be pleased when he hears your news."

Grace went into the dining-room. The maid glanced round as she entered.

"Miss Grace, how is the book?" she cried.

"Did you meet him?"

"Yes whom?" asked the girl.

"I mean Mr. Weston."

"Yes, I have been grey to your father. He is coming here to dine to-morrow."

"He said gave a startled little cry."

"What is it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, sure you have seen someone else besides Mr. Weston? You met someone on the road, perhaps."

"No, I don't know."

"I don't remember seeing anyone. Why, what is matter? What is wrong?"

"Nothing, miss—at least, I hope not. After all, Mr. Weston is a very nice gentleman, though he do behave so strange."

"What are you talking about?" cried Grace.

"I don't understand."

"Do you want to say something strange, and, from the girl's soft half-laugh the sly play of light and shade."

"I only think of this, miss," she said, huskily. "Do you mean to say you had forgotten it?"

Grace began to laugh, but she had to admit that the laugh was a failure. The same feeling of terror that she had experienced as she stood alone with Arthur Weston on the darkened stairs came upon her once again.

"Oh, whatever made me do it?" she murmured helplessly under her breath.

(Another installment in next Monday's "Picture Show."

DO YOU KNOW?—That Margarette Clark's father, A. J. Clark, was a prominent merchant of Cincinnati?

—That the second initial in Cecil B. de Mille's name stands for Blount?

—That the father of Giannino Farrar was a professional baseball player?

—That El ele Ferguson was born in New York, August 19th, 1808?

—That Raymond Hatton made his first appearance in pictures for Mark Sennett, as an old Russian in a mob?

—That at the age of six, Vivian Martin was playing with Richard Mansfield in "Cyrano de Bergerac?"

—That Charles Ray takes a keen interest in electrical experiments?

—That Henry B. Walthall was born on a cotton plantation in Alabama in 1878?

—That Bryant Washburn can trace his ancestry to the thirteenth century?

—That probably his most noted relative of recent memory is his uncle, Dwight L. Moody, the famous revivalist?

—That he is an accomplished swimmer and also a writer?

GIRLS' CINEMA. [Pictorial Supplement.] SPECIAL THIS WEEK! Splendid New Serial—"A GAY TIME WITH A MISER'S GOLD." FANCY DRESS ON THE FILMS. All the usual features. — The GIRLS' CINEMA.
WIGS

Does Nature Know Best?

SOMETIMES a role in a photo-play calls for a cinema star to wear a wig, and it is really wonderful how different our favourites look when we see them without their own tresses.

An example of this will be seen in the two photographs at the top of this page. The first is of Elsie Ferguson with her own beautiful hair, but the other is a photograph of her when she was playing a Spanish role, and for this she wore a wig of smooth black tresses. One would scarcely recognise the two photographs to be of the same person.

Nature Knows Best.

PERHAPS when you have seen a favourite actress who is dark wearing a fair wig and vice versa, you may have thought that they do not look as pretty as when seen with their own hair, and this should be a lesson to the girl who wishes to change the colour of her hair. Nature knows best, and if you were intended to be very fair—well, Titian tresses will not fit into the picture at all well.

How Wigs Are Worn.

SO many cinema actresses have such glorious hair and such abundant masses of it, that it seems marvellous that they are able to tuck away their tresses and wear a wig becomingly.

First of all their hair is plaited tightly and coiled very closely to the head. The foundation of the wig is made of the very finest net so that the wig fits tightly, and thus does not alter the shape of the head the slightest bit.

A Wig as a Mascot.

ONE of the most noted of screen wigs is the black one that Dorothy Gish always wears now when acting for the films. She first wore this as the Little Dutcher in "Hearts of the World," and she has worn it ever since. Dorothy looks just as she is her mascot, and that is why we never see her with her own hair.

ELIE FERGUSON on the left with her own hair, and on the right she is seen with a Spanish wig, which she wore for a Spanish role.

It is wonderful the difference a wig will make. Would you know this to be Lee Moran?

DOROTHY GISH is really fair, but you know her best with her black wig.

MARGUERITE CLARK with her own pretty hair, while above you see her as a "Girl Named Mary." when she wore a wig.

ALICE JOYCE was a blonde wig for a Vitaphone film.

It is wonderful the difference a wig will make. Would you know this to be Lee Moran?
MR. STEWART ROME, the famous Broad- west star, told me the other afternoon that he has been engaged in screen work since 1912. He spent some time in Australia and has read many adventures.

Mr. Rome has done quite a lot of legitimate stage work, and has travelled through Indi- a and Ceylon. Then, "I gave up the stage for a time," he said, and I went back to Melbourne. I took up some hand and started farming and in- tended to do all I had to do!"

Stewart Rome.

"Hard Work." "Then followed a period of very hard work, in fact," he added smil- ingly, "I spent nine months doing real hard work, and I had to turn my hand to all kinds of things. I even took a job as a butcher, but I only fulfilled that role for three weeks. After working my passage home on a boat I landed once again in dear old England. When I returned to an old love—films. I joined the Hepworth Company, and I was with them for three years.

War! "Then the war burst upon us," Mr. Stewart Rome went on, "and of course I joined the Army. After the Armistice I was stationed at Rosin, and it was while in this town the Broadway Film Company made me an offer, which I accepted, and I have done a great deal of screen work since. I confess to it for that purpose. As far as I am concerned, I infinitely prefer the screen to the legitimate stage. I honestly think that the real cinema artist is born, not made—but of course this might easily become a matter of controversy.

Experience and Art. "Experience is a tremendous asset to an artist," Mr. Rome told me; "it cannot create the artistic temperament, but it is a tremendous asset to bringing out the best in art. I have done a certain amount of film work in the States before I took it up in England. I was with Washburn in an Essanay produc- tion—'The Village Pool.' I am very glad to have done screen work in America—the more one sees of life, the better one is able to depict it.

An Engineer and a Tennis Player. "In my early life," Mr. Stewart Rome told me, "my parents were most anxious that I should be a civil engineer. I made an attempt at that profession, but I simply couldn't stand being indoors. And even when I first entered the profession, I always made the strongest appeal to me—that's nothing like it!" Climbing hills is one of my favourite hobbies, so my producer tells me, because I revelled in all the exterior parts of 'The Long Grey Road.' I am, of course, a keen admirer of the light, whilst my producer was explaining to me that this was, in my case, I surprised both for it, thoroughly en- joying the chance of some more exercise. When such adven- tures cannot be indulged in, I keep fit with ten- nis and walking." Stewart Rome is a native of Newbury, Berkshire.

Her First Film. "Is just over a year ago since I started my first film," "His Last Command." Miss Mary Glyne said reflectively, the other morning. "And I like screen work immensely. Of course I naturally enjoyed the success of 'Tillie of Bloom- ington,' but although the legitimate stage is tremendously fascinating, a long run of a popular piece is apt to become monotonous."

A Great Find. "UITP, the greatest find in British filmland is Mr. George K. Arthur, who is playing 'Kippin.' The production of Mr. H. G. Wells' famous book as a film is being done by Stoll's, at their magnificent Cricklewood Studios, under the direction of Mr. Harold Shaw.

George K. Arthur joined the East Surreys when he was sixteen years of age and ten months, in fact immediately on leaving school. I went into the ranks in the Calcut Battalion at Oxford, and later got gazetted—and came out of the Army in January, 1919. Two months before that date, Mr. Arthur told with his humorous smile, "I had made up my mind what I was going to, and that was to go on the stage. But my family had other ideas for me. They wanted me to become a chartered accountant, but it was the stage I longed for, and I regret to say, not my family's wishes, I decided upon the career of my heart. My father has now, however, become reconciled to my choice. I spent three terms at Lady railing's School, and since I have found how much I owe to her excellent tuition."

Pastoral Plays in Wales. "I MADE my debut in pastoral plays at Lan- holly, North Wales, when I played in 'Twelfth Night,' in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and I never made up for this wonderful outdoor performance, I was called 'Nose Prop Arthur' by my ariste comrades.

My real chance came, I think, when I was acting at the Sury Theatre, Mr. Harold Shaw, the well-known producer, had arranged with an agent to see me.
Xmas Greetings sent by Postcard from "Funland to You"

The "Picture Show" as Postman.

These picture postcards have been sent to convey a Xmas wish to every "Picture Show" reader. To ensure them reaching you, they come in your own picture paper. Cut them out and mount them on plain postcards and preserve them in your postcard album.
From Los Angeles.

A Merry Xmas
to every reader of "Picture Show."

Ivan Novak
Marie Prevost
Wesley Barry

Antonio Moreno
Alice Lake
Harriet Hammond
William Duncan

Larry Scott
Jean Paige
Constance Talmadge
Violet Dyes

George Beban
Carmel Myers

Best Christmas wishes to dear reader Picture Show. Always May Williams

Happy Christmas
James Knight
about British Players
STUDIOS, AND Gossip About Your Own Stars,

"You're just the chap we want," said he.
"How tall are you?"

"I always thought," George K. Arthur confided, "that I was about five feet seven, and I told him so.

"No good, then," he retorted, "too tall; I hoped you were five foot four!"

I was just turning off to go out of the room when a man called out: "I say, you're not five foot seven!"

I was immediately measured, and my height was five feet and a half.

On the following Monday I was put through a test for three weeks, and I joined up straight away to play "Kipps" for a Stall production.

Later we went down to Folkestone to do some exteriors, and after a picture show one night some of the scenes in "Kipps" were run off on the screen privately. I have never been so nervous in my life. I was sick with anxiety. Seeing myself for the first time on the screen was a much worse feeling than a first night show on the legitimate stage.

"Don't Try to Act!"

MISS EVELYN BOUCHER assured me the other afternoon that the great art of screen work was to be perfectly natural. "Don't try to act," she smiled, "or all the subtle effects, which are so valuable to the cinema artiste, will be lost."

Miss Boucher is one of those fortunate mortals favoured by the gods. She has beauty and temperament, and is at her very best in vivid, emotional scenes. Amongst the films she has played in are "Diana and Destiny," "The Knife of Hearts," "The Power of Right," and "The Flames."

Away in France.

ON this page you will see Miss Pauline Johnson, who played Nancy in "The Great Gay Road." She also played a leading part in a set of Milne Screen Comedies recently. She is one of our most charming young cinema artistes, and at the moment of writing she is doing film work in France.

EVELYN BOUCHER.

A Cowboy in Canada!

I HAVE found most of my picture experience in America," said Mr. Sydney Seaward, the other afternoon, "Then the war broke out, I came home to England and joined up in the R.F.A. After I had finished with the Army I went back to America, but I didn't care for it, and returned to England again, and since then I have done a great deal of film work in my own country." Mr. Seaward is a great sportsman; he can ride, box, and swim.

"Before I became an actor," he said, "I was a cowboy in Western Canada, but the loneliness was too great for me. I love picture work, because it gives me a man's evenings, like an ordinary business, and if a man is fond of his home this is a tremendous advantage."

Mr. Norman McDonald,
PRODUCER of the Broadwest production of "The Great Gay Road," passed the other afternoon.

Cambridge Examination when Cecil Rhodes gave the scholarship, and he studied for three years. "Later on," Mr. McDonald informed me, "I went off to America, and then I tried my luck on the stage. I produced quite a number of screenplays, and also dramas for the legitimate stage. Then I went to Chicago, and there I met George K. Spurr of the Essanay Company. I produced a picture called "White Roses," and this was followed up by "When Souls Meet Soul." I produced for the Essanay Company for five years. I was very tired and worn out, and I thought I would take a trip to California. After I had Los Angeles intending to rest, but then I fell in with the Selig people, and I could not resist the lure of the screen, so I commenced to produce for the Selig firm.

"Reality."

I JOINED the Army at the outbreak of war, in Canada, and came over to England. I went to France, was badly wounded, and later turned over, as I was originally a B.S. man."

"Before getting out of the Army I was in charge of the Canadian Khaki College, where men were trained in the art of public speaking."

Shortly after Mr. McDonald's discharge from the Service he went to China to make "The Wandering Woods," and now he is the famous Broadwest producer.

PAULINE JOHNSON.

The Great Gay Road.

THE Wattadaw Co., Ltd., who control the exclusive rights for the United Kingdom, present Stewart Rome in "The Great Gay Road," by Tom Gannon. Adapted and produced by Norman McDonald.

Mr. Hilary Toffrey Kite (Stewart Rome) is a rolling stone, a wandering vagabond, with nothing beyond his own wayward, whimsical and fascinating personality. He meets Crook Perkins (Ernest Sparling) in a common lodging-house. Toffrey Kite befriends him, protects him, and thus springs up a curious friendship between the two men.

Sir Crispin Vickery (A. Bromley-Davenport) is a fiery old martinet; he lives near London. He is devoted to his pretty niece Nancy (Pauline Johnson). Unknown to her uncle she is in love with Rodney Foster (John Stuart). Her aunt Anahles (Olga Riga) knows of the romance, and rather enjoys assisting Cupid.

The Impostor.

LONG years ago Sir Crispin Vickery had a hatter's quarter with his only son Hildebrand. The boy ran away from home; and never returned. Broken-hearted and full of course, every night, by Sir Crispin's direction, a light is always lit burning in the window for Hildebrand.

Kite and Perkins walk to London, and overhear this story, and they, intent on mischief, enter the house. They are discovered by Sir Crispin and his old man-servant, Backus, who declare that Kite, who makes no denial, is the missing son, Hildebrand. Thus Kite, and Perkins are installed in the household.

But Kite, the vagabond, has a sense of honour. He falls a victim to the radiant charms and the sweet and grateful beauty of Nancy.

For the first time he realises the bitterness of the desire of love. He decides to return to the Great Gay Road, he is ashamed of being an impostor. He leaves the house quietly, without one word.

One day Nancy meets him and implores him to return home. He cannot resist her appeal—he loves her, and so he goes back once again to be received as the missing son.

Colonek Trigg, an old friend with whom Sir Crispin is always quarrelling, recognises Kite as an impostor. He unmasks him.

SYDNEY SEWARD.

Back to the Road.

SIR CRISPIN, having cherished the hope that the man whom he beheld to be his son would marry Nancy, is deeply wounded in spirit and in pride. Kite admits his identity, leaves Nancy to Rodney, and sets out once more.

Nancy does not know the truth. She elopes with Rodney, but Sir Crispin does not forgive her until her birthday—and on that day a letter of greeting arrives from Kite. Kite and Perkins face the old battle together. And then one day Perkins takes the Great Road to another world, and Kite, alone, faces the setting sun, a wanderer, ever pilgrimming onward.

EDITH NEPEAN.
Picture Show, December

A THRILLING COMPLETE STORY OF A MAN WHO LOST

HIS

25f/i,

1920.

MEMORY

THE DARKEST HOUR.
(SPECIAL TO THE "PICTURE SHOW."')
shadowy

and

shape,

There
c!o=ed with it.
was a short struggle,

aud then a

life-preserver
descended on Peter's

head with crushing force.
When he came to

I

memory.

no

The fact that the
house and surroundings
were strange to him
seemed to indicate that
he had no right to Iks
there, so Peter
his way out.

made

He wandered

into a

he
night,
all
himself, next

found
morning

opposite an employment
>
agencv.
The fact that he had

no money and was
hungry prompted Peter
to follow a

"

X/OU know I
Y practical.

but let us be
Neither you nor I could possibly
be happy in poverty.
Neither you nor I
have any money.
Peter Schuyler has enough (or
(en people therefore you must marry Peter."
Lee Austin, smooth, plausible, and utterly heartess, spoke iu a tone of finality.
Marian Dinsmore,
young, pretty, painfully poor though well-connected,
and almost as heartless as Lee Austin, frowned and
looked away from her lover, and glanced down at the
toes of her expensive French shoes.
The fact that the shoes were not paid for helped
her to realise, that Austin was right.
She 11 m -t
marry money. There was only one difference between
this precious pair.
In the, armour of Lee Austin's
love you, Marian

selfishness there was no Haw
he lived entirely for
himself.
Marian Dinsmore had one weakness she
really loved Austin.
" And if I marry Peter .Schuyler, what then ? "
;

—

asked Marian.
"Perfectly simple!" replied Austin.

"First of
all, you get him to settle enough money on you.
without any restrictions, to enable lis to live in
comfort aud luxury.
Then we will get rid of Mr.
Schuyler by making him divorce you. Could anything
"
be simpler

?

" You're right, Lcc," said Marian.
" It's our
only chance."
The fact that Peter Schuyler bad not even yet
told her that he loved her did not trouble Marian
Dinsmore.
She had got him iu her net. and lie
bad no more chance of escaping from fur than
woidd a cat from a mouse if both were put in a hatbox. She looked across the crowded reception-room
to where Peter Schuyler stood talking to his Mend.
Dr. Robert Culver.
Peter Schuyler was a fine specimen of manhood.
Ruggedly handsome, tall, powerfully built, and
upright, his character was in keeping with physical
make-up. He was not in love with Marian Dinsmore.
but he was fascinated with her.
He was one of
those big-hearted, boyish men who believe all
women are pure and good. Marian had not experienced any difficulty iu handling him from the
lirst, and, before Peter knew where lie was, their
relationship had come to that stage when people
were saying
" I expect we shall soon hear of Peter and Marian
being engaged."
Marian made Peter propose that night.
She chose the garden of their host's house for
the stage, and with a moment or so of moonlight, a
bower, and an uplifting of her really handsome
eyes, she got Peter to say there could never be
another woman in the world for him. The engagement was announced the next day.
Those who
did not know Marian said It was a good match
(hose who did said, " Poor old Peter "
It was Fate, in the shape of a burglar, that spoiled
Marian Dinsmorc's game.
A few nights before the marriage, Pclcr was
sitting alone in his flat.
He had let his servant off for the evening, and
was just thinking of going to lied, when he heard a
noise in the next room.
As he entered, lie taw a
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*

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number

men who were

to get a'job.
Louis Marcotte, foreman cf the Columbia

;

;

ttitaorapi.)

as Peter,

of
trying

Lumber

Company, who was badly wanting men

for

Ids

lumber camp, noticed the powerfully built figure
He signed for
as Peter stepped up to the desk.
the clerk to engage him.
" Want a job ? " said the clerk.
" Yes," said Peter.
" Right you're engaged by the Columbia Lumber
"
'!
;

What's your name
"That's the strange thing about

Company.
"

I

"

don't

know who

I

it," said

can cook and mend for him, but he has no real
"

love for

me

!

John Doc
lie

felt

that this was only too true, but

refrained from expressing his thoughts. He had
use for Joe Bouvier. and he felt that, sooner

or later, he would come in conflict with the manager
and his bullying foreman.
It was to be sooner than he thought.
He parted
with Justine at the entrance to the offices of the
company, and went to draw his money.
Bouvier was in the pay-bos, and he handed John
his envelope with a scowl.
John Doe took no notice of the scowl, but he
stood at the window while he counted his money.
There was a shortage of five dollars.
" There's a slight mistake here. I'm five dollars
short," said John.
" Shut your face and get out, or I'll throw you
"
clean out of the place
" You can have a try to do that, but here I stay
till my envelope is reinforced to the extent of fiveI

park, but got moved on
bv a policeman. After
walking about the city

HARRY MOREY

Not thn* I shall ever see one. My uncle;
thinks only of himself. I am useful to him because
cities.

ne searched his

—

I

The
was.
blow had injured some
part of his brain, and
snapped the chord of

who he

pockets, but the burglar
had already done that,
and there was not a
scrap of paper or a
visiting card to show
who he was.

as Justine and

thoughtfully.
don't prefer you as
"

himself, he had no knowledge of where he was

or

JEAN PAIGE

" I don't know whether I
you arc an unspoilt child of
Nature
" I don't know whether you mean that us a
compliment or not," said Justine. " But although I
have been very happy in the woods, I feel I ought,
to know about the things that happen in the big

added

Peter.

am."

drinking, that man. killing whisky or
hitting the pipe
said Marcotte, in an aside to
the dork. "Sign him on in some name. Whether
Nothing
it 's whisky or opium, he'll soon get over it.
like the woods and hard work to bring a man round."
" You're lucky " said the clerk, looking up at
" Looks to me that you're more fit for the
Peter.
Lug-house lunatic asylum than anything else!
Yuur uaiue is John Doe. Sign here and wait outside.-"

Been

!

!

dollars " remarked Jobu.
Witli a bellowing roar. Bouvier rushed out from
!

the office. He was a burly man, probably two stone
heavier than John, and he had never yet been
beaten in the fights he had forced on the men who
had dared to complain that they bad been robbed.
Whirling his huge lists, he rushed in like a mad
bull.
A heavy upper-cut, which loosened several
teeth and made his head sing, brought him up with a
jerk; and. before he could recover, Johmsent in a
line straight left that landed right on the tip oi
Bouvier's nose.
The manager essayed another rush, aud thitime John let him come in, and, seizing him with
neck and leg hold, he threw him heavilj* to the
ground. The fall took all the fight- out ot Bouvier
andy cursing and making threats, he retired Into
the office. Thrusting a five-dollar note through the
pay-window, he lifted his battered face to Jolm.
There ain't
You'll be sorry for this, Doe 1
room on this location "for the man wljo makes an
:>

enemy

of Joe Bouvier
Y'ou can try to scare somebody else with that
" All I want
said John quietly.
kind of talk I
you to understand is that If there is anything short
in ray pay euvelope again, I sliall give you a hiding
before I give you a chance to nnke the money
"
good
As John walked away, Justine came running
towards him.
" Oh, it was great, John
I saw it all. I've often
wished that I was a big man like
that I
" you, so
coidd give him a real beating np
" Young ladies, mustn't talk about fighting "
said John, with mock severity. " But I don't irrmd
admitting to you, Justine, that I was glad of the
chance to give your uncle a lesson. He bullies aud
robs the men shamefully.
1 wish you were not
"
with him. One day, soon
John Doc broke ptt quickly. He was going to
say that he hoped Justine would think enough o( him
marry him, but the thought
I o leave her uncle and
that had stopped him from declaring his love on
I

!

!

!

A

John Doe.

!

MONTH

Jiad passed since Peter Schuyler
had signed on for the Columbia Lumber
Company. He had taken to his new occupation
so well that he was now one of the best lumberjacks in the camp. He had no knowledge that he
Was any other than Joint Doe, for the past was
still a sealed book to him. 15ut he had been assimilatOne was
ing the things that hedged his new life.
that Louis Marcotte was a bully, that he was hand-inglove with Joe Bouvier, the manager, who robbed
the men of some part of their earnings every time
they were paid
and that Jnstino Bouvier, the
manager's niece, was the prettiest and sweetest
girl he had ever seen.
He was thinking of Justine one afternoon as he
went to draw his pay for the week. Peter was thinking
*o hard that he never noticed that the object of
his thoughts was seated in a tree under which ho
;

had

to pass.

Justine was more than pretty; she was beautiful.
soft brown hair and delicately moulded
oval face, slight girlish figure and happy smile, she

With her

would have made an idea! model for a wood nymph.
A piece of bark, deftly dropped on John Doe's
head as he passed under the tree, awoke the lumberman from his day-dreams.
He shook his list playfully as he noticed Justine.
" That's a nice way of greeting a friend " he said.
The girl slipped down the tree and came up to
him with a smile.
!

" 1 want you to teach mo to read and write,
" 1 can do both a little, hut I
John," she said.
have never had a teacher, and there arc some things
1 can't understand.
You will be my schoolmaster
"
won't yon, John t
" You' know I'd do anything in the ivorld for you,
" 1 think you are
Justine," said John tenderly.
Quite, right to want to improve yourself, Justine.
When you go out in the world, >ou will have to be
educated, and it is just as well you should start now.
I cannot understand your uncle not .-ending >ou to a
school or getting you a teacher.
Although," he

occasions earlier in the day tame into bis
He did not know who he was. It was possible
was already married. Something told him
be wasn't, but until his recollection of the past
retnrnetl he could never be certain.
" Y'ou bad better be careful now, John," said
Justine anxiously. " My unelo will nctVr forgive you.
He- and his ugly fricud. Louis Marcotte, will try
"
to get revenge oy some under-hand means !
" Don't you worry, Justine," said Jolm, taking
the girl in his amis. Then unable to restrain bis
Justine clung to him, and
love, he hissed her.
looked up into his face with a wonderful light in her
" I was just wishing you would kiss mc,
ryes.
John." she whispered, so John kissed leer again.
You know I love you. Justine." be said, " but
You know
I wonder if I have the rigbj. to tell you.
that I have no recollection of my past life. It may
be that I am married."
" Don't say it, John.
Don't say It." said Justine
putting her tiny hand over bis mouth, " I feel
that you just belong to me. There couldn't have
been another woman. I loved you the first time I

many

mind.
that

lie

met you."
As the two lovers walked slowly inwards tlm
woods, Jolm saw Mr. James Nelson who was the
owner of the company, beckoning to him.

" There's the boss, Justine," be said. " I will seo
von later."
As he came up to Mr. Nelson, the latter put out
" Just walk with me to my office, Doe "
bis band.
" I've got something important to say to
lie said.
you." Once Inside the office, Mr. Nelson carefully
(Continued on page Iff.)


WONDERFUL GOLDWYN FILM

"EARTHBOUND," the novel by Basil King, has been wonderfully filmed by the Goldwyn Company, and it is very interesting at the present time, in view of the discussions on spiritualism.

The film has had a very successful run at the Covent Garden Opera House, London, and will shortly be seen in the provinces.

There is a splendid cast to this photo-play which includes Wyndham Standing, Naomi Childers, Billie Cotton, Mahlon Hamilton, Flora Revalles, Alec D. Francis, Lawson Butt, and Kate Lester.

Nicholas Desborough (WYNDHAM STANDING), whose spirit is wandering among the acquaintances of his past life, when it should have been striving to reach a higher plane, at last discovers, through the words of the pastor, this great mistake.

Dr. Roger Galloway (ALEC B. FRANCIS) and Nick (WYNDHAM STANDING). This is one of the incidents that lead to the catastrophe of the shooting of Nick.

Nick meets Daisy Rittenshaw (FLORA REVALLES) at the summer house. At the top of this page on the left is a photograph of NAOMI CHILDERS as Caroline Desborough.
closed the door, "I've been watching you for some time, Doe, and I've come to the conclusion that you're too good for this camp who isn't, and I want you to help me get him or them. What do you think of this?"

The letter to which the Dores submissive answer was written, was from the secretary of the company with which Mr. Nelson had been working. Mr. Nelson had never before returned any letter from their inspector saying that when the logs they had supplied were being cut, they were brittle and worthless, and unless this state of affairs continued, the contract would be cancelled.

"But I can't understand this," said John.

"The trouble is, Mr. Nelson, there isn't any better in the country," said Mr. Nelson.

"But what is the matter with the wood? It has always been good before. What has happened is that some rival company has been trying to get some of my men to doctor the timber, so that they can get the contract now I have lost it. You are always in the woods and I thought you might be able to find the guilty parties. If you can do this for me you will not find me unfavourable."

"I'll make it my business to find out," said John. "But please don't talk of reward. I deem it my duty at all times to look after the interests of my employer."

In the Night.

S E V E R A L days passed and John kept a sharp look out for any signs of the timber being doctored. Nothing was discovered nothing that would prove anything and midway between every evening now, Justine came to his cabin for lessons in reading and writing, and it was astonishing how quickly she improved in these subjects.

That trouble now, Louis Marquette wanted to marry her, and had spoken of his intentions to John. Naturally Bouvier favoured Marquette, especially when he heard that he was a bachelor, but neither his threats nor entreaties could bring Justine to change her intentions.

He would have tried force but he had too lively a recollection of what John Doe had done to him before and would have let no attempt at blackmail be considered compared with what he would get if he desired to lay a hand on Justine.

John kept pondering over the doctored timber and at last decided that the time had come. He set about the timber packing with a will, that would not be made out of the next cutting of timber, this time.

One night he saw Bouvier and Marquette skulking along the road, and they went to a place which had been marked for the next cutting of timber, and waited.

Marquette cut a square of bark from the tree and laid it beside the trunk, and then, taking a hook in the trunk, put it through the hole he shaved some rays which had been dipped in some kind of liquid. They doctored several trees in this fashion, and then made their way back to camp by a roundabout way.

As soon as John returned to the doctored trees and took out the pieces of bark they were soon in a perfect state.

Late as it was he made his way to Mr. Nelson's house, where he was also used as a cabin, and after telling him of what he had done, he asked if Louis would marry him.

"That settles it," said Mr. Nelson. "I can't say I'm surprised. It's about time. I've been looking for someone to take his place, and I'll be glad to have two men when he would have been three."

Early next morning Mr. Nelson went round to Bouvier and Marquette accompanied by John Doe. Louis Marquette was then working up the camp.

Nelson told the rascally pair that their nefarious work had been found out.

At first they tried to exert their innocence, but when Mr. Nelson showed them the pieces of soaked ray which had been cut in the woods the other day, they were belligerent and unco-operative, and the contract was cancelled.

"There isn't any better in the country," John Doe said.

"That is the trouble. You are always in the woods and I thought you might be able to find the guilty parties. If you can do this for me you will not find me unfavourable."

"I'll make it my business to find out," said John. "But please don't talk of reward. I deem it my duty at all times to look after the interests of my employer."

THE DARKEST HOUR. (Contd. ver from page 18.)

"Impossible Catherine," VIRGINIA FEAR

"The Curse of the Rayburns." WILLIAM DESMOND.

"The Woman in the Suitcase." ENTO BENNETT.

"Wawhorne the Adventurer." WALLACE HILL.

"Making Her Wife." VIVIAN MARTIN.

"The Black Gate." EARLE WILLIAMS.

"The Ever Open Door." HAYWOOD HOBBS.

"Parson's Husband." CLARE MONTGOMERY.
IRENE RICH
A Film Actress Who Knows the Value of Little Things.

WHEN an interviewer found Irene Rich doing her own gardening, and remarked upon it, this talented film actress made an astonishing reply.

"If being a motion picture star means giving up all the little 'homey' things, then I would most certainly give up my career instead."

Which only goes to show that Irene Rich is a natural, unaffected girl who has not been spoiled by her wonderful success.

The Value of Little Things.

WHEN Miss Rich had clambered down from the porch where she was tending a vine, she enlarged on the subject which had been started.

"I think happiness is the biggest thing in life," she said, "and I mean to fight for it every step of the way. I don't believe it makes much difference how much money you have, or how much publicity you get—if you cease to value the little things. That is why I don't want to be famous if I am going to live a pampered life and lose touch with the everyday world.

"If we forget to take pleasure in little things, how are we going to appreciate big ones?"

Her Strange Collection.

IRENE has a strange collection—dozens of rusty old horse-shoes which are hung, points up, of course, in the garage.

She showed this curious collection to the interviewer, and pointed out that each shoe had scratched on it the date and place where it was picked up.
VICTOR MACLAGLEN

The two fell into conversation, during the course of which Mr. Davidson asked his friend whether he could purchase the inside of the film studio. Mr. MacLaglen replied in the negative, whereupon the film manufacturer invited him to spend a day at his own studio. The invitation was accepted, and, what was more, had startling results. For it was during that visit to Flithland, for which he expressed the greatest interest in everything he saw, that the knowledge needed for the work with which he was to change the whole course of his career.

"Can you act?" Mr. Davidson asked him at last.

"Not guilty!" was the immediate response.

"Think you can try!"

"Well," said MacLaglen, "I've tried most things, and I'm willing to try anything once."

Very well," returned Davidson, "I've a leading part for you in my next film, 'The Call of the Road,' if you care to accept it. Think it over.

Well, MacLaglen 'thought it over,' and the upshot of his thinking was that he accepted Mr. Davidson's offer, with what sensationally good results are always learned from your newspapers.

VICTOR MACLAGLEN is Britain's latest movie star.

"I'Fell Into It!"

NATURALLY, I lost little time in seeking Mr. Davidson, and began straight away for details of his exceptional film debut.

"Well," he said boyishly, "I don't know that I can explain exactly how I managed to get into films, or any previous experience. The role is a very big one, and I suppose, I found the work very strange at first. But, completely, within the invalid's assistance of the director, Mr. A. E. Coleby—who is the most good-natured chap alive—I well, I just fell into it!"

"You see," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've travelled an awful lot—been in twenty-three countries—and I suppose (that has given me a certain amount of travel). Anyhow, I did what I was told. and—well, it turned out right all. I guess that's all there is about it!"

What is one to do with a man who is as modest as all that?

"The Call of the Road."

Mr. MacLaglen is a powerfully built young man of 6 ft. 2 in., with a reputation for strength calculated to strike awe into the hearts of the most courageous. Some idea of his strength may be gained from the fact that he can pick up and carry a hundredweight of iron without any appearance of strain whatever. Yet it was not through the opportunities thus afforded for athletic prowess that his initial film made the greatest appeal to him. It was something deeper than that.

"The story deals with a gentleman's son who is turned out of his father's house," Mr. MacLaglen told me. "The boy takes to the road, and there finds, as he never found among his previous surroundings of luxury, life, adventure, and love. His happiness comes with the commencement of a prospective career."

"That boy is like me. True, I did not leave home under the same circumstances as he did; but, with a desire for life and adventure, I started upon my travels at the early age of sixteen, and it has always been my feeling that I have found my greatest happiness."

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

The spirit of Christmas fills the air, and at every turn one encounters preparations for its enjoyment, folk discussing plans, people buying presents, and others hurriedly selecting clothes for wear at festive gatherings.

Still, one cannot pass over the season of goodwill without a word upon household decoration. Few houses are without their adornments at Christmas time, although in many instances scant attention is given to its arrangement. Branches of holly, or mistletoe at the last moment, poising above the head of all who sit near them in pernicious insecurity.

Flowers are the most haphazard, and plants are poking away in corners. It is a great pity, for all these decorations go a long way to help the enjoyment of all around. If the surroundings are pleasing to the eye, comfort and happiness is imparted to the entire atmosphere. Besides, decorations are fairly expensive, so that it is only right that a certain amount of time and care should be expended upon their arrangement.

Flowers as a Picture.

It is impossible to witness the showing of any big film without noting the absolute charm and perfection of the furnishing schemes. Yet perhaps it has never crossed your mind to note the beauty of floral decorations in these films. Do so in future, and you will find what a world of difference careful attention to such a detail makes to the appearance of a room.

Mary Miles Minter, who is as artistic as she is charming, has decided views upon floral decorations. This is what she says:

"Don't stand a vase of flowers in front of a picture, let it make its own picture. A bouquet of flowers placed against a wall is as decoration as a framed picture. A vase of roses or branches should be as carefully composed and placed with as much reference to its background as is the painting. All too often a spray of flowers thrust into the wrong vase—to bring out its beauty or to stand on a cabinet, a shelf, or on the top of a piece of furniture, where its outlines are entirely lost, by being shown against the broken lines of the object itself."

"The lines of flowers and branches always make a beautiful, and they should be given a simple, neutral background, where their full value may be displayed. A jar of chrysanthemums, exquisite when placed against a brown lot of wall, will lose all its charm when stood upon a table of rich velvet—tissue paper, the latter varying in colour, and clashing with the flowers."

"Treat each bouquet of blossoms as a picture and place it in har—"

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS—THE ARTISTRY OF FLORAL ARRANGEMENT—CARE OF FLOWERS—THE PICTURE GIRL'S COAT.

Christmas Decorations—The Artistry of Floral Arrangement—Care of Flowers—The Picture Girl's Coat.

VICTOR MACLAGLEN

Who Did As He Was Told

An Adventurous Career.

I WENT first to America, and there, when I was seventeen, to Canada, where, in the depths of the bush, I fell in with some American prospectors. These fellows and I put all the money we had in pool, and went prospecting for silver in the Cobalt. Success did not attend us, however, and it was not long before we returned to where we started from, having wisely professed to having a horse each.

"It was then that I decided to use my gift of the stage, and generally went on the road. I went into the boxing game when this I was fortunate, and made enough in Halifax to put down two feet and $50 in the place.

Like the boy in the film, I 'took to the road,' making a living by boxing all over America (where I spent ten years), and also by going into the real estate business.

"I next went to Honolulu, which I had always longed to see, and then to the Samos Islands, and finally to Australia, where I did quite a lot in a sporting way. I then went to India, Zanzibar, British East Africa, Portuguese East Africa, Malagascy and South Africa, where I was at the time the war broke out.

"And what are your future plans? I asked, rather hopefully of one of his colleagues.

"Oh, I'm going to remain in pictures!" was the reply. "I like acting; it comes quite naturally to me, and here I have all the opportunities in my films. I shall always be an athlete, but never a professional sportsman again.

"For the present I am remaining with Mr. Davidson and Mr. Coleby, and I am more than grateful for the treatment I have received.

MAY HERSHEL CLARKE.
FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS

This competition is closed. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one to thousands of readers who have sent postcards which would win a prize. Thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, about fifty readers sent the

"In 'The Illustrious Prince,' featuring Sessue Hayakawa, there is a scene in a London street, and the pavement is on the right, according to the American rule."

A prize of 5s. cannot be divided into fifty parts, hence disappointment to fifty readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards left unexamined, and until these are examined prizes will be awarded as promised, but no more should be sent for the competition. We are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In "In Old Kentucky," Frank Larson's mother's aunt is shown wearing a wed-ling ring— Five Shillings awarded to C. Cumber, 371, Harthills Lane, Leeds.

Isobel Elsom in "Sweethearts" is an only child living with her father, who is a widower. Her father, not approving of her sweetheart, sends him away. Later she does her waiting for the return of her lover. Her father is dead, and she is living with a nephew of hers. Who does the nephew come from?—A. C.解cher, 44, Harrow Road, Paddington, W. 2.

In "Thirty a Week," in which Tom Moore features, his mother asks Tom's wife if she would like to hear "John O'Clunorgan." The girl replies in the affirmative. She then goes over to the gramophone and puts on a record on which the words "Mother Machree" can be distinctly seen.—(Miss) May C. Smith, 91, Kensington Park Road, Kennington, London, S.R. 11.

In the film "The Boxing Cavalier," Georges Carpentier and Florette set out to the Hotel Anglais on an evidently powerful motor-bike, with full speed ahead. Carpentier's bike also starts and at the same time on an ordinary push-bike and arrives at the hotel at exactly the same time as his master.—Lucy Hook, 81, Overbury Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.

In a recent Bobby Vernon comedy, entitled "Down on the Farm," Bobby, as the principal actor, was being chased through an hotel in lady's attire. Standing outside was a motor-car, in which was a rather lavishly dressed young man. Bobby thought of a means of escape in changing clothing with the individual in the car, so pushing the young man right into the hotel and when he emerged in the other man's clothing he looked as if he had been measured for a suit, although the man was just ten inches taller and dressedly thinner about the shoulders.—5s. awarded to C. Gilbert Williams, 44, Kingsway, Waterloo, Liverpool.

In "The Mystery of 13," Francis Ford took part as Philip and Jim, twin brothers. His Ward is captured by the members of the 13 tied hand and foot, and put in a shed. The shed catches fire, and his ward craves to a trap-door and drops into the water. When she drops in the water her hands are tied behind her, yet when she comes up again her hands are still tied, a front of her.—5s. awarded to G. E. Hartshorn, 47, Beech Terrace, Dinnington, near Rotherham.

The fault I found in a picture which featured Albert Ray and Elmer Fair. The weak brother of the heroine was persuaded by a bookmaker to make a bet on an old hero named Vagabond, and to put on to it all the money he could. He raised £400 on their house, but when the horse was tried it could not run on a dry track; but while taking it through a muddy lane the horse started to rear and kick. The hero and heroine then started to pray that it would rain, so that they might have a chance to win on a wet track. That night the rain poured down in torrents and continued on during the whole night, and the bookmaker and his gang were gnashing their teeth for the hard luck that made it rain, and so losing all hopes of their house winning, for it, Vagabond won it would ruin them all. In the morning the horses were taken on to the sodden track and at every movement of the horse's hoofs clouds of dust rose, and kept rising all the time during the race. This drew many comments from people round about. 5s. awarded to (Mrs.) W. Crane, 29, Bronglham Street, Penrith, Cumberland.

VIRGINIA VALLI

A Charming Personality.

After Virginia Valli had graduated at a high school in Chicago, she immediately thought of going on the stage. Partly as all art and partly in all seriousness, she went to the Essanay studios, acting upon the advice of three other girls who were also determined to make names for themselves on the screen, and who had already done extra work there. They were Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, and Evelyn Greeley.

Her Screen Work.

It was not long before Miss Valli was given worth-while parts, and then she was chosen to be Taylor Holmes's leading lady, and appeared with him in "Efficiency Edgar's Gourmandise," "Ruggles of Red Gap," and "Uncanny Money."

Virginia Valli appeared with Creighton Hale in "The Black Circle," and "World Pictures," and, as you will see by the photographs on this page, she has also been George Walsh's leading lady. At present she is in complete "The Better Way," Hope Hampton's third production, in which she plays opposite Percy Marmon.

Elusive Charm.

Virginia Valli is a dark-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and she is blessed with that elusive, indefinable charm that we call personality, the influence of which we so feel, yet cannot describe, when we see her work on the screen.

With GEORGE WALSH in "The Dead Line," a strong drama of love and revenge—another William Fox film.
ASK OLD WISH.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! Once a twelfth-month, at this season of the year, we greet each other with kindness and good wishes, and do our best to make the world a better place. The season is one of joy and sharing, and we should strive to live up to these values.

If you wish to know anything about films or film players, you can ask the Picture Show. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter. The Editor will answer every reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication). The Editor cannot answer communications on this page.


"Gretry" (Glasgow).—So there's eight of you, and you read the deputation. You are all welcome. Sorry, though, I have not been privileged to peer into the Faculty. I have only seen the outside, of course, who played the villain in "The Married Virgin," and as regards himself he tells us that he was born ten years ago in the old city of Dublin, the child of a poor family. He says that at the age of fifteen, other times of his life: "Mints of Hell," "Casting Herself," and "Rouge." He has been in the films for over six years, and considers them as a part of his life. When he is not on set, he spends his time with his family. His favorite books are "The Romance of Lady Hamilton" and "Magpie Alley." He is a musician and has a passion for painting.

"Clarke" (Kirkwall).—I do hear from Orkney occasionally, and it is good to know that you are alive and well. Your recent letter is very interesting. The repetition of the same information would bring me bricks to bow to. I think of them and you care. Nazimova has violet eyes and black hair. Fortunately, the actors whom you adore are both of these.

M. A. G. (Manchester).—I offer you, as requested, this nutshell about Fricka Dean. She is the daughter of Wheeler Oakman, and was born in New York in 1898. She has brown hair and blue eyes, 5 ft. 2 in., and weight and height vary for Universal. J. H. (Oxford).—The artists you require about, I believe, are masked. Lilian Leitch, born in London 1888, was known in France in 1912. She began her screen career about eight years ago, and has appeared in "Till the End," "The Kaiser's Shadow," and "The Pest." I am trying to find a list of her pictures on "Lighting." "Anways," (Hertford).—Why, you friend! Have you read this paper every week since its birth? As regards the current question about the word "affable," the last school should not be pronounced "affable," but "affable." Are you too, without a dictionary?

B. J. (Hornchurch).—Yes, Frank Ford was in "The Price of Love," but it was Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Box." "Rahabah" is a famous film. "Till the End" is a film by F. W. Murnau in 1926. "The Empress of India" is another title, and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a film by John Grierson in 1928.

A. D. (Birmingham).—Edna Purviance was the star in "The Hound of the Baskervilles." She was employed by Sal arrived and her brother, Herbert Rawlinson. B. P. (Gloucester).—Perhaps you have written before to the same people, but I don't know that I can remember your address. I find it hard enough to recognize the Wyches you name. Opposite Evelyn Nesbit in "I Want to Forget" was Henry Olive. A Goodwill (Godey's).—So you study my wife and book titles every week. Francis Xavier Bushby, who is the husband of Beverley Basset, was a film star who began his screen career in 1911. On January 10th, 1983, he was born in York, Virginia, and later of his life rose to 6 ft. and, if you have brown hair and blue eyes, and has played in "The Great Secret," "Social Suicide," "The Poor Rich Man," and "The Price of Love." If you have already your eyes must have played you false, R. W. M. for Basil Gill was not with Kathleen McDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," nor has he appeared in any American film. The British artist. Blanton Smith was the hero in this film as I stated. The meaning of "veth" as given in the Standard Dictionary is as follows: "An instrument consisting of one or more single cubes, employed as a lever or in making traction to assist delivery."

A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE MUST ACCOMPANY ANY LETTER REQUIREING AN EARLY REPLY. EVERY LETTER SHOULD GIVE THE FULL NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE WRITER (NOT FOR PUBLICATION). THE EDITOR CANNOT ANSWER COMMUNICATIONS ON THIS PAGE.


A Delightful Christmas photograph of MARY MILES MINTER, a Realist Star.

B. H. (London, W..) — And you also ask me a question that has nothing to do with films. Well, what variety. Your learned friend is right as regards the correct pronunciation of the word "affable." The last school should not be pronounced "affable," but "affable." Are you too, without a dictionary?

B. J. (Hornchurch). — Yes, Frank Ford was in "The Price of Love," but it was Herbert Rawlinson in "The Black Box." "Rahabah" is a famous film. "Till the End" is a film by F. W. Murnau in 1926. "The Empress of India" is another title, and "The Hound of the Baskervilles" is a film by John Grierson in 1928.
NEW "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION
FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25

ON this page will be found the third of our Picture Puzzle series, which deals chiefly with the career of Geraldine Farrar. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and so on, until six puzzles have appeared.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical with or nearest to the solution in our possession.

Do not send your solutions in yet. When the sixth puzzle appears full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete set of solutions are to be sent to:

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Cinema" and "Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

PLAYBOX ANNUAL
For the very little ones.

WONDERLAND AND PUCK ANNUALS
For children from 7 to 14.

HOLIDAY ANNUAL
For boys and girls at school.

MINI-MASTERY & SELF-CONFIDENCE

VAMPING AT A GLANCE
The most wonderful medical discovery of the Age. It teaches you to pass the piano beautifully by ear and vang to the hated senses in all. Without the slightest knowledge of music, you can play any piece in beautiful, delightful, irresistible, unassisted. Money returned if not as stated. Complete, cost 5d.

BOYS' CINEMA
A feature of this week's BOYS' CINEMA that will appeal to all readers of "Picture Show"—The Life Story and Pictures of EDITH ROBERTS

On Sale Wednesday. Price Twopence.

ENGINEERS and Apprentices
Earn more money at your trade. Write for Free Tool-check list you have. Save what trade you want to learn. We teach you to do it. Write for the "Deaf"—Mechanical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Draughtsmanship, Mathematics, and others. The Technological Institute of Great Britain, Ltd., 79 Tavistock House, 33 Strand, London.

ARE YOU SHORT?
"The Standard of Quality" PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS and TIPS "MILITARY" "MILITARY"

"The Standard of Quality" PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS and TIPS "MILITARY" "MILITARY"

"The Standard of Quality" PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS and TIPS "MILITARY" "MILITARY"

"The Standard of Quality" PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS and TIPS "MILITARY" "MILITARY"

"The Standard of Quality" PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS and TIPS "MILITARY" "MILITARY"
CHRISTMAS EVE

"Good job our Stockings haven't shrunk in the wash!"

WHEN Father Christmas goes his rounds he will pass silently from stocking to stocking—his one thought to give the children pleasure; but from long experience, such a profound judge of stockings as he is, will readily appreciate the clean, full unshrunk hose washed with Lux.

The comfort and warmth of soft ample clothing are fully appreciated by the children, especially at this time of the year. Garments which are made coarse and brittle in the wash irritate the skin, so care for the tender skin of her children is one of Mother's reasons for buying Lux. There are other equally good reasons for buying Lux. In preventing textures from matting together and from being coerced and shrunk in the wash, Lux prolongs the life and service of the fabric.

LUX

WILL NOT HARM A SILKEN THREAD
— IT WON'T SHRINK WOOLLENS.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.
Beautiful Art Calendar for 1921

Picture Show

GETTING READY FOR THE DANCE: A CHARMING STUDY OF GLADYS WALTON.

Gladys Walton, who is appearing with Jack Perrin in the coming Universal film, entitled: "Pink Tights."
An Extra 1/2p. for DAISY gives 5 Times better Value for an Extra Halfpenny.

**DAISY is the Absolutely Safe Headache Cure.**

FIVE TIMES better Value than an Extra Halfpenny.

THOUGH DAISY costs only 1 1/2d. more than the ordinary Headache Cure for sale by the dozen, it is made from pure, safe and highly effective ingredients, which contain FIVE TIMES as much. You therefore get five times the effect for the price.

**DAISY Cures Instantly.**

DAISY is the only safe, scientific, and up-to-date cure - quick, painless and convenient. It stops the pain of headache, nausea, and all similar complaints. Never does it fail to act within a very few minutes.

**DAISY is Absolutely Safe.**

DAISY contains nothing but harmless ingredients, all of which are used from the quick cure which only DAISY's effective ingredients can provide. There is NOT one extra trace, not one extra ingredient for its PERFECT SAFETY CURSE.

**Written Medical Approval.**

DAISY alone has received written medical approval - it is everywhere recognized as a safe and harmless preparation which removes the pain absolutely, but has no trace on the system. Read the Physician's letter, letter, and decide in future to take NOTHING but DAISY for headache.

CL.FES HEADACHE AND NEURAGIALR


Headache Case needs my complete approval, and I am especially pleased to note that you have helped the deploring ingrained sickly condition mentioned by your principal and more serious principles, from any possibility of curing patients by taking in great steps to keep up the efficiency and safety, and compliment you on your efforts in this direction, in putting in purely simple, and easy terms, which are the best terms for the command of the public. Yest faithfully signed ROBERTSON WALLACE, M.B., C.M.

**5/- Monthly Good Boots on Easy Terms.**

No. 1. MASTERS Famous "ALFA" Service Felt Boot for Police, Staff, and Railways. Price 30/- for 2 with a box, 60/- for 6, (specialty, convenient form) 1 1/2 per pair, DAISY LTD., LEEDS.

35/- Monthly

No. 2. The King of All— an extra smart boot for holidays or Equestrian use. Price 33/-.

No. 3. MASTERS Famous "ALPHA" Leather Work Boot for Walking. Price 33/-.

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No. 4. MASTERS Famous "SUPER"—an extra smart boot for the best, most expensive wear. Price 35/-.

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No. 5. MASTERS Stable Work Boot for all Purposes. Price 30/-.

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No. 6. MASTERS Stable Work Boot in Black, Tan, Coffee and Kilbo. Price 35/-. 2 for 35/-.

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No. 7. MASTERS Stable Work Boot in other Colors. Price 35/- and 60/-.

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No. 8. MASTERS Stable Work Boot in other Colors. Price 35/- and 60/-.

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No. 9. MASTERS Stable Work Boot in Black, Tan, Kilbo, Coffee and Kilbo. Price 35/-.

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No. 10. MASTERS Stable Work Boot in Black, Tan, Kilbo, Coffee and Kilbo. Price 35/-.

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35/-

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Cash on delivery and no cash to be sent. Payment is made after delivery, and you have the boots to wear while paying for them.

Masters, Ltd., 94, Hope Stores, N.H.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."

**Extreme Weakness and Depression.**

Last Stage of Anemia and think Incurable but Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. H. J. Payne, 24, Myrose Road, Lavender Hill, London, S.W.11, says:— my life when the trouble came on. I lost appetite, and then came an ever-increasing listlessness which no effort of will could shake off. I was constantly describing how strengthless I felt; I had no energy at all, and became very gloomy and depressed. Treatment seemed useless to me in my case, and it was said to be incurable. The disease was diagnosed as failure of the lymphatic glands or chronic anemia. Once when a sample of blood was taken from my ear the lobe had to be punctured three times before blood came out. I joined up in the forces, but could not support the strain of military life. Soon I was in hospital, and finally was discharged altogether. When I came home I got soon Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and it was wonderful how I improved. I gained strength daily, got an appetite, and now feel well and fit, and it is due entirely to Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

**Dr. Cassell's Tablets**

**The Universal Home Remedy for—**


Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

**Home Prices:**

3/- 10s. 6d. 3/-

The 50g. box, 6/6. In these boxes there is a small bottle of 50g. of essence of lavender for strengthening the skin, which can be had for 3d. extra charge.

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**VAMPING AT A GLANCE**

The most wonderful Musical discovery of the Age. It teaches you to play the piano beautifully by ear and in easy to thousands of tunes in all keys with ONE HOUR'S PRACTICE without the slightest knowledge of music. An absolute beginner is able to play in twenty minutes. A box contains 2500 pages of music in all keys. Send for free trial box and sample. 

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If so, let the O'Brian's help you. His height increases by inches, perhaps by inches, and as the inches increase, Dr. O'Brian's natural height increases. Dr. O'Brian's height is non-inheritable. Send for free trial box and sample. 

**FREE CATALOGUE**

**WEIGHT WEAR**

(300g. a week)

If you want to make cost effective, alike to save time and money, O'Brian's Company's weight loss is the only one in the World.

(300g. a week)

Buy Them Every Friday 2d.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 51.—PARDOE WOODMAN.

PARDOE WOODMAN, whom you see above, recently had a Monday morning go by without seeing his copy of the Picture Show. There is certainly no doubt that American film producers have got their eyes upon British talent, and they are doing their best to persuade well-known actors in this country to seek further fields of glory in American studios. I hear that Mr. Pardoe Woodman, who has been one of the Stoll Film Company's leading men for over a year now, has just signed up a contract for a series of films under the direction of a big American producer, and it will not be long before he leaves England to take up his new work.

Mr. Woodman, by the way, is at present working on "The Place of Honour," an Indian story, as Edith M. Dell, and plans to go to India to take a trip to Paris as soon as this film is finished. He intends to try across, and thus combine business with pleasure—business in Paris with the pleasure of flying over there.

An Artistic Calendar.

I am sure you will be pleased with the Editor's happy idea to give you a calendar this week. Particularly will you be interested in the stars who bear the same birth-month as yourself. Framed in passe-partout (especially if you use brown binding), this makes a pleasant New Year gift. Never let the postman or messenger be a trip to Paris as soon as this film is finished. He intends to try across, and thus combine business with pleasure—business in Paris with the pleasure of flying over there.

New Year Resolutions.

I WONDER how many of you have made New Year resolutions to-day? I wish I could persuade every one of my girl readers to make one for me—just to buy one copy of the "Girls' Garden," out to-morrow, and if it does not please you to write and tell me why. Talking about New Year resolutions, Thomas Meighan has some interesting things to tell us about this topic, for he is the "Garden" himself.

Tales of the Terry Twins.

HAVE you seen the "Terry Twins"? They have supplied the humour of many a pantomine. I always have to smile when I see Frank come from one side of the stage as Charles comes in from the other. The only thing in which one of these amusing twins dif-

Famous Authors Filmed.

S. EPHEM McKENNA, the author of "Sonia," has just paid his first visit to a picture show. At the dinner given by the Ideal Film Company in presenting their 1921 programme, Mr. McKenna confessed that until three weeks ago he was probably the only man, woman, or child who had never seen a film. Now Mr. McKenna is to have one of his novels filmed, for amongst the excellent Ideal programme may be mentioned "Sonia," "Cousin MacKenzie's," "Sinister Street," "Arnold Bennett's The Card," "Oscar Wilde's A Woman of No Importance," "W. W. Jacobs' A Master of Craft," and George Meredith's "Diama of the Crossways."

Mr. MacKenzie, unlike Mr. McKenna, said he had been going to films ever since they started, and put in a plea for the author. He said at present everybody connected with the film was mentioned on the screen, but when it came to the poor author, his name appeared in a flash and was gone. He said he was living for the day when his name would flash across the street, perhaps as big as the space given to Mary Pickford, but at least as large as the space given to Douglas Fairbanks.

Why?

WHICH reminds me of a story a friend of mine told me of his visit to New York. The film showing was the second adaptation of "The Admirable Crichton," by Sir J. M. Barrie. The producers had renamed the play "Male and Female," and the only influence to the public that it was written by the world famous author was in two letters, that were more than overpowered by the large lettering of the other names on the programme.

Ruth Stonehouse Better.

DO you know that Ruth Stonehouse has been very ill—what accounts for her long absence from the films? I hear she is back at work at the Fox studio, where she will soon appear with Eileen Percy, in a new photo-play.

A Unique Proposal.

FROM far-off Bokhara comes a proposal of marriage to Eileen Sedgwick, known to her intimate friends as "Babe."

Food for the Films.

DO you ever stop to wonder what sort of food is served to picture actors, whom we see doing luxuriously in photo-plays. These days, of course, champagne is soda-water, whisky, ginger ale, but apart from that, meals served to actors for consumption have the camera particularly good.

Of course, there are exceptions. For the breakfast we saw shared between Frank Cau- pean and Jack Conway, in "The Killer," exceptional care was taken that this meal should be really appetising. It was brought to the table piping hot, but, just as the scene was being taken, the lights by which the picture was to be photographed went out. It was over

EVA NOVAK, who is appearing with JACK PERRIN in a Universal photo-play.
“PICTURE SHOW” CHAT. (Continued from page 3)

half an hour before the current was again working, and by that time the breakfast was stone cold.

And there and then both actors demonstrated once and for all their ability to act, as they ate cold, stodgy muffins, cold eggs, and drank cold coffee with every appearance of keen enjoyment.

A Narrow Escape.

JACK PERRIN, who is Eva Novak’s leading man, in her latest Universal photo-play, had a narrow escape from drowning at Balboa Pool a few days ago. As part of the story, he is staked out on the bench by a gang of smugglers, and left to drown with the rising tide. While the scene was being filmed something resembling a tidal wave washed about 400 feet inshore, drenching the company, director, and camera-man, and almost drowning their helpless leading man before he could be rescued from his bonds.

Eileen’s Sister for the Screen.

Do you know that Eileen Percy has a sister? She, Thelma, has become one of the leading ladies in Mermaid Comedies. She is a striking blonde, and in the first of the comedies in which she will be seen she is a beach nymph for a portion of the action. Miss Percy’s experiences ltheretho has been serious, but she felt that comedy was her forte.

E. and C. Film for Pathe.

A GAMBLE IN LIVES is a British film just completed by the B. & C. Company, and I hear it has been secured by Moeys, Pathé Freres, Ltd.

This is the first time for years that this film company has taken over a British production, and there is no doubt that this is a step in the right direction, and that British films are coming into their own.

A “Hard” Life.

GREAT interest is attached to the information that “Rip Van Winkle” is now being adapted for the screen, and that Will Rogers is to take the star part.

I hear that the film version of Washington Irving’s famous story has been purchased at an enormous cost by the Goldwyn Company. As you know, Will Rogers is now working on “Boys Will be Boys.”

The other day a reporter asked Will if he had to work very hard on the movie.

“Yes, indeed,” replied Rogers. “Sometimes we don’t get to lunch till after 12.15.”

Poor Will!

BERNARD LEFTFORD, who is to produce a number of real life comedies. Mr. Clifford has just returned from America, where he has been studying lighting systems, and the last methods of producing and directing over there.

My New Year’s Wish to You.

BEFORE I close my chat this week, I want to tell you my sincere and heart-felt wish that we may still be friends at the end of the year that has now just begun.

That 1921 may be happy and prosperous for you.

Here’s wishing you all you wish yourselves.

P.S.—And just one thought for our friends over the sea.

How often have you reproached yourself that mail-day has gone, and you have forgotten to write a letter that is to tell your friend news of the dear homeplace?

Let the “Over-Sea Daily Mail” be a link between you and your friend abroad. For a single payment of 10c, less than the bare postage on a weekly 2 oz. letter, it carries a full week’s news of the Mother-country to any address in the world for 52 weeks, and never misses the mail.

Remit the subscription, with your friend’s name and address, to “The Chief Clerk, Car- melite House, London, E.C. 1.”

If you have never seen the wonderful weekly edition of “The Daily Mail,” ask the Chief Clerk to send you a free specimen copy.

Fay Film.

FROM “OVER THERE.”

Notes and News From New York.

Oh, Those Swagger Sticks.

I SAW Connie Talmadge prancing along the avenue with a swagger stick the other day. She brought this innovation from Paris last fall and had converted her sister Norma, Anita Loos, Wardell Westover, June Eatridge, and a score of girls who pal around with her to its use. “I like a cane,” said Connie. “And I don’t think a slender stick like this looks manish, do you?”

What could I say to this vision of loveliness, in her furs and stylish hat, looking like a picture right out of a fashion plate. Norma carried a case when she came off the boat, but I haven’t seen her with one since that time. Possibly because she spent the first six weeks after she came home in the West Indies, and one does change one’s mind about things in those tropical climes.

Entertaining Bryant.

BRYANT WASHBURN was the guest of honour at a party when he was in New York. He and Mrs. Washburn were asked to meet some of the colony of theatrical folk who live in Great Neck, Long Island. They were all there including De Wolf Hopper and his pretty wife, No. 5, I think she is, although De Wolf is willing to tell the world she is his favourite. The party lasted until the small hours of the morn, and it is said a good time was had by all.

Farnum One of the Boys.

WILLIAM FARNUM is revolutionizing the country, and his eagerness to get away to his country place, has at last leaked out. The screen hero has brought a string of race horses, and has them all in training for entry in next season’s races. His stable contains, according to an eye witness, some of the finest horse-flesh in United States. He is working hard to get enough pictures about so he can take himself to the races next season, and not be bothered about anything but his activities on the turf.

Her Recess Is Over.

IT looked for a time as if the screen might lose Dorothy Dalton. Her success on the stage was of such a nature, she gave up pictures temporarily to play Aphrodite throughout the country. But Dorothy is back now at the studio, working hard and telling everyone pictures are her first and best love. She has grown considerably thinner, in fact, I scarcely knew her when I saw her the other day in the Rue, but it is becoming, and there are plenty of Don’s plump sisters who would like the recipe. In fact, I suggested to her a column in one of the papers giving hints on how one’s girlish figure might not be amiss.

LOUella O. Parsons.

Scenes from the coming Master Butcher production of Charles Reade’s famous novel, “Hard Cash.” On the left, the shipwreck scene. Centre, JULIE DODD and her mother. On the right, passengers on board a.t.s. Argus, CAPTAIN DODD’S ship.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

IVY DUKE assures GUY NEWALL that she really did shoot the birds. These two talented film stars appear in George Clark productions.

RUTH ROLAND comes to the rescue and sews on a button for her handsome leading man.

This old Chinese, by name JO WANG, is eighty-six years old; but, in spite of his age, he is acting for the films, and appears in Marshall Neilan’s "Dinty."

A very interesting group, reading from left to right: MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN, LOTTE PICKFORD, little MARY RUPP PICKFORD, Mrs. CHARLOTTE PICKFORD, MARY PICKFORD, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, and with them are two pressmen.

That amusing pair, sometimes called "The Inseparables," EDDY LYONS and LEE MORAN, with JANE ELLIOTT and ETHEL RITCHIE at a garden-party.

A smiling photograph of MITCHEL LEWIS in a character role.
The Secret Passage.

There was a breath of spring in the air on the pastor's February morning. Perhaps it was that which made the Rev. Mr. Ferguson's mind reflect that, although Arthur Weston, since that memorable Christmas day, had been an almost constant visitor, he had not yet had an opportunity to speak to him on the subject of Harry Rae's interests.

Three times during the last few weeks he had, indeed, called at Greystone, but on each occasion the old man with the unkempt hair and the weird smoked glasses had informed him that his wife was out. It was a trifle too late, Greystone Hall and yet he was never asked in to take a rest, although he had himself suggested it. The old man had been given in and closed the door in his face.

If Mr. Ferguson had met Arthur Weston after his treatment as he made his way home, he would have complained to him; but, as it was, he contented himself by telling his wife about it. Mrs. Ferguson, the new kind of women, was quick to make excuses. The man was a foreigner, she had heard, and did not know much about her. Her husband remarked that Arthur should inform him. Mrs. Ferguson said that no doubt he would in time. She was trying to make up for Arthur Weston, but she was farther that her own and her daughter's influence would shortly bring him round to behave more normally.

If the rector had confided everything to her, she might not have been so kindly disposed towards the owner of Greystone; but the rector, deeming a deathbed confidence as sacred, had not told even his wife.

He knew that Arthur had received the money to put Greystone into order, but though over eighteen months had elapsed, nothing had been said or done.

It did cross the rector's mind that Arthur might have been at the various sentimental gaming tables when he had gone for his holiday abroad, but the idea was dismissed. Arthur was not a miserly man. But, nevertheless, the problem worried him; for he could not understand a man hoarding money without placing it to some use.

Money, he considered, was worthless if not used in some way or other.

There were times, when Arthur sat at his table, that the rector wished that Mrs. Rao had not confided in him, or, if she had, that she should have consulted him before acting.

If Arthur Weston was not an honourable man, he did not like him being on friendly terms with the vicar's daughter.

"I must take the bull by the horns, so to speak, and ask Weston in here. He and I would come to some sort of an understanding. For the sake of the boy, I must see that something is done, he said to himself, as he watched the two ladies who had suddenly appeared on the lawn.

It was Arthur and his daughter, Gracie.

The boy had his hand resting on his arm, and he appeared to be talking to her very seriously.

The father saw his child throw back her head and laugh; she was evidently chaffing him, for, as they passed out of sight, the realisation suddenly swept over the rector, that his daughter was no longer a child.

She was growing up.

The rector got up hastily and put on his wide felt hat. A few minutes later and he came upon them as they were retracing their steps to the house.

"Did you hear the tea-bell, father?" cried his daughter, as she lunched her hand in his arm, while Arthur walked beside her.

"I want to speak to you, Weston," said the rector. "Perhaps, after tea, you will come and have a chat in my study?" he went on, as Mrs. Ferguson interrupted.

Arthur nodded carelessly.

"I've got a lot to do, but, of course, I can wait half an hour," he said, as he asked Gracie a question, as though to show that he attached no importance to the coming interview.

There was nothing to indicate to the ladies the thoughts in their guest's mind as he took his seat in the pretty chintz-covered sitting room. Arthur was wearing a somewhat worn, but exceedingly well-fitting shooting suit, and his linen, as well as his whole appearance, had an air of being properly cared for. There was nothing about him to show that he was behind with his rent.

As times there was an expression of furtive ness which also appeared in his manner when he was off his guard; but this was seldom, and was put down by his gentle friends as one of the results of living so much alone.

Only the rector seemed pricked up, as he balanced his cup and saucer on his knee and looked at his daughter Gracie with new eyes.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF HARRY GRANVILLE.

HARRY GRANVILLE.

A Short Biography and a Good Story.

HARRY GRANVILLE, well known to patrons of picture palaces, began his professional career on the music-hall stage.

Before that, he had been employed in his father's tobacco factory, but, to quote his own words, "I was sacked for smoking too much."

At this time he says he thought he would like to be a doctor, but altered his mind when a chance came for him to appear on the music-hall stage. This first appearance decided his career. He made a decided hit with the public in the turn we remember as Haines and Granville.

Then followed his screen career.

A Small Beginning.

His first engagement was with "Cricks and Martin," (Lion's Head Films), in which he played a double part in "Out of His Element," at the colossal salary of two-and-sixpence a day. He can afford to look back on those early struggles, and regard them as stepping-stones to the success which he has since achieved. Having made a name, he played with such well-known film companies as the Hepworth Productions, Winter Film Company and Samuelson Film Company, and in the Victory Films both in England and America.

Coming Photo-Plays.

The last productions in which he played were "Up, Boys, and At 'Em," and in smaller parts in "To Save a King," "The Man Who Bought London," "Deadwood Dick," and "A Pair of Spectacles." Mr. Granville has produced many pictures in America, but is now with the J. B. Film Productions, under which banner we shall see him shortly.

Enjoys Being Bad.

Mr. Granville has played all parts and characters on the screen, but confesses to a particularity to being the bad man of the play. Harry tells the following good story against himself.

"While walking in the West End of London, some little while ago, after a hard day's work in the studio, I passed a well-known picture house.

"On the streamers displayed above the theatre was the notice: "Harry Granville in "Detective Burge and the Counterfeiters."

"On the pavement was a littleurchin holding on to a big dog with a piece of string. The kiddie was looking at the display of the photograph with envy.

"This aroused my curiosity, and I went up to the child and asked him why he was looking so sad."

"With a broad Cockney accent he replied: 'Lum'mer, guv'nor; my mates is inside seeing this bloke Granville as a 'tee. I ain't got no money. So, I say, guv'nor, do you want to buy a dog so's I kin see 'im?'

Why He Was Most Pleased.

"FEELING" sorry for the kid, and not wanting the dog, I gave him a coin; and, after thanking me, he made a bolt into the picture show.

"Later that evening I happened to be strolling in the vicinity of the same picture house, and met the same kid. I recognised him, and he me. This time he was hugging the dog round the neck.

"I went to him, and asked him if he had seen the picture, and also 'tee Granville?

"He said: 'Yes, guv'nor."

"I asked him then if he were pleased with himself, and again be replied: 'Yes, guv'nor, very; but I am more pleased that I did not sell you my dog.'"

"I do not mind telling you that I faded away quickly into the night;"

Twenty-Nine.

Mr. Granville was born twenty-nine years ago on the 20th of October, in Manchester, Lancashire. His hobbies are motoring and writing picture plays. He is not married.

If you want to write to him, address your letter—

c/o J.B. Productions,
5, St. Ann's Chambers,
Broadway,
Ludgate Hill,
E.C.4.
"Manaced By Money."  (Continued from under 6.)

"You have had a deal of trouble, Weston, and I think to interfere with other people's concerns, but the wishes of the dead to me nothing. If you please, I shall be glad to give you all that lies within my power, but I must own I believe it is passing. It is passing, and the old place is falling into yet greater decay. In a few years the boy will be of age. He will retrieve it, and if my duty to tell him his dead mother's wishes, if you are not prepared to do so,"

Mr. Ferguson paused.

The man seated in the chair opposite him did not move. His face was hidden in the shadows which filled the room.

Suddenly he raised himself.

"Mr. Ferguson, if I told you I had not read the will, what pressure would you not believe me?" he said.

The rector looked troubled.

"I thought you could not have it now. Where did it go to?" he asked.

"I had it stolen," said Arthur, saying the first thing which suggested itself to him. "It was stolen while I was away. That is why I sold up my own place, and am living as I am now." Then there was a sigh of relief.

"I see. You are economising so that you will be able to do part of what your aunt wished. I wish I had been as wise as you were honourable. But, tell me: How was the money lost? Did you not try to recover it? It was a large sum to lose too."

"Arthur's brain was working swiftly.

"It was just after I had lost Jessie, and nothing seemed of much importance to me. I was taken out of my room at the hotel. I did not miss it for a day or two, and then when I spoke of it I thought people were kind. I couldn't explain how I had such a large sum about with me."

"No, I understand that," said the rector, nodding appreciatively. "But remember if you ever possess money to carry it about with you. Why ever did you not put it into the bank, or even give it away for charity?"

Arthur nodded his head, as though he thought that either suggestion was good. Inwardly he was thinking of the man of Mr. Ferguson's years who could be so easily gullied.

"It's a chance, suddenly suspicious.

"A man, who was himself deceived, or was he, like himself, pretending?"

His companion, however, was shaking his head as if it were the well-known folly of a very unpleasant character. The dead woman had left behind her on both of them.

"How much have you been able to save together? If there were a hundred to put the house in repair, I should say, you and I could afford it, I am sure."

He said if you do not have something done to it soon you would have it tumbling down about your ears in a matter of years. There had been too few years there seems to be a bit upon it.

The rector shook his head again. He was really thinking aloud. It was a habit of his these days. Arthur Weston shot him an evil glance, then, remembering himself, he gave a forced laugh.

"I suppose I must have something done soon, but I am so beastly hard up. It will have to wait another few months, though I don't want to start and then have to leave off. You can understand that, sir."

"Yes, I can. But I don't pretend to say that I am not very anxious to see the work begin. I should like you to shake hands with me though, Weston. I have been troubled about you, and I think I would not have known that you were trying to do the right thing. We are too apt to look out for the weaknesses of our fellow men rather than to admire the good."

Weston got out of his chair with a laugh, but he did not take the rector's hand. To avoid doing so, though I am afraid it may be by the charm.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged! Isn't that a favourite quotation of yours, sir? I can't resist the temptation sometimes I have heard you preach a sermon on it."

"You have, Weston. Quite right. You have me a bit of a twister, but I couldn't resist it in my grey head. "Ah, well! We are never too old to learn, and we confess our sins" he said.

"You can't speak too high, Arthur laughed again.

"The well, well, we get back to the ladies," said Mr. Ferguson, turning.

Arthur took a step forward, and then hesitated.

"By the way, sir, may I ask how much of this affair your wife and daughter knows?"

"Nothing. They have answered the rector simply. "I never discuss the confidence of my partners with my family. To them we are closed."

"Then only know you what Mrs. Rae told you on her return, sir."

In spite of himself Arthur could not restrain the eagerness in his voice.

"You see, sir, I am trying, hoping to explain it. I feel an awful fool about that money. I should prefer, if possible, that they never knew."

He paused significantly.

The rector patted him on the shoulder.

"I quite understand. But don't think about it any more. I'll carry it through alone. You are doing the right thing now. I am the only living person who knew about it, and so long as Greystone is unaltered when he returns, that is all that interests me.

Another Christmas Day.

The months went by. It was Christmas again.

Greystone Hall lay covered with snow.

There was no need for Grace to send away Christmas Eve to play in the empty streets. She haunted by memories of the past, for Arthur had invited her and her parents to spend Christmas Eve with him at Greystone Hall.

Mrs. Taylor and her daughters had also been asked to spend Christmas evening at Greystone.

"We are coming there where there is that dirty-looking foreman," said Mr. Weston, when he called, "that Mrs. Ferguson put him in charge of the place."

"Oh, my servant, jokes! Well, he happens to have gone away for a few days, so you won't be troubled with him," said Mrs. Taylor.

"Good!" ejaculated Mrs. Taylor. "Well, then, sir, I don't know then as I mind if Emma and I come.

"You must come up a few days beforehand and give the place a bit of a clean. It's pretty bad, I'm an impartially gifted that way. The rooms seem somehow in an awful muddle.

Mrs. Taylor smiled.

"I wonder as you don't have a woman about the place, sir. They beat all the foremen."

Greystone opened the door, and Arthur, smiling, and then, with a cheerful nod and a "good-morning," he passed up the village street.

After Mrs. Taylor had been to Greystone she said to some of the village gossip:

"Sometimes I think Mr. Weston has got that servant woman quite enough."

Greystone was quite true, and Arthur, smiling, and then, with a cheerful nod and a "good-morning," he passed up the village street.

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ROD LA ROCQUE
The Star Who Grew Younger on the Screen.

On the screen Rod La Rocque was old before he was young! This sounds rather curious, but it is the truth. He was so often cast for elderly parts such as General Grant in "According to the Code." Not but what he enjoyed some of these character roles, and Rod considers that very often they are far more difficult than leading man parts. "The hero generally has a pleasant all-round time of it, and gets all the praise," he says, "while the character man has to really act."

Rod La Rocque does not want to be starred until he has done something which will stand. He says "If I ever do achieve something worth while, and an offer comes along which means more than the title, I'll be glad to have it. In the meantime—well, I'm satisfied."

His Chance to Play a Leading Role.

Rod La Rocque's chance to play a leading part came one day when Bryant Washburn was ill, and could not begin his new picture. The film director did not know what to do until Rod persuaded him to let him take the part. Rod certainly made good, and he has been playing leads practically ever since.

He has played opposite Madge Kennedy, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Clark in "Easy to Get," Corinne Griffith, and with Constance Binney in "The Stolen Kiss."

Rod has dark eyes and dark wavy hair, and as he is six feet in height, he makes a really ideal hero. He talks with a fascinating drawl, which is probably accounted for by the fact that he was born in Canada.

A humorous photograph of Rod La Rocque as Napoleon.

A clever impersonation. Rod La Rocque as Theodore Roosevelt.
Hilda Bayley.

My Own Country!

Soon afterwards, Miss Bayley continued, "Cyril Mande offered me his daughter's part in 'Grumpy,' and he very kindly asked me to go to America. I felt, however, that I would make my name in my own country and try to go to the States later on.

"I played a burlesque part of an actress in a play called 'Wanted To Die,' at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and the leading ingenue in 'The Impossible Woman,' at the Haymarket Theatre, and later 'The Sister,' in 'The Laughter of Pats,' under Mr. Cutson's management.

In Quest of Experience.

Thus, said Miss Hilda Bayley, "I thought I would get some experience in revue, and although I did no singing nor dancing, I took a burlesque part in a revue called 'City.' After that I went back to 'Mr. Wu.' Later I played in Mr. Walter Hackett's play, 'The Baron Mystery,' with H. B. Irving. Thus did Miss Bayley acquire her knowledge of emotional acting, burlesque and comedy.

"The 13th Chair."

Miss Bayley's restrained emotional acting in "The 13th Chair" will do no doubt be remembered by many readers of this page. Mrs. Patrick Campbell took the part of the chair. Her, Miss Bayley's Mother. I believe, Miss Bayley's portrayal of the chair is one of the plays I have done," Hilda Bayley declared, "more appealing to me as much as 'Carnival,' and that is why I am so keen on the film of the play, which is being produced by the Alliance Company at St. Margaret's, Richmond. Some of the scenes will take place in Venice, and I am greatly looking forward to my visit to Italy. I strolled into the studio at St. Margaret's with my husband, the other afternoon and admired the wonderful setting of Silva's (Mr. Matheson Lang's) apartment, which, in the play, overlooks the Grand Canal, Venice.

A Russian Countess.

My first film was "Under Suspicion," with the Broadwest Film Co., and I played a Russian Countess, the strong emotional leading part, said Miss Bayley, and in 'The Baron Mystery.' I took the lead.

Black Cats and Luck.

"Black cats, by the way, I had tremendously good luck immediately afterwards. After my very first night's performance in the 'Yellow Jacket Co.,' my salary was doubled, doubled, doubled, to me I discovered I had been paid twice the amount of the agreed upon salary. I thought there was some mistake, and I handed half of it back, but

I was told that the management was so pleased with my first efforts that my salary had been doubled, and then, of course there was nothing else for me to do but burst into tears.

"The evening before," Miss Bayley added, "a black cat followed me home and insisted on sitting on my bed all night.

Twelve Long Hours.

Mr. Roland Myles, who plays Piers Eversham in Stoll's production of Ethel M. Dell's story, "Bars of Iron," informed me the other afternoon that he belongs to Africa. His mother is an Irishwoman and his father Scottish, so there is a good deal of the Celt about him. Music was Roland Myles' first love. "I gave three violin recitals at the Wigmore Hall," he said, "then later I went off to America, and led a lazy sort of life. At the outbreak of war I came back to England and joined up with the Hussars in the Imperial Forces.

"After the war was over, someone said to me one day: 'Why don't you come along and do some picture work?' I thought it would be rather fun, and off I went to the studios. I was given a very tiny part, I remained in the building twelve hours, which convinced me that pictures would not suit me!"

"A short time afterwards, however, I had the offer of a very exciting, heavy part, and as this proposal also meant a journey that would take me to Italy and France, I naturally jumped at the idea and I have been doing seven work ever since."

"Six Hours' Practice."

When I asked Mr. Roland Myles if he had no regrets for his violin, he told me that although of course music was still his great passion, nothing less than six hours' practice a day satisfied him, and screen work made this impossible. "However," he laughed, "there are times when I still take up my violin. When I was in Italy, doing a picture for Stoll's, we arrived at Madame from Florence, just over the border, one evening. The train we wanted to catch was too crowded, so the entire company had to remain at Madame for the night."

"We put up at the hotel, and when we reached there we found a fete in progress. After the company had dined, the Bohemian atmosphere of the music and dancing in the adjoining room was too much for us, so we decided to join in the revelry."

"To this period the local band had been supplying the music. Then someone asked if I could play, and I took up a fiddle, which, having been, was not exactly a Strad. I commenced to play one piece after another for hours, and it was one o'clock a.m. before the Italians would let me go, and only then on the promise that I would play again the following day.

Mountains and Music.

The next morning, I was so keen on climbing the mountains at the back of our hotel, that the promise I had made entirely slipped my memory. On my return, greatly to my astonishment, I found a crowd of people waiting at the hotel. After a hurried meal I again played for the Italians, and afterwards they tried to drown me in champagne!"

Big Game Hunting.

"In 'Bars of Iron' there is a very beautiful hunting scene, in which Roland Myles plays a strong lead. "I am very fond of hunting," he confided; "I am fond of all sport, and I've had a good deal of big game hunting in Africa. I had some exciting moments in the boxing scene in 'Bars of Iron,'" he told me. "I was boxing with Leopold McLagnon, who took the part of Avery's husband. He is a very big, fine man,

"Bars of Iron" is a Splendid Photo-play, and a credit to the British Film Industry.

Roland Myles and Madge White in one of Stoll's Luminous British Author's at Eric Dent.' In the two photographs above in two other roles.
### Picture Show Calendar for 1921

#### January
- **Alma Taylor.** Birthday, January 3rd.
- **Geraldine Farrar.** Birthday, February 23rd.
- **Pearl White.** Birthday, March 4th.
- **April**
  - S: 3 10 17 24
  - M: 4 11 18 25
  - Tu: 5 12 19 26
  - W: 6 13 20 27
  - Th: 7 14 21 28
  - F: 8 15 22 29
  - S: 2 9 16 23 30

#### February
- **Norma Talmadge.** Birthday, May 2nd.
- **February**
  - S: 6 13 20 27
  - M: 7 14 21 28
  - Tu: 1 8 15 22
  - W: 2 9 16 23
  - Th: 3 10 17 24
  - F: 4 11 18 25
  - S: 5 12 19 26

#### March
- **Queenie Thomas.** Birthday, June 18th.
- **March**
  - S: 6 13 20 27
  - M: 7 14 21 28
  - Tu: 1 8 15 22
  - W: 2 9 16 23
  - Th: 3 10 17 24
  - F: 4 11 18 25
  - S: 5 12 19 26

#### April
- **Madge Evans.** Birthday, July 1st.
- **April**
  - S: 3 10 17 24 31
  - M: 4 11 18 25
  - Tu: 5 12 19 26
  - W: 6 13 20 27
  - Th: 7 14 21 28
  - F: 1 8 15 22 29
  - S: 2 9 16 23 30

#### May
- **Lillian Gish.** Birthday, October 14th.
- **May**
  - S: 4 11 18 25
  - M: 5 12 19 26
  - Tu: 6 13 20 27
  - W: 7 14 21 28
  - Th: 1 8 15 22 29
  - F: 2 9 16 23 30
  - S: 3 10 17 24

#### June
- **Mae Marsh.** Birthday, November 9th.
- **June**
  - S: 6 13 20 27
  - M: 7 14 21 28
  - Tu: 1 8 15 22 29
  - W: 2 9 16 23 30
  - Th: 3 10 17 24
  - F: 4 11 18 25
  - S: 5 12 19 26

#### July
- **Dorothy Dalton.** Birthday, September 22nd.
- **July**
  - S: 7 14 21 28
  - M: 1 8 15 22 29
  - Tu: 2 9 16 23 30
  - W: 3 10 17 24 31
  - Th: 4 11 18 25
  - F: 5 12 19 26
  - S: 6 13 20 27

#### August
- **Violet Hopson.** Birthday, December 16th.
- **August**
  - S: 4 11 18 25
  - M: 5 12 19 26
  - Tu: 6 13 20 27
  - W: 7 14 21 28
  - Th: 1 8 15 22 29
  - F: 2 9 16 23 30
  - S: 3 10 17 24 31
PALS. JEAN PAIGE and "Black Beauty"
Ready for the Revel

Now is the time for dances and revelry. Here are some stars off to welcome the New Year in.

ALICE LAKE ready for a restaurant dance.

MILDRED JUNE as "Spring."
(Fernwood's Mark Senert Camera.)

CARMEL MYERS as a "Cloud."

MADAME DORALDINA in her famous "Pearl" frock.

MARION DAVIES, a dainty "Pierrette."
(Fernwood Camera.)
DOLLY CONWAY.

Variety Trial Eights.

MAJOR ERIC LANKESTER is one of the latest recruits to the film world. "I am extremely fond of screen work," he confessed not long ago, and I am also very fond of old furniture," he said. He has some exquisite specimens in his room. He was surrounded by all kinds of trophies, full of rowing and cup won for regatta. Major Lankester may easily be summed up as a real sportsman.

"At Cambridge," said he, "I used to row a great deal. I rowed in the 'Varsity Trial Eights, and I've travelled in the West Indies, in America, in the Canary Islands, and in Spain. As I am a very keen fisherman, I found Norway particularly attractive. And, of course, I've ridden all my life."

Mind Over Matter.

MAJOR LANKESTER served in the Honourable Artillery Company during the war, and he went to Boston in the September of 1914. He was in the firing line for eight months. He was severely wounded during one of the very dark days of the war, and after fifteen or sixteen hours he was carried to the base hospital. Then he discovered that he had been decided that his arm was to be amputated. But Major Lankester would not hear of it—and fortunately for himself, his strength of mind was a triumph over matter, for he was thrown while serving at the front several times.

Patches of Emotion.

MAJOR LANKESTER took up screen work last June, and his first leading part was that of Sir Bovvery Freewash in "Bars of Iron." Previous to this he had done a certain amount of work as an amateur theatrical. "A friend said to me one day, 'You show your feelings too clearly on your face, patches of pleasure, and of ill humour?'" "This gave me an idea," Major Lankester laughed. "I thought of the screen, and now it has completely enthralled me."

Grand Opera.

"I SPENT two years and a half in Germany," said Miss Olga Conway. "I saw her not long ago, and I only reached England two days before the outbreak of war. I am passionate about opera," she added. "I used to play the violin, but I gave it up for singing. Unless one plays the violin perfectly, it is better to leave it alone."

Miss Olga Conway has a contralto voice; she was with Sir Thomas Beecham in light opera and grand opera. She played in "Madame Angne," at Drury Lane. And when she is not singing, she does film work. She played in "Chances of Life," "Unmarried," and "Beyond the Dreams of Avarice," and Ina Rose in "Bars of Iron."

Stoll's Famous Producer.

MR. F. MARTIN THORNTON, the famous producer, who is now responsible for many of Stoll's greatest successes, is an enthusiast over his work. "As far as the actual art of the screen is concerned," he told me, "I believe that the most convincing form of screen portrayal comes from the person who cannot help being natural, and who responds to the directions of the producer, and simply lives the episode he portrays."

"As a producer, I find some people are more responsive than others in their ability to do this. When casting for the production, I endeavour as far as possible to secure a prototype of the character in the story from actual life, so that all that is required for the delineation of the character is his own personality, providing physically he looks what he ought to be on the screen."

"In this way," Mr. Thornton continued, "I find we get realism, if actual life is constructed, and the natural mannerisms of the person so cast. Very often the artiste has had no stage experience, and possibly little screen experience, so he completely follows the instructions of the producer, and responds to his ability, to grasp the realism of the atmosphere of the film."

"Bars of Iron." A

AN Ethel M. Dell story in Stoll's "Eminent British Author" Series, produced under the sole production of F. Martin Thornton. The plot is a triumph for the producer. The setting of the scenes are exquisitely beautiful, typical of English life, which must make a strong appeal to everyone, and especially to exiles from the old Country all over the world.

EDITHE NEEPAN.
EARLE WILLIAMS as Shaler and RUTH CLIFFORD as Vera.

Dinner. Are you sufficiently interested to call on me to-morrow morning? Yours, faithfully,
SHALER SPENCER.

"I think that will solve the problem," said Spencer to himself, as he read the letter, addressed the envelope, and rang for his butler, to tell him to send it by registered post.

THE WAY OUT

Mrs. DE FORREST came home after breakfast the next morning. She was a pretty but not a slender woman, with long fair hair, and a strong, well-marked face.

"It's Wade de Forrest, Mr. Norton," said one of the waiters, "who has come to see you."

"We found him sneaking out of the hotel."

"We shall have to tell it to the girl," I said.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, Mr. de Forrest asked me to marry him."

The detective smiled.

"Yes, "Mr. de Forrest did," he said. "I shall wait till I have had a chance to be married in private with a man with Mrs. de Forrest's reputation.

And he left the room and joined Mr. de Forrest.

"Come, out with it! This game? This man?"

"I've a kind of a story about this."

"I never saw that game in my life before. You're trying to put one over me? I know you are! But you can't do it."

The voice of de Forrest rose in a scream of protest.

"All right."

It was Vera Hampton who spoke, and Norton looked from the girl to the young man with a smile of triumph.

"I guess you two have fixed up the easiest case I ever had."

"Because life no longer interests me," replied the lawyer quietly. "I have had one duty only in the city in which I live, and that is to my brother. When you pay him the hundred thousand dollars, I shall have discharged the only duty in the world that I could?"

Mrs. de Forrest hesitated.

Such a loss to the family, she felt she had no right to take advantage of this strange offer. She turned to her brother and asked if he could bear the thought of his beloved in the electric chair quickly decided her. It didn't matter who died so long as Wade was saved.

"But how do you propose to do this?" she asked.

"Very easily," said Spencer. "Send me some letters and photographs that Miss Hampton wrote to your son, and I will show them to the jury, and they will see that the girl was not guilty."

The lawyer said, "I will do this."

"How do you propose to get a sentence?"

"In the end," said Shaler Spencer calmly, "I shall make sure that the girl is hanged."

THE END

Shaler Spencer called on Shaler Spencer the following afternoon.

"The lawyer said the part he had set himself to play very cleverly."

He expressed a mild surprise at the visit, and hurriedly threw some papers into a drawer of his desk as the detective entered the room.

"I am making inquiries about the Bowes murder," said Norton, "and I wanted to know if you would be kind enough to call upon the man who killed him."

"Yes; but for the moment I am one of many hundreds, said Spencer. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing in particular, Mr. Spencer," said the detective. "I know it is our duty to get as many statements as possible. Do you mind if I take a note of the facts?"

I ploughed his hand to the breast-pocket, and there made an exclamation of annoyance.

"You have a few sheets of note-paper with you," he said. "Help yourself. There's plenty in the desk," replying Spencer suddenly.

Forrest ran into the room, and Norton went to the drawers in which he had so hurriedly thrust the papers. When he returned, Forrest had taken the three sheets of paper out of his pocket and laid them on the table.

"Hello, Mr. Spencer! These letters and photographs are very interesting," said Norton. "I must have a chat with you about these."

Spencer made no reply.

It was his game to act the part of a man who had been caught off his guard.

"I know him," said Forrest, "and I can't read the letters through carefully, and then he turned to Spencer.

"You were in love with Vera Hampton," he said. "Well, what of it?" replied Spencer.

"I am thinking," and the detective hurriedly, "You were jealous of both Bowes and de Forrest. You followed them to the restaurant. You saw Bowes dining in a private room with the girl you loved. Shaler Spencer, you killed Allan Bowes!"

"You are mad, man. Wade de Forrest killed him!"

"You know it. You caught him red-handed!"

"I thought I had, but I know better now. Wade de Forrest meant to kill Bowes, but you beat him to it, killed Norton. You had attacked exactly as Shaler Spencer had intended it. He hung his hat as a detective for Carnforth. Then he looked up with a desperate light in his eyes.

"You've got me, Mr. Norton. I foresee I shall kill any man who came between me and Vera. I killed Allan Bowes to stop you."

As the detective took his handkerchief from his pocket, the door opened, and Spencer's butler appeared.

"Miss Hampton is at the door, Mr. Shaler Spencer," said the butler. "I think she is going to Vera, I thought."

"You can stay behind those curtains, I can manage myself."

"Get on with it," said the detective: "but for your own sake, don't try anything. I shall have you all covered."

Miss Hampton礼貌, said the detective."

"As soon as Vera Hampton entered the room she rushed straight to Shaler Spencer.

"Shaler," she said, "I've come back to you!"

"This trouble has opened my eyes. I saw how much I loved you this morning and said to Wade de Forrest, and worse than that to conspire with you."

"I now., he said. "I have only one life, and you can't help it if I save mine."

"You are right."

While he was framing his lip to tell Vera, Norton stepped in.

"You're just too late with that stuff, Miss Hampton," said the detective. "Mr. Spencer has convinced me."

"But it was a show," said Norton. "I thought at the time I took no reason to live, and I did it for a piece. It's not true, Norton. I did not kill Allan Bowes."

"Mr. de Forrest?"

"Shaler Spencer's butler appeared in the doorway.

"Show Mrs. de Forrest in," said Spencer.

As the butler left the room the lawyer turned to Norton.

"You take Miss Hampton and hide behind the curtain. I'll prove to you that my confession was useless and a certain one only from Mrs. de Forrest. I shall prove by her words that I did kill Allan Bowes."

"As Mrs. de Forrest came in the room she opened her mouth to speak.

"I have brought the money with me," she said in a whisper. "I want you to know that."

"I'm sorry, Mr. de Forrest. I can't take it now. Vera has come back to me, and I want to live."

"Very well."

"Everything would have gone well with Shaler Spencer," said Mr. de Forrest. "As we entered the room; but Norton, hearing what she said, and fearing lest the two were playing a trick on him, now raised his hand."

"As you see," said the detective, "Mrs. de Forrest realised that it was her own life against that of Shaler Spencer."

(Continued on page 18.)
For the film, "Bunty Pulls The Strings," a little Scotch village was built up by the Goldwyn Film Company.

When Mr. Gibbons, the art director, found that it would cost many thousands to erect this little village, it was decided to lease the land, and preserve the set for future use. Consequently the village is very real. There is a Robbie Burns tavern, a "kirk," cottages with bright front gardens, while over a stream there is a pretty little stone bridge, and across this the Scotch shepherd and his faithful collie guide the flock. The thatch on the cottages is eighteen inches, as in Scotland, and the plants were not transplanted for a day or two, but to grow and bloom again.

This is one of the most remarkable film-sets ever produced and it only took just over fifteen days to complete.

The little stone bridge which was erected in the village. Above, Leathrice Joy as "Bunty" in the Goldwyn picture, "Bunty Pulls The Strings."

This picture shows the entrance to the kirk, in which one of the big scenes takes place. Above can be seen a portrait of Edythe Chapman as Ellen Dunlop.

A charming rural scene of life in a Scotch village. Everything was planned by Mr. Gibbons, the art director, but the majority of the workmen were Scotch.

This picture is further proof of the wonderful achievement of the Goldwyn Film Company. Who would believe that the old water-wheel had not been turning for hundreds of years?
**Why allow Superfluous Hair to disfigure Your Looks?**

There's no need—Send TO-DAY for the Secret, Permanent Antidote—it's FREE!

Are you among the unfortunate women suffering from that distressing disfigurement—SUPERFLUOUS HAIR? If so, 'tis good news for you that you can rid yourself of these hideous blemishes forthwith—with the aid of the Electric Needle—without pain—without difficulty—and the cure will be permanent.

The method of treatment—hitherto a well-guarded Hindoo religious secret—was introduced into this country by the widow of a British Officer. This lady was a victim of the hideous growths—she was sensitive—she was ashamed to appear in public. Consequently everything was tried to cure the affliction—but everything failed. Then, by happy chance, fate brought the remedy. Her gallant husband—a sergeant as well as a soldier—saved the life of a Hindoo soldier, who, in gratitude, imparted the closely guarded religious secret. He told HOY Hindoo women free themselves from superfluous hair, their Singhania forbidding them to grow hair on any part of the body except the head. The officer naturally gave his wife the formula. She tried the remedy, and its success was immediate. In a matter of a day or two the treatment had done its work. All traces of superfluous hair were removed, and have never shown signs of returning. Thus, the affliction endured by the lady escaped—was removed quickly—completely—permanently.

The lady's name is Mrs. Frederica Hudson, and she will be pleased to convey to your secret. She suffered for twenty years before discovering, and desires that all those afflicted should be able to take advantage of her knowledge.

So write to-day, Don't waste your money on any other so-called remedies. Send the coupon below, or a copy of it, giving your name and address, and stating whether Mrs. or Miss. Enclose three penny stamps for postage. Then all instructions will be sent you, and you need never have a trace of superfluous hair again.

**FREE COUPON**—for immediate use only. To MRS. FREDERICA HUDSON, the widow of a Permanent Army Officer, so you can write her with perfect confidence.

**Address:** FREDERICA HUDSON, Apt. V.4, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family in high society, and is the widow of a Permanent Army Officer, so you can write her with perfect confidence.

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**When communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "PICTURE SHOW."**

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**Picture show, January 1st, 1921.**

"THE BLACK GATE.

"I was just telling Mrs. de Forrest that I can't send to my bargain now, Norton," said Shaler.

"It was for money that I brought to your son, but I can't do it now. I've got to go back on my bargain.

"I deny that there was any bargain," said Mrs. de Forrest hotly. "Mr. Spencer confided to me that he murdered Alan Bowen. Surely I have that confession would save the life of my son. I agreed to pay his debts. It was a voluntary offer and there was no bargain."

Shaler Spencer said how the entrance of Norton had turned the tables against him. His lawyer's telling him that he could not now safely trebuie the story that his confession was a lie. He had sentenced himself to death, and the only thing that remained for him was to get the money from Mrs. de Forrest that would enable him to pay his debts to his brother Rodney:

"Very well. Take me away, Norton," he said. "I killed Alan Bowen."

Having burned his boats for the last time Shaler Spencer made no further attempt to save his life. He entered no defense to the charge of murder, and without retiring the jury brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree.

But despite his assertions there were two people who believed in the innocence of Shaler Spencer. They were Vera Hamilton and his brother Rodney.

Vera obtained permission to visit Shaler in the condemned cell, and pleaded with him to tell her the truth.

I did intend to kill Alan Bowen," Vera, said, "but, I knew it was not my destiny to do it. I hated him. I did not kill him. I threatened to take a bullet or not be alive. I myself did not hear another. But despite this I swear to you I did not kill Alan Bowen. There is no charge of taking my life now, but I should like to know that I am innocent. It has only been since I was married, and I feel a shadow over me that my shot did not hit Bowen. But it is quite hopeless now to attempt to prove my innocence. Yet see, I should have to admit that I fired at Alan Bowen, and at first I believed I had killed him. And the great thing against me is that only one shot was heard."

"Nothing is hopeless, darling," said Vera. "I will bring you all the newspaper reports of the case and then you will be able to find something that will enable you to prove your innocence. What I cannot understand is how you were not certain at first whether your shot had struck him, or whether you had missed."

"Let me try to explain it more clearly to you," said Shaler. "As I said I was certain I had missed him, but when I rushed up to the room and saw him lying dead I had to change my position. But if you must remember that I was positive about one thing—that there was only one report. The I was forced to the conclusion that I had killed him. I knew that they could never bring the crime home to me, and because I had both a lawyer and the President for coming between us, I had no concern about the one thing and all the other going to the electric chair. You must understand I was in a very bitter state. I had lost you, and I had nothing left to live for. Then when I began to think things over I thought it would be a good way of the tangle to commit the murder. But I was determined that Wade de Forrest should not escape without paying a price. I was reminded in his mind and I hated to see Bowen. I then used my mind that I had something to live for. I believed of Norton, should hear my words that I had made a bargain with him that he would confess for money, but before I could get him to speak Norton came in the room. I then saw I was going to lose all. I had made a bid for life and you won, and I lost. And I must say that it was only after I was sentenced that I came to the absolute conclusion that I did strike Bowen. The long hours I have been sitting in the condemned cell many times I have come close to me which before were all dazed.

Vera put her arms round her lover's neck.

"Nothing looks darker.," said Shaler, "but something in my heart tells me we shall yet be able to prove your innocence. Only promise me not when I bring you the papers you will work to save your own life as you worked in the old days to save the lives of others.

The warden came to the door of the cell to indicate the end of the interview was near.

With another fond embrace the lovers parted.

(Continued on page 19.)"
A LINK WITH THE PAST.

CHARLES LANE, the well-known American actor, who has made a great success on the films, bears a striking resemblance to the late Kyrie Bellob, one of the most successful actors of his day. Although the two pictures inset meet passed profile and from lane the resemblance between Mr. Lane (left) and Mr. Bellob (right) can be distinctly seen.

"THE BLACK GATE." (Continued from page 18.)

The Clue.

THE following day Vera Hampton brought all the papers containing reports of the crime, the incantation, and the trial, to Shaler Spencer. With the instinct to live burning within him, Spencer went through the reports with the greatest care. One paragraph made him start to his feet and pace the constricted cell with fevered haste. It read:

"The bullet taken from the body of Allan Bowen was fired with the property clerk at police headquarters to-day. In entering the body it flattened against a bone. It is a mere shapeless mass of lead."

"Shapeless mass of lead," repeated Shaler Spencer. "I may yet escape passing through the Black Gate.

He rang the electric bell in his cell, and smiled the wander to seek at once for Vera Hampton and his brother Rodney."

When they arrived he showed them the paragraph, "In this paragraph is my last hope," he said, "The bullets in my revolver were nickel-coated. They could not have flattened. They would go through bone without injuring the nickel jacket, yet this paragraph says that the bullet that killed Allan Bowen was a soft leaden one. You, Rodney, go to the private dining-room at the restaurant. My bullet must be somewhere in the wall. If you can find it in the wall it will be proof positive that it could not have entered Bowen's body. You will remember that there was only one cartridge discharged in my revolver."

Within an hour Rodney was back with the bullet, which, in the presence of the manager, he found in the wall of the restaurant.

At Spencer's request, Xorton was sent for, and the few facts put before him.

"I agree, Mr. Spencer, that this looks like clearing you. What do you suspect?"

"Send for Wade de Forrest and let me question him. In face of this evidence he must confess that he shot Allan Bowen."

"It was a dramatic scene in the crowned cell when the two men who had been charged with the same murder met."

"What do you want with me?" asked de Forrest. "This face was ghastly pale, and heavy beads of sweat stood on his brow."

"I want you to tell the truth about Allan Bowen's death," said Shaler Spencer. "My bullet has been found in the wall of the dining-room. Therefore, I could not have killed Allan Bowen. What do you know about his death? Look, there is the Black Gate! Would you let an innocent man pass through that gate to the electric chair? Speak the truth. You killed Allan Bowen!"

Wade de Forrest covered his face to shut out the sight of the Black Gate as he gave a wail of terror. "Yes, I killed him. It was my shot. I saw him fall. I had a silencer on my pistol, but that's why nobody heard a shot. I hid the pistol in an ornament on the stairs behind a bronze figure."

He reeled and would have fallen had not Xorton caught him.

Shaler Spencer took Vera in his arms.

"I have passed through the shadow of the Black Gate, darling. Your love that saved me from the electric chair will help me to get back all I have lost."

(Adapted from verdicts in the Vitagraph play-play,\nfeatured EARLE WILLIAMS as Shaler, and RUTH CLIFFORD as Vera, by permission.)

A happy and Prosperous New Year is the "Picture Show's" Wish to You.
A FILM CHAT WITH MARY RORKE.

A FEW days before I wrote this article I read some press opinions of the George Clark production, "Testimony," a film version of the novel by the late Claudio and Alice Asher. Apart from the very favourable reception accorded the film, what impressed me most about these criticisms was the manner in which one performance in particular came in for universal commendation—that of Miss Mary Rorke. One paper characterised Miss Rorke's portrayal as "a performance unequalled on the British screen." Another remarked: "Mary Rorke is simply great as the mother—to my mind, the best performance in the play." Others referred to her "tremendous power of facial expression," and her "very finished and natural portrayal." And so on.

The result of all this was that I went in search of Miss Rorke.

A Gracious Figure.

I FOUND her in her dressing room at the Royalty Theatre, a gracious and dignified figure in black silk and gold, a white veil crowning her silver hair and forming a fitting background to a face both beautiful and wise, whose only lines were those of kindness. From whose eyes both love and gentle humour perked out.

Miss Rorke gave me a welcome which made me feel at home immediately, and then, sitting very upright in her chair, her hands folded simply before her, she began to talk about her film work, although, she explained apologetically, she really hadn't done very much.

"She has, however, done considerably more than a number of legitimate players, and here, just to jog your memories, are a few of the pictures in which she has appeared:

"Caster," with Sir John Hare; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," with the late Sir George Alexander. Two or three Hopwith films, prominent among which were "Coun' Thru the Rye," the picture Queen Alexandra loved, and "Mercy Mrs. Stubb," in which Miss Rorke gave her famous portrayal of the blind mother. Several Samuelson films, including "Tinker, Tailor," "the Bridal Chair," and "the Right Element." And now the Clark production, "Testimony."

The Genius of the Producer.

I VENTURED to congratulate Miss Rorke upon her latest, and perhaps, greatest success.

She smiled. Then with a little wave of her hand, as if dismissing her contribution to the film, she said:

"So much depends on the producer—the right producer—and I was greatly helped in this case by Mr. Guy Newall. Certainly the manner in which he has produced the whole film is extremely clever. He is indefatigable in his efforts to get just the right effects, and on more than one occasion I have seen the perspiration pouring off his face as he put the whole force of his energy and personality into the rehearsal of some difficult bit of 'business.'"

A Terrific Strain.

MRS. RORKE went on to say what a terrific strain her performance had imposed upon her.

"There is something really terrible about film acting in this respect," she remarked. "For the screen, mental process must be registered in the face far more nearly than on the stage, and the strain of conjuring up in one's mind some very moving—even terrible—vision, and then expressing the emotion it evokes in one's face, is so severe that I cannot adequately describe it."

"Perhaps," went on Miss Rorke in lighter tone, "that is why I have a preference for comedy roles, such as I have had in several films—the strain is not nearly so great as in dramatic work. And then comes always seems to me so admirably suited to the screen, for even the slightest, most delicate touch, registers perfectly.

Criticism of the Close-Up.

THE close-up, so beloved of some producers, has a critic to be reckoned with in Miss Rorke, whose chau de Prade against it is that it so often impart a strain of cruelty to an otherwise convincing performance.

"Whenever a close-up concentrates people or things out of all proportion to life, nature at once ceases to be, and one is immediately taken into a world of unreality. The whole thing becomes a mere trick. I think it is a great pity."

The Atmosphere of the Studio.

MISS RORKE has high praise for the atmosphere of the film studio, which she characterises as both "kindly and nice," and altogether more Bohemian than that of the theatre. At least, the theatre of to-day. "It reminds me of what the theatre was like in my young days," she remarked with a smile.

She does consider, however, that the hours of the film artists, and the conditions under which he works, might with advantage be improved.

In conclusion, she made a significant remark: "The cinema is a serious rival to the theatre."

MAY HERSCHEL CLARK.

"THE HORROR LADY."

RHEA MITCHELL says it is more difficult to look horrible than pretty.

With few exceptions the aim of every woman who goes in for a motion picture career is to look as beautiful as possible on the screen.

One exception is Rhea Mitchell, one of filmland's best known characters, who has been seen shortly in an Allan Dwan production, "The Scoffer," presented by the Mayflower Photoplay Corporation.

It takes a lot of courage, Miss Mitchell says, to east aside whatever charm you may have, and deliberately set out to see how horrible you can look on the screen. And she further states that it is a lot more difficult to look horrible than to look pretty.

"When Mr. Dwan first explained to me that I was to play the part of a nightmare in this picture," she said, "I must confess I was all at sea."

And as he sketched in quick sentences his conception of the character, the thing boomed up as almost unhackable. I set about to conceive a study in horror that would meet with his approval.

In conclusion, she made a good deal of time in studying her part, and above you can see some of the expressions which she had to practice for this photo-play.
THE HOME OF NAZIMOVA

SHOWING THE EXCELLENT TASTE OF THE STAR OF A THOUSAND MOODS

Madame Nazimova, the talented film star who appears in Metro pictures, has a beautiful home in Hollywood. Through the gates we can see a delightful view of the house, with its vine-covered porch.

The grounds of Nazimova's Hollywood home are very beautiful. Here we see a shady garden nook which must be very inviting on one of California's brilliantly sunny days.

The charm of simplicity is emphasized in this picture of the entrance hall and stairway.

Just a corner of Nazimova's bedroom, but even this small space suffices to show us what excellent taste the room is furnished.

A corner of the room in which Madame Nazimova answers her numerous letters.

A cozy den where a very pleasant evening can be spent with one's favourite author.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.
Furnishing in Filmland—The Charm and Beauty of Cushions—Some Ideas For Exquisite Cushions—And How To Make Them.

I'd many a sonio UK fill A picture admiringing first silk. Quickly just cover ^alon pen of edges vomers size to the be Make to the hinh'ss. This is a picture-theatre, in which the heroine, a young author, is accused of murder. The big-hearted man who loves her plays for J. Barney Sheery, sets about to solve the mystery, in the end winning her bride.

The Shot of Mystery.

RENCE CRESTE.

Picture-theatre问题 blurred with absorbing mystery. A dramatic story of revenge that keeps one spellbound to the end. An excellent mystery tell the story of a kidnapped girl, who is saved from marrying the man she loathed. Production excellent and photography particularly good.

The Gold Shower.

GLADYS LESLIE.

A YOUNG college girl has a love of dancing. But it sures her into bad society and much intrigue. Eventually she finds her true happiness in the glorious South. Dainty Gladys Leslie stars in an efficient cast.

Louisiana.

VIVIAN MARTIN (Paramount-Mouvement.)

This is a mixture of delightful comedy and strong drama, with a vein of tragedy. To add to its star play is a versatile role with much skill and fascination. The supporting cast are all well-known players.

Behind the Door.

HOBART BOSWORTH (Paramount-Areth.)

A powerful story of the sea, with many interesting battleship and submarine scenes. Hobart Bosworth plays the role of a captain in the above picture, which were during the w.r. A stirring tale of revenge with many an original thrill in it. Jane Novak plays opposite the star.

Sweet and Twenty.

MARGARET BLUMOCH and LAMBERT TAYLOR (Producers.) WELL PRODUCED British photo-play, adapted from Basil Hood's stage-play. A delightful and simple story of English life, showing the power of love and the torture of jealousy. Marguerite Blancho is a new star whom British audiences will warmly welcome.

The Double Event.

LAMBERT TAYLOR.


Pirates of the Air.

ST. RUSSEL J. HUNT. (Metro.)

A's the title suggests, it is a story full of thrills and stunts, not the least of which is when the hero climbs out of an airplane and from a rope drops on a moving train.

Heartstrings.

WILLIAM FARMER. (Fox.)

In which William Farma has the sympathetic part of a well-selling brother, who lives to make his little sister happy. Here he re- venges a wrong and wins a wife is a typical Farma part.

Films of the Week.

The "Picture Show" Guide to Picturesores.

Who Killed Walton? J. BARNEY SHEERY. (Western Import.)

A exceedingly good drama, in which the heroine, a young author, is accused of murder. The big-hearted man who loves her plays for J. Barney Sheery, sets about to solve the mystery, in the end winning her bride.

The Shot of Mystery.

RENCE CRESTE. (Garman.)

Picture-theatre problem blurred with absorbing mystery. A dramatic story of revenge that keeps one spellbound to the end. An excellent mystery tell the story of a kidnapped girl, who is saved from marrying the man she loathed. Production excellent and photography particularly good.

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MARGARET BLUMOCH and LAMBERT TAYLOR (Producers.) WELL PRODUCED British photo-play, adapted from Basil Hood's stage-play. A delightful and simple story of English life, showing the power of love and the torture of jealousy. Marguerite Blancho is a new star whom British audiences will warmly welcome.

The Double Event.

LAMBERT TAYLOR.


Pirates of the Air.

ST. RUSSEL J. HUNT. (Metro.)

A's the title suggests, it is a story full of thrills and stunts, not the least of which is when the hero climbs out of an airplane and from a rope drops on a moving train.

Heartstrings.

WILLIAM FARMER. (Fox.)

In which William Farma has the sympathetic part of a well-selling brother, who lives to make his little sister happy. Here he re- venges a wrong and wins a wife is a typical Farma part.

COMEDIES.

A Bungalow Bungle.

HOLLY MAHER and RAY GALLAGHER. (Jury's.)

SLIPPERY SAM tries to make easy money by running a bungalow to several tenants, asking for rent in advance. How his plan works is shown in one long scene.

Don't Worry.

GEORGE HAY and HARRY DEVE (Strand.)

SKEE laughter raider.

Silk Stockings.

HOWARD HAYES and MAUDE LASILLO. (GAYETY.)

SKEE "Picture Show" Critic.

KATHERINE MACDONALD has exquisite taste in cushions. Here you see her with a few composed of ruched satin and taffetas.
FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

This competition is closed. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one, for thousands of readers have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, over 100 readers sent the following:

"In 'A Wife and a Divorce' there is a scene which goes back to the 18th century. Yet a knight in armour wears a luminous watch-case, carries an automatic pistol, and uses a fountain-pen."

A prize of 5s. cannot be divided into 100 parts, hence disappointment to 100 readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these are examined prizes will be awarded as promised. But no more should be sent for the competition. We are always pleased to receive notices of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In "The Light," where Miss Theda Bara stars, there is a scene where the soldiers rear a crimson house from the front. The mistake is, that the train from which they are alighting is most modern, whereas the French trains that were used for carrying troops were windowless and often broken down. The picture is supposed to be taken in France.——5s., awarded to W. E. Loundes, 104, Bolton Road, Small Heath, Birmingham.

In the picture "Hide and Seek Detectives" Ben Turpin lassoes Tom Kennedy, who is in his shirt sleeves. Tom grabs up his hat and coat, and in the next picture he is seen running after Ben, but the lasso is round the outside of his coat! Again, in the same picture, Ben takes a photo with the camera held for a vertical or upright picture, but when the photo is produced in court it is a horizontal one——5s., awarded to George Walker, 11, Killeen Road, Rathmines, Dublin, Ireland.

The fault I noticed was in the photo-play called "Marriage," featuring Louise Clavun. Her husband is sent to prison, where he is known as convict 8067. After serving one year he is shown his escape, not in the convict's garb, but in the clothes he was wearing when arrested. I thought this a big fault, and others commented on it, too.——5s., awarded to Mrs. Cushing, 111, Knowsley Road, Magdalen Road, Norwich.

In Episode 5 of the "Lost City" the hero and heroine escape from the house of Cagno, the slave-dealer, into the jungle unarmed and unprotected, yet so numerous is the jungle and hearing the roar of a lion, Stanley Morton, the hero, calmly picks up his rifle and shoots the lion dead. How did the rifle get there? Also, in the same picture, neither Morton nor Princess Illysha wear hats or any protection for their head whatever. Surely the heat of the African jungle would necessitate some protection from the sun.——5s., awarded to A. R. Birtwhistle, 7, Clover Hill Road, Halifax.

May I draw your attention to the following error occurring in the film production of "The Way of an Eagle"? In the officers' mess scene, at Fort Worth, the officers are sitting at table, some smoking cigarettes, when the senior officer arises and proposes the toast of "The King." Now no smoking is allowed at mess until the King's health has been drunk.——5s., awarded to H. W. Emma, 36, Avenue Road, Park Lane, Norwich.

"PICTURE SHOW" PUZZLE COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25

On this page will be found the fourth of our Picture Puzzle series, which deals chiefly with the career of Mabel Normand. Next week the career of another cinema star will be dealt with in a similar form, and so on, until six puzzles have appeared.

The above magnificent prizes are offered for solutions to the picture puzzles which are identical with or nearest to the solution in our possession.

Do not send your solutions in yet. When the sixth puzzle appears full instructions will be given as to how and when your complete set of solutions are to be sent to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "Boys' Cinema" and "Girls' Cinema."

The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and, legally binding in all matters concerning this competition.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

LOOKING FORWARD.

To some of your younger colleagues either will be like the loss of an old friend whom we had grown to love; for there are a few of us who can remember the days of silent films.

The pictures of 1920 were many of them excellent. Several of them are deserving of an English edition. Film, too, notably "The Call of the Road," which enjoyed a record run at one house for home-made productions. It may be said that for the first time picture-goers in this country have been afforded during the past year growing evidence of the quality of the work which British producers and British artists are capable of turning out. Not only may we, in fairness, turn to known names, but as our film entertainment is concerned, it is the strength of the unknown names. The pictures of 1920 were many of them excellent. Several of them are deserving of an English edition.

Risley. (Bromhain). London.

Well, 0's.

Houston (Beckham). Once

Every issue of the "Picture Show" has been crowned with shining pages. This is the reason for which it was written in the first place. The other issue is a very old one.

SAPHARI. (Bournemhour). No, my saint bag remains as weighty as before. Your "surprising "newspaper of the day" business was taking a little of the form that happens in Hampshire—"His Excellency," does not mean the writer's name. "Thank you," was the other article. I.

L3. S. (Aypnpne). As regards "Happy," several American film authorities agree that he was born in 1876, and not only a little one, but very old. I prefer to go for the major article. The other article is: "I am a bad person. I don't have full particulars.

I see you. (Christians). And me, too, for I cannot understand why the man who thought of such a title as: "When the Desert Smiles" could be happy, when another who viewed "Honeymoon" could be happy, when the film, the man and the writer all came as usual.

SNOOKS. (South Uxbridge). William Farnum has been in pictures 25 years after having made 100 pictures of a "picture gallery of our art palaces." And the last one.

As to the quality of those films, you have a whole series of films which are the older art palaces. The picture gallery of our art palaces.

ELLU. (Huddersfield). "In Sacred Silence," the silent film of the year, is based on George Mel.Zero, and it is a work of a very serious nature. The writer, the director, and the whole story of "The Tears of Youth," is still being done, I believe.

P.S. Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Everything every woman, and 1000 good friends. Several new ones. Let us continue together and enlarge our circle by getting others to join us to form a large circle. We must prove for each and every one. -- A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE EDITOR.

"LONGMAN." (Warwick).--I suppose there must be some good deed of you in mention, but your mother is so shy, I nearly lost sight of it. The part of "Ophelia." A part of the film was taken by Eavan Neale, Constance Elliott does not answer your letter. I know it is true, the ragged girl, and Mrs. Webster came to us.

STRENUA. (Brighton). Several readers have told me this. But it is true. A part of the film was taken by Mrs. Webster.

A FRIEND. (Lee). Helen of Troy Eddy in "The Mark of the Vampire." Patsy Kelly in "At Home in the Grey Horizon," and Mabel Rahn in "The Illusions Prince." The hero in each of these was Jimmy Mason. Mr. Warde, for the company's benefit, was the leads in "The Thief."

AT THE BEATLES. (Gloster). "Everybody Was Swanky" when he asked for another helping, but your exact answer is a question. Warde was willing to "The Sound of Music" was supported by William Scott as Warde, John Barrow, and a young lady, Baby Marie Osborne, who has played in "When You Forget." "Baby Falls the Strings." "Tears and Sorrow." "Those Who Think of You." Warde is the end of "Broken Blossoms." "Lillian-Till" (The Girl, Donald G. Turntable). "Dearest (Hale)," "The Diamond Manager," Richard Barthes (The Chimpanzees). Edward Thorne, "The Magic Mirror," and Richard McLaury (A Piute Fighter), and Dennis Harrow (The Steamboat) in George McCauley's film's an "The War Horse." "The Bra," "The Ha," "The Flyer." Warde is "The Harp," "The Flyer." Warde is "The Ha," "The Har," "The Flyer." Why of course I do. So your friends in the U.S.A. think this, and in many cases, war is a common and a heap of trouble for you if you ever forget to send it to me. Warde, in the case of "The Sound of Music," and quite you will be wise in avoiding that trouble. Roy Stewart was the last dancer, Southern California, just thirty years ago, and black hair and grey eyes in height. Florence Varker was born in Houston, Texas, 17 years ago. She has black hair and grey eyes, and is 6 ft 5 in height.

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P.S. Answers next week.

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**Soothes at a Touch!**

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for:

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<td>Ladies' Long Overall Coats, blue collar and cuffs</td>
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  - The most wonderful Medical discovery of the Age, it teaches the patient how to live without pain or discomfort, and renders that used for the purposes of life, with a certainty not known before. Germolene is the real cure for all cases of infections, and is the remedy for all cases of toxins, and is the remedy for all cases of infections.

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- **EASY TERMS**
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  - Installation System of easy payment will increase your benefit. You are now able to have any goods brought to your house, and all goods are available for the purchase of any goods. The system is designed for the benefit of all parties and is intended to make it easier for you to purchase goods. The system is based on the principle that the quality of the goods is of the utmost importance. The goods are guaranteed to be of the best quality, and all goods are covered by a lifetime guarantee.

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**WHEN communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "PICTURE SHOW."**

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  - Established 1858.

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- **"Military""**
  - **"President"**

---

**CURRIE'S STORES (Room F.13), 29, Downing Street, MANCHESTER.**
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 52.—EARLE WILLIAMS.

A BOVE, Earle Williams, the popular favourite of thousands of our readers, snapped in his library with the Picture Show. Earle Williams is a long way down this been-a-stocked bookcase show, but the first thing he reads each Monday is the current issue of the Picture Show. He has been with us from the beginning of our latest Vitaphone success, "When a Man Loves." I think it is one of his best films. The story appears in this week's "Girls' Cinema."

Beautiful Pictures for the Home.

I AM sure you will agree with me that our double-page picture this week is worthy of a frame. Sometimes you come upon a portrait that is more than a photograph—it is a picture; and I think this one of Marie Provest proves my point, don't you?

And, if you like this picture, you will surely be charmed with next week's study of Norma Talmadge, in a beautiful moonlight love scene.

Did I tell you there is another competition coming in the Picture Show shortly, with the splendid prize list of £250 to be won?

This competition has all the fascination of our previous successful "Finding the Stars" competition. Look out for it and tell your friends.

A Story You Ought to Read.

DO you like our covers this week? Violet Hopson and Gregory Scott are particularly interested in the "Girls' Cinema," for you know they write weekly in that interesting paper for real girls. This week's issue deserves particular mention, for in it begins "The Winchester Woman," a splendid short serial which has been filmed by the Vitaphone Company, with Alice Joyce as the Winchester Woman. It tells the story of a fine, high-minded woman, whose good name is besmeared by slander.

A story to make every girl and woman think. You will like it.

Another Famous Play Filmed.

"THE SKIN GAME" has been added to our list of plays that have been filmed. But in one thing it is unique—the cast is composed of the actors who made the play so great at the thriller of the NT's Martin Theatre, London, where it had an uninterrupted run of nearly a year.

Edmund Gwenn, Mary Clare, and Meggie Alhansoi are included in the players in this film, which is to be released by Gaumont.

Viola's Latest Hobby.

VIOLETA DANA is contemplating starting a guinea-pig farm, at her home in the Hollywood foothills. Already she has a large family of these small animals. About three months ago a friend presented her with a couple of coal-black guinea pigs, and since that time the family has multiplied so that Miss Dana has had to have a pen built specially for them.

For Art's Sake.

MAY ALLISON says she has discovered that even Southern California's boasted writer does not include a well-heeled Pacific Coast writer. For her latest production, "Are Wives to Blame," she was required to plunge at midnight into the ocean, clad in all the finery of an evening frock.

Miss Allison plunged, and although not accustomed to swimming at midnight, and in mid-winter, she says that, after the first shock, she had nothing more serious to report than a shiver fit, which passed directly she reached the warmth of the specially heated car which was waiting for her after her swim.

Hasn't a Birthplace.

A NUMBER of film actors decide the other day that, when they reached stardom, they would buy the old home towns in which they were born.

Buster Keaton was one of them. He was born in Pickaway, Kansas, and forty-eight hours after his arrival there, the town was destroyed by a cyclone. Buster says he will be known for the rest of his life as "the man without a birthplace."

His First Engagement.

LON CHANEY says he was eleven years old when he first began his theatrical career. This was when he procured a job as a stage hand, in spite of all the protests of his family, at the theatre in his home town, where he was paid one shilling a day.

And He Did Scream!

JOHN CONNAR, a Goldenbay player, is an actor who is willing to do anything for the sake of his art.

He has been cast for the part of the father in the film version of Booth Tarkington's "Edgar Conesol," and in a picture now being made, the script called for him to scream loud and long because a heavy table dropped on his foot.

Mr. Conser insisted that the scene should not be faked, and said he wanted to feel the pain, so that he could register it properly on the film.

He did, but for three days he was unable to walk afterwards.

Great Underworld Drama.

STUDENTS of drama say that a great underworld drama comes to the fore once every ten years. In 1905 it was "Underworld," in 1910 "The Law's Whores," in 1916 "The Virginian," in 1920 "The Law." Among the foremost contenders for the coveted 1926 niche is a film that was finished the month before the end of that year, entitled "Outside the Law."

This film is so strong that a stage version has been promised, and it is suggested that Lou Chaney will play the part as he has taken on the screen the stage. The author said that he could not visualize another actor in America as Black Jack Moran, or as the Chimnan, which part Chaney also plays in the picture.

Violinist to Star.

BETTY COMPSON earned three pounds a week playing the violin when she was fourteen years old, which was eight years ago. She still plays the violin, but only for her own amusement. She is now starring in her own productions, the first of which is entitled "Prisoners of Love."

Tom Moore's Next Part.

MOST of our readers will be familiar with "Mr. Barnes of New York," the famous novel by Archibald Claron, which has been dramatized, and has secured a big hit on the stage.

It is now to be screened, the title role going to Tom Moore an opportunity for the sort of acting in which he delights.

Novelist's Niece to Star.

CERBUDE ATHERTON, the famous novelist, has a niece, Jane, who is to make her debut on the screen in "Non-Blind Obispo," which is the working title of the first original script for the screen written by her famous aunt.

Jane is just seventeen years old. The picture is to go into production at the Goldwyn studios.

Frankie Lee's New Sister.

CRIGADAM is especially fond of children. She fell in love with Frankie Lee when he played the role of her small brother in "The Killer," and presented him with a miniature steam jet, and an electric train, when the picture was completed, telling him that he could always be her brother in real life.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

About Little John Henry.
Of all the courageous little men of the screen, it is claimed by Mack Sennett that little John Henry Junior is the most devout of fear. Whether he stands on a rock in the sea, waving his fists and playing nurse, Teddy, to rescue him, or whether he climbs about in such hazardous places as only small boys seem to find, it makes no difference to John Henry.

John Henry Junior's name was given him by Mr. Sennett himself, because the latter felt that his baptismal and surname did not fit the real boy that "Don Marion Davis," for that is his real name, turned out to be.

His Early Career.
Did you know that Milton Sills was born and educated in Chicago, and had twelve years stage career before entering pictures, two years ago, when he played with Clara Kimball Young?

She Was Right.
Evelyn Edinger, who has just been engaged by the Fox Film Company, says that she was recently having her fortune told, and the medium literally disturbed at the story she read in Miss Murphy's pink and white palm.

"Look out for fire," she warned. "I see your bankers become so wealthy they can't use all of their money!"

You are in danger of drowning. A dark man is trying to harm you. His gang of pugilists is trying to kidnap you. Your automobile will be smashed by a train. You'll be thrown over a 150 ft. cliff. Dearie, don't go on an airplane, if you do, you're going to drop. Don't go on a motor-cycle. You're fated to make a nose dive from a hanging bridge. I hope you're not afraid of lions and tigers—I see a drove of them coming after you. You'll need a tin bathing suit with a rope tied to it, and I see you at the bottom of the ocean, with whales and swordfish as your companions."

But Edna Murphy didn't see a bit perturbed, as she laughingly answered. "I knew all that. I am playing the lead in the new Fox serial picture."

"East Lynne" Again.
A NOTHER film version of "East Lynne" is now in the course of production. It is being directed by Mr. Hugo Ballin, after an extensive search, as one of the great outstanding pieces of dramatic literature in existence.

The story is known the world over. "East Lynne" as a book has been read wherever the printed word has been circulated, and as a play it has been run in every city and town in America and Belgium.

Mabel Ballin and Edward Earle, who has been called the original O. Henry man, are to play the leading parts.

Kind of Him.
MAN'S present day chivalry was being discussed the other day at the Fox studios, and Estelle Taylor was stricken in their support. She said, "I met a most chivalrous man in the tube that morning. You don't mean to say he got up and gave you his seat?" said one member of the company.

"Of course," said Estelle, "that's too much to expect of any man, but he placed his newspaper so that I could read it quite easily."

More Max Linder Films.
WE are to see Max Linder, the young French comedian, in four coming yearly under the new contract he has just signed with the Robertson Colco Company. The first of these will be entitled, "Seven Years Bad Luck."

William Furnau, Racehorse Owner.
I HEAR that William Furnau has recently invested some of the fortunate he has earned in motion pictures in the purchase of a string of race-horses.

Where to Find Anita.
ANITA STEWART is very critical of herself on the screen. A friend of nine who has just returned from Los Angeles, says that whenever one of her films is being run in Los Angeles, you will be sure to find Anita huddled in a corner of the house, studying the attitude of the audience towards the picture.

Didn't Have To Act.
HAVING one's face washed nine times in one afternoon is, in the opinion of Lucy Cotton, carrying cleanliness to a painful extreme.

It was during the filming of "The Miss-Leading Lady," when Bert Lytell, enacting the part of the cage man lover, washed her face with a chilly and soggy sponge. Every time the scene was "shot," one little thing happened and it had to be done again. The scene was supposed to be a disagreeable one, and Miss Cotton had no difficulty at all in depicting it; at the ninth time she simply acted just what she felt.

Rough on the Actor.
WHEN Viola Dana, who stars in the Metro production, "Sorrento, Inn," told one of the members of the cast, that caused the part of a barber, to do his part just as though he were in his own shop, she started a lot of trouble. The appreciative barber in one of the big scenes is shown at work on a "victim," and bearing in mind Miss Dana's advice, he let his clippers ramp wildly over the hairline adornment of the actor in the chair, with dire results to the actor.

Pearl White's Most Thrilling Experience.
A T the Cinema Club in Los Angeles the other day, a number of the stars were relating their nearest escape from death.

Pearl White recalled an incident which brought her closer to death than she ever wants to be again. She said it was during the filming of a serial, when she had to be placed in a box, with the cover nailed down, and then dropped overboard into the sea. The wood happened to be water-soaked, and the box sank. A pony its disappearance, property men, actors and camera men jumped into the water, and the box was raised to the surface, and the very badly scared actress was rescued from her perilous prison.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."
Notes and News From New York.

Quieting the Angry Mob.
P EARL WHITE was suddenly called upon to act as a peacemaker the other day in a dog fight. The trouble was not far from my office window, and I heard a great shouting come from that direction, as if the Huns had suddenly recrossed the Rhine, and were about to begin the war all over again.

Suddenly Miss White heard the noise, for when the light reached the Fox offices, she came to the door and faced the multitude. As near as I could gather and see, two small boys were near the centre of the affair, and one of the youthful pugilists had his following.

"What do you want?" demanded Pearl.

"We want our dog!" came a shout from the sidewalk.

Will the person who really owns the dog come forward?" said Pearl.

Two boys stepped out.

"Two owners—that's funny! This one gave me the dog, and his name, " said Pearl.

"Jim McGaffey."

"That's his dog to give; I found it first!"

Bing bang! two kids lost off the sidewalk into the street.

Then it was Miss White who did some real peace-making. She took the two boys under her arms, and huddled them into the studio, and treated them to candy. She let them see the whole go round in the laboratories of picture making, and at the end of an hour they emerged from the Fox studios arm in arm.

"You can have the dog!" they said in chorus.

And now Pearl White has a mangy on her hands, a dirty vitamin, and her father is Herbert Sombor, president of the Equity Pictures Company. I had a wire from the coast announcing the birth of their daughter, and I don't think they inherited her mother's beauty. Personally I do not see how this can be determined at the tender age of one day, and that was when my message was sent.

Gloria Swanson the Second.
THE much-moiled question of why Gloria Swanson has retired from the screen this past year, was answered last Wednesday, when Gloria Swanson the Second made her appearance. The young lady's advent was received with much interest in film circles, for I've never seen a film baby. Gloria is that one. Her mother, lovely Gloria Swanson, is one of Famous Players-Lasky's most popular stars, and father is Herbert Sombor, president of the Equity Pictures Company. I had a wire from the coast announcing the birth of their daughter, and I don't think they inherited her mother's beauty. Personally I do not see how this can be determined at the tender age of one day, and that was when my message was sent.

Speaking of Being Recognised.
WHEN I was in London, Bryan Washburn and his wife thought I ought to see something of the Soho Square district. They started my education by taking me to dine in a restaurant in that locality. The waiter who served us kept her eyes fastened on Mr. Washburn. Finally she went into the next room, and came back with another waitress. They whispered together, and were eventually joined by a third girl, who was so excited she nearly knocked over a man sitting at an adjacent table.

Our waitress at length came back to our table with a magazine. She compared the picture on the magazine with Mr. Washburn, and it was so thrilling at her discovery, she said aloud:

"Oh, I was so glad, I was so glad!"

Her tone was so ecstatic we asked her what made her so happy.

"Just to see him!" she said, pointing to Mr. Washburn.

To prove she didn't jealous of her popular wife, Miss Washburn promised her a picture of Bryan.

When we left the restaurant, she followed us into the street, begging us not to forget the photograph.

I hope it hasn't been forgotten.

LOCELLA O. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

A charming photograph of MARY PICKFORD, who delights in giving little ones a happy time. She is seen playing "Kiss in the Ring" with some poor little children at the Los Angeles Orphanage.

A scene from "The Tenting Block," showing WILLIAM S. HART and EVA NOVAK. The latter takes the part of Nellie Grey, a young violinist.

In this group, on the extreme left can be seen Mr. ARTHUR T. JACOBS, son of Mr. S. F. JACOBS, the PICTURE SHOW correspondent in Los Angeles. MARJORY DAW is also in the group; while WESLEY BARRY can be seen in the aeroplane.

IRENE RICH surrounded with press cuttings concerning herself. Hanging from the front of the table can be seen an "Expression" page from the "Picture Show."

SEENA OWEN owns an oil well in Texas, and was snapped for the "Picture Show" when she paid a visit there one day.
BEGIN TO-DAY! A POWERFUL STORY OF A GREAT TEMPTATION. BY EMMIE ALLINGHAM

A Tragedy.

A WEEK went by. It was New Year's Day. Mrs. Ferguson and Grace came into the room where the two ladies were already dressed in their outer garments.

Mr. Ferguson sat by the fire. He appeared deep in thought. Mr. Taylor tapped him upon the shoulder.

"Wake up, daddy. It is time we started, dear. Any minute now. I am sure the children have been outside the schoolhouse for hours. They will all have the most atrocious appetites if we do not get them soon. I do hope that the cake will go round."

Mr. Ferguson opened his eyes sleepily and gazed at his wife negligently.

"Ah, yes," he said, and endeavored to return the stare. "But I am not done yet."

"They will be sorely missed," she added. "I must come along; do not you both wait for me. You go on and I will follow."

"Go and talk to mother, she wants cheering."

To his daughter's disgust he closed his eyes again.

"Daddy, daddy, dear," she began, and she shook him none too gently.

Mrs. Ferguson, however, stopped her.

"Daddy, I can't forget, my dear, your father is getting old," she said in a low voice. "He has always been so energetic that you do not realize it. Come along; no doubt he will follow us as he says."

She pressed his lips to her husband's forehead, but he did not appear to respond, so she directed them to Grace, and in silence they left the room.

Outside the air was crisp and cold, and for some time after they walked along in the The Rectory was situated on a hill, and below could be seen the church and the school house, where a school for girls was situated. The two ladies were near each other, while they waited for the doors to open and admit them to the feast.

Grace glanced sharply at her mother, and as she did so she remembered suddenly the talk she had overheard at the post-office over a year ago. Someone had remarked then that the Rectory appeared to be breaking up. She had not thought much of it.

"You surely do not think that there is anything seriously wrong with daddy?" she cried in a choked voice.

"No, my dear. I should make him see the doctor if I did, but I think all the same that your father wants a tonic. I must see him to-morrow."

They were now surrounded by an eager, smiling mob, and there was no more time for conversation. Mrs. Ferguson knew the name of every child in the parsonage, and all would vie with each other now to gain her notice.

The schoolroom was decked out with evergreens and holly. An immense Christmas-tree, loaded with gifts and shining with silver and gold tinsel, stood on a raised platform at the further end, while along either side of the hall ten was laid on huge boards supported by trellises, the forms placed ready for seats.

The two ladies were soon busy, bending to the wants of their little guests. Mrs. Taylor had the great arms of tea all ready, and had cut up huge plates of jellied and jellied and cube cake. It was seven o'clock, and the Christmas-tree had been deplored before Mrs. Ferguson again thanked them both, and she wondered that he had not put in an appearance. It was the first time since she could remember that a church treat had not been assisted by his presence.

The last child had been kissed and its treasures safely packed and placed into the little hands, when the door opened, but it was not the Rector, but Arthur Weston who entered.

"Mrs. Ferguson," he exclaimed Arthur as he held her hand. "I thought you would have all been in bed by now; it is very late, and I think it is time we were."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Ferguson, smiling at him. "But you should have come before. There has been quite a lot to do. I have missed the Rector. He makes a deal of work, an entertainment such as this."

"Arthur had gone over to Grace."

"If you had asked me to come I might have done so, he said, speaking in a low voice.

"We have got on beautifully. Mother only calls the service, and he would positively dislike to have "strangers here amongst our children. She is as jealous of them all as an old hen with her chickens."

The girl spoke lightly, but the man knew instinctively that she for one had no wish for his company. He had never seen a stranger, an entertainment such as this."

Arthur went over to Grace.

"I am sure you do not think that there is anything seriously wrong with daddy?"

"Yes, ma'am! Cook told me to run and fetch you, ma'am."

"What is the matter with him?"

"Nothing. He just looked a little cheerful."

"Sometimes I think you dislike me, Mrs. Ferguson; and then again sometimes you are so kind," he said.

"As she cackled away Arthur placed his hand on her arm."

"What has changed your attitude to me?" he asked.

"I have not changed, Mr. Weston. I think I must be tired to-night. Will you please excuse me?"

And then, fearing that her words were unkind, she added, "Go and talk to mother, she wants cheering. She is upset about dad. He has never omitted to attend a church service before and I think, to tell you the truth, it has rather unsettled her."

Mrs. Ferguson was putting on her gloves in preparation to depart. Mr. Taylor, who had been watching the newcomer, also had on his hat and coat.

"I shall go. I want to hurry. Grace. Mr. Weston you are coming into dinner, are you not? Excuse me leaving you both to follow," called out Mrs. Ferguson from the door.

"I am sorry! We are coming, mother!" cried the girl hastily, and she almost ran across the room to prevent Mrs. Ferguson from noticing the looks of surprise on the faces of the two young men.

It was unaccountable to herself, even, for some reason which she could not even define, the presence of Mr. Weston was to night utterly repulsive to her.

Arthur followed her more deliberately. If Mrs. Ferguson had had her own thoughts she would have noticed her daughter's agitation. Mrs. Taylor was the only one who was interested.

"Then you have quarrelled," she said to herself. "Now I wonder what?"

"Mr. Ferguson would have followed the little party home if only she had dared, but as she lived in the opposite direction there was nothing to do but to say good night.

She did this, and Mrs. Ferguson, who always made it a point to be polite to the villagers, backed the young men to the step and apron conspicuous in the darkness, suddenly rushed up.

"Mrs. Ferguson, ma'am, please do come at once. The master, ma'am!"

It was Amy, the rector's household. Mrs. Ferguson flew near the door.

"Has Mr. Ferguson taken two big strides up to the girl."

"In the master ill?" she demanded.

"Yes, ma'am! Cook told me to run and fetch you, ma'am."

"What is the matter with him, girl?"

"I asked Mr. Weston, speaking for the first time. They had all quickened their steps. Indeed, Grace was running lightly on the hearth rug, as the girl entered, but at sight of her she put her apron up to her face and began to cry.

The rector leaning back in the easy chair appeared asleep. Grace went up to him. He looked quite peaceful: very much as he had when they had left him a few hours before. he girl called him softly. Then she pressed her lips gently to his forehead, but drew back with a little cry of fear. It was fever. She gave her up to the weeping woman, but even then the truth did not come to her.

As in a nightmare she rushed towards the house, and into the sitting-room. The gas was lit, the curtains drawn, the fire was burning brightly, the table was spread with a white cloth as if she came in from the cold and darkness outside. The cook, an old woman, who had been with the Ferguson's for years, was sitting on the hearth rug, as the girl entered, but at sight of her she put her apron up to her face and began to cry.

"Mr. Ferguson entered, hastily followed by Weston. Mrs. Taylor and the maid brought up the rear.

"Mr. Ferguson had had some premonition of the truth, for she neither looked nor cried out."

"Could you have someone for the doctor?" she said in a toneless voice, and then she stood looking down at the helpless form which had been the hope and meaning of her life for the last eighteen years.

Grace had turned to Arthur with a question on her lips, but before she could speak she in voluntarily recited:

(Continued on page 8)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ENID BENNETT.

ENID BENNETT.
The Star from Australia and Her Screen Successes.

ENID BENNETT was born in Australia, and went on the stage as soon as she left school. She was well known to theatre-goers in Australia before migrating to America.

Among the first important roles she played was Modesty, in the big production of "Everywoman," which, you will remember, was played over here with great success at Drury Lane Theatre, London, when our own Jessie Winter played the part of Modesty.

So good was Miss Bennett in this part that Fred Niblo saw her, and engaged her to appear in his repertory company. This was the beginning of romance, for shortly afterwards Enid married her director husband.

Prefers a Screen Life.

THE stage had no charms for Miss Bennett after she saw the possibilities of the screen, and it was easy for Mr. Thomas Ince to persuade her to appear in a number of photo-plays, her work so far has been only under the Paramount banner.


There is no couple more happy on or off the screen than Enid and her director husband. Their ideals and ambitions are essentially the same, and in their home-life, as well as in their professional, there is a good fellowship and ideal comradeship.

Enid Bennett's mother is now in Los Angeles. When Miss Bennett became a star, she celebrated the occasion by sending to Australia for her mother and younger sister to visit her. Then for the first time they saw her on the screen.

Enid's younger sister, Marjorie, has also appeared in a number of photo-plays, but so far, only in those pictures in which Enid herself stars.

If you have seen Enid Bennett in "The Vamp," you will have seen this little star as she really is, for the author of this film wrote the part specially for her. He had in mind the luminary little person that Miss Bennett really is in real life, and that, perhaps, is why "The Vamp" is one of Enid's best pictures.

Enid's Views of Matrimony.

ENID has very definite ideas on matrimony. She says no girl's life is complete without love, and marriage should so enrich one's nature that new dramatic power will be discovered. "Fred and I share both our work and our play," she says. "We have complete understanding. And, after all, that is the only basis for a happy marriage, whether there is a career or not."

"Fred's only weakness is prowling about book-shops," says Miss Bennett, which accounts for the walls of their study being lined with books from ceiling to floor.

Enid and her husband have one little room into which a few favoured friends only are invited. They have merrily dubbed it 'the Chamber of Horrors,' for here are the numerous mementoes and relics of Mr. Niblo's travels abroad.

A Future Dream.

FRED NIBLO has been bitten with the wanderlust, and whenever he hears of a boat sailing he longs to be up and away, and when Mr. and Mrs. Niblo have finished their present contract, they have promised themselves a long trip.

Mr. Niblo was the first man to take motion pictures into Africa, and he wants to cover the same country again, but this time with Enid.

As for her—she says she has no fads, none except Fred. She loves her work, her home, and her garden, and is perfectly happy. Can any young wife say more.
It was his heart," he said simply. "It was affected. He had been rather careless."

"Are you quite certain, doctor?"

Grace had come to her mother's side again. Doctor Swayne had recovered himself.

"I am quite certain, Miss Ferguson," he said steadily. "But why do you ask?"

Involved discussions had fastened themselves on the man she suspected. Doctor Swayne somehow surprised by her manner, also glanced at the woman herself. Arthur Weston had covered his face with his hands. He was fearful of what it might betray. The doctor spoke to Grace.

"Tell me, Miss Ferguson, have you any reason for this?"

Mrs. Ferguson, who through the whole terrible evening had been a nightmare, at this moment realised what the doctor's question meant. She had not time to think—a scene connected with the death of the man she had always suspected. It was too late to utter a foolish cry, wrought by the sudden calamity that had overtaken them. Her husband had died utterly of heart disease. It was impossible to think otherwise.

"Grace is overwrought, doctor, as indeed we all are," said Mrs. Ferguson, "and we could not have guessed how he would act. We must not give himself away by appearing too eager to get assistance. He is still speaking to himself as much as possible, and act the kind friend. That was his pose.

He knew that Grace was watching him, and he would not pull himself together in front of her. Why did these women not speak? Why did they stand as though they were caved in stone? What did they hear?"

He went to the door, and then turned.

He wanted to go out, and yet he dared not. He might not know what to do, and he dared not to be alone. He felt near to the threshold.

The dead man lay comfortably in the easy chair. It seemed to Arthur Weston that he was there, back as they were.

Arthur felt no remorse for his handiwork, as he gazed down at him.

The fear for himself was uppermost in his mind.

Suppose this girl suspected! He told himself, suppose she had been watching him and the rector on that Christmas night at Greystone, when he had mixed the liquids! Yet if she had, what could she prove? The phial he had burned. The poison, as he knew, took seven days to perform its deadly task, leaving no trace. So the murderer had lied he had purchased, had said. There was no reason why he should not believe the man, and that he was also speaking the truth when he told him that it had been, having achieved its purpose, dissolved into nothingness in the system.

And then the man was in Paris. He had intended to use it himself if ever the death of Cecil Rae had been brought home to him.

There's a sudden illness than the fact that would be an equally easy way of removing the Roy. Mr. Ferguson from his path. He knew too much, and Arthur Weston had gone too far to turn back now. He meant to keep the money intrusted to him at all costs now for himself. He had some vague idea that in some time in the future, he might put it to use, but at present his one idea was to keep it—hid it, so that no one should know his secret.

There was a sound of wheels on the gravel path, and a moment later Doctor Swayne entered the room.

He gave a swift glance around, nodded to Arthur, and pressed Mrs. Ferguson by the hand.

Thro his eyes, he turned to the dead man.

His eyes were some time examining. He raised an eyelid, peered into the dead face, and put his finger on the lips.

"Is that he," he said, "or was it one that he had suspected?"

Arthur, watching him, could scarcely restrain a desire to scream.

For the moment Arthur Weston was off his guard. His eyes, watching him through his tears, read the anxiety which revealed itself in his manner.

He turned with his breath, and the tears vanished from her eyes, as the conviction swept over her, that Arthur Weston knew more about her father than they did.

Doctor Swayne turned suddenly and looked at the wife.
PEARL WHITE
Glimpses of the Famous Star's Home Life.

PEARL WHITE has a beautiful home on Long Island, with grounds that stretch away for miles around. She has furnished it entirely herself, as she much preferred to choose everything that she liked instead of leaving it to the taste of a decorator.

Pearl loves to entertain little children, and give them a really good time. She had a very drab childhood herself, without many pleasures, and this has made her wonderfully sympathetic. She cannot bear to think of little children being as unhappy as she was, and so tries to give them the good times that she would have liked to enjoy when she was the same age.

No More Serials.
We all remember Pearl in thrilling incidents in exciting serials, but she decided some little while ago not to act for serials any more, and she is now appearing in Fox films.

PEARL WHITE has a strange companion for a motor trip. A peep of Pearl's beautiful house on Long Island.

PEARL WHITE has many pets—birds as well as animals.
Genius and a Smile

Here is Victor MacLaglen, who, as Master Alfred Truesdell, makes such a tremendous impression by his life-like and natural interpretation of the part. Have you seen "The Call of the Road"? If so, you will agree with me, I am sure, that Victor MacLaglen's smile has not a trace of make-believe about it. His, just as the other, is in unison with his merry, whimsical mood, and it gets straight to the heart of his audience. He tells me that he served in Mesopotamia during the war. He found the beautiful English scenery in "The Call of the Road" a refreshing change from the burning sands of the desert.

The Born Artiste.

Cynics may say that artists are not born; but all will agree that Victor MacLaglen is one favoured by Nature, as proved by the great success of his first appearance on the screen. Temporarily and physically, he has all the qualities necessary for the making of a brilliant film star.

The Lady Rowena.

I had tea with Phyllis Shannaw the other afternoon. She is the pretty English girl who has captivated the hearts of all those fortunate people who have the pleasure of playing her as The Lady Rowena in "The Call of the Road." She told me that she studied at the Guildhall School of Music. "Music is so tremendously inspiring to me when I am doing screen work," she says. "It helps me enormously to bring out the deeper emotions. I think music is a tremendous incentive in drawing out the best work of the artiste."

Fine Feathers and Fears.

Phyllis Shannaw then went on to explain how she came to play in "The Call of the Road." "Mr. Jay, an agent, had my photograph on his mantelpiece, and Mr. Davidson happened to be in his office one day and saw it. He seemed to think I was the type of girl wanted for the part, so Mr. Jay sent me down to the studios. I saw Mr. Davidson, and later my hair was dressed in ringlets and I wore one of the old-world dresses to see how I looked. "When I saw Mr. Colley, I felt the earth would swallow me up! I was terrified. I had confidence in myself, if they would only wait until I could show it to them. I knew I could do what they required of me, and, fortunately for me, I was given the part."

"I am fond of swimming and tennis, and I have played golf with my brother since I was ten years old."

"Props", Please!

Pardoe Woodman told me an amusing story the other afternoon about one of his adventures in Finland. The scene was one in which he was playing the hero in Ethel M. Dell's Indian story, "The Place of Honour," which is being filmed at Stoll's Burston studios. Pardoe Woodman had been captured by hillmen, bound hand and foot, and was guarded by a particularly fierce-looked-on Indian.

"We really began to wonder whether we could have a hero to finish the film," one of the ladies at the Stoll told Pardoe Woodman afterwards, when she saw that the Indian was given a large, formidable knife, "Not a 'prop,'" Pardoe Woodman explained, "but the real thing. The Indian fondled it lovingly, and his eyes glittered in the light as much as the steel blade.

"I noticed this," Pardoe Woodman went on, "and, looking at my own helpless condition, I said that I hoped the dark gentleman would not be too effective with the weapon, or revert to type suddenly in the middle of a film."

"It was quite a relief to us when it was finished, and, seeing it to-day on the screen, I must say it looks convincingly horrible."

Little Prairie Mushroom Towns.

Miss Christine Rayner is a keen traveller, as well as a screen artiste. "I crossed the Canadian continent to the Pacific coast," she told me, not long ago, "visiting all sorts of quaint places, from the big cities to little prairie mushroom towns, where the people drove many miles across the prairie to see our plays. On one occasion the train was snow-bound for twenty-four hours, and we did not reach our destination until several hours after the performance was billed to begin; but the audience was very patient. Many of them came to the station to meet us, and helped us to load the baggage and properties up to the theatre."

Plays and Films.

I spoke to the United States," said Christine Rayner, "I played in 'Carnival,' Compton Mackenzie's play, which, as 'Columbus,' followed later at the Princes Theatre in London. I came over from New York to play 'The Yellow Jacket,' when it was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre. This was all before I had thought of working in the films. With the London Film Company I played in 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and 'Rupert of Hentzau,' 'The Mummy' and 'The Christian,' produced by George Loane Tucker, and for Mr. Harold Shaw I played in 'The Heart of a Child,' 'For the Empire,' 'Brother Officers,' and in lots of other films. For some time during the war I gave up my own work to help, and was supervisor in a munition factory."

Bolsheviks.

When I left the munition factory, Miss Rayner smiled, "I returned to the legitimate stage for awhile, and played with Sir John Hare in 'A Quiet Bachelor.' In the spring of this year I went to Russia with Mr. Harold Shaw's company to Russia. We had some exciting experiences, as on the way we were caught in Berlin during the revolution, and were unable to leave there for some time. When we did get away, we decided to return to Cologne, and as we passed through Essen the train was burned and searched by Bolsheviks. We made a fresh start from Cologne, and that time reached Kovno without mishap."

Two Off One Plate!

At Alexanderova Estate, "Christine Rayner said, "where we stayed nearly a week, things were so primitive we slept on hay piled on the tables for beds, and at first we had to cut two off one plate and do all our own cooking and cleaning! We had those hours' drive through the forest to the next village to buy food, as nothing but eggs were obtainable at Alexanderova. But it was all so interesting, it was quite worth while," she laughed.

"Charlie's Aunt" and Sweet Fifteen.

Anthony Rolles, who is a son of William Rolles, the well-known London manager, was the youngest non-commissioned officer in the army during the war. He was a corporal in the R.F.S., and, after training with the Grenadier Guards at Chelsea Barracks, he was sent back to his old battalion as drill-instructor.
EUGENE O'GRIEN lives in one of the luxurious apartments which face Manhattan Central Park in the heart of New York City. He takes his bachelor comfort with the joy that makes him as much of a home man as the most doting wife could desire.

IN HIS STUDY after the day's work.

Eugene O'Brien

AT HIS DESK. He spends many hours here answering letters from "Picture Show" readers.

A corner of his dining-room overlooking Central Park.

HIGH UP IN THE WORLD.
The view from his veranda.

Sometimes he has a woman visitor.

His Mother.
As Man to—Man!

Every man at some time or other in his life has gained comfort by talking things over with a pal, as these screen artists are doing. Every man is familiar with the phrase, "As man to man."

Big Bill Duncan bogs to be believed.

The time to confide. A scene scene in the Goldwyn photography, "The Cup of Fury."" 

TOM MOORE tries to find a way out—in "The City of Comrades." (Goldwyn.)

Basil Gill bares his soul to gain comfort.
"After the war was over," Anthony Holles told me, "I went on our war 'Charley's Aunt,' and played the Aunt when I was fifteen.

Lelio and "Carnival."

"THEN I did some film work, and later played Lawrie in 'Little Women.'"

But I expect many of you will remember Anthony Holles best of all as Lelio, with that wicked smile of his when he tried to get the better of his sister in Mr. Matheson Lang's play, "Carnival." Lelio's sister and Sali's wife, was, of course, played by Hilda Bayley.

"I loved playing with Mr. Matheson Lang," Anthony Holles said, "and now I have just finished playing Charles in the ideal film, 'The Will,' by Sir James Barrie."

Audiences Through the Producer's Eyes.

"I ALWAYS look at films from a commercial point of view," said Mr. A. E. Coleby, "the brilliant writer and producer of the exceedingly successful film 'The Call of the Road.'" "I regard films entirely from the standpoint of the audience. I have tried to get at the people in their own homes; therefore, I believe all unpleasant subjects should be kept away from the cinema. Most people have skeletons in their cupboards, and they get to the theatre to be amused and carried right away out of themselves.

All Sorts and Conditions of Films.

"MY first introduction to the film world was in 1903, and since that year I have been connecting, with all sorts and conditions of films, both good, bad, and indifferent, amounting to about seven hundred in all," Mr. Coleby told me. "In the early days we were more or less dependent on the American market for a profit, and thought it a very bad business if we could not sell through our agents at Chicago at least fifteen copies of a subject, which latter order would sometimes be extended to forty.

"Naturally, the films of those days very seldom exceeded forty feet in length, and the majority being about two hundred and fifty feet.

All Work, Little Play.

"IT was my task in the old days," said Mr. Coleby, smiling, "to write up a subject between ten and twelve in the morning, start taking in the early afternoon, printing it the following day, and taking a sample copy to town the day after that. The question of release dates, as they are known to-day, did not exist, and it was a case of selling to whom you could and getting your money. It is also an interesting fact that about this period one film which I practically wrote and produced was shown at the Alhambra for six consecutive weeks. The late Mr. W. T. Stead took the trouble to write two pages of appreciation of this film, which was entitled 'The Occupation of the Bank.' But the really first ambitious film which I wrote and produced was 'Topsey's Dream of Toyland.' This film is still a highly amateur annual shown in most parts of the country each Christmas.

A Pioneer.

"AFTER on," Mr. A. E. Coleby continued, "I teamed Messrs. Pathé, with whom I produced 'The Fate of a King,' 'Peg Washington' (which, by the way, was written by Mr. Pearson, of 'Old Bill' fame). During this period I had the privilege of receiving a good deal of technical knowledge from Mr. Charles Pathé. Following on this, I started in business for myself, and during this period I was more or less the pioneer of introducing well-known music-hall turns on the films. The initial effort, which was adapted and produced by me was Lew Lake's 'Blombury Burglar,' which, though by no means a commercial success, was also successful in view, being produced by Mr. Louis Haasmeester, the well-known tragedian, in his sketch, 'The Gripe,' adapted from the French play, 'La Gripper.' I also adapted and produced Henri de Fosse's 'Case of Arson,' and I wrote and produced 'The Moveables,' for Martin's Feature Films. Following a period I wrote and produced films too numerous to mention, including 'The Lure of Drink,' which I played the leading role, and 'At the Alhambra,' which is now playing; and 'The Pride of the North,' which will shortly be issued by Messrs. Philpotts. I wrote, produced, and played lead in 'The Way of the World,' and my last effort has been 'The Call of the Road.' And so great was its success that when it was taken out of the Alhambra the audience broke out into cheers, and, in their enthusiasm, were not satisfied until Mr. A. E. Coleby took his 'call.' This was the first occasion on which a producer received such an ovation.

T. The Call of the Road."

"THE house of Cranger presents J. Davidson's all-British photo-play, an original story written and produced by A. E. Coleby, and photographed by B. P. Cogges. 'The Call of the Road' is, indeed, a great love story. It carries one right away out of the sordid, everyday atmosphere of life into the enchanted land of romance, of passion, of chivalry, of the open road into the glorious rolling downs, right into the Garden of England, with its fairy palaces and manor house. The wholesome humour of the plot grips the soul. Victor MacLagen takes the part of Master Alfred Truscott, who is known as The Lamb; Phyllis Shannan plays Alfred's cousin, The Lady Kevans; while others in the cast are Phillip Williams as Sir Marten Trevor; Ernest Douglas as Silk, who is Alfred's uncle; N. Nicholas Bates as Paganni, Harry Furness as Paganni Secundus; A. E. Coleby as Punch Murphy; Adelina Hayden-Collins as The Lady Ullswater; Warwicke Ward as Lord Delaware; Fred Drummond as Hammer John, a Blacksmith; Agnes Nicholls as Rowena's old nurse; and R. Ellis and Olive Bell as a man and his wife.

"The Call of the Road" is a joy to see and a pleasure to reflect upon, and shows the genius of the writer and producer, Mr. A. E. Coleby, who is to be congratulated on having screened one of the finest films in the world."
Clay, now feeling about as happy as a half-drowned rat, escorted Daphne to her car. As in the latter he remembered with a vividness that cut like a knife, that he had almost and inherited her mother's extravagant tastes, and under it all was the same ring.

As Mr. Kip led her daughter to the room singing that Daphne should have everything she wanted, even if she sold her own clothes to get it, Mr. Kip felt like a criminal.

"Why couldn't women be reasonable?" he knew that her father would not dream of selling as much as a house, even for Daphne, and she was always trying to make him look like a miser. He sat down again to his figures and cut out a subscription to a charity he had supported for over thirty years. Just before dinner a telegram came from his son Bayard saying that morning "Isn't it wonderful?" cried Daphne.

"So roundly wasn't this the talk of another," as Mrs. Daphne's grandiloquent husband "Oh!" greeted this statement.

I mean that it will enable us to give Daphne a gift that she wants the most. Kip had hardly seen her since he had seen her since the story of her foundation.

Mr. Kip is in middle age, greyed, and sorrowful, but he is looking for a good looking. Her only worry is in life is a double chin which has survived every treatment advertised by the beauty specialists.

"She was an only child, not to understand that our financial position is not what it was," said Mr. Kip, pushing away from him a pile of unimportant.

"We really can't go on like this much longer," we must live up to our position," replied Mrs. Kip.

"I don't spend half as much as the other women in my set."

Mrs. Kip had kept to this reply for the past three years, ever since a bank failure had made it necessary for her husband to retrench.

Mr. Kip groaned. He knew it was useless arguing with his wife. She had a mania for spending. Shopping was the death of him. And he could see more resist a barzin at the sales, whether she wanted it or not. The bought him a suit they would make him.

Mr. Kip was in the middle of a long statement in which he was trying to prove that they were living on their capital, when Daphne rushed in.

She was a very pretty girl, golden-haired, pretty and rich. Her mouth perhaps was just a shade too rebellious, but that was more than compensated by her eyes.

"I'm engaged," she burst out. "Clay is going to see you later, dad. Say you're pleased?"

"But, Daphne!" said Mr. Kip, with a smile that chased her worry lines away. "Of course we pretend to be surprised, can we not?"

"But I'm engaged to be married to Mr. Kip," she said, with a smile that chased her worry lines away. "We have been engaged for ten years, and it is all over but the shouting."

My father engaged to be married to Mr. Kip, with a smile that chased her worry lines away. "Of course we pretend to be surprised, can we not?"

"Mr. Kip came out of dreariness to demand his daughter a long and a Miss.

At the word engaged Mrs. Kip had seen in his eyes, a million times sicker than any movie ever moved, a wonderful transform, heart-stirring, orange-blossom, and anything. Even as she kissed her daughter, she was wondering what she would wear. She hurried her daughter away to dress, and Mr. Kip returned to his affairs.

A little later Mrs. Kip and her daughter entered Mr. Kip's private office, where the sweetest of the sweet was waiting for Daphne, to be engaged to a young and handsome man.

"I've made a rough estimate of the cost," she said to her husband. "I know you like to have everything done in a business-like way, so that you can see how much it is going to cost. And Daphne told me they went back to a hotel at once, so that we must begin shopping at once."

"I really can't afford so much," he said. "I've been telling you my mother this afternoon, Daphne, that we ought to have dinner. We can cut on this way."

"I believe your father would like to see you married in your walking-out costume," said Mrs. Kip.

"You know I will do everything I can, Daphne, but you are not your mother talking in that way. We can't go on in this way, spending today what we have to earn tomorrow."

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"You know I will do everything I can, Daphne, but you are not your mother talking in that way. We can't go on in this way, spending today what we have to earn tomorrow."
Picture Show, January 8th, 1921.

But the two young men had a greater trouble than the talks.

Daphne had conceived the idea of going on the stage in order that she could earn money, and to that end was always seeing Ducane, who had promised to get her an introduction to a manager. Leila had not known a man named Weatherill, a fact that she had just discovered, but was about as unsavoury as Ducane's.

Both Clay and Bayard protested against these acquaintanceships, but were met by the old defense by the woman that if they were not to be trusted there could be no love. And so matters went on, each day starting with a row, and generally finishing with a cold.

It was Daphne who first saw the red light.

She invited Ducane up to the flat one afternoon to talk over the idea of an engagement on the stage. Ducane was pleasant and full of promises. In her innocence Daphne thought he was ready to visit her out of pure friendship, but she was quickly disillusioned when Ducane suddenly bent over her and tried to kiss her.

Daphne sprang to her feet with flushed cheeks and blazing eyes.

"You can't!" she cried. "If you try to get near me I'll hit you!"

"How will I know you would object to a kiss to seal our bargain?" said Ducane protestingly. "You are quite mistaken if you think I meant to insult you. Forget this incident and I will give you my word that I will help you and never try to kiss you again.

"Don't you understand that people are a little more honest in New York than in your town?"

Daphne felt she had been to blame for inviting Ducane to the flat. Besides, she really wanted to act on the stage, and Ducane was the only one who could help her.

"All right," she said. "Keep your word and I'll forget it."

It was just at this moment that Clay Wimburn came in. He glared at Ducane and did not reply to the latter's greeting, nor did he say good-day when he left.

"Why do you encourage that bounder to hang around?" he said to Daphne when Ducane had left.

"Because he is going to help me get on the stage," replied Daphne. "You needn't get jealous, Clay. Mr. Ducane is not in love with me and I am certainly not in love with him. But I mean to earn money to keep myself. There is nothing but grumbling from you, father, and Bayard about money, and I mean to earn some that I can do as I like with it."

"But what about our wedding?" protested Clay.

"There will be no wedding till I am independent," said Daphne.

There was another angry scene, and Clay went out of the flat in a rage, slamming the door behind him.

Ducane got Daphne an engagement with a manager with whom he was friendly. They were rehearsing a new piece, and Daphne was given a small part. She only lasted one rehearsal. The producer persevered with Daphne for some time, and then he went and told the manager that the young woman had as much idea of acting as a wooden Indian.

Ducane, who had been waiting in the manager's office, smiled to himself.

The more Daphne failed in her efforts to get a living the more she would become dependent on him.

"Tell her so and fire her," said the manager callously.

Poor Daphne left the theatre very disheartened, but she was made of sterner stuff than Ducane had imagined. The fact that she had failed as an actress made her more determined to succeed in another direction.

The Way Out.

There was another terrific row at the flat that night.

Bayard was reproaching Leila for her extravagances.

"Have you ever heard of the Thirteenth Commandment?" he shouted. "Never spend more than you earn!"

Leila shrugged her shoulders.

"And it's called the Thirteenth because it is unlucky to break it," went on Bayard. "And you are breaking it every day."

Then Leila turned.

"You are always preaching at me," she cried in her shrill voice. "I'm sick of it. Haven't you heard another saying which might be called the Fourth Commandment? 'Cherish begins at home.' What about the money it costs to keep your children? You make me tired. This place is nothing more than a hotel for the Kip family."

Mrs. Kip and Daphne, who were in the next room, heard every word.

"Did you hear it, Daphne?" gasped Mrs. Kip.

Daphne did not wait for her daughter's reply, but rushed to her bedroom and began to pack.

Mrs. Kip left by the midnight train. Daphne decided to stay in New York, but not with Leila.

She got apartments with a Mrs. Chevies, and began to look for work. After a week of futile searching she came home one night and found Mrs. Chevies sitting with her husband.

"How does one get a job in New York, Mrs. Chevies?" asked Daphne.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Chevies wearily.

"Ask my husband. He's just lost his."

Daphne looked at the grey-haired man who was (Continued on page 18.)
KATHLEEN KIRKHAM
Her Ideas of What Leads to Success In Pictures.

KATHLEEN KIRKHAM tells us what she considers necessary to success in pictures.

She says that a pretty face, a pleasing figure, and a certain amount of vivacity are not sufficient in themselves.

First of all comes really hard work. The screen is not as so many people fondly imagine, a place of comfort, ease, and a good time. When a film is in process work often starts at nine o'clock in the morning, and goes on until five or six, and even ten, eleven, and twelve when night scenes are being screened.

Another essential is a good education. During her career as a cinema actress Miss Kirkham has played many parts, covering all nations, all this, and all classes, and unless she is well educated she is apt to fall far short of realism.

Miss Kirkham says that last but not least is the value of ideals. She believes that true womanhood should be the greatest ambition of every girl on or off the screen.
Of Stage and Screen Fame

BEFORE taking up screen work Ivy Duke appeared in musical comedies at Daly's Theatre, London. She had parts in "The Happy Day," and "Betty," and you will probably remember her as Gianetta in "The Maid of the Mountains," which had such a long and successful run.

When Miss Duke decided to try film work, she applied at the studios of the George Clark Productions, and was immediately given a small part. She did not consider the salary offered her was big enough, and being a very determined young lady, she endeavoured to convince Mr. Guy Newall of this—and she succeeded!

Enthusiastic About Films.

MISS DUKE is very enthusiastic about films, and reads many novels with a view to finding a story that would film well. Quite a number of novels have been purchased by George Clark Productions upon her recommendation. She does not mind how hard she works to gain the best effects, and considers any time spent in gaining experience as time well spent.

An example of this is the fact that she intends to visit America quite shortly. Miss Duke wishes to see for herself exactly how pictures are made in that country, and therefore she proposes to take a trip out to the "Filmland of America."

Films in Which She Has Appeared.


Down on the Farm.

MISS DUKE is extremely fond of the country, and has a delightful home where she loves to spend any time that can be spared from the studio, amongst all the farmyard pets.

It is one of her great ambitions to be able to retire and spend all her time in the country amongst her fowls, ducks, horses, cows, and other farmyard animals and birds.

Ivy has a beautiful dog called "Sammy," of whom she is very fond. Although he is not quite one year old, he, too, has appeared on the screen in two productions.
PRESENTING PAUL POWELL

TUE other morning, at the
Lingon studio of the Famous
Player's Lazy British Producers,
I met one of the most
interesting men in the film
world—Paul Powell, who will be
remembered as the director
of those extremely simple
pictures, prominent
among which is "The Mystery
Road," for the aforementioned company,
and was good enough to give me some details respecting it.

PAUL POWELL.

Phillips Oppenheim's story, "The Mystery
Road," for the aforementioned company,
and was good enough to give me some details respecting it.

Author's First Screen Story.

ALTHOUGH several of Mr. Oppenheim's books have been filmed, this is the
story he has ever written directly for the
screen, he told me, and is very typical of this
extremely popular author's work.

"There are to be no stars in it—"

I made some little explanation.

"No," repeated Mr. Powell, with a smile.

"No stars. In this case the picture is going
to be the star. I believe the public will see
pictures, not stars. In my opinion, any
star system is a mistake, and often proves
the classic attitude of a story, throwing it all out of focus in
order to bring some one star up into
prominence.

"I suppose the leading players will be
David Powell, Herbert Standing, Ruby Miller,
and—here Mr. Powell paused significantly—
Marian May."

Here is My Evidence.

MR. POWELL considers Miss May a great
"find," and related how he discovered her.

"We had a terrible time getting the right
woman for the leading feminine part," he said.
"I didn't dare use a girl without experience,
and yet I did not want to send to America for
one, for our policy here, you know, is to
employ British players as far as possible, and to
have sent to the States would have been an
admission of defeat.

"Just as I was about to start the camera
director, she explained briefly that she had
played in several British, French and Italian
films—starring in the latter—and with admirable,
commensurate produced some 'stills' of herself.
"Taken from these pictures, the lesson to
many screen aspirants, for instead of
diluting on how great she was, and generally
wanting everybody's time, she just left these
photos behind, remarking, simply: "Here is my
evidence," and went away.

She could not have been more than a few
minutes.

"When these stills were handed to me later,
I immediately realized that I had found the girl
who I had been searching, and lost no
time in sending for her. Indeed, Miss May was
already engaged before she arrived back at
the studio.

"She is a most intelligent girl, and will, I am
sure, go far."

Advice Must be Individual.

And what is your advice to the screen
writers, I asked Mr. Powell, laughingly.

"Don't get fat!" replied Mr. Powell, laughingly.
"Though I admit one is occasionally. "Really, one
cannot make hard and fast rules. By so doing,
one may discourage those who have real ability
on the one hand, and on the other, may
hope of those who possess not talent for film
work at all. The whole thing depends on the
person concerned. Advice has got to be
individual.

Your Fog is Overrated.

Mr. Powell remarked that as far as he
knows, he was the only American
erss in the studio when they
visited the set in Illinois,
and so, he added humorously, he was not
really interested in using American fog as
not a typical American. And even the twinkles
in his eye didn't explain the enigma. He told me
that he had been at his post in England,
that he expected to stay here for two years,
and that he wished he could stay longer!

"Well, of course, the weather here does
matter, whatever politeness may say to the
contrary, but it is well to remember that
you are filming a scene in London—damp and very
wet."

Fairy Tale Scenes.

Mr. Powell paid a glowing tribute to
British scenery which, he said, "was too
beautiful not to be made the subject of
fairy tales."

"I took out of the train and ran luxuriously
on the loveliness of the countryside. It seems
fairy-tale scenery. Photography is the
rightest job, and I would spend millions
of pounds on it, if I could!—and my greatest
desire at present is to photograph everything
in England."

Which, one must admit, is rather a tall order.

MAX MORGAN-WADSWORTH.
FREE
This Week!

A very attractive shirt blouse design, cut with a shoulder-strap and an added collar, which can be fastened up closely to the neck, in the present-day correct fashion: or will turn back to form a V for the girl who likes to have her neck free. This pattern is given free with this week’s "Woman’s Pictorial."

A very simple Magyar Jumper blouse design, cut in one piece and slit across each shoulder so as to allow for extra fullness in the front. You will get this pattern with "Woman’s Pictorial," out on Wednesday, January 19th.

This hat is also given in "Woman’s Pictorial" next week, out on Wednesday, January 26th.

Big Gift of FREE Patterns

All these splendid patterns and a wonderfully smart dress pattern as well are being given away to all readers of the new "WOMAN'S PICTORIAL," the weekly magazine with all the finest monthly magazine features. The blouse pattern is free with to-day's issue, the others will be given with the four following numbers (one each week). Very simple diagrams will be printed in "WOMAN’S PICTORIAL," giving full instructions as to cutting out and making up each pattern.

The only certain way of obtaining these practical and stylish patterns is to give your newsagent or bookseller a permanent order for

WOMAN’S-3d PICTORIAL

The Weekly Magazine for Women.

On Sale every Wednesday.
"Shots" from Broadway

A NOULD Christmas has come and gone, and the ambitious and strenuous endeavours to make British films the best in the world has been completed, and the Directors of the BROADWEST Company look back on the past twelve months with a feeling that in part their ambition has been achieved. 1920 has proved a year of great success for this famous British firm, but if the past twelve months were successful, Mr. Walter West starts out into 1921 with the determination to make the future twelve months still more successful.

Since January 1920, the BROADWEST Company have produced, and placed on the market of the world, no less than twelve first-class productions, which is something of a record. Great progress has marked 1920 for the firm, for not only has Mr. Walter West re-organised the Walthamstow Studio, but has taken over the control of the big one at Catford, which is now working at high pressure. Among the hundreds of artists who have played in films for the BROADWEST Company in 1920, are Violet Hopson, Stuart Holmes, Gregory Scott, Cameron Cark, Pauline Peters and Adelaide Hayden Coffin, who are all members of the 6x6x company, besides Mercia Mercedes, Harold Cavan, Arthur Arden-Cost, Clive Brook, Poppy Windham, Violet Elliott, Pauline Fane, John Gladon, Gordon Stratford, and Lewis Dton, who have played in various productions. The most important 1920 films have been "Her Son," "A Dead Certainty," "The Romance of a Movie Star," "A Girl's Life," "Snow in the Desert," "The Case of Lady Lamberry," and "A Rich Widow." The last two were released January 1st. The release of the "Great Gay Road," in which Stuart Rome creates one of the best characters in his screen career, has in the person of the gentleman-vaudeville, the story, which is from Tom Cullen's novel, in a beautiful role, the supporting actors and actresses excelling exceedingly, and the photography, general setting, and acting, are all up to BROADWEST's highest standard. Could you say B.B.B.

BROADWEST FILMS LTD.
(Head Office) 175, Wardour St., London W.1.

The Most Attractive Woman (that I know says): "Don't spoil your complexion by plastering it with tonics and creams. A good book of Meta HARDING'S BLOSSOM will give you a complexion to die for."

META HARDING'S BLOSSOM is a beautifully prepared tonic, made from the choicest flowers and herbs. It is made of such excellent ingredients as are actinised and dehydrated, all of which are bottled at the factory. It is a real antiseptic. It comes to you in a glass bottle, just the right size to carry about, and it is both a cure and a prevention. META HARDING, 20, Seven Sisters Road, London, N.1.

The Children's Newspaper

Every Friday 2d

The Big Three

The PICTURE SHOW Every Monday
The GIRLS' CINEMA Every Tuesday
The BOYS' CINEMA Every Wednesday


PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

This Week's Best Jokes
By permission of Messrs. Pathe Freres

HUSBAND: "You never kiss me except when you want money."

WIFE: "You know, I can't kiss you that often enough!"—(Boston News.)

"Does your son show any particular athletic tendency at college?"

"Oh, yes; he's running through my money."—(Passing Show.)

"Were you happy when you started for France?"

"Happy! We were in transports!"—(Auckland Weekly News.)

"Lend me a sovereign, will you, old man? And I shall be eternally in your debt."—(L'Eveil de Paris.)

It takes a woman twenty years to make a man of her son. It takes another woman twenty minutes to make a fool of him.—(Mr. George Gough.)

One half of the world doesn't know how it's better half looks.—(Lightanther.)

"Doctor, I am troubled with cold feet. What do you suppose is the cause?"

"Cold weather. Half a guinea, please!"—(Cologne Gazette.)

"She: You ought to be ashamed of stealing a kiss."

"He: You are equally guilty. You received the stolen goods."—(Pearson's Weekly.)

"Hello, old bean! How do you like the weather?"

"Oh, terrible."

"How's the wife?"

"Oh, about the same."—(Cassell's Saturday Journal.)

EPISTAPH FOR DECEASED MOTORIST.

They were looking at the kangaroo at the Zoo when an Irishman said: "I beg your pardon, sir! What kind of a creature is that?"

"That?" replied the keeper. "Oh, that is a native of Australia."

"Good life!" exclaimed Pat. "An! my sister married one of them."—(Montreal Star.)

FIRST MAN: "I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months."

SECOND MAN: "Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that."—(Variety.)

AMERICAN STATIONMASTER (writing to local resident): "Please send me once more real estate case addressed to you marked "books. It is leaking."—(Colony Post.)

"Yes," said the young wife proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents."

"So I discovered when he gave you away," breathed the young husband.—(Le Journal Americain.)

FIRST LAWYER: "Did his speech carry conviction?"
SECOND LAWYER: "It did. His client got five years."—(Answers.)

"She: Meet you to morrow night, usual place, seven o'clock."

"Right! When time will you be there?"—(Sydney Herald.)

TO MAKE TABLE LEVEL: Take one cherry- pie and one baby. Leave alone for ten minutes.—(Toronto Evening Telegram.)

"She: I hear your father is ill. Is his illness contagious?"

"Yes, Father says he is suffering from overwork."—(Kilkenny Mail.)

KIND LADY: "And how long has your husband been out of work, my poor woman?"

MR. POOR WIFE: "Well, mum, I ain't quite sure whether he was married in '80 or '81."—(Melbourne Weekly Times.)

GLADYS: "Betty's very worried, she can't get her dressmaker to send her new frock, although she's written twice."

REGINE: "Perhaps she forgot to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for it."—(London Opinion.)

"What did you have for lunch?"

"Thirty minutes."—(Judge, New York.)

FIRST MAN: "I heard his speech last night was pretty stupendous."

SECOND MAN: "It was not, it was rotten."—(Tit-Bits.)

THE JUDGE: "So you and your wife had a few words?"

THE PANICIST: "I had some, but I didn't get a chance to use them."—(Auckland Weekly News.)

FINDING FAULTS IN FILMS.

The competition closed on December 18th. The reason for this is that the competition is not a fair one for thousands of readers who have sent postcards which would win a prize if thousands of other readers had not duplicated their fault. For instance, over 50 readers sent the following in 'Heart of the Hills,' featuring Mary Pickford, Honeycutt, etc., having put some hair oil on his hair, takes up a neatly toothed comb, and then uses a silver backed hairbrush. A price of one shilling be the number of entries, has been suspended by 50 readers. There are still thousands and thousands of postcards to be examined, and until these are examined prizes will be awarded as promised, but no more should be sent for the competition. We are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In the film entitled "Out of the Fog," in which Nazid plays the lead, there is a scene which is supposed to represent the inside of a lighthouse, a lonely place, called Euphian Shoals, off the Florida Keys. It is a splendid scene, one in reserve, one which I think spoils the whole picture. In one of the rooms there is a small window, and through this window a jet of water is seen to be seen a whole paurama of sky-sapers. These, I think you will agree, would not be likely to frequent a lighthouse.—(Master.)

Humphries, 14, Chequer St., St. Albans, Herts.

Some time ago I saw a picture called "Just Bill," cluttered with a fight takes place, and Clayton wakens a reveller off Morgan and throws it through the window. Someone on the other side picks it up and throws through the window at Morgan, and yet the window is not even cracked.—(Doric Foster, 2, Trafalgar Road, Freemantle, Southaupton.

In "True Blue," the hero (William Furness) sends a letter to his father in England. When it leaves the hero it is hand-written, yet when the father receives it it is typed.—(Saw awarded to A. E. Ford, Shepherds Hill, Thame, Nr. Oxford.)

In the film "The Darling of the Gods," one scene is a huge cave. Large butterflies are flitting about here, but the whole effect is spoilt because the thread by which they are suspended could be plainly seen.—(Saw awarded to Doris Foster, 2, Trafalgar Road, Freemantle, Southaupton.)
"PICTURE SHOW" PUZZLE COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE £100
SECOND PRIZE £25
FIFTY PRIZES OF 10/- EACH

£150 IN PRIZES

No. 5.—BERT LYTELL PICTURE PUZZLE.

KEEP THIS UNTIL THE SIX PUZZLES HAVE APPEARED.

FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picture-goers.

"What's Your Husband Doing?" Douglas Maclean and Doris May. (Paramount-Arctof.) A rollicking farce, with Doris May as a suspicious young wife. She enlists the aid of a young lawyer, and then the fun becomes fast and furious. Douglas Maclean co-stars with distinction as the husband. Really good entertainment.

"The Thirteenth Commandment." Cyril Clayson. (Paramount-Arctof.) A rich American girl becomes engaged to an apparently wealthy man. She finds out he is not really rich, but is making great sacrifices to satisfy her whims and extravagances. What she does forms absorbing entertainment on the screen. Will interest all thinking young people.

"Bleak House." Constance Collier. (Majestic.) Dickens' novel adapted for the screen, well produced and brilliantly acted. The successful actress takes the role of Lady Dedlock, and the rest of the cast is excellent. Unique London backgrounds.

"For Valour." Winifred Atkes and Richard Barthelmess. (Western Import.) A girl's sacrifice to save her brother from a life of crime, is treated with a vivid tale of patriotism and the regeneration of a selfish son. Admirable acting and production.

"Common Clay." Fanny Ward. (Pathé.) The world-famous actress in a strong dramatic play showing the frailty of human nature and the final triumph of good over evil. Will hold the interest from the first scene. A good human drama.

"The Darkest Hour." Harry Morey. (Vitagraph.) The hero, tricked into an engagement, loses his memory before marriage. He wanders into a lumber camp and finds love. A blow restores his memory making him forget the girl he married in the back woods. Retracing to his former life, he is claimed by the delicious as her husband, but the truth is proved in a sensational manner by his true love. A splendid story full of drama and romance in which pretty Jean Peige plays opposite Harry Morey.

"The Great Gay Road." Stewart Rome. (Wiltern Import.) A broadway film version of Tour Gallon's well-known novel. Mr. Hilary Tolrey Kite is a wandering vagabond with no aims beyond his own malicious and irresistible personality. He takes Crook Perkins, a poor weakling, under his wing, and together they travel the great gay road. They enter the house of Sir Crespin Vickerly, who insists that Hilary is a long-lost son. After months of comfort, during which Hilary impersonates Sir Crespin's heir, Hilary repents and goes away as silently as he came. He is found and brought back, but eventually he is unmasked. Trudging along the hard road of life together, Hilary Kite and Crook Perkins return to the胃肠. One day takes the Great Road to another world, and Kite, alone, faces the setting sun, a wanderer, forever plodding onward. One of the finest British productions yet shown in the cinemas.

SERIAL.

"Daredevil Jack." Jack Dempsey. (Pathé.) The world-famous boxer as the hero in a thrilling serial, which shows his adventures in quest of two valuable bracelets. The "PICTURE SHOW" Critic.
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

SPOILING THE PICTURE.
The other stories on this page are taken to the manner in which the programme is sometimes spoilt when any one follows the convention of 'naming' any enjoyment that might otherwise be gained. Appended is a picture which is to be spoiled by the speed with which it is run in the theatre. It is up to the management to see that the theatre is kept clean and that the pictures run at the correct speed. With a speed of 100 ft. per second all the reverence out of them and turned solemn precepts into mere lib. How can they thus galleried over sink into the spirit and do their work? If the situations or characters of a play seem to jump around one is sorely perplexed. When the company read them, but even if the characters do not.

K. S. (Naxan).—I felt quite angelic after reading the reproduction of your letter, but when I looked over the whole, I found that the bath had not as yet arrived, and bubs had not as yet arrived. Sympathetically is wearing them, no doubt. Gladly I would be the wife of William Parker, Jr., and have brown hair and grey eyes. MOUNTAIN VIEW (New Mexico).—Have you heard of Frank Linwood? I have heard of no other who bears the name.

ARGENTINA (Manuell Hill).—Ask the manager of your picture what colour he will show. Your request is a matter of the utmost importance to the manager and it is often impossible to refuse it.

ARGENTINA (New York).—I can give you any information about any of the cities in your country for which you have had to wait, but I can give you no information about the cities in your own country. I am not aware of any city in your own country, but I have heard of a city in your own country that I think you might think of.

A. W. (Sailboat).—I can think of a number of letters from your country which I think you might think of. You have probably heard of a number of letters from your own country which you might think of. I am not aware of any such letters.

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Little Jackie Coogan, Charlie Chaplin's Protégé

Jackie Coogan co-stars with Charlie Chaplin in his coming film, "The Kid." It is said that Jackie is a serious rival to Charlie, and a great future is prophesied for him by the great little comedian. (More Pictures on Page 9.)
ALL TRACE OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY REMOVED.

The Revelation of a Closely Guarded Secret Remedy.

Remarkable experience of a Society Lady. Instant relief after twenty years’ suffering.

The cure is absolutely painless and pleasant to perform and a steady application will remove every trace of hair for ever.

Dr. Cassell’s Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown
Kidney Trouble
Nerve Failure
Indigestion
Neuralgia
Palpitation
Insomnia
Vital Exhaustion
Anemia
Super-Kreem

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell’s Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Masters’ High-Class “Scala” Accordion,
WITH A FREE MUSIC TEACHER.

Why not own one of these beautiful high-class Italian model Accordions, and entertain your family with delightful music? These wonderful accordions are easy to play, and with the FREE Tutor we send you FREE, and a little practice, the long winter evenings change into hours of real happiness. The “SCALA” Masters’ new Italian model for this season is illustrated, is to the touch of all sensations. It has very fine Piano Polished Keys, Nickel Corner Protectors, 16 Keys; two basses, STAIRS, Feet cut, Tassel Cover, Double Keys, Fine Domingo, etc., and splendid accordions of this kind are generally in great demand. We can send you “SCALA” Masters’ new model, for only 10/- monthly after delivery. We pay carriage, Salesmen’s or Deposits are required. Send 10/- now, and ask for the “SCALA” Accordion.

THE MASTERPHONE

The King of Talking Machines.
The most compact harmonious musical with the perfect sound, splendid finish throughout. Price £6. 10s. 6d. delivery. Send 20/- now. Very often orders received for last Few.

Masters, Ltd., 94, Hope Street, Eyre (Send Today).

The Children’s Newspaper

Every Friday - 2d.

The Waltz Divine
The Sweet Sublime

Men and maidens waltz and fox terrier raptures are the sparkling hours — in harmony with their gaiety is SHARP’S SUPER-KREEM — the delectable sweet that, where two are gathered together, is the only possible third—the sweet with the delicate, creamy melting flavor — the perfect sweet for the perfect hour — pure, wholesome and wonderfully delicious.

Sharp’s SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

Said from the weight it is 1 lb. 8 oz. wrapped.

See that name is on each piece of paper which Toffee is wrapped.

Elliott, Prussia, Ltd.

Maidstone
"Picture Show" Chat

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

"A Good"-Looking Villain.

PEARL WHITMORE has a new director who distinctly refuses to recognise the old-time type of villain. He says that the man whose very eyebrows proclaim him to be a villain has not a chance to perpetrate his villainies. Everyone suspects him from the start. So, for Pearl White's next picture, he has selected Allen Edwards, a boyish, good-looking fellow—so good-looking that one would instinctively imagine him to be a hero. He has always played lightho in hero roles, and it is because he is so well situated for hero parts that the director has cast him for this villainous character.

Nazimova's Love Story.

NAZIMOVA says she owes her romance to being exiled from Russia. During the rule of the late Czar she incurred displeasure by playing in a revolutionary play and was banished, and forbidden to play in Russia.

This cost her to the United States, where she secured her memorable stage triumphs. She had as her leading man Charles Bryant. That was the beginning of romance for Nazimova.

Candid Nazimova.

B Y the way, this delightful little star has few, if any, feminine vanities. She tells you, with amazing candour, that she is not pretty. She has a great sense of humour, and here is a fact that is not generally known. She wears eye-glasses when not acting before the camera.

"I am very near-sighted," she said. "During my stage career this bad sight has often stood me to good stead. For instance, if an actor was particularly bad, I simply could not see him."

What Was She Worth?

AFRIEND of mine told me that a girl called at the studio the other day and suggested that she would make a star, adding naively: "All my friends say so." "But we have a leading lady," she was told.

"Oh, I wouldn't mind taking small parts at the start! I said the would-be star.

"Well, we might use you in a balcony scene to-morrow," and the casting director.

His visitor replied: "How much would I get for that?"

"Whatever you are worth," she was assured. "Dear me!" said the girl, reaching for her coat. "I am afraid I couldn't work for that!"

A British Star.

LILLIAN RICH, the petite film actress who owns England as her birthplace, is again to be seen as leading lady for H. B. Warner in his latest picture play, "Dew of Destiny."

Previous films in which Miss Rich has played with H. B. Warner are "One Hour Before Dawn" and "Felix O'Day." You will remember she recently played opposite Mahlon Hamilton in "Half a Chance."

H. B.'s Ambition.

H. B. WARNER says that when he was a small lad, he used to tell his father that his ambition was to be a surgeon.

His father, however, was an actor whose remarkable work in "Drink!" is theatrical history. This was why young Warner gave up the idea of a surgeon’s career and took to grease paint.

Was It Too Light?

ALICE LAKE, the other day, thought she would give a pleasant surprise to one of her girl friends. She baked a cake. It was one of those lovely creations, three storeys high, with coconut icing, etc. She says she wrapped it up very carefully and sent it by parcel post.

Several weeks later she received a postcard from her friend. It said:

"Thank you very much for the present. I was out when the postman came, so he put it under the door. What was it?"

Another Catastrophe.

BERT LYTTEL jumped into a crowded tramcar the other day which was packed in the most approved sarong fashion. Burt said he found himself next to an old man with a sodgy newspaper clamped against his chest.

Have You a Boy Cham?

JUST a word here. If you have a brother or a boy cham, don't let him miss next week's "Boys' Cinema." In this issue begins the thrilling serial "The Return of Tarzan," which has just been made into a wonderful serial film. A splendid new series of football stories, the real life-story of Captain Ash, cowboy and outlaw hunter, and his reminiscences of Panama Villa, the notorious bandit (who, you will remember, was wounded again the other day) makes one of the most thrilling stories of modern days. This, in addition to all the other splendid features in this real adventure-loving boys' paper.

I am reminding you in time that next week's "Boys' Cinema" is too good to miss.

Don't Forget the "Girls' Cinema."

AND now I am telling you about papers worth reading. I mustn't forget to mention the "Girls' Cinema." If you are fond of good stories, you will enjoy this splendid paper for girls. In this week's issue there are three fine serial stories, a long complete story, and a letter from Gregory Scott to the ups- to-date girl; also a special article written by Gerald Ames on "The Girl's Dance." Look out for the paper with the picture of Joan Morgan on the cover. The "Girls' Cinema" is hard to beat for stories.

Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 53.—ANN FORREST.

A NOTHER favourite of filmland sends along this photograph as proof positive that she reads, and with great interest, the premier picture paper, the Picture Show.

My Thanks—and a Promise.

I WOULD like to thank each reader individually who sent New Year's greetings to the Picture Show. Let me say here that they were more than appreciated, and every effort will be made, for enjoyed this splendid, to be worthy of your kind thoughts and praise.

Each of the fifty-two numbers of the Picture Show during 1921 will be the very best possible—the best of art supplements, the latest news and gossip, the finest photographs and stories, the most interesting life-stories of the stars. In fact, everywhere on not in the cinema world will be found in the Picture Show.

Naming the Stars Behind the Goggles.

BEGINNING right here, I must tell you that next week begins a new and fascinating competition. The prize list is $250, and all you have to do is name the star behind the goggles. If you go to picture shows, you will have much in identifying the faces that look at you from behind the horn spec-tacles, and you stand a chance of winning a big money prize. You will like this competition.

The stars have their own charts on which to rest during studio waits. Mary Pickford turns round to greet you from here, and introduces you to her director, Frances Marion.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from
page 3.)

"Rather damp reading, dad!" laughed Bert.
"Reading, my eyes!" smote the old man.
I had a dozen cream macaroons for a children's party in this paper when I got at hand, and now look at them!"

News of Tom Santschi.

I AM glad to say the condition of Tom Santschi, who, as you know, has recently been operated for appendicitis, continues to be satisfactory.

In the case of many film actors work could be resumed again without delay, but Fate has cast Santschi into the most strenuous roles, and it will be many weeks before he will be able to take up his work again.

**Jack, Now, Please.**

BESSIE LOVE, in view of her proposed visit every summer to the New York to make her home in the United States for "The Old Curiosity Shop," has spent much time recently in studying the character of "Little Nell." In this film Bessie hopes to make the part of Dickens's little heroine so realistic that the public will be almost unable to believe that they are seeing Nell in the actual scenes of her trials. That is why she insists on these scenes being taken in England. She says it would be nothing less than sacrilege to make counterfeits backgrounds in a studio.

 Custard, Apple, and Blackberry.

CHESTER CONKLIN says he could write a book on the "Evolution of Pre-theatrical Outfit." He says, in the better days of the films, only custard pies were used to smother in the face of an enemy. In the days of today, these are found to photograph badly, and open apple tarts were used. These did very well until one director discovered that it is beginning to take pictures photographed with even more contrast. They were more juicy, and ran more when they collided with the face of the victim.

A "Villain's" Collection.

ROBERT McKIM, the famous screen villain, believes that he has the largest and most valuable collection of finger-rings owned by a private individual. His first "find" that made him a collector was when he acquired an Italian ring of silver, set with diamonds, which contained a small receptacle for poison, which formerly belonged to the Di Medici family.

His next collection was a ring of virgin gold, made from gold gained in the first great Kolumbe strike; a platinum and diamond ring, once part of the Russian crown jewels; an exquisite pale ring, inscribed in Chinese and set with a large pearl; and a ring carved from a black walnut shell, and ingeniously set with a river pearl.

The latest addition to his collection, however, is a most valuable old-time diamond key ring. Maderia gold, much after the fashion of the modern oval ring, it is set with a large, flat ruby, carved with the aroth, or sacred, beetle.

Robert McKim is to wear this in his coming photo play, "There was a King in Egypt."

A Narrow Escape.

SHIRLEY MASON adds to our collection of thrilling escapes from death by telling how she was driving one day along the banks of a river with her well-known sister, Viola Dana. Descending an unfamiliar road, she did not know that there was a sharp turn, which was concealed from view, and when she reached it, she did not turn the wheel far enough round. As they went round, the edge of one of the tyres grazed the edge of a precipice one side of the road, beneath which was a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. Another inch, and the screen would have lost two famous stars.

MARY MASSARTE, the pretty British actress who is playing the part of Bessie Brownbey in the Holbein-Stoll screen version of "The Yellow Claw."

MADGIE FAIRFAX, author, playwright, and scenario editor, who has closed her contract with the Marshall-Niessen Studio.

**A Terrible Hour.**

EILEEN PERCY related an experience that occurred when she was crossing the Atlantic, and the liner was caught in a terrific storm. The waves swept the decks, as the boat plunged to and fro. The women were huddled together in charge of an officer. Mothers were crying, children were crying pitifully. Everyone was panic-stricken, and suddenly the lights went out. After hours of tense agony, the storm ceased, but Miss Percy said that she never prayed so hard as she did during those awful hours.

**In the Lion's Cage.**

LOUISE LLOYD copped all the stories by telling of her experience when she was playing on the music-hall stage. On the bill with her was a wild animal act, and an unusually beautiful lion, much admired by the star, occupied a large cage divided into two sections, with a door between and a door at either end.

Miss Lovely, believing the lion safely secured in the farther section, walked in, and allowed the door to slam behind her. To her horror and amazement she saw the connecting door between the two sections open, and the great beast walked slowly into the same cage as herself.

She screamed aloud, and fainted, and stage hands and workmen, hearing her cry, came just in time to drive the great beast off with a great deal of off her.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE."

**Notes and News From New York.**

Taking the Milk Cure.

THAT winsome young person, Mabel Newton, gave all her friends a terrible shock when she grew thinner by the hour, a few months ago, when she saw her at the theatre, and was haunted by her white face, and her eyes with their deep hollows. Mabel's eyes are so big and deep, when she looks badly they seem to cover her whole face.

On meeting her a few days later she had gone to the country and was drinking gallons of milk. Then I didn't see her for weeks, until we met at the auction of Love's things. She has got on ten pounds, and is as round and pink as when she used to make everyone laugh in famous comedy sketches.

"I am just resting," she said, and "I refuse to make another picture until I can get a story I want, and the sort of lady I need."

Mabel looked very well in a red turban, sat jointly on her pretty head, and a coat worth a king's ransom but none too good for the little lady.

**Speaking of the Thomas Salas.**

I WAS having lunch in Delmonico's with Thomas Meighan, and he suggested we go to the sale of Oliverio Thomas's effects. He said that the late poet was a dear friend, and wanted a few pieces of silver he had chosen, and wanted a few pieces of silver he had to buy. He was with Jack Pickford when many of his effects to Oliverio had been purchased. We picked up Mrs. Meighan, who was formerly Frances King, a member of the famous theatrical family, and motored down to the auction rooms.

There was something so austere and cold about this dreary place with its crowd of curious folk who gathered, not to buy, but to stare at those who did buy some mementos of poor little Oliverio.

Oliverio's friends were sad and heart-broken, but they sold the valuable stuff it was bought for. It was the only thing left for her mother to do. Jack Pickford walked out of their apartment leaving all Oliverio's clothes, her jewels, and their household effects to the Duffy family. Not being in very good circumstances, Mrs. Duffy seemed to think the only way for her to do was to sell her daughter's valuables and realize as much as she could from them. She sold two motors, and one pair of spectacles on a deposit in a New Jersey theatre.

There was nothing belonging to Oliverio too sacred to be kept away from the auctioneer's hammer. Her photographic album, and the pictures Jack had given her with tender sentiment, were hooped up on a table with her jewels. It was even heard that the friends who had admired the warm-hearted lovely girl.

**Tommy and the Cocaine.**

I WAS highly amused at Thomas Meighan's description of how prisoners in gaol and at Sing Sing get their cocaine. I have been making a picture in which the goal in New York City, and the famous Sing Sing prison are filmed. He became very good friends with the wardens, and learned more secrets of the cocaine trade than he ever knew in his life before he mingled with this strata of society.

I had luncheon with him a few days after he had left his good friends, and he told me all about it. He had a letter which contained various stamps and marked special delivery, sent to a man in gaol. The envelope looked innocent enough, but Tommy explained to me that the addressee of the letter had placed cocaine under each stamp. He had boxes of cigarettes which he looked harmless, but on closer investigation one found a tiny vial of cocaine.

"These men," said Tommy, "are clever. They are desperate too, and the combination is deadly. But the prison reform has kept hands from such schemes, and nips them more from insolvency. They no longer wear stripes, but a comfortable pair of grey trousers and any shirt they choose. The wardens certainly does a great work."

One of these days, Thomas Meighan will be gathering his facts, and putting all the statistics at his finger-tips, and is vitally interested in these guests of the State.

LOURELLA O. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

WILLIAM S. HART is very fond of children, and here you see a photograph of him with a little friend—an embryo actress.

An early morning snapshot of pretty MOLLY MALONE, a Goldwyn player, taken with one of her favourite pets.

JANE ATHERTON, niece of Gertrude Atherton, the novelist, gave up society for a motion picture career. Her first appearance will be in an original story by her aunt for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

VIOLET HOPSON, MRS. HAYDEN COFFIN, and GREGORY SCOTT chatting to Joe Plant, the famous jockey, for a scene in the new Violet Hopson film, entitled "Kissing Cup's Race," the famous poem, which has been made by the Broadwest Film Company into a fine photo-play.

"Mac Edwards," the beautiful collie which belongs to the well-known producer and player, Henry Edwards. Mac Edwards has played many parts on the screen, and in "John Forrest Finds Himself" has some very difficult scenes.

IF FRANK MAYO is bargaining for a toy, he certainly has a large selection from which to choose. It is surprising to think that one man could carry so many things.

Nobody could accuse MARY ANDERSON of being idle. While her horse has a rest, Mary gets out her knitting and plains and purts for a few rows before continuing her gallop.

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Grace Goes to Greystone.

It was daylight when Grace at last opened her eyes.

For some moments she did not stir. She had been dreaming, she thought, of a terrible dream, which although she could remember nothing tangible, seemed to have held of her every action.

Then, as she began to slowly recognise her surroundings, she tried to think, but her mind remained clouded until the sound of someone moving in the adjoining room roused her.

It was the household clearing up the dining room.

The familiar sound brought Grace slowly to her feet. She swayed unsteadily and placed her hand upon a desk to support her, while her eyes wandered round the room.

Everything was in its place; the room was as she had always remembered it. The desk was closed, and there was nothing about to suggest to her mind the happenings of the night before. She only knew that she was tired—very tired, and that she wanted sleep.

She made her way up to the room, threw herself upon her bed, and did not wake again until the morning was well advanced.

Mrs. Ferguson had entered the girl's room, and had found the door ajar. She gave orders that she should not be disturbed.

While Grace was dressing, the memory of the preceding evening struck to her with a feeling of vividness. She remembered, also, that when she had come to herself the desk had been cleared.

Her mother was in the library when she entered some few minutes later.

Mrs. Ferguson was going through her husband's papers.

She knew that in a few short weeks the Rectory would have to be vacated for the new Vicar to take up his abode in the parish.

Grace came into the room, and stood beside her mother.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced up at her with a wan smile.

"Well, my dear. There are a great many letters to write. I have left them for you to attend to," she said.

"Mother, did you see a letter addressed to Harry in father's handwriting?" said Grace, carelessly.

Mrs. Ferguson shook her head.

"Do you mean in your father's desk? No, dear. I have seen nothing of the sort. Why do you ask me?"

Grace hesitated. It was on her lips to tell all that she knew and some of the things that she suspected, but as she looked into her mother's white, pain-drawn face, and realised that what she had to say must make her more unhappy, she desisted.

"I ought not to bother you with such questions now, dear," she said, as bending her head she kissed her mother affectionately. "It just came into my head as I saw you had been to the desk.

She trailed off, and began to speak of other things, and Mrs. Ferguson, generally the most observant of mothers, noticed nothing unusual in her manner. She, poor soul, was thinking of other things.

It was late in the afternoon before Grace felt that she was free to follow her own devices. She was quite certain that it was Arthur Weston or his servant that had attacked her in the library, and she meant to bear him in his debt.

It was not until she neared Greystone, standing lonely, cold and gaunt in the early winter dusk, that she began to ask herself as to whether she would be wise to venture there about and unprotected.

Arthur Weston was a strange man. In her heart she had never been able to like him. The suspicion which had lain dormant for the last three years had now suddenly burst into a flame of fire that was to sear through her being.

Cecil Rae had died of a gunshot. A shot had been fired in Greystone when only he and Arthur Weston were there, and Cecil Rae had never been seen alive again.

And now her father had died.

The doctor said he died from heart disease, but was it so? Grace shivered and drew her wrap yet closer round her shoulders. Arthur Weston was a desperate man. A revengeful man. Could he have anything to do with the death of her father? If so what was his object? Was it because of Jesmine? Did he hold the Rector responsible? Oh, surely not. Both her father and mother had been so kind to him. No, it was not that.

Slowly the truth forced itself upon Grace. Something which he had written down in the letter which last night had been stolen. Something which concerned Harry, and which he was to know when he was twenty-one. The girl remembered how her father had dwelt on the necessity of Harry returning to England when he was twenty-one. How he had tried to persuade him to stay in the country, and also how the Rector had tried to get an interview with Arthur Weston more than once over, and had failed until a short week or so ago.

"If I could but get that letter again," murmured the girl under her breath as she stood hesitating before the great stone building which was rapidly being enveloped in darkness.

A grey mist had risen over the donk grass; the whole landscape was a mist. Not a sound broke the stillness but the drip-drip of the damp leaves of the evergreens on one side and the horse's hooves on the other. A few minutes later she was in the secret passage groping her way in the darkness. She moved stealthily yet silently, without any sense of fear.

Despite the gloomy aspect of her surroundings, it was peculiar how the moonlight set her feet in the old house, a sense of safety and peace stole over her senses. It was as impossible for her to feel a sense of danger it would have been when she was with the kind people whom she had loved and cared for so dearly in those far off happy days when she had run about the passages and corridors with Harry as her companion. She always had a sense of his presence wherever she set foot in his old home.

To her disappointment the library was in darkness; she knelt before the further panel, and cautiously felt for the opening. It was stiff and gave a peculiar little grating noise as she moved it with difficulty.

"Who is there?"

The voice sounded almost at her elbow, and the girl shrunk back scarcely breathing. She heard a sound of shuffling footsteps, and then to her relief they passed.

She dared not leave the spot, nightily round to see that every door and window was fastened, and he had gone straight for the window at the end of the passage and noise.

As Grace realised this, at the risk of being heard again, she closed the panel. It moved cautiously, as though already one.

The later proceeding appeared the most sensible.

Having made up her mind, she turned to descend, missed a step, and slid on to the next with a chatter.

Arthur Weston had just reached the window when he heard the noise behind him and he dashed off down the passage, and dropped the candle he was carrying, and so was in total darkness.

"Who is there?" he called out again in a hollow voice, and then he stood listening, every nerve alert wanting for an answer.

But there was only the deep silence—the silence which was beginning to be more terrible to him than any noise.

He dared not leave the spot, but stood tense and on the alert, waiting for the person or thing or whatever it was, to move again and make some sound so that he could get its whereabouts.

Meanwhile Grace had cautiously descended the steps in a sitting position, until she came to the steps which led under the conservatory.

Here she rose to her feet and ran.

She was tired but not overcome. She took the sandal, and felt the cool, moist air on her face.

She had thought it would have been an easy matter to beat Arthur Weston in his own house, but now she knew different. If he had discovered her there that evening!

She shuddered at the thought.

All the way home she was trying to think of something to say to Jesmine in the library.

The doctor? Her mother! No, neither of them would do.

And even now she, at present, had only her suspicions. She could actually prove nothing against Arthur Weston. It would not be fair or kind to worry her mother when she was already stricken down with her own misfortunes.

(Continued on page 8.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF TOM MIX.

TOM MIX.

The Romantic Life Story of the King of the Cowboys.

Everyone who goes to picture shows knows that Tom Mix is the King of the Cowboys, but few realize that underneath the blue shirt of the cowpuncher beats a heart that is attuned to romance. Tom is magnificent in many strength when he rushes into a herd of stampeding steers, throws, or as he would say, "bull dogs" one, and behind, the quivering flesh hurls down the heroine and saves her life, as he did in "Treat 'em Rough."

Tom as a Lover.

Tom Mix would never win a prize as an ideal lover; he draws a gun much quicker than he can pay a compliment, but sometimes I think that Tom's rough-and-ready chivalry must mean more to a woman who sees him on the screen, than the studiously correct lover of the films.

Tom Mix expresses in action, admiration, friendship, love, where other people speak it. All who have seen Tom in that last close up, when, after proving his love by a hundred acts of sacrifice, the time has come for him to tell the heroine, "I love you," must have been moved to pity for Tom in his awkwardness, when trying to tell the old, old tale.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

The truth is that any city clerk with a well-pressed suit and a cheap tie could give Tom a three furlongs start in a five furlongs race and beat him. It is the close up that closes Tom down.

Like all men who have lived a life of action, he cannot act.

On the screen, as in his life, Tom does things. A real cowboy, he imbibes his respect and admiration for women, because most of his life was spent in the solitudes where the dainty foot of Eve never trod.

Under the starshine, crooning the soft melodies that kept the cattle peacefully grazing or sleeping, Tom, like every other man who rides the ranges with a horse carried lightly in two blankets on the saddle of his poney, dreamed of a wife and home.

He found the woman of his dreams—the woman whose face he had seen dimly outlined in the white feecy clouds when the pale moon shone behind them. He found her in Victoria Forde, herself a cinema star, and those who love Tom Mix, the many man of the screen, will be glad to know that the woman he sought in the starshine of the ranges came to him at last.

A Real Cowboy.

As you may know, Tom has been a cowboy all his life. During his early days he was to be found wherever there was a chance of excitement; cattle roping, bull-dogging, fighting, bandit hunting were a few of the things he did before he entered motion pictures as one of the hard-riding "extra" cowboys, who lent colour and excitement to the old-time Wild Western dramas. His dare-devil feats soon won him promotion to the task of playing "double" for a leading player who did not possess much horsemanship.

No feats are too daring for Tom Mix; he regards broken wrists and sprains as a necessary, if uncomfortable, part of the day's work. A story is told of him that one day his director was showing him a number of Remington paintings. One was of a cowboy thrown from his pony, being dragged by one foot, caught in a stirrup, and after seeing it Tom went away with a thoughtful face. The next morning he went up to the director with a happy smile.

"I can do it," he said, pointing to the picture of the cowboy. He was actually filmed in the three ensuing productions, doing this dangerous "stunt," and refusing to "fake" the scenes in any way.

Author, Star and Director.

Like most other film stars, Tom finds that his day is fully occupied. His favourite hobbies are boxing; he has a specially constructed gymnasium at the back of his home, where he has a round daily with his sparring partner; swimming, reading, and motoring. Tom has written many of the plays in which he has appeared, and has also directed them himself.

One of his latest productions is "Prairie Flowers." It is adapted from the well-known novel of the same name, and is a sequel to "The Texan." In it he presents many new stunts, said to be the most thrilling he has ever attempted. Other pictures in which he has appeared are "Six Shooter Andy," "Treat 'em Rough," "Rough Riding Romances," "Fame and Fortune," "Cupid's Round Up," "The Coming of the Law," "Roaring Reform," "Western Blood," "Ace High," "Mr. Logan, U.S.A.,” "The Wilderness Trail," and one that will shortly be seen over here, "The Feud."
"Manacled By Money." (Continued from page 3)

As to Doctor Swayne, Grace wondered how much she could tell him of her suspicions. Dare she put them into actual words? Would not the doctor be incredulous, or, if he believed her, would he be likely to convey it to the police? That would mean publicity fer her mother as well as herself; something from which she had been discreetly kept. And then, again, what could she prove against Arthur Weston? There was only her word about the letters, and she was torn from her father's study the night before. No one had seen her attacked and drugged.

As the thoughts passed through her mind, she suddenly remembered Harry. After all he was the person who should act.

Crossed across the Park, and took the short cut through the woods. Her mind was made up. She would write and tell her suspicions to Harry.

The letter did not take her long to write, although she had so much to say. It was with a little sigh of relief that she posted the letter. Now she could give her attention to her mother, who so desperately needed her help. She would try to get back the letter if possible, but she felt it was now destroyed. It was scarcely likely that Arthur Weston would keep a paper which he did not want his cousin to have.

Arthur Weston was with her mother when she returned. He could be of no help, he explained, as his restless eyes scanned Grace's face.

Mrs. Ferguson suspected she had left them together. She, poor lady, was in no mood for visitors, and although she liked Weston, she felt at the present time a certain effort was required to meet anyone but her own daughter.

"You have been out this evening, Grace?" began Arthur.

The coldness in the girl's voice was unmistakable.

Arthur had stretched himself out in the Rectory's favourite chair, with a pipe between his lips.

Grace looked at him almost with repulsion. How was it possible that she and her parents had ever thought kindly of this man?

He glanced up sharply, and caught the expression on her face.

"Grace," he said, "may I ask you why you have changed towards me? You used to be kind, even friendly, and now—" he gave a short laugh over it all, "you don't even speak to me. Would you tell me what I did to make you change so?"

"That is what I cannot understand, and I want you to tell me why.

"Are you leaving for sooner now towards her, his unhomely face wore an almost boyish, eager expression.

In spite of all her preconceived convictions, Mr. Ferguson was most expressive when incensed. Arthur Weston chose to exert himself so as to create a very different picture. Grace was not about to let him go away about him. The man who now sat regarding her was totally unlike the Arthur Weston of a few nights ago. Yes, he was arrogant, and Grace was not experienced enough not to be impressed.

She also had misjudged him. Was it his servant she had disturbed in the study? Yes; she was certain of it. Grace managed to draw herself up to her full height.

"Mr. Weston," she said, "last night a letter was stolen from the desk in the library. I disturbed the thief and I recognized him."

There was a short silence, and then Arthur Weston stood up from his chair and the girl was standing on the hearthrug.

"This is interesting, although I do not see what it has to do with this subject we are discussing. Someone stole a letter—tell me all about it."

He spoke frankly, without the slightest suggestion of guilt.

Grace was bewildered. She had seen expression on his face when Weston's face when the doctor had said her father was dead, yet now, when she was seeing him as being a thief, he did not appear to turn a hair.

"Mr. Weston. It was your servant who entered that room; am I either or you came back and drugged—me."

"Grace, are you really serious?"

"I am. The letter was addressed to Harry Rae, Mr. Weston. No one could possibly be interested in its contents but you."

"You think, that, do you? You believe that I would do such a thing?"

There was reproach in his voice, and a certain dignity. Arthur Weston was not the type of man to allow a girl to frighten him. Besides, he knew that he was safe. Mrs. Ferguson had made no move to call the police. Grace had evidently kept her counsel. He knew that it must be she who had entered Greystoke earlier in the evening, and had he not come round. He felt he must know what was going on.

So he allowed a smile to twitch the corners of his mouth.

"Really, you must forgive me, Grace, but your story—is it not just a little wild? My mother. Surely you must believe that? And this evening, with that girl."

He threw out his hands as though in bewilderment.

"My dear girl, you must see how very improbable and wild it sounds. You had a nightmare last night. It was natural after the shock your voice sustained. Think, now. Was it not so?"

Grace was about to make an indignant retort when she caught his eyes again, and expression on the face of the man before her. It passed swiftly, but Grace saw again the evil glint in the eyes of the dead man she was dealing with.

After all, she had written to Harry. There was no sense in putting his cousin on his guard.

"I do not think I dreamed it," she said hesitatingly.

Arthur laughed aloud, and to her consternation caught at her hand and lifted it to his lips.

"You dreamed it, Grace," he said. "My dear, I am sure you did."

The Proposal.

THERE weeks had passed away. The funeral was over. It was their last night in the old Rectory. Ferguson had been offered a cottage in the village, and here she was prepared to go.

Mrs. Ferguson was always known that her husband was poor, but he had certainly not expected to leave them so soon. Affairs proved to be a very happy widow. Grace would have to earn her own living. Mrs. Ferguson also would have to find some way to live. This was a very able woman, and she realised she was no longer young. All her life had been spent in comparative comfort and happiness. Grace felt at the same time when she realised the true state of their circumstances.

She was packing up a few treasures which would be taken to the cottage in the morning before the sale of their now superfluous furniture. There were a number of books she had sent away, and she counted some of her father's, which he had kept in his room. These were of little value as she knew, and she felt no qualms at keeping them.

There was his Bible and prayer-book, his book of meditations, and yet another. A rather humorous affair bound in shabby leather with a heavy, old-fashioned brass clasps. There was also a letter, which had often been seen in it her father's hands, but never open. It was a diary, complete from the first early year of the deceased's life to the day.

She turned to the last entry, New Year's day.

"The day he died."

At that moment Mrs. Ferguson entered the room. She walked hurriedly and not at all in her usual manner.

"Here you are, Grace dear," she cried. "I have been all over the house looking for you. Oh, my dear. I don't know quite how to tell you, but it seems just like providence to me. Arthur says he will tell Greystoke if you like. In fact, he seems most anxious to do everything to please you. He really is a very nice man, do hope you will like the idea as much as I do."

Grace stared at her mother in undisguised astonishment. Never before had she seen her mother so excited and apparently uncurved.

"Whatever is it, darling?" she asked, placing her arm round one of the older women, and gazing down into her face.

"It is such a relief, dear. I have been so looking forward to this, although I have tried so hard to keep it all to myself, and now this has happened, and it is a way out for us all. Arthur can marry you and go away. We shall, of course, all be poor, but we can all keep together. It is just what you have always been wanting, is it not?"

"I don't understand in the least," said the girl globally.

Mrs. Ferguson looked up at her, her expressive eyes full of tears.

"Winston is downstairs, my dear," she said unsteadily. "He wants to speak to you, Grace. He is an honourable man, and has made very many promises. He wants to marry you, dear."

(Another instalment of this thrilling story in next Monday's "Picture Show")
LITTLE JACKIE COOGAN was discovered by Charlie Chaplin, who gave him the title role in his film "The Kid." This film, by the way, has not yet been released over here. A photograph of Charlie with his little protege, of whom he is very fond, can be seen on this page.

While on his recent visit to New York, Charlie either wrote or wired his little friend two or three times a week. He believes that there is a great film future for Jackie, and has had the boy's name billed in letters as large as his own in the announcements of his new picture "The Kid."

A Bad Boy—For the Films!

JACKIE is now enacting the bad boy in "Peck's Bad Boy," and he is thoroughly enjoying his part, for he has to get into a scrape almost every minute. There are many amusing incidents in this film, which is being produced in Los Angeles by Irving Lesser.

A sudden spill! Traffic laws did not worry BILLY WHISKERS, who was providing goat power for JACKIE. It wasn't Billy's fault that there happened to be an obstruction in the middle of the street. This is one of the amusing incidents that will be seen in the forthcoming production, "Peck's Bad Boy."
The True Artiste!

I should like to know how many of you have seen that wonderful British film, "The Lady Clare." I am sure that you will agree with me that no country in the world has produced anything finer.

Beautiful scenery unfolds itself before our eyes, with British artistry, possessing all the traditions of their own country, and the plot is Tennyson's immortal ballad. It makes one proud to know that we are coming into our own at last.

Sir Simeon Stuart is a very handsome and dignified Earl of Robarts, and he shows great dramatic power. In some ways Sir Simeon is unfortunately a rival of his baritone—for he owes to his rapid advancement in filmland not to his title—but to his art—his rapid advancement in filmland.

A Bucket of Water and a Hot Day.

SIR SIMEON STUART.

It is a present he would be what he is—no artist! This is not only my humble observation, but the opinion of one of the greatest producers in London.

A bucket of water and a hot day.

SIR SIMEON STUART told me an amusing story about his adventures in "The Lady Clare."

Sir Simeon is a generous old fellow, and he says he is not very fond of hot weather. He has been out in the rain, and I took the risk of going out into the wet clothes, and I was drenched with the heavy rain, and I died.

"The producer left me twenty-five minutes in my wet clothes, and I went on and rehearsed the people, who were supposed to find my dead body the following morning. But at the end of that time I was dead, and my clothes were quite dry!"

The Lily-White Doe.

SWEET MARY ODETTE is a dream of immortality, youthful beauty as the Lady Clare. Her spontaneous, joyous movements are a delight to behold—and if it is frequently stated that the screen betrays the innermost thoughts and personality of the artist, Mary Odelette is quite one of the most lovely film stars in the world.

Those wild, exuberant spirits—and she has heaps of that spirit in her coming home across the country one day, the house she lives in is a mess, and when she gets back she says, "My dear, I'm coming in first."

One should always live in Lord Tennyson's poem:

"There is a wonderful collection of animals in the production."

"Of course there is the Lily-White Doe," Mary Odelette lashed out at me, "and a very large, green Indian bird, but the Lily White Clare, I constantly carry about in one hand, and a rabbit, and a kangaroo, and a hedgehog, which I had to pick up and bundle."

Mary Odelette, the Humanitarian.

"These animals," Mary Odelette told me, "are the only ones that I have not been able to persuade to go to their owners, that I would personally care for them.

The Doe's Surprise.

But the underlying was no secure," said Mary Odelette, with a merry twinkle in her dark eyes. "It was impossible to find a tame doe, and the wild one strongly objected to film acting, and human beings in general." I am quite certain that the film would have been minus "The Lily White Doe" had it not been for Mary Odelette's courage and perseverance. To the doe's great surprise she continued patiently feeding it, and petting it, to return for its wild surroundings, until eventually it came to love her.

The Lizard Who Escaped.

On my last trip to India, Mary Odelette told me, "the lizard escaped, and as everyone knows from watching it—it must have started on its journey back to India, if I had not been there to pick it up."

Mary Odelette knows not the meaning of fear; she is afraid of nothing, and feels no repulsion for any living creature; that is why, if it needs her help and pity, she can look after the most loathsome being, for she sees not its loathsome-ness, but only its need for compassion.

A Heated Discussion.

I had tea with Jackie Hobbs the afternoon, and I expect many of my readers have already left their hearts to his fire, exalting performances of Lord Ronald, who gallantly won his fair "cousin," the Lady Clare.

He has a red curly hair—and of course he is tall and upright, with the gayest smile in the world, and one isn't a bit surprised that the Duke of Wellington, in "The Lady Clare," chose so handsome and gallant a fellow to be his aide-de-camp.

To return to Jackie Hobbs' hair, he takes an amusing story about it. We went into a cinema to see the picture. And he said next to two girls, who were complete strangers to him.

Whenever he appeared on the screen, he saw that they became very argumentative, and wondered what on earth about himself could cause so much excitement.

"I know it is," said one hastily!

"And I know it is not!" retorted the other with equal determination.

"Well, watch the next time," said the former.

Jack Hobbs waited anxiously to know the reason of the serious discussion.

At last there was a flash of himself.

"There you are!" cried his neighbour in triumph. "I told you so! No does have his hair Merrel waved!"

A Brilliant Young Actor.

JACK HOBBES is not only good to look at, and a typical Englishman—during the war he served as a sergeant in the Royal West Kent—but he is one of our most brilliant young actors on the legitimate stage and on the screen. Possibly, many of you saw him in "The Grain of Mustard Seed," at the Ambassadors. He also played in "Time to Wake Up," and "The Humble Poet," in the "Headquarters," at the Playhouse, and in "Laughter at Park," at the Criterion, and in "The Brown School Days," "The Lady Clare," "The Rat at the Window," "Shuttle of Life," and for the Famous Players-Lady.""The Call of Youth."

Jack Hobbs is a member of the brilliant British Actors Film Company—and he is tremendously happy with them. It was my good fortune to have luncheon in their studio.
OUT OF LUCK

In contrast to the many happy moments we have shared with these stars of filmland, they have their out-of-luck moments, as we see here.

CHARLES RAY contemplates his broken bicycle many miles from home.

ELSIE FERGUSON needs a friend—
in "Lady Rose's Daughter."

VIVIAN MARTIN finds a friend in need—
in "Molly Entangled."

BRYANT WASHBORN
Said it cold without
his coat in
"Mrs. Temple"
Telegram.

GLORIA SWANSON
will wake up to more
trouble in this
coming D. Mille
photoplay.
About British Players

STUDIOS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS

not long ago. The studio belonged to the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm, the famous painter, and his magnificent house, which is really more castle than ordinary dwelling, stands in the romantic rounds. The British Film Actors' Studios are certainly situated in an exquisitely lovely district. There is a real atmosphere of exquisites and good fellowship about the whole place.

Wanted a Wife.

JACK HOBBS declared he wanted a wife, but I warn my readers it is not easy to know when he is in jest or earnest. "She must be able to ride, dance, and play the piano," he told me, "because I adore dancing." When I asked him: "What attracted him to pictures?" he answered with his merry, boyish laugh: "Want of money! I was tempted, and I fell!"

FEWLASS LLEWELLYN.

Dr. JENNEN, in "The Lady Clare," is one of the dominating characters throughout the performance. So natural are Fewliss Llewellyn's movements, so subtle his expression, that he is the distinguished doctor whom he impersonates to the life. Mr. Llewellyn leads a very busy life. I snatched a few minutes' conversation with him the other morning at the Ben Greet Academy of Acting, in Bedford Street, Strand.

"Teaching is my hobby," he said; and I must confess that, looked at as if he enjoyed it.

THE VALUE OF MOVEMENT.

Mr. FEWLASS LLEWELLYN has played in "Dombey and Son." "Goodbye," and, of course, in "The Lady Clare."

British films are certainly coming to the front," he declared. "There is an atmosphere about them that means we are going to do things. There is tremendous value in movement, movement with reason, with knowledge behind it. A student who begins to understand such values jumps ahead at once."

A First Film.

MRS. FAIRE, who is playing in "Paddy The Next Best Thing," at the Savoy Theatre, is now at work on her first film, at the Alliance Studios. She tells me that she likes the work immensely. During the war she devoted her time to nursing the wounded. Betty Fairer won the scholarship at Tree's Dramatic Academy. She played the Proud Princess in "Once Upon A Time." Betty Fairer is dainty and charming, but she leads a very strenuous life. When last I saw her it was nearly six o'clock one foggy afternoon—and yet she had been doing exteriors in golden sunshine only a few miles out of London.

Now I've got to hurry away to 'Paddy,'" she laughingly said, when we parted.

WILFRED NOY.

WILFRED NOY, the famous producer, told me the other day that he has been associated with film work for eleven years. For a joke, he once took the part of a sergeant of police. Then he was asked if he would like to try his hand at producing. In the office he was handed some rough manuscript and asked to show how he would treat it, and the result was satisfactory, and he commenced to produce straight away. In those days a scene mine was created out of black paper, but such make-believe times are past; since then, for filming purposes, real coal is used, and I had a mining engineer to help me fix up such a scene," said Wilfred Noy, "so that it would be absolutely correct in every detail.

"At the Clarendon Film Co., with whom I was associated, we turned out twenty five films a year, until long subjects came in. Then they made me a director, and so I remained until it was transferred to the Harman Company. When I left, I became a free lance producer until I joined up, and now of course, I am producer for the British Actors' Film Company."

The Phillips Film Co. Present "The Lady Clare," by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

William Noy's Six-Parti British Actors' Photoplay.

Scenario by Dale Lawrie.

THE Earl of Robhurst (Sir George Stuart) is an elderly bachelor. Lady Julia Medwin (Mary Forbes), the widow of his only brother, is anxious that her little son, Lord Ronald, shall inherit the Robhurst estate. The Earl fails ill. Dr. Jenner (Fewliss Llewellyn) tells Lady Julia that the Earl must have a nurse in constant attendance. Lady Julia, terrified that a pretty nurse, and a certain Frenchwoman, dangerous to the young, selects the country for the safest woman procurable, and her friend and confidante, Mrs. Thrale (Lena Halliday), helps her.

Artifice and Ugliness and Sympathy.

MRS. THRALE confides this story to her friend, Clare Hampden (Winifred Evans), who succeeds in making herself ugly enough to satisfy Lady Julia, who engages her.

Clare's sympathy to the broken man influences him, and when she is about to leave him, he asks her to marry him—and when Lady Julia hears the news, the Earl has already married his nurse.

The Countess, however, dies on the day her child is born, the Lady Clare. Dr. Jenner finds a young foster-mother, Alice (Barbara Everest), who is persuaded to part with her own baby so that she may entirely devote herself to the heiress.

One day Dr. Jenner notices the marks of cowpox on Alice's hand, and informs the Earl that she will never have smallpox. Soon after an epidemic of smallpox attacks the village; the Earl sends his baby daughter away with Alice. But Alice longs to see her own child; takes Lady Clare to her own home, far away from the plague; but on the journey across country the child develops smallpox and dies. Alice succumbs to the sudden temptation of substituting her own baby for the dead Lady Clare.

Love and Happiness.

SIXTEEN years later the Lady Clare (Mary Odette) has grown into a beautiful girl. She has many suitors, but her sole passion is for her pet animals. She likes no one so much as her cousin, Lord Ronald, but on account of her obvious un readiness for love, he refrains from pressing his suit. Lady Julia urges him to do so, and so secure the estate, but in vain.

The Marquis of Hartlepool (Charles Quartermaine), the Earl's cousin, is in love with Lady Julia, in need of money, and tries to kidnap the little heiress. Lord Ronald discovers the plot. He fights a duel, and the Marquis is killed. Clare's heart opens to love, and Alice reveals her secret, but, in the end all is well, and finishes with Tennyson's famous lines:

"If you are not the heires born,

"And you shall still be Lady Clare."

EDITH NIXMAN.
"There's something about that girl—the one right over there—right in the one on the right. I mean—that lifts her out of the ordinary chorus type."

Stephen Forrester, man about town, rode up, and offered a chair to Ruth Eggn, the manager of the Orpheus. "You're a little out of your element."

He waved a fat, jewelled hand to a attendant, and whispered a message. "Tell the guests, the 'Brat,' straight as a piece of pie."

"Fate!" she exclaimed, "I don't know you like you introduce yourself. Not, that these kids stand about and collection any more."

"Sure, she is a hit quaint!" said Ruth. "The Forrester family like you introduce?"

"That's what I thought," he said to Forrester. "Straight as a piece of pie."

"Thank you, Ben."

The Brat came up to Forrester as he was thinking of these things.

Rufe Eggn sat in his seat with an effort.

"Mr. Forrester wants you to know, dear. I told him you were with me!"

"I have no idea what you could mean."

"I thought you'd just tell us this guy you'se too!"

"But I've never heard of him."

"He was on the point of telling Forrester quietly to leave the girl alone, when she caught sight of the man's face, and was crimson with mortification. Also, Ruth remembered that at the last board meeting he had been told by the chairman that the theater was going to be sold, and had decided to attack the girl.

"Who's the matter with you?" he growled.

"You ought to be proud that a gentleman speaks to you!"

"This fresh guy a gentleman?" sneered the Brat.

"I've never heard of him."

"You ought not to be so calm."

"You ought to be proud of the Brat!"

"The Brat walked back to the stage. He realized what was going on, and after weeks of weary rehearsal at starvation rates of pay, she had lost her job, just as he was about to sell to a swell of comparative luxury. But she was not sorry.

"What's the matter, kid?" said the assistant stage manager.

"I'm just glad it's over."

"I'm just glad it's over."

"Truth is just the one thing those guys don't give, kid," said the old man. "There's a show opening at the casino. Go there to-morrow morning and mention my name to Davies."

"Davies?" said the girl, as she shook his hand.

"When she got outside the theater it was raining—not spots, but in sheets.

She sheltered in the porch of the stage-door for some time and her face seemed to indicate that sipping her wrapper thin coat toward her and fixed the storm.

As she got on the curb, Stephen Forrester came towards her. He had been waiting for her. His experience told him that hunger is virtue's most dangerous enemy, and he felt sure that this miserable-looking girl would be glad to stop and talk to her.

"Have I got my ear free? Come and have dinner with me."

"If you really want, I'd be glad—"

"You would give me the price of a sandwich?"

"I'm starting, but I—I don't want to interfere and take you back."

Her little hand flashed out and caught Forrester on the cheek.

"The incident was witnessed by one of Forrester's pals, who was passing, and it made Forrester furious. There was only one way of saving his dignity. He called a policeman and gave the Brat in charge for assaulting him.

"But he had to be told by the chairman that the theater was going to be sold, and had decided to attack the girl.

"I'm just glad it's over."

"I've never heard of him."

"You ought to be proud of the Brat!"

"The Brat walked back to the stage. He realized what was going on, and after weeks of weary rehearsal at starvation rates of pay, she had lost her job, just as he was about to sell to a swell of comparative luxury. But she was not sorry.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled.

"You ought to be proud that a gentleman speaks to you!"

"This fresh guy a gentleman?" sneered the Brat.

"I've never heard of him."

"You ought not to be so calm."

"You ought to be proud of the Brat!"

"The Brat walked back to the stage. He realized what was going on, and after weeks of weary rehearsal at starvation rates of pay, she had lost her job, just as he was about to sell to a swell of comparative luxury. But she was not sorry.

"What's the matter, kid?" said the assistant stage manager.

"I'm just glad it's over."

"I'm just glad it's over."

"Truth is just the one thing those guys don't give, kid," said the old man. "There's a show opening at the casino. Go there to-morrow morning and mention my name to Davies."

"Davies?" said the girl, as she shook his hand.

"When she got outside the theater it was raining—not spots, but in sheets.

She sheltered in the porch of the stage-door for some time and her face seemed to indicate that sipping her wrapper thin coat toward her and fixed the storm.

As she got on the curb, Stephen Forrester came towards her. He had been waiting for her. His experience told him that hunger is virtue's most dangerous enemy, and he felt sure that this miserable-looking girl would be glad to stop and talk to her.

"Have I got my ear free? Come and have dinner with me."

"If you really want, I'd be glad—"

"You would give me the price of a sandwich?"

"I'm starting, but I—I don't want to interfere and take you back."

Her little hand flashed out and caught Forrester on the cheek.

"The incident was witnessed by one of Forrester's pals, who was passing, and it made Forrester furious. There was only one way of saving his dignity. He called a policeman and gave the Brat in charge for assaulting him.

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"You ought to be proud of the Brat!"
appearance of Mrs. Forrester, Angela Vanett, and the bishop.

While the three were talking to MacMillan, the Brat went up to Stephen.

"I didn't give you away," she said, "but it wasn't for your sake, but for him! He is a gentleman. I can't think how he came to have a brother like you!"

She went to the fireplace and slipped on her shoes.

"Guess I'll be going now," she said to the novelist.

"I'll be here sharp to-morrow morning for the new job."

As she passed out, she gave a saucy back kick for the benefit of the bishop.

"Really, MacMillan," said Mrs. Forrester, "I think you might study more. It is all very well writing about that sort of person, but when it comes to meeting them under one's own roof -"

The unloosed sentence was eloquent of what Mrs. Forrester thought.

"Oh, Mac was ever a knight errant to beauty in distress," said Stephen maliciously.

"The girl is necessary, say I," said MacMillan quietly. "After to-night Gone out of your need of me. She will lie in my study."

"I should have imagined you might have found more congenial types to write about," said his fiancée quite candidly. "Only surely it is not necessary to go for the gutter for your heroes?"

"Not always, but as a rule, these people are much more interesting than the average society woman," remarked MacMillan, with just a tinge of defiance in his voice.

The Work Begins.

THE Brat was on time the next morning and MacMillan got her to tell him about her struggles on the stage.

Especially did he wish to hear about the incident that had brought her into the police-court.

The girl told him all that had happened except the name of the man who had insulted her and then tried to get her put in prison. MacMillan took notes of all she said, and began to build up the character of his heroine from the bits as told to him by the Brat.

The book, which had hung fire before, now progressed swiftly.

The novelist felt that, whereas before it had been a dead thing, it now bristled life —real life, not the imaginings of a mind bound by the four walls of a study.

As for the girl, she found life very pleasant. MacMillan treated her with a kindness and civility she had never known before. She had respected him from the first moment they had met. Then she had begun to admire him, and finally fell in love with him.

But she never let him know of a passion which she quite realized was hopeless.

Had she known it MacMillan was gradually falling in love with her.

He saw under the surface of that child of the slums a nobility of nature that he had not found in Angela Vanett, and often he found himself dreading the day when he would have to marry the cold beauty who was so cuddly correct.

But as the Brat took care to hide her love under an appearance of banter and aspersion, so did MacMillan conceal his passion under the grave kindness of an elder brother.

The only thing that worried the girl was Stephen Forrester.

She soon found out that although MacMillan cared a lot of money, Stephen spent it more quickly than his brother made it.

One day, when MacMillan was busy writing Stephen came in and asked for another loan.

For the first time MacMillan protected.

"Really, Stephen, you will have to pull up," he said.

"I was surprised to find out how much you had taken, as I went through my papers the other day. Here is the key of the safe. Take what you want, but just try to make it last till I can earn some more."

With a muttered grunt of thanks Stephen took the key and locked the safe, throwing the key on the table.

Without looking up from his papers MacMillan pushed the key to the Brat.

"Look after that for me, please," he said.

Days passed and the Brat overheard Mrs. Forrester and Angela talking about a big charity benefit at which Angela was going to dance.

All her life she had longed to be a great dancer, and when she heard the two women talk about the wonderful "Rabbit Dance," which a famous professional was going to perform, her thoughts went back to the theatre. It was the big dance in "The Girl with the Eyes," and she had been understudy to the principal dancer before she got the part.

"Gee! But I should just like to show them how that dance ought to be done," she said to herself.

 Fate moves in mysterious ways.

On the night of the great benefit the bishop, who was the chief organizer, came to the Forsters in a panic.

The professional dancer who was to have danced the "Rabbit Dance" had sent word at the last moment that she could not come. Nobody knew better than the bishop that, although the rest of the programme was being carried out by amateurs like Angela Vanett, it would be a sign that the professional dancer was appearing that she had sold the tickets.

"It's like those people. One can never trust them," he said hopelessly.

(Continued on page 18.)
THE BRAT. (Continued from page 17.)

If it's Mamie Swan's dance you are worrying about, I guess I know it backwards," said the Brat.
"I'll do it for you if you like, I was her understudy at the Orpheum.
At any other time the bishop would have snubbed her, but now he jumped at the offer.
"It will be really good of you if you will," he said.
"I suppose you could do it?"
"They said I could beat Mamie at it," said the girl easily.
"Don't worry, I'll pull you through,
Angela Vanett was furious. She had wanted the bishop to ask her to do the dance, but she thought it was hardly dignified to offer her services now. Her vanity received another rude shock when MacMillan turned to the bishop.
"I'm certain the Brat will do it as well, if not better than I've been said.
The Brat looked at him with grateful eyes. Praise from MacMillan meant more to her than any success she would achieve.
"I'll get my old dress from the theatre," she said.
"Where's the show?"
"I'll take you," said the novelist.
"Run along and get your dress and I'll drive you."
It was the last straw to Angela Vanett's pride.
She knew that the dance she was doing was nothing more than a pose in a pretty costume, and her instinct told her that the Brat would be the success of the evening.
"But not if I can help it," she muttered to herself, as she went away to dress.

The Dance.

This first part of the charity performance went fairly well. Angela Vanett was applauded, but the applause was as artificial as her dancing. The truth was that Angela's figure looked better in a smart trick than in the loose crepe robes that she wore as the dancer.
She might have realized that the truth of that old saying, "Tartitude uncovers a multitude of sins," and Angela's limbs would not have made a sculptor rush to her for a model.

After the interval came the Brat's dance.
To the girl's delight the old assistant stage manager at the Orpheum had been sent to manage the show.

The great thrill in the dance was when a shot was fired and she was killed in the middle of her dance.
"Don't forget the man, old sport," she said to the stage manager.
"One loud report, and I'll do the lingering death act so that Mamie Swan will look a washedwoman kicking the bucket."

With a glad look he tripped on the stage.
There was that sudden in-take of breath of the audience that marks the silent appreciation of talent.
The Brat could dance. Her feet never seemed to touch the stage. She danced like a wild thing of Nature, easily, graciously. Perhaps the greatest tribute to her genius was given—quite unconsciously—by the sixty-second matron, pillars of charity, and very stout pillars, too, in a physical sense.
They had seen their own daughters tripping heavily on the stage, looking more like elephants than fairies, and the twinkling feet of this common girl filled them with envy.

In the wings Angela Vanett looked at the dainty dancer with hatred in her eyes. A little in front of her was the stage manager, holding the revolver in his hand that was to fire the shot—the one for the great death scene.

Angela had laid her plans.
She staggered forward and fell at the feet of the stage manager.
"Get me some brandy!" she gasped. "It's my heart!"

Then Angela did a far better bit of acting than she had shown in her performance. She collapsed in such a realistic manner that the stage manager forgot all about the revolver he was holding.

He rushed to get the brandy and fetch a doctor.
The moment came in the dance where the shot ought to have been fired.
The Brat danced on and at last she could restrain herself no longer.

"Shoot!" she called in a hoarse cry.

But there was no shot.

Only the solemn face of Angela Vanett, with hard staring eyes, glowing in the downfall of her rival.

The Brat danced till the music finished, but no shot came, and the curtain came down.

The brilliant dance had ended in a fiasco.

As the Brat rushed off into the wings she saw the stage manager looking very bewildered, with a flush of bravery in his hand.

"Why didn't you shoot it?" she sobbed. "You spoilt my act."

"I didn't think I had," said the old man.

"This woman threw a dummy faint, and made me go for brandy."
The girl looked at Angela Vanett, and the truth came to her in a flash.

She rushed off the stage, changed her dress, and dashed into the street.

Outside was MacMillan's car. She ordered the chauffeur to drive her to the Forrester's. Her one desire was to get the few things she had there and get out of the house before MacMillan could look for her.

She was too proud to let him know the mean trick she had played on her. As she had shielded his brother, so she would shield Angela Vanett.

(Continued on page 25.)

VINCENT COLEMAN A Film Actor Who Is Never Idle.

VINCENT COLEMAN is surprisingly clever at making all sorts of things; from lamps shades to furniture, and he wastes no time in the wait between scenes at the studio or in his dressing-room at the theatre, but employs the time in making things that most people would consider worthless into things of use.

An interviewer found him one day cutting up a silk coat which was part of a discarded fancy costume. This silk was converted into a beautiful lamp-shade for his dressing-room.

A Home-Made Room.

VINCENT'S home is, indeed, a home-made one, for there one will find an umbrella-stand, hat-rack, book-cases, smoke-stands, card tables, picture frames, and many other things, all made by Vincent; while on the walls are several oil paintings from his brush. Then there's a great big couch—one of the really "comfy" kind—and he even made that, too, from a cheap iron bed with the posts sawn off.

Films in which He Has Appeared.

Here are some of the films in which Vincent Coleman has played: "Should a Husband Forgive," "Partners of the Night," "Good References," and "The Dress of Destiny."
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Modern Clothes and Their Effect Upon the Figure—The Round-Shouldered Habit—Its Effect on the Health—A Remedy—The Picture Girl's Frock.

There is a noticeable tendency among girls that the modern fashion of keeping only a little bulk, to develop the round-shouldered habit. In a great measure, I put this down to the wearing of the big coat with large collar that hunches high up into the neck. To procure a little extra protection from winter's chilly influence, the wearer of the big coat is inclined to huddle her chin well into the soft collar, and incidentally hunch the shoulders up at the same time. When the coat is worn, the round-shouldered effect is not so noticeable. Although it is certain that the ungraceful figure is given to the silhouette. But when the big coat is off or wrap is left off, the hunched effect of the shoulders is more noticeable in a thin blouse or frock, and far more seriously looking.

The girl who desires to look her best always must never for a single day neglect to comb her hair. Her style should not do her justice as far as the shape of the head is concerned. She must learn to apply her hair to advantage, and be careful never to fall into ungraceful habits of walking or sitting.

Watch the Screen.

CAREFUL study of screen actresses will reveal the importance of things you have seen ungraceful walk upon the screen, or an ugly sitting posture. Never, I am sure, will you find charm and grace in exaggerated delineation of the screen star, and that is why each and every one of them looks so beautiful, and appeal to you naturally. Elise Ferguson is a perfect lesson to every girl who watches her acting upon the films. Utterly graceful and beautiful is her walk, and her manner is always charming. This is the secret of the screen star's success--to a great extent, anyway. Of course, many of them are wonderfully clever actresses, but many of them are not so beautiful as others are perfectly appealing on account of their charming manners and movements.

Just now it is an age when fashion for the bride has to be carefully selected. Waists are softly huggable, frocks fall straight from the shoulders, and collar fall away from the neck, or in the manner of the huddle up into the neck. These styles are comfortable, but they have invited the girl to allow her shoulders to droop, or to shun forward in a manner that is unbecoming, and robs the body of both grace and youth.

The round-shouldered habit is an easy posture to adopt, but those who indulge in it will sooner or later regret their folly when they find that they cannot assume such a thing as it is to get rid of. Later on when Dame Fashion, always fickle, turns her fancy to another girl who has become round-shouldered will regret the fact that she ever allowed her shoulders to sag.

Round shoulders mean sunken cheeks and poor circulation, and round shoulders mean quickly taken off clothes and poor decoration; therefore round shoulders will not be expected to dress beauty. Whether it is laziness or just the desire for rapidity, no one knows, but the loose way in which girls sit nowadays is noticeable. Their blouses have no shoulders, the filmy material, loops over the belt, all the way round, corsets are neglected above the waistline, and support but not of health, and waists are high or low as the sad may take

No. 28, 1914.
A becoming frock specially designed by the Editors of HOME FASHIONS.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the blunders at not as a prize, but a criticism.

I went to see Marion Swain in "The Transgressor," and noticed that when the doctor had got the child out of the burning house at fearful risk, both came out on the lawn, the woman for fire, not even the child's lovely curls. I thought this seemed to spoil the whole picture, and several friends thought so too, and awarded Miss X. Clarke, 4, Newbold Street, Leamington Spa, Warwickshire.

In "The Innocence of Ruth," leading players return home from a late dance. One side of the road is a row of houses with their charge along,—a awarded to M. Gregory, 13, South Place, Ewell Road, Surbiton Hill.

Constance Binney playing the part of Juliet in "The Test of Honour," gives a violin recital, and the film shows the audience appreciatively. One sees Juliet drawing her bow across the violin, but her left hand never moves. By this, she must have played only four notes all the time, as a violinist "makes" notes by the fingers of her left hand rapidly pressing the strings,—a awarded to Miss Meg Maxton, Millwall Place, Sandwich, Kent.

In regard to film faults, the hero in "The Lone Wolf" has to cross the English Channel by aeroplane. During the flight nothing is seen of the water, but everything is land and buildings,—a awarded to Henry Pace, 2, Laleh Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

PATH THE SUNBEAMS

The Week's Best Jokes.

(By Permission of Messrs. Paul Frere.)

Kindly Stranger (to pedestrian knocked down by motor car): Are you hurt?

Pedestrian: "I don't know, I haven't seen my lawyer yet."—(Le Rire.)

Mrs. Tattle: "Have you had much experience as a maid?"

The Miss: "I worked for the Scrapple-styles for six months before they separated."

Mrs. Tattle: "I'll engage you. Now tell me all about it."—(Boston Globe.)

At a recent wedding in Buckinghamshire the bride carried a handkerchief that had been in the bridegroom's family since 1010. We should like to know the name of their linen. (London Opinion.)

First Man: "How does your wife like having a Kittie?"

Second Man: "Fine! You should taste some of her Nealites.

A cook and £2,000 disappeared from the same house the same day. It was probably her pay say down the hole. (Killingworth.)

Jack: "Have you heard that Kalle has left off drinking?"

Frank: "Has he? What did he die of?"

(Grills, Stockholm.)

No man really knows a woman like a book author who has tried to put her on the shelf.—(Car- boonous Magazine.)

First Lady: "Since my husband has taken up this idea of adopting French towns, I've not seen much of him."

Second Lady: "But how interesting! What town has he adopted? Paris?."—(Passing Show.)

To the mother of a large family life seems to be one damned—stocking after another.—(Toronto Evening Telegram.)

Guest (at crowded hotel): "How much do I owe you?"

Vendome: "Let me see, your room was—"

Guest: "Didn't have any room. I slept on the billboard table."—(Pearson's Weekly.)

She: "Did you know that Ethel has a dark room especially for proposals?"

He: "I did. I developed a negative there myself last month,"—(London Weekly.)

Jack: "Did you hear of the awful fright Frank got on his wedding day?"

Jack: "Yes, I was at the church. I saw her."—(Black.)
Beauty hints for young and old

By 'CYNARA!'

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"PRUH" is free from risk—it is quite harmless and far superior to all ordinary depilatories.

"PRUH" can be applied whilst preparing the toilet—it takes but a few moments, and leaves the skin perfectly soft and smooth.

Simple instructions in each box 2/9

**FACE POWDER THAT BEAUTIFIES**

does not parch the skin or cause wrinkles to appear. It protects the beauty that lies in the skin, and enables one always to be fresh and youthful-looking. It is supplied in the daintyest of Art, Tortoise-shell boxes—just the thing for the handbag—and contains three times the quantity of powder usually supplied. Realise the saving this means?

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"WILLOWAVE" has a benedictent, cleansing effect on the scalp; assists the follicles to spring into life, thus initiating a thick, luxuriant growth, full of beauty and charm.

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**THE EDUCATION OF NICKY.**

James Knight and Marjorie Villis in a Charming Love Story.

A PICTURE is now approaching completion at the Harma studios which, it is believed, will prove one of the most delightful films of its kind. It has been adapted from a story specially written for Harma by May Wynne, and is entitled "The Education of Nicky". It is a charming love-story, set in a typical British atmosphere.

**The Story.**

JAMES KNIGHT takes the part of Nicky, a rich young Canadian who has recently come to this country on a visit to well-to-do relatives, who, having made their money in trade, are seeking their way into the best English society.

Nicky is deeply attached to his pretty cousin, Chloe, played by Constance Worth; but her mother has other plans for her, and desires her to marry a retired colonel with City connections. Thus, as so often happens, the course of true love does not run smooth, and a few more complications are caused by the intrigue of another charming young lady, Trice, who is well-known in society as being in search of a rich husband. This part is played by Marjorie Villis.

Other characters in this splendid film are played by Mary Rorke, Winifred Sadler, Frank Weathersby, Doreen Courtenay, Capt. Stephenson, etc.

There is some delightful scenery in this Harma film, the exterior scene having been taken in the picturesque district of Lynton, Lynmouth, North Devon.

One of the delightful scenes taken in North Devon for this new Harma film, "The Education of Nicky." Nicky (JAMES KNIGHT) and Chloe (CONSTANCE WORTH) go on a fishing expedition.
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1,000,000 FREE DISTRIBUTION.

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To-day all the leading Actresses, Cinema Queens and Society Leaders make "Harlene Hair-Dril" a part of their daily toilet, and willingly testify to its hair-growing and beautifying results.

Healthy, radiant, abundant hair makes all the difference to woman's appearance (and man's, too, for that matter); and now you have the opportunity to try the "Harlene Hair-Dril" method of securing and maintaining hair health and beauty free.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR—WRITE NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to be a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

This is really a Four-in-One Gift, for it includes:

1. A bottle of "Harlene", the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.

2. A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing Champé Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Dril."

3. A bottle of "Uzên" Brilliantine, which makes a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."


Do not delay in sending for this Hair Health and Beauty Gift. The demand will be great, and early application is desirable.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 1s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzên" Brilliantine at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; and "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct, on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Edwards Harlene, Ltd., 29, 22

4, 21, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. 1.

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I WILL HELP YOU!

When I was fat I was uncomfortable and unhappy. I steadily gained weight. My double chin was a sight. My friends smiled, others jeered. My mental and physical suffering was unbearable. I tried all advertised remedies. I sweated, drugged, exercised, starved, and wore new-fangled contraptions that were said to reduce weight; but they all failed.

I WAS DESPERATE.

I gave up buying nostrums and new systems, and began to THINK as a substitute for paying out money. I just reasoned and read. As I read I reasoned. I learned the CAUSE of fat. Then I laughed at how easy it would be to remedy it all. I worked out a plan. It was all so easy when I understood. To reduce fat is simple to me now, and I have reduced myself to my correct weight. I have no double chin now; I look fifteen years younger, and feel fifteen years younger. All conditions consequent on superfluous fat have left me. I am so happy that I want you to share my happiness with me. I have published a book on my simple, easy, drugless home treatment for superfluous fat that explains how you can reduce yourself just as I did. It will save you money, save you doctors' bills, and perhaps save your life. This book looks you a gift of your experience, and I know you will enjoy it. I'll send it free if you will write me. All I ask is that you pay the postage.

DOROTHY MINTO.
(Photograph: Claude Harris.)

I can tell you. But, in case I leave the impres- sion on your mind that Miss Minto is in the habit of running about seeking to be inter- viewed and to make a point of note that I had already arrived at the Little Theatre when the young lady in question came running down the stairs in search of me—her fair hair rioting (as those novelists are so fond of saying) about her—and that it was simply due to the call-boy's—more blunder that the little star came out of her haven to find me, the humble speaker, on stage doors, instead of my finding her. Still, it was a grand day for me.

But to get to the real business in hand. (You see, I'm neglecting my work already.)

A Wonderful Picture.

To commence with, I will humble myself in the dust by confessing that Miss Minto has done more film work than I had ever dreamed she had, and that is in consequence of my ignorance I was somehow labouring under the delusion that she might not be interested—really interested in her pictures.

But I was wrong. (I often am. It is a fault to which the best of us are prone.)

"I am interested in everything," remarked Miss Minto at the commencement of the proceedings—thereby opening a wide field to me—and I can quite believe it. She strikes one just that way, radiating as she does the very joy and thrill of living.

"Well, then, films," I began, feeling decidedly cheered.

"I Love Them."

"FILMS!" she echoed. "I love them! Let me see—I appeared in my first in 1916. Can't you remember? I'm a comedienne thing. Since then I've played in 'Once Upon a Time,' 'The Glad Eye,' "I will," 'A Little Bit of Fluff,' and 'Here she paused for breath—'I've just finished 'The Game of Life,' "for Samuelson."

Wonderful!

As this film has not yet (at least at time of writing) been shown to the trade, Miss Minto did not feel at liberty to divulge more than a few details, but from what she said it must be one of the biggest pictures done in England. Her enthusiasm for it was infectious and unbounded. The one word which seemed to her to fit above all others was 'wonderful.' The chief roles were 'the most wonderful one could have.' Tom Reynolds, her co-star, was 'the most wonderful I have ever seen.' She said she would like to say to his assistance, and Mr. Samuelson (for whom Miss Minto has the greatest admiration) was 'wonderful producer.' But the one thing which must be wonderful judged, especially, as Dorothy said, it contains something of every emotion.

WANTED: PRODUCERS.

Dorothy Minto on a Crying Need.

A Coster Girl.

This period it covers is from 1837 to 1887, and Miss Minto portrays a coster girl throughout. Adorably as she does so if the character portrayal she showed me is anything to go by.

"She is quite different to anything I have ever played in my life," she said, "and is a mixture of broad comedy and pathos. It has certainly afforded me richer opportunities than I have been given in film work hitherto, but I enjoyed it immensely, although never again could I do it. I find the work simul- taneously as I did in this case. I do not believe anyone can satisfactorily. That is why I am making no plans for further film work or that I am playing at this theatre. Contrary to some opinions, film acting is very trying and very difficult, and I think it demands one's undivided time and energies. I think it is a great pity and a great waste that stage people—up to at least some of them—are prone to treat film acting as a side issue, that they do not take it more seriously, whereas, after all, it is closely allied to their own special branch of dramatic art. Indeed, I cannot see how you can separate the screen from the stage, when, really, is film acting but the old art of miming?"

"The Producer's the Thing."

With a great many other celebrities, Miss Minto holds the opinion that in film-making "it's the man who makes the picture." That in Britain especially there is an urgent need for more and more men of directorial genius; men of stage as well as screen, who not only have the technicalities of their art at their finger-tips but possess the faculty of keeping their players and their audiences in good humour.

"You must work with your producer and he will work with you," said Miss Minto. "A man who knows your temperament, and the make-up of the flier of an eyelash. A really good producer can make an artisan do anything. At least I have found so."

As an instance of the pitfalls into which producers and film personalities are apt to fall, Miss Minto mentioned one certain "costume" picture she had recently seen, in which the crowd and the stage were amazing, for what, really, is film acting but the old art of miming?"

The Fatal Re-fake.

She has also insisted the habit of retaking scenes (which so much prevails in this country), as a mistake fatal to the attainment of the best artistic effects, remarking that by the time a picture has been taken nine or ten times in succession, without the stimulus of an audience, and with a property which is but a shadow of light on her face throughout the proceedings, she is incapable of giving of her best when the critical moment for the final shot arrives.

"In America they don't shoot a scene until the director is absolutely certain of the effects he wishes to achieve," she said.

She also expressed the opinion that close-ups are utilized far too little in British pictures.

A Film Maniac.

For two years Miss Minto has, as she expressively puts it, a "film mania," and like most of us, has"her particular screen favourites. These are Valentino, Paulino, Mary Pickford, Sunset, Hayakawa, and Charlie Chaplin, whom, she considers, almost for great, too wonderful to talk about. "I am sure," she would like to portray on the screen are such as some Gladys Brockwell has given us.

MAY HERSHEL CLARKE.
FILMS OF THE WEEK.

"Two Women." Anita Stewart. (Vita-graph). A very human picture showing the characters of two totally different women and how they influence the life of a man. Exquisite scenery and excellent acting; with the lovely Anita Stewart in a delightful role. The story by James Oliver Curwood.

"Hot Red Dollars." Charles Ray. (Paramount-Artcraft). An iron foundry in the scene of Charles Ray's latest play. Though the story is slight, the film is full of interest, and the popular star, as a foundry worker who saves his employer's life, and is made his adopted son, gives an excellent performance. Gladys George is the heroine.

"Whom God Hath Joined." Marcelle Paul and Paul Capellani. (Gaumont). An artistic domestic drama touching on the French system of arranging marriages. A young wife who seeks romance almost as the price of her life's happiness but finds out the truth by it is too late, and a husband who is prosaic and hard-working are the two chief characters. Excellent acting by two very well-known French artists. A true-to-life story, especially appealing to women.

"The Tree of Knowledge." Robert War-wick. (Paramount-Artcraft). A splendidly produced film-play, by C.-De Mille, introducing a remarkable prologue. The cast is practically all-star. A young Englishman, played by Robert Warwick, is confronted by a woman from his past, who tries to wreck his life. The modern daughter of Lithuan, however, is defeated. Brilliant acting and photography.

"Into Temptation." Alma Haslen. (Triumph). A gripping story with a strong human appeal. It shows what happened to a girl who craved for luxury and scorned the humblest of home. Average production.

"Telemachus' Friend." Robert McRae. (Ray Art). An O. Heavy story in two reels. A most amusing tale of a henpecked husband who tells his wife and married his wife. Very good fun, are in to compete.

"Flames of the Flesh." Gladys Brockwell. (Fox). Lady Brockwell as a woman who seeks revenge for the wrongs done her in the past, who finally makes instead a great sacrifice. Strong drama, well acted by the whole cast. Reproductions of Paris night scenes remarkably shown.

"Lady Noggs." Joan Morgan. (Progress). A particularly delightful story of a little orphan peeress. Adapted from the stage-play by Cicely Hamilton, it will be enjoyed by all young readers. With Joan Morgan, a great favourite in the revue "BBBly," plays the stellar role, and is charming and clever throughout. Excellent.

SERIAL.

"The Terror of the Range." Betty Coombs and Group. (Pathé). Melodrama in seven episodes. The hunt for the Terror introduces many thrilling adventures. Betty Coombs is delightful as the heroine. The whole play goes with a fine swing.

The "Picture Show" Critic.
AUTHORS AND THE SCREEN.

HAD anyone suggested to any of our well-known writers a few years ago that they might well use their talent for the screen, the idea would certainly have been scoffed at. It is true that eventually there is a number of amverse literas men a discrimination to associate themselves—that it be through the media of their written works—with film. But I do not think this attitude will long continue, since the lead now being given by some of our most popular writers is certain to be followed.

Among those who have definitely undertaken to write for the screen are Arnold Bennett, Edward Knoblock, H. G. Wells, Compton Mackenzie, and several others, whose works have been a deep interest in motion-pictures may result before one in his deciding to write for the screen. As per

AMANDA writes:—Your recent article on named authors are now gaining a higher standard of quality, and the talent and imagination which our best authors can bring to its aid will be all to the good of the picture-play of the future.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable portion of the publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue?

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"EXECUTED AMBITION" (Southampton).—Nothing about your works by authors who have grown quite an expert in that line after all the applause. I have read, and I am very sorry you have left the stage. I've always admired your work and always read every one of your books, but I/dialog me wondering. I wish you would tell me why. If the reader is that lady real name as far as I can recall, Jane Anne, American, and Thelma Brown is also in Russian, French, or Polish, but American, too, is a wonderful old dame. Isn't she? Tom Moore is nearing sixty, and Maurice Nether Cierc is only three years. Irving Clowright was born on Oct. 39, 1885, in New York, and is married to Ruth Burnley. Mary Miles Minter was born on April 3.

"SWEET WILLIAM" (Kate).—Thanks for the bouquet from the family. Poetry is never seeming out of course to a harmless individual like me before. "Phineas Finn" was by "Rudyard Kipling," the poet's name. Fred Morgan was the actor in "The Fritchie." Yes, it is a pity when a long and exciting film is divided in the middle in between. And the audience, I suppose, feels a bit let down.

N. B. and F. D. (Birkenhead).—Sorry if I have made you wait, but I have been short of time recently, and I have not had the leisure to write. I am sorry to hear that you have not been well. I hope you are now better and have recovered.

"FROZEN" (Barnes).—"The Miracle of Love," Wyndham Standing was olive Herbert, and Jacki Samuels was Miss Herbert. The others were: Lacy C. D. of Harwicke, Blanche Davenport (Honour Davies of Cholmondey, Percy Standing (Harry Olton), Edward Earle (Howard McColloch), E. Watson Davis (Edward Harrick), and E. M. C. (Emily H. C. Richardson). In private life is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke.

G. B. J. (Isleworth).—At present we haven't most of the postcards you want. Address the Picture Show Postcard Dept., 7-9, Fitzroy Street, Lodgment Hill, London, E.C. 4, for any others. James Currell is nearing fifty-five, Ruth Roland will be twenty-five this year, and Pearl White will be thirty-two on March 4th.

D. (London, E.).—You ought to have sent your "Film Faults" on a postcard. Florence La Haie died some time ago. I'm sorry, but I haven't seen her since I saw her last. I'm glad that you like British pictures better than you did once.

D. W. (Flintshire).—Don't you consider that anybody who reads the Picture Show wastes his time by spending more time than is necessary. I don't think that I should like to look at him. Mabel Bollin was Grace Penelope in "The Iliad." "Blows Hot, Blows Cold," Donncream. At the moment of writing this article, your favourite characters are being published. In "The Romance of a Country Girl," the players were: Mary Miles Minter (Rosalind), Margaret Spalding (Walter), Minna (Frieda fuller), and Allan Forester (Edward Cudlina). The latest addition to the cast is the one I think is going to.

DEVON ENTHUSIAST (Ilfracombe).—Am I ever cross or grumpy? Oh, sometimes, and then I generally have a good reason for it. I am more exigent than dazzled in some other opinion who might prove more fortunate. I have not read the book you mention, so I cannot give you any film information. Well, that's going to keep us both busy. In "Audubon," the artists were Vincent Lee Corbin and Francis ('Carpenter, sorry, but I don't keep track of the usual comically, as costs are reduced. Yes, I will try to give you some information. If the other artists do not reveal the information you want, "Koko," ('Cattell).—Hope you receive the copies of the "Girl's Cinema" all right. "Arthur's" Maguire, Manora Thew, and Charles Rock were in "Chateau." The first picture was a simple matter, but it is another story to no more. No, Mary Osbourne, who was formerly known as Ottilie, is marrying a young, and French, for this was born in Dipsne.

"Tal'wich" (Tal'wich).—Sorry, no information to hand as yet regarding your two favourites. They have yet to learn the "sweet" word of film before I believe.

W. M. B. (Ealing).—I'll let you off this time if you promise to be good and follow the rule at the top of these answers an you write, after you find that nobody worries about poor Wyndham Standing of "The Miracle of Love." Birthplace, London, born August 28th, 1880. His height is 5 ft. 1 in. and his colouring brown hair and grey eyes. "The Law of the Land." "Rose of the West," "The Miners of the Earthbound," are some of his films. Your attempt to describe me is not a bad guess, though it does not quite hit the mark. "Miles" (Cudlina).—J. M. R. (Lavenham). Dina (Barbey Hill), E. R. (Barnes). "Taffy" (Wolfgang), A. H. (Bingley), J. D. (Hylten). Come, let me address you all together. Lilian Hall is twenty-two years old. Mabel Normand plays for Goldwyn. Fund Bennett is married to Fred Noble. Berle Harrison is married to Leah. Henry Edwards was born in Westmor-street, Harwich. Henry Harwood, who had a Walchamp was born on July 24th, 1924, and has hard grey eyes. Angle Lowe, whose name is George Bryant, and William Farman to Oliver White, Jonathan, and Robert Finch.

MARKS (Galt).—Hepworth Thatcher was born in London, but does not disclose her age. Her films see "The First Men in the Moon," "The Green Inferno," the last having been released.

"Nanny Salt." (Shepperton).—Nay, lack, I've never seen a page of this page. It all depends on how I am and then you add. Do I am always very jolly and savvy. So I am always very sorry, but I didn't feel insufficient to ask me anything?

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTS.—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once write and sign with your name the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a copy, 5d. stamp, to the "Picture Show, Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the "Picture Show," but writers are advised to always give their full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the Picture Show to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Figures keep these addresses for reference.

(IWEN NAKES, care of Samuelson Film Co., Worton Hall, Esher, Middlesex.
MARIE (Harwich).—We have received your letter, 25, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
GEORGE WALSH, care of Fox Film Co., 135, West 47th Street, New York City, U.S.A.
FRANCISCA BERTINI, care of London Independent Film Trading Co., Ltd., 4, Dean Street, London, W. I.

Guy Noyall and Job Dike will be pleased to hear from you by Ebury Street, London, S.W.1.

MORE ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

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"Last the time of three."
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 54—LILA LEE.

Lila Lee is here seen stealing a few moments from the studio to read her favourite picture paper, the Picture Show. Lila is fast becoming a great favorite over here.

Our Grand New Competition.

How do you like our competition? Isn't it all I promised you? This week's large knowledge of film stars. I am sure you will have great fun identifying them—and think of the chance of winning a big money prize! An evening's fun a week, with the chance of a prize. I know you will be pleased.

Our Art Plates.

Our Art Plates continue to delight a large number of readers of the Picture Show, who write weekly to say so. This week's beautiful art picture of Anita Stewart is in answer to a large number of requests for a portrait of this dainty star.

London Slavery Story Filmed.

Merely Mary Ann," adapted from the famous novel, and stage success of the same name, by Israel Zangwill, has been made into a delightful film by the Fox Company, with Shirley Mason as the little drudge of a London lodging house. You will remember the story of the friendless little slavey, who worshipped the young master, whose art was his only asset. He was about to offer her a post as housekeeper, when Mary Anne comes into a fortune. How the course of true love was made to run smoothly after many hardships is depicted in one of the most sympathetic productions I have yet seen on the screen.

Accomplishments for Films.

"What every woman knows" is another of J. M. Barrie's plays to be filmed. Lois Wilson is playing the leading part, and she tells me she learned to use a typewriter, and to knit socks on four needles, both of which accomplishments were required in the photo-play.

His First Screen Appearance.

Lyn Harding has been on the stage for over thirty years.

Remarkable Experiences.

It is not only American cinema actors who have remarkable experiences. Listen to this. Holman Clark, the well-known stage actor, tells he walked through Cappadocia, dressed as the green genie, with a string of camels, for the film version of "The Brass Bottle." And then again for the first film version of "A Message from Mars." The other evening, Mr. Holman Clark in the part he created on the stage, that of the messenger, walked through Hyde Park in his arm chair.

Praise From Betty Compson.

Betty Compson thinks that the English girl is the finest woman in the world for a man to marry. "They know far more about the problems of life than did their carefully chaperoned ancestors, and although they retain all their femininity, they have the advantage of knowing how to face the real facts of modern existence. Work does not destroy feminine charm, but rather augments it, and it is not to be wondered at that men are seeking for wives, women who are capable of looking after themselves and their homes, and at the same time appearing as charming as others who are more or less helpless."

The butterfly girl always has a passing charm for the masculine heart, but men tire of her and her invariable companion helplessness. The girl who, in the hard school of worldly experience has learned to manage her domestic affairs efficiently, and at the same time delight her husband by being an "all weather" butterfly, eventually displaces her more unreliable and fragile rival.

And Miss Compson should know, for the admirers she rules on the screen range from hard-living, hard-riding cowboys, to immaculate ornaments of society drawing-rooms.

Sworn Allies.

Teddy, whose photo appears on this page, and John Henry, Jr., Mack Sennett's stars, are sworn allies and devoted friends. The tragic story of this Great Dane seems only equalled by the faith of the lad in him. Picture patrons familiar with this duo of screen actors and with their numerous stunts, hazardous and thrilling.

According to his trainer, Joe Simpkins, Teddy is the only one of five Great Danes that he has succeeded in reducing to docility and subjecting to successful training. He (Simpkins) left on his person the marks of the fangs of the preceding four Great Danes he attempted to "educate.

According to Mrs. Davis, her son, John Henry, Jr. is just as fine a lad in the bosom of his own home as he is on the screen—all boy, untrained and dear.

Her "Benny" Screened.

William Farnum tells a good story of how he was invited by a friend to spend an evening at his hotel. He was waiting for his friend in the hotel lounge, and fell into conversation with several strangers. One fellow apparently fancied himself very much as an actor, and told several wonderful stories of his talent in that direction; mentioning also that he had played with William Farnum. "Is that so?" asked Bill, slightly bored.

"Yes, I played with him for more than a year, and for the life of me I can't understand why everyone is raving about him. For my part, I don't think there is anything about him to warrant such a tremendous fuss."

"Well, there is no accounting for taste," remarked Farnum dryly.

"You never said a truer word!" explained the man, with the assurance of the public speaker who thinks he has the sympathy of his audience. "Do you know he's not particularly handsome when you get close to him. Not half as good looking as you are, for instance."

"You don't say so," declared Farnum. "But what kind of a man is he to work with?"
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 2)

"Well, I don’t like to spread unpleasant reports, you understand, but confidentially, he is what we call a stage hog. Wants to keep in the centre of the stage, and all that kind of thing. Rather a disagreeable personality, too!" And so on.

And the wonder of it all was that the popular star let the man rave on without trying to disillusion him in any way. He says he likes to see anyone enjoying themselves.

Tom Cannot Drive a Car.

THOMAS MEIGHAN, all-round sportman as he is, has confessed that he cannot drive a motor-car. In these days when every star has two or three, and vie with each other for exceeding the speed limit, this is indeed a confession!

The Only Casualty.

WESLEY BARRY met with an accident last week, when he fell from his horse. Wesley was pretty shaken up and bruised, and had to spend a day in bed. But he reports that the only casualty suffered was the loss of two freckles through his remaining out of the sun for a whole twenty-four hours.

By the way, Wesley and Colleen Moore gave a party to over 300 Los Angeles orphans the other day. The affair took the best part of a day: a sight-seeing bus ride through the city and a matinee performance at a theatre were two of the items.

A Delightful Spot.

For the scenes of the coming Stoll photo-play, "A Gentleman of France," the most important member of the cast crossed the Channel to film the exteriors. They stayed for a while at a real old French inn at Audrie, small but fascinating. One was a wonderful old room, having the old French fireplaces, in which blasted logs, wonderful old rooms, the structure of which he had not been touched for at least a hundred years.

However, the company had reluctantly to leave the old inn, for the strange reason that horses, required for the production, were unobtainable in that hilly, mountainous district, so they went on to Nice.

Two Birthday Dinners.

JOHNNY JONES celebrated his twelfth birthday this week, as did his birthday friends. On that day scenes were taken for the filming of "A Day’s Diet," the 11th "Edgar" episode.

In the story, Edgar’s country cousin has his birthday, and the two boys spoil their appetites for dinner, by eating a marvellous amount of assorted fruit. On Johnny’s birthday these eating scenes were photographed, and when Johnny got home he found his real birthday dinner waiting for him.

Did he eat it if you ask? "I’ll say I did," is the way Johnny puts it.

Viola Doesn’t Worry.

VIOLA DANA doesn’t possess a single streak of pessimism. She says that hard times do not worry her, as she has learned so many things through acting for the films that if she were to wake up one morning and find herself one of the unemployed, she would have to do would be to brush up the trade she has learned.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks are working day and night to get their pictures up to tag along with the Allied force for England. They expect to leave here in February, and to make several pictures with British settings. Their reception when they were in England last spring is mainly responsible for this desire to return.

Roscoe Gets Cold Feet.

EVERYONE was laughing at Roscoe Arbuckle before he sailed for England.

He would declare nothing could keep him from his foreign trip one day, and the next he refused absolutely to go. It grew to be such a joke among his friends, everyone was betting on whether or not "Patty" would leave New York harbor, that the odds were in favour of his going, for it was known he had been planning this trip for months. When finally he did reach the Aquitania, and stayed on board until the ship pulled out of harbour, those who were wagering on his voyage were greatly reduced.

He spoke to me in high spirits over his adventures promised abroad, but later in the week, when the time grew near, he got a bit sanguine. Everyone wondered if he is afraid of the ocean or merely so patriotic he disliked leaving the U.S.A.

"He need not be afraid of the sea," said a well-known man, "why he is so fat he could float."

Norma and Eugene Dance Together.

The lady who came to the Newton ball to mingle with the celebrities was, dated when Eugene O’Brien fell Norma Talmadge out on the floor for the first time. They danced perfectly, and made such a stunning-looking couple there was a regular chorus of "Ohs!" and "Wows!" Eugene says to Norma, you always reach a leading lady, and does not care who knows it. There are others who say the same thing, and regret the Talmadge-O’Brien team was broken up when Eugene reached the starring class.

Elliot Dexter to Go Abroad.

The fact that Elliot Dexter has only played in roles calling for lame heroes since his breakdown has made everyone believe he is permanently disabled. It is true he is not the robust, healthy young man whom Cecil De Ville selected for his lead in "Land," but neither he is not in the delicate state of health attributed to him. He is still the splendid artist we know of yore.

Mr. Dexter plans to go abroad and try a change of climate. He has had an offer to make a picture in England, but for the time being he will merely recuperate in the sunshine of Great Britain.

Returns to Her Work.

AFTER the death of Robert Harron, Dorothy Ship could not be persuaded to return to the screen. For several months she kept away from the Griffith studios and paid no attention to motion pictures. But that time has passed now and she is back at work, devoting her time to her profession as a film star and trying to keep a brave and smiling face. It will be a long time before she forgets the charming young man for whom everyone in the studio was in love, but she has her life to live, and she is sensible enough to be in love.

LOVELY O. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

A charming photograph of PAULINE FREDERICK as she appears in "Roads of Destiny."

An interesting photograph of dinner at a mandarin's house. This is one of the very elaborate scenes in Sessue Hayakawa's Robertson-Cole Production, "The First-Born." Sessue Hayakawa, the wonderful emotional actor, is a great favourite with all picture-goers, and they will eagerly await the release of this splendid photo-play.

MRS. MARGARET MANN, who has played so many "mother" parts on the screen.

FRANKIE LEE has his own "camera," and takes CLAIRE ADAMS in a dramatic scene.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD "snapped" at home before going for her morning gallop.
Diary Records.

MARY him? Mary Arthur Weston? Mother, darling, surely you are not
Grace stared at Mrs. Ferguson incredulously, and then she took a good look through the
search which she had experienced for weeks after that memorable Christmas eve, when she had gone to Greystone, believing it to be a
and any, the household, had prophecies then that Mr. Weston would one day become his
and although she had not coveted the idea, it had startled her all the same. That
had happened so long ago that she had forgotten the moment, and now it all came back to her with a rush.

Mrs. Ferguson's lip was trembling. Grace knew why her nearest and dearest had kept her up all through the terrible trouble of the last few weeks. It was appalling to think that she would have to give her child to suffer more. In Mrs. Ferguson's imagination the marriage would mean that there would be bad times in the family to help and protect them. But Grace did not intend to yield. If Fate had decreed that she should marry Arthur Weston, she would fight fate.

To give herself to a man whom she firmly believed to be both a thief and a murderer, could she help to her family; of this she was quite assured.

Mother, darling. I have never even liked Mr. Weston, and I certainly do not understand
and these last few weeks I have grown to detest him. I believe he is a wicked man.

"Grace! Surely there is no need to talk like this," Mrs. Ferguson interrupted. "I should be the last to force you to do anything against your inclination, but Arthur Weston is our friend. I have always found him most kind and condescending. I should have been proud to have had him as my son-in-law. He is very sensitive and shy, but these are not bad qualities in a husband. He tells me that he has a little money enough to keep you in comfort. He even spoke of having some part of Greystone put in repair, but I think he was speaking in a fit of temper."

"It is not his to sell," cried Grace indignantly. "But it is, Grace," said her mother. "My dear, it is a natural thought with you. But I was a perfect right to do with his own as he pleased."

Grace was silent. She had no reason for saying anything. She knew that her mother would not sell her, if he wished, but the words had rushed to her lips as the conviction came into her mind.

For there was a silence, and then the mother, slowly realizing already the opportunity which she thought her daughter was throwing away, called her to one side. Her tears could no longer be held in, and to the girl's horror, she began to sob aloud.

"Neither you nor the children know what it is to be really poor. Mr. Weston talked of saving their little penny and tramps for them to retire on, and buying back the Rectory's chair. I can't bear to think of any stranger using it...

Again there was a silence, and then the mother, slowly realizing already the opportunity which she thought her daughter was throwing away, called her to one side. Her tears could no longer be held in, and to the girl's horror, she began to sob aloud.

"You are not thinking of going to Greystone, are you? Grace Bretton has learned that her mother murdered in silence, when she was alone, but it had not been allowed to interfere with all the sad duties with which she had to contend.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ARTHUR WESTON is given by his aunt, Amy, a thousand pounds, and she also leaves Greystone to him in trust for his
son Harry. ARTHUR RAPE has a quarrel with Arthur Weston after Mrs. Rae's death. He cannot understand his mother making such a will:
and determines to go out to Australia.

REY. FERGUSON tries to make peace be-
tween Weston and Harry before the latter
agrees away, but is unsuccessful.

GRACE FERGUSON, the young lady, is a great beauty of Harry's. After he has left
she goes to Greystone Manor, and sees her father and his family, then
later she hears a shot.

CECIL, R. F. Fergason's father, is found dead in the woods the next morning, and it is pro-
claimed that he has committed suicide.

Arthur's only daughter, Jessie, is thrown from her pony and killed.

He dines at the Vicarage on Christmas Day and finds out that he is known about the twenty thousand pounds. He tells Mr. Ferguson that it was stolen from
his pandas, and this Christmas Arthur hopelessly goes to Greystone Manor.

The matter later Mr. Ferguson is found
dead in his chair. Arthur Weston has given him money to go to Australia, and
the doctor's verdict is heart failure, and no one suspects Weston, and she writes to Harry.

The Ferguson had that they will be very glad, and Grace will have to go away
to earn her own living. But one day Mr. Ferguson summoned Mrs. Weston, and tells her that there is a way out of their diffi-
culties—Mr. Weston wants to marry Grace.

Grace flung herself out of the room. She wanted to get out into the air. To stay longer and continue the conversation was impossible. Grace said a few words and left the room. She was half hoping that she would return, but the door closed, and she was left alone.

With her eyes blinded once more by tears, she stopped to pick up the book which Grace had in her impertinence had let fall. One was her husband's diary.

She read it, and once again the full measure of her loss swept over her. Then, very reten tiously, she began to turn the pages.

It was all the happy, peaceful life together. The birth of their children, and all the sacred thoughts of a good man. She turned to the page. It was so neatly depicted on every line of her countenance, and then she came towards the end.

Christmas Day. Mrs. Weston's last Christ-
mas, when they had all been so happy.
Could it have been only some short six weeks ago?

Went to dine with Weston at Greystone Manor. It was very sad to see the old place in such a state of neglect... I wish to judge no man, but I fear that Weston is not honorable. Sometimes the doubt comes into my mind, when I am with him. I have it was very sad. He has had much trouble, poor fellow, but he is suffering with a diseased mind. We were poor, always poor, and we thought that it was because we were so wronged, and very good eights. At Christmas time, no doubt, one may be allowed a little licence, but when one has a debt to pay as he has, I thought the extravagance unnecessary. The liqueur was so strong that I have had a headache in my throat ever since, but I presume it will go off.

She was informed that he would soon be putting the place into repair. I was glad, as I did not wish to remind him again that Christmas will be eighteen months from now. Sometimes I wonder if Weston will be willing to give up Greystone when the time comes, but I think that... justice is done. I noticed that Weston threw a phial into the fire while he was thinking. The thought passed over him that he might take drugs. But this is all surmise. I do not feel altogether myself tonight. Let me remember this."

"Judge not that you be not judged," Mrs. Ferguson was interested. She forgot the man who had been her husband, and her ungrateful daughter (as she now considered Grace) and read on:

December 26—There were the usual parish affairs which Mrs. Ferguson glanced through until she came to the part which interested her best.

Weston dined with us to-night. I hope it was not wrong that young man. When we were alone he spoke, of his own accord, of putting Grey-
stone to rights. He meant to have it in ship-
shape order by next Christmas. He says that he never really counted the net of which Mrs. Rae gave him in trust, and asked me if I knew how much they were worth. I had to confess that I did not. He expressed a disappointment. When he was going he asked after my health. I hope I do not grow suspicious, but I mean to write a letter to be given to young Rae on his reaching his majority, or at my death should it happen before.

December 29.—Have seen Weston again. He can make himself very agreeable when he likes. He invited me to dinner to suggest some improvements. The men are to start work early in the New Year. I think he means well. His sensitive nature, no doubt, has a lot to do with his little peculiarities.

December 30.—I wrote to Swaby, asking

Continued on next page.
THE EXPRESSONS OF ALICE JOYCE.

ALICE JOYCE.
The Star With the Sad, Sweet Smile.

Alice Joyce is at the top of the tree in the estimation of cinema producers and public.
No more conscientious artiste has ever appeared on the screen, and she is as versatile as she is thorough. She can play the part of a woman between thirty and forty as well as she can portray the character of a young girl.

A Difficult Part.
In her last release in this country, "The Winchester Woman," she shows a wonderful conception of a character which is intensely interesting from start to finish, and must be exceedingly difficult for any artiste, whether on stage or screen to portray.

In two of her scenes, the first in which she fights for her honour against a diabolic blackmailer, and the other where she defends herself on a false charge of murder, she rises to really great heights.

Spirituelle Beauty.
Alice Joyce has all the natural qualifications for a screen heroine. Strangely beautiful, she needs not the aid of elaborate costume or wonderful frocks. She possesses something which is far greater, spirituelle beauty of face, which at once claims the sympathy of those who see her.

Does not Like the Limelight.
Alice Joyce hates to be recognised in a crowd. And confesses that she is most uncomfortable under the limelight. Lately, when visiting New York, where "The Winchester Woman," now being shown here, was creating a sensation at one of New York's largest picture houses, the management begged the star to appear in person. Alice confessed that she was much flattered by the request, but declared that she would rather die!

While on this visit, Alice visited the hotel in which she was once a telephone operator. She went to the hotel after spending a feverish afternoon, driving from shop to shop to get a pair of evening shoes to match a new gown. She recalled the days when she was a telephone operator in that New York hotel, struggling along on $20s. a week, she remembered the time she scraped and scraped to buy herself a pair of scuff shoes; it took her ten weeks to save a pound, and the remembrance of those days made her weep.

A First Experience.
She tells of her first engagement on the screen, with the old Kalem Company. She was engaged for "The Engineer's Sweetheart," and was asked if she could ride, as it would be necessary for the film. She replied "yes," not adding any details. Her sole experience of "riding" had been five minutes on the back of a tired plough horse

In pursuit of her new profession, she galloped on a spirited steed, fell off several times, and says that the brushes were large, vivid, and past counting; her mother applied liniment and tears.

Her Screen Successes.
Miss Joyce is one of Vitagraph's most valued stars. She not only possesses beauty, but she is a player of extraordinary ability and charm, as is demonstrated by the variety of roles, both tragic and comic, that she has interpreted during her long association with the screen.

Mr. Ferguson, he knew, was on his side. If Arthur cared at all for any living person at all, it was Mrs. Weston; but he was not absolutely. She was always kindly and friendly. Even his curvil bow was touched by her attitude towards him.

Grace became more at her ease as she discovered that her companion had no intention of looking for causes, and that in every different way she had an effect on her, and when at last they returned to the retreat they appeared on the last terms with each other.

Mrs. Ferguson glanced anxiously at the man as Grace leaned back for a moment while she look off her hat and coat.

Arthur smiled and patted her hand reassuringly.

"Say nothing more to her. She is very shy, but I think I may hope," he said, with the bashful smile which so altered the expression of his face.

Mrs. Ferguson gave a sigh of relief.

"I am sure you will make her happy. You do love her?" she asked simplied.

Arthur smiled again.

"Mrs. Ferguson, I love her," he said.

The weeks went by. The Fergusons had gone to live in their cottage. Arthur Weston had given up the interest of his younger member of the family by saving the ponies and trap, and Mrs. Ferguson had been presented with the secreted arms of Arthur to part with the necessary amount to purchase these things, but even he had to consider. It was too late; when he discovered the difference it made in the attitude of the daughter of the house towards himself.

It was not the girl who goes out of her way to be kind, and the Fergusons had too few real friends, that Arthur's apparent affection for the girl did not agree with their lives.

He was hardly always at the cottage, and Mrs. Ferguson discovered fresh accomplishments in him every day.

Mrs. Ferguson was charmed. She consulted him on all her affairs, he was to her practically indispensable.

When Grace informed them one evening that she had taken a situation as nursery governess some miles away, there was consternation.

Mrs. Ferguson broke out into tears. Arthur, who was present, looked hurt, and the children placed their whole confidence in her.

It was a little later that Arthur, waiting his opportunity, for he was not of the confidence.

"This is a life of yours. Is it quite necessary, Grace?" he said kindly.

"Do you think it is quite necessary, Grace? You should go and leave her to manage here alone?"

Grace looked at him steadily.

"Yes, I do," she said. "This village has too many palpable recollections for me. I want to go away, and, if possible, forget."

Arthur did his best to look sympathetic.

Then suddenly he seized her hand.

"Grace," he said, in a low, tender tone, "I know that in your time you have distracted me, that even now you think I am not a good man. I will not try to deceive you. There are spots in my life which I could very well be rid of. I will even confess to you that when I first knew you I had a prejudice against you. I do not do it altogether because I love you. But these last few weeks have made a difference. I have found you a different creature, and I have a very great respect for your mother. I ask you to marry me. To me, let me entreat you, do not take it hard if I do not want you to go alone. You know a great deal about her.

He glanced at her sharply as he said this, but her dowry face told him nothing.

He found her expression so changed that his own confidence was made her respond, but as she showed no sign he continued.

"I should like to know, Grace, if you knew a deal about me. Some of it is imagination, some is true. I want you to be frank with me, and not to try to hide from me. It would be no good that if you will be perfectly frank, I will be the same with you. I should like to discuss the past with someone—someone who understands."

He paused again significantly. "My servant Jakes has gone away for a time. He is a Quest which you have to at the rectory when you accused me. Do you remember?"

He paused, and Grace nodded her head but without raising her eyes.

"Perhaps you are interested in what he said," went on the man quietly.

Grace suddenly stood upright, and looked her companion straight in the eyes.

"It is because I must know what he said," she answered deliberately.

And then she turned away with a little cry. "Oh, do you think I talk seriously to me?" she said passionately. "Do you not know how dear your mother's wish is? Do you not want to hear me more about you than what I already believe? Can you not understand that you are suspected of being a wicked man? Well, let it rest at that. I don't want to talk about it. I want to keep this to myself. Perhaps in time I may grow to feel that I have misjudged you. I would like to do that. But when Harry Raye don't want to talk. I am justice. My father left a diary. It is now in Harry Raye's possession. I went to it. Now do you understand?"

Arthur Weston managed to mask his feelings, but his hands were tightly clenched until the number into his pocket. Not a sound came from him. He was not prepared, though, for her next remark.

"I have had myself drawn up and looked him coldly in the face.

"You have said how much you may say more," he said, in a harsh whisper. "What have you to say about Cecil Raye? How did you come to this?"

"Because I happened to be there when the shot was fired," said Grace slowly. "It was a case of his. For the moment he looked as though he was choking. Then with a superhuman effort he recovered himself, but only his face had revealed the terror which was consuming him."

"To whom do you say this preposterous story with you? He asked, sharply.

"I have not told anyone, except you," she said, browsly.

"How do you know that the police would not serve her out of her arm passionately. "I don't want to think. I don't care, to go away and try to forget."

Arthur placed his hand on her arm.

He saw that she was overwrought, but the danger to herself was foremost in his mind.

"I knew that the one person who could serve his own end was by being gentle with her, by appealing to her, and so he tried to serve her by the words he used and the words he had made up his mind to get her out of his path at the very first opportunity."

"He is as much, Grace, for me to let you go now without a proper understanding. I want you to be just towards me, and tell me the truth. You have done much, and also what you suspect. In return, I promise to tell you all the truth. I will even shine with my whole heart. But your own mind is prejudiced against me, but Heaven knows you do not know all. I may try of the whole thing and I may turn over what I have said, and only you can help me, dear."

(Later that day, Arthur Raye was to return to the village and to tell Grace that he had decided to give his heart and hand to her, and that he would be in the rectory when she accused him."

(Author's note.)
FRAUDULENT SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCE UNMASKED

A photograph slipped into a crevice in the crystal is unnoticed in the darkness.

Charles Raymond as Ching Fu, the High Priest.

David Devant, the Master Magician (seen on the right in top left-hand picture), takes part in the coming All-British serial, "The Great London Mystery," and on the screen unmasks a gang of fraudulent spiritualists who seek to rob the heroine by so-called messages from her dead father.
The Call of the Blood.

I HAD a very interesting chat the other afternoon with Ivor Novello, who is playing a leading part in the Alliance Film Co.'s production, "Carnival." He told me that he had some excellent experiences in Sicily, where he was playing in "The Call of the Blood," with Phyllis Neilson Terry. "It is a really beautiful film," said Mr. Novello, "but I was nearly strangled. In the scene of the fight at Taormina I acted with one of the original Sicilian players. When he got hold of me by the throat, his Sicilian Blood warmed up to the occasion. He threw me into the sea from about three hundred feet, and I bore the marks of his fingers for a fortnight.

IVOR NOVELLO.

Keep the Home Fires Burning.

"I HAVE lived in a musical atmosphere all my life," Ivor Novello confessed. By the by, I suppose you know he is the son of that brilliant author on voice production, Madame Clara Novello Davis. Before I knew a great deal about music, Ivor Novello said, when I was asked what I was doing at the piano, I answered: "Making up new tunes.

Ivor Novello told me a curious story about his famous patriotic song, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." "I wanted to do quite an entirely different tune," said he, "but when I was playing my first one time and then another on the piano, and yet I was not satisfied. I turned to my mother and exclaimed suddenly: "I think I ought to be like this,' and I commenced them, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,'" said with great emphasis.

"I can't imagine how I came to write that song," said Ivor, "but it has become so popular in about ten minutes. It is estimated that every officer and every man has at one time or another sung that song.

2,000 Letters!

"I HAVE had over two thousand letters from all sorts and conditions of people thanking me for 'Keep the Home Fires Burning,'" said Ivor Novello, "but it has its tragedy. Poor Guibert Ford was killed in a London air raid!"

Mother and Son.

Ivor NOVELLO also wrote the music for "Theodore & Co.," "Arlette and Who's Hooper?" Madame Clara Novello Davis is very musical, and she is helping her son. She is now teaching New York to sing. "I went with my mother to see 'The Call of the Blood,'" Ivor Novello said, "and when the fight scene was shown on the screen she burst into floods of tears. She caught hold of my hand and exclaimed: "You are there, darling—it's not true."

"It took a long time to reassure her," Mr. Novello ended. "But she's wonderful, simply wonderful!"

An Enthusiast.

ONE cannot be with Marjorie Hume for three minutes without finding out her secret—she is an enthusiast. She does not say, "I can't sing; I can't play," because it appears to be more or less the right thing to do. Watch her charming mobile features, and her eyes light up when she tells you that she likes being at the studio better than anywhere else in the world, and that she is perfectly miserable away from it.

"There is something about a studio that really gets hold of one," she told me the other afternoon when I had tea with her in a charming room at a hundred miles away from the Marble Arch, a room crammed with beautiful, rare old china, and curios—to say nothing of two contented cats, who supped milk from a saucer, before a cheerful fire.

The whole setting gave one a delightful "homey" sort of feeling.

Welsh Blood.

NOT only is Marjorie Hume one of our most brilliant cinema stars, but she is also an accomplished musician. Perhaps she gave something of the latter art to her "Welsh blood." Twisted away in the Welsh mountains there is a spot which is just as much home to her as London.

The Star With Many Talents.

MARJORIE HUME has played in comedy, musical comedy, and in Revue. With Gladys Cooper and Dennis Eddie, she played in "My Lady's Dress," also in the revival of "Milestones," and "The Man Who Stayed at Home." She also played in "Atona Manoeuvres," and in the provinces she took Gina Palermo's part in "The Dancing Mistress," and Gertie Miller's part in the Hippodrome's "Blondes." Marjorie Hume understudied Unity Moore for nine months at Daly's Theatre, and she remained for five years. She played for Gaumont's, Unity Moore, and Mabel Scalby. She took the latter's part in "The Maid of the Mountains," and I expect many of my readers will remember Marjorie Hume's beautiful voice and graceful acting in that great success at Daly's.

"After "Maid of the Mountains,"" Marjorie Hume told me, "I played in 'Betty,' then later in "The Happy Days." I started "working out" in pictures, we used to go down to the studios for fun in those days. I walked on in "The Greatest Performance."

Ellen Terry's Eye for Talent!

DURING the filming of "The Greatest Performance," Marjorie Hume told me, "Ellen Terry took rather a fancy to me, and she singled me out to do bits with her. Then I played in a screen play with George Arliss, a war film, called, 'Doing His Bit.' For a year I was understudying and rehearsing, then I was offered the juvenile lead in Mary Elton's book, "Red Rattans." I played the lead in "His House in Order," and "La Poupee," and a fortnight before these two films were trade-shown, they were burnt.

"I played in Studio's production, 'The Keeper of the Door,' taking the part of the Mad Girl, which really gave me my chance," Marjorie Hume smiled. "For I go mad, try and kill somebody, and end up with a thrilling death-bed scene. From a film point of view, that play did me more good than anything," she declared.

After this I played in a film for the London Film Company. I did two films for Fred Paulus—"Lady Trelawny's DeVere," and the 'Duchess of Seven Dials.' Then I played the lead in another Stoll film, 'The Swindler,' under the direction of Maurice Elvey.

Scarlet Kiss!

"FOR a time, after this," Marjorie Hume continued, "I did no film work, until I took a part in Fred Goodman's racing picture, 'Scarlet Kiss.'" It was after this that Mr. Milton Hoffman offered me a contract with the Famous Players Lasky Co., and I would have the stage, and the screen, and I consented to this arrangement.

The New Studios!

AT the Famous Players Lasky Studios, Binghamton, I played the lead in "The Call of Youth," and "Keeping Up Appearances." I was a little disappointed that I

PARDOE WOODMAN.

The homely domesticity of the work of this popular author, Silas K. Hocking, has been correctly caught in the pictured version.
about British Players

STUDIOS, AND GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR OWN STARS.

A Pauline Frederick Part.

"I was to play three glorious, dramatic leads," Marjorie Hume said delightedly, "one being in the adaptation of Fergus Hume's novel, 'The Other Person,' the other in 'Fairy Tattle.' Miss Woodman's books. Some of the exteriors will be done in the South of England. I must tell you," she added, "before I could accept the Granger-Binger offer, I had to run over to Islington to ask Major Bell's permission for the Famous Players-Lasky, and it was very kindly given, but of course in all printed matter connected with the film, the permission must be shown!"

Artist, Musician.

BESIDES doing film work, Marjorie Hume confessed, "I have done block and white work. I studied animal painting under Edith Colwell, and when I was about eighteen, I sold quite a lot of my sketches. I also used to practise the piano four hours a day—but, of course, I cannot do that now," she laughed, "however, I keep up my music, just sufficiently to amuse myself and my friends.

A Phillips Oppenheim Scenario.

I HEARD from Parloe Woodman the other morning: he is one of the lucky ones who has been harking in the sunshine at Nice. He tells me he is playing the lead in a Famous Players-Lasky Film. It is an original scenario "written specially for the Lasky folk, by Phillips Oppenheim." The title is not yet decided upon. Before leaving for the south of France, Parloe Woodman put in long hours on "Place of Honour" (Stoll film), in order to get finished in time.

A Studios With an Atmosphere!

THE other morning, out of the fog and gloom of a London street, not far from Holborn, we stepped into a white land. It was a delighted studio, merry and gay with crouetonne and dressers, where once upon a time Irving and Toole rehearsed their plays. It is now occupied by Miss Doris Lloyd, and her brilliantly clever sculptures sister, Milba. Doris Lloyd told me that she understood Miss Gladys Cooper in "Wedding Bells." She was also in "Tod's Experience," with Owen Nares.

For six years Doris Lloyd was in the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, and she played in well over a hundred parts, which included works by Shaw and Galsworthy—"Just the same sort of work as the Everyman Theatre to-day," she said. "Nearly all the people who played at the Repertory Theatre are doing good work in West-End theatres.

A Dangerous Coast.

MY one scene in the film, "The Shadow Between," in which I played a lass, were done in Newpaw, Cornwall. Unluckily we chose a very dangerous part of the coast for some of the big scenes. It was not until we had done the wreck scene, and the ladies were so nervous that we were nearly all washed away, that we were told there were two deaths a year in that particular spot.

Luck, and a Wreck.

"I was playing in a wreck, and it actually occurred before our eyes! The picture shows the children pelting up the wreckage as it was washed up on the beach. It was a French tramp steamer.

A Too-Zealous Servant.

"SOME of the scenes for 'The Shadow Between,' had been taken in the studio, London, before we went down to Cornwall. The hero's dress suit had been specially prepared with size and glue, for the resusc scene in the water. At the Newquay Hotel all his clothes were put out. The day he wanted to wear his property suit, he asked for the week, it had been carefully brushed, and a note of apology greeted him with the words: "Done the best I can with them!"

LEWIS DAYTON.

Tantagels and King Arthur's Round Table.

"THE last scene were taken at the top of a cliff, which has romantic associations with Tantagel, and King Arthur and his round table. To reach this particular spot, we rode half thirty or forty miles, and had to wait for the sun to set, expecting to be blown down the cliff every minute, and I was wearing a crepe de Chine dress and thin shoes."

A Screen Favourite.

"THE first picture I met a great screen favourite, Lewis Dayton. I expect many of you have seen him in some of the newly released British films, although he only came back from America last March. He plays the lead in "The Shadow Between," and in "The Great Day," for the Famous Players-Lasky. In the "Mystery of Bernard Brown," Stoll's: A Rank Outsider, Broadwest; and "The Way of a Man," Gainsborough. Lewis Dayton has also done quite a lot of work for William Fox, the Universal Biograph.

Silver Fox.

"SPENT some time two hundred miles north of Alberta, Edmonton," Lewis Dayton told me, "trapping silver-tipped foxes. It was bitterly cold, the temperature being forty-eight and fifty degrees below zero," He also did ranching and cow-punching in British Columbia: so Lewis Dayton has had a very varied and strenuous career, perhaps that is one of the reasons that his screen acting is so real and virile."

The Rev. Silas Hocking.

"THE famous author of "The Shadow Between," was an interested spectator at the trade show of the adaptation of his book for a film play, at the Shaftebury Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue, the other morning. In answer to my question as to his feelings when first he saw the characters in his book brought to life on the screen, he says: "When you ask about my feelings, you bring me up with a very difficult question. For the first time one sees one's theory through other people's eyes, and it is something of a shock. There is so much that has necessarily been left out, and it is another shock. Then one begins to wonder at the ingenuity of the patchwork, at the cleverness of the actors, at the amazing beauty of many of the pictures, and at the effective co-ordination of all the parts. I was tremendously interested, and the time passed like a dream."

EDITH NEILSON.
A COMPLETE STORY OF A MASCULINE "ADVENTURE" AND HIS LOVE STORY.

"ALIAS MARY BROWN"

I'N the library of a Fifth Avenue mansion, four men sat round a table. Three of the men were over sixty. Their features differed, but they had one striking characteristic in common—they all looked like vultures.

Their eyes were narrow set, and they had noses longer than his, he never washed.

And Cyrus P. Hewlett, Nathaniel Gunter and Lewis D. Fogg were seated.

And just as the vultures of the air swooped down on the bloody body of man and beast, so did those vultures of Wall Street whirled down in their luxurious motor-car to deal with their talon-like fangs the money of James Browning—the man they had called friend.

The fourth at the table was a young man, little noticed.

With his fair, fresh face, with the sneeringly down turned lip which made the roughest hunter jeer, he was Dick Browning, the only son of the dead man.

You tell, gentlemen, that my father left absolutely nothing," said the young man.

"Nothing at all!" said Carnace.

"Debits which we have been generous enough not to remember," added Hewlett.

"To put it quite plainly, Mr. Browning," croaked Fogg, "the very chair you are sitting on belongs to us—the three principal creditors of your father."

"We bought the other creditors out," explained Gunter.

"In order to give your father a chance to re-build his fortune."

"But surely, out of the millions my father had, one five hundred dollar bill would have been enough."

"The boy's life, you must understand."

For days Dick Browning tried to raise money for his father's estate, was not looking for work for himself. One night Dick sat in the library looking at a portrait of a reverend man, to whom he was related, one of two or three of her own personal ornaments remained in the case, and Dick realised they would fetch but little for the business which had suddenly revealed, revealing a large diamond, Dick knew, worth thousands of dollars. But this was a very valuable one. He could pawn it for sufficient money to save his mother all she required.

He rushed from the house to seek a pawnbroker.

After wandering about, he found himself on the East side, and found a pawnbroker's shop which looked from the valuable jewellery in the window, as though it would be a good place to pawn the jewels.

As he was showing the case and the big diamond to the pawnbroker, a young man smoking a cigarette came up to him.

"Do you think that belonged to that big army of the under-world, but there was something about his face that he liked.

"Do you pay it, pal," whispered the young man, "I'll take you where you can sell it!"

It was not far a foolish thing to do, but Dick handed on the flik he had taken to the young man, and followed the pawnbroker's alter, he followed him into the street.

"Come on, if," my name is the Weasel," and I'm going to find you with the hand game you have," said the stranger. "That fire's a real chance for you. I'll take it off him, the flik, you'll get five hundred for it. Old Dick will try to get your face, but you, and Dick to the hundred. He'll think you're one of the Healy gang; that's better than belonging to the others, as they walked along Dick told The Weasel all his troubles, and how he was trying to sell the jewels so the war would end, and the old man would be safe.

"That's the stuff to talk, pal," said The Weasel. "You get the money from Hee, and I'll shatter your face, and the gang of rustlers will take your while you're around."

The Weasel was as good as his word.

It was due to his influence that old parted with the five hundred dollars, and when Dick tried to turn to

Pauline Starke

\[Western Import.\]

A NIGHT OF ADVENTURE.

THERE day after the funeral of his mother, Dick Browning went to a modest hotel. He had to stay somewhere till he could get cheap lodgings.

The hotel man told him there was not a room vacant except one which had been engaged, but the man had not turned up, and Dick could take the chance, with one that, if if the man turns up, you have to clean out," said the hotel owner.

"I'll bring him here."

Dick had scarcely got in his room when the telephone rang.

"Is that you? Dick?" said a voice.

"Yes," replied Dick, hardly conscious of the fact that the voice was that of a stranger.

Right. Come to Room 229 as quickly as you can.

What do you mean?" shouted Westen. "You're afraid to do the job, eh?"

"No, sir," said Dick. "I've got too busy trying to work for a living, and I don't need to do that for you.

 Westen.

"What do you do?"

"I'm a detective, sir," said Dick. "I'm going to find you with the hand game you have, and I'll get five hundred for it. Old Dick will try to get your face, but you, and Dick to the hundred. He'll think you're one of the Healy gang; that's better than belonging to the others, as they walked along Dick told The Weasel all his troubles, and how he was trying to sell the jewels so the war would end, and the old man would be safe.

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The Simplicity of the scheme compelled even Weston's admiration, and it was decided to carry out Dick's plan without delay.

The night arrived for Kreisler's departure from New York. The first part of the plan worked like clockwork.

Kreisler had no suspicion that anything was wrong till he found himself set upon by the gang and hustled into a cellar.

"But got can't bring Weston away, Dick," our hero said, as Kreisler was being allowed to think he was safe.

"He's gone inside, Dick," replied Weston. "I have known that Cyrus Hewlett employs only smart men."

"Mr. Kreisler told me that you have some wonderful diamonds and opals," Dick continued, "and I am often in a position to do good deals with society ladies who do not mind what they pay."

Hewlett's eyes glinted at the thought of future business.

"I have some of the finest stones in the country," he said, "but I will show you some. Perhaps you can work out a plan to make us both a fortune together."

He went to the safe and took out a parcel of diamonds and another of opals.

"It was a huge safe, higher than a man, and as Hewlett tried to close the door Dick saw his chance.

He gave the old serrated a push and sent him inside, closing the door and locking him in his own safe.

The two of them met on the stairs and, gathering up the stones, they ran away and scribbled a note for Hewlett's butler, telling him that they were giving it to the police.

As the butler let Dick out, the young man turned to him and said:

"Oh, Mr. Hewlett, I have a message for you."

Half an hour later, Dick was showing the stolen stones to the gang.

"I'm sorry, young man, we may say that my first attempt has been a success," said Dick. "Our next victim will be a rich Mr. Gaynor."

The Next Victim.

NATANIEL GUNTER proved even an easier victim than Hewlett. Again disguised as a girl, Dick got a position as Secretary under the name of Mary Brown, and, having watched him work, she robed the safe, found out the combination.

The only hitch in the scheme was when Dick, finding she was carrying off the stolen jewels, knocked over a big vase. Old Gunter came rushing down, but by the time he had turned up the lights Dick was well away.

Dick had determined that his career of crime should end with robbing Carnac, the last of the three vultures who had ruined his father. Three days before the date planned for the robbery of Carnac's house, Dick was with Betsey in the little sitting-room of their apartments. Dick had loved the girl ever since the night he had rescued her from the roughs, but he was worried with the thought that, although Betsey had shown in many ways that she liked him, it might be with the liking of a girl for an elder brother.

After a long silence in which the two had been thinking in this strain, Dick suddenly turned to the girl. With the impetuosity of youth, he told Betsey that he loved her, and asked her to marry him.

"I think I have loved you since the first time I saw you," whispered Betsey, as she hid her face on his shoulder.

For a time neither spoke. They were obviously happy in that silence which comes with the perfect understanding between young people in love.

"I can't explain now," said Dick at last, "but in three days' time I shall have finished my work in this city. Then we will go out West and start life together."

"West or east, Dick," said Betsey. "I don't care where it is, so long as we are together."
THE TEACHER: "There is one animal which does not stand upon its legs all the time, and does not walk like other animals, but takes funny little ships. What is it?"

The Class [with one yell]: "Charlie Chaplin!"
—Answers.

CLADY: "That young bride worshiped her husband, doesn't she?"

PUTTLE: "Well, she placed burnt offerings before him three times a day."
—Auckland Weekly News.

ERNEST: "Would you marry a woman who had sued a man for breach of promise?"

CLARENCE: "Well, it depends on how much the jury awarded her."
—Brisbane Weekly.

FIRST MAN: "Sorry to hear your wife ran away with your chauffeur."

SECOND MAN: "Well, it wasn't much of a loss. His time was up at the end of the week, anyhow."
—Carrollton, Christiansia.

CUSTOMER: "That's a bit too much you're asking for that Queen Anne chair."

DEALER: "But, sir, think how much the cost of labour has gone up since then!"

SMALL BOY: "Take me to the pictures, mummy."

MOTHER: "Now then, haven't you just had your hair cut? You're always arranging after arrangements."
—Auckland Weekly News.

TEACHER: "Johnny, where's your grammar?"

JOHNNY: "She's home in bed with a bad cold."
—Boston (U.S.A.) Globe.

Sign in a Colorado Shop:
"Others have cheated you! Why not give me a chance?"
—Havenstevy (U.S.A.) Union Star.

FIRST MAN: "My wife waits for the least little thing on my part to make trouble.


ROMEO: "What do you charge for a funeral notice?"

EDITOR: "Five shillings an inch."

ROMEO: "Heavens! The poor fellow was six foot tall!"
—Boys' Magazine.

"Do you like bananas?" asked the lady.
"Madam," replied the dear old gentleman, a little deaf, "I do not. I prefer the old-fashioned nightshirt."—Cleveland (U.S.A.) News.

THE MAGISTRATE: "You are charged with simple theft."

PRISONER: "Simple? Simple! I'd like to see you do it!"
—Le Sourire.

"You've heard of a place called New York. It is famous for baked beans and pork. Its motto is brevity: "We won the war early. But like the pig in the house, it's all talk."—Tod Sloan in "The Killer," a B. B. Hampton production.
ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

This story—the first of a series—concerns the romance of Charles Ray and Clara Grant, who now, as you know, is Mrs. Ray. As the author suggests, it reads almost like one of the plays in which its hero has so endeared himself to the hearts of all picturegoers. Could any story have a better recommendation?

By GRACE KINGSLY

BECAUSE love has its roots down in elemental emotions which are incapable of analysis even by the lovers themselves, who ever learned the exact and true story of a love affair? Who can tell the obscure sources of mutual attraction that draw two people together and hold them—year after year? What foundations of chaste, of constancy, or irresolution underlie the great love affairs of the world? Yet history records such love affairs—love, that as the world goes, has been the cause—those tenacious golden cobwebs that so often is blown into mists before the thousand-sided and confusing winds of life. Even in that world of rainbow-hued and brilliant artificiality, that min of sudden acrobats fanned by the winds of artistic emotion, quickened by the exigencies of artistic demands—the world of make-believe, known as the acting world—there glimmer some of the most beautiful, true, and tender romances the world has known. Not romances of a moment, but romances of a lifetime, which flame within the heart and as the white light whose flame burns steadily against the gusts of emotion for ever surrounding them. Such a romance is that of Charles Ray and his wife.

Of course nobody actually believes any more that there is a little god named Cupid, who, dressed neatly in a pair of wings, dashes about with a bow and arrow X-raying people's hearts, and shooting invisible darts into them, making the invisible clouds that are known as love. And yet, if anybody did believe that old story, it should be Charlie Ray and his pretty young wife, Clara Grant, for they certainly don't know. For Cupid certainly did make a neat job of it with them.

But did Cupid? Who ever learned the exact story of a real love affair, anyhow? Even the people involved can't tell how it all just happened. Certainly not shy folk like Charlie Ray and modest misses like Clara Grant. One can only sketch the truth.

You may find the following details for yourself. But you're not going to be a bit disappointed in Charlie Ray's romance. It's so exactly as he described it to me, and it's exactly like one of his films stories that he could use it for a plot if he wanted.

It wasn't that Cupid never had any other bees. Goodness, no! She was fairly swarmed with them back in the days when she lived with her widowed mother in Los Angeles. But somehow they seemed rather a stupid lot to Clara, those other young men; they had no particular ambition, of them, except to get some sort of job, go to dances and on motor parties, and keep well dressed.

And Clara Grant was ambitious. She was ambitious to look as pretty as she could for one thing—and that was very pretty indeed—but that wasn't all by any means. Her ambition ran along artistic lines. She painted and sketched and played the piano very nicely, and she acted a little. Her mother was a modiste, and Clara, too, designed the gowns that never, never were known to fail to suit the people for whom they were made.

And Charlie was fresh and handsome and modest and mousy—and poor; just the sort that Cupid delights in picking out for a victim, just to see him blush and wince. Really Charlie wasn't especially attractive to girls in his high-school days; he was so quiet and backward.

I know a girl who went to high school with him, and she says none of the girls ever looked at Charlie then—and she added that some of them are awfully sorry now that they didn't. He was attending the business department of Polytechnic High School, and he hoped that some day, by being very industrious, he might get a job as a stenographer and bookkeeper. Of course he didn't feel at all sure of it, but he hoped. And he plugged and plugged.

Then one day a fellow student told Charlie he was going to a certain dramatic school that night, and asked Charlie if he didn't want to go along.

Charlie looked up wearily from his typewriter, thought of the awful rows of figures and of the monotonous thud-thud of the machine, and decided he would go. Good gracious, just supposing he hadn't! Supposing he had decided to stay at home and study his shorthand as a good boy. But suddenly he felt a wild, thrilling desire to do something devilish.

So he went to the dramatic school, feeling like a fish out of water, of course, as he stood in corners and watched those clever young people chattering and laughing and getting ready to rehearse.

Somebody came over and asked him if he wanted to join the night classes. He blushed and shuffled his feet, and said he didn't think he could do anything, though deep down in his heart he confessed now there sprang up in his heart at that very moment a daring desire to be an actor. Then somebody insisted, partly as a lark.

Just For a "Dare."

WHEN Charlie saw he was being kidded he squared his shoulders and looked the somebody in the eye and said, "All right, he will." And he did. And somehow he managed to make a hit in the very first part he played, too.

But right there he met with opposition. His father wanted him to be a business man, not an actor. However, Charlie prevailed on him to let him attend dramatic school for three months, during vacation preceding his last year in high school, promising he'd give it up if he didn't like it or to sort of a dramatic job at the end of that time.

The end of the quarter drew near, and Charlie hadn't done anything, and went back to his typewriter and bookkeeping. That is, he went back ostensibly. Just he kept on at dramatic school, too, on the quiet.

His father found out about it one day, and instead of raving and tearing up the earth, he behaved like a sensible man, went down to see the dramatic school teacher, and asked him if he thought Charlie would ever make good as an actor.

"Yes," the teacher said; "he thought that if Charlie kept on that he would some day be a man of fifty or sixty dollars a week—if he worked hard."

That satisfied Charlie's father, and he let him go on. During this time Charlie was earning a little by playing in pictures, or in small parts at the theatres.

And right here is where the love interest begins to come in, because right here Clara Grant appears.

One afternoon the door opened, and in stepped a very pretty girl. Charlie sort of gasped when he saw her, and his Adam's apple worked up and down. He was in the midst of rehearsal, and he didn't want to be caught.

She glanced up and saw him, too, and then he saw that she had rather mocking blue eyes and a laugh that would carry you right together and went on playing his role. But out of the corners of his eyes he watched her, and he couldn't help but that she entered one of the dancing classes.

"I thought she was a little bit of loveliness right then," explained Charlie, with an embarrassed little grin, as he found himself talking about romance, "but I was awfully bashful in those days, and I simply wouldn't force my attentions on her. Besides, I was awfully poor,

He went on quietly, "so I figured, what was the use of trying to get her sweet on such a radiant creature? But I admit I did want to know her very, very much."

He was in the dramatic class, and she was in the dancing class, and so he would just catch a glimpse of her coming and going. But it is proof of his depth of feeling and tenacity of purpose that he never did forget her, though he didn't see her again for four long years.

For it was about that time he left to go into an Arizona stock company, and after that into small-time vaudeville with Chester Conklin, Chester playing an Irish comedian, and Charlie a German comedian.

He was working and struggling so hard in those days that he didn't think about much else, girls least of all. But whenever he thought of the dramatic school there came into his mind the story of a light-footed girl who danced, and who had mocking blue eyes and a laughing mouth, and he wondered in a vague sort of way if he'd ever see her again.

"(To be continued in next Monday's "Pictures Show."
Saw Fatty Arbuckle the day after he invaded the isle of man. (I could hardly avoid seeing him, since he occupied about two-thirds of the Famous-Lasky building on Broadway Street, where this interview took place.) The fellow is generous, most obliging, and extended (through me) an extremely hearty greeting to each and every reader of the Sporting Life—yet he didn't strike me as you might think he would.

The penalty of being a professional funny man is that one is expected always to be funny. At certain times in the day an undertaker may rectify the dignity of his office without provoking universal comment, but a comedian—never! Why this is so I cannot tell you; the fact remains undeniable. I am going to put it on record that in reality Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle from time to time does allow himself to forget that he is a price-laughter-raiser sufficiently to become a thoroughly normal human being, and on the occasion in question it was the man rather than the comedian I met. (I am rather proud of this, since everyone knows the comedian.)

Modest.

Not that Fatty wasn't humorous—he was, but it was that quiet, every-day sort of humour that is really the best of all. He struck me as a man of rather serious nature, and even as one possessed of a certain shyness, which, in conjunction with the massive proportions and expansive way he作了 the world, was not without charm. He is not at all effusive about himself or his work, never volunteers information unless it is demanded in both personal and public speech and is entirely unassuming and deliberate.

**FILMS OF THE WEEK**

**The Skywayman.** LEIGHTON, OVER LOCKELEAR. (Fox.)

A SENSATIONAL picture in which the daring spirit of the air performs its famous stunts. Many thrills and brilliant photography are the outstanding points of this play, while Leighton Lovely plays the heroine, but—

A crusader for science, the late Leut. Locklear has appealed to the imagination as no other aviator has done. He will live in history as the first flyer to go from one aero-plane to another in mid-air—a feat which thrilled the world and then opened the eyes of scientists and experts to the new possibilities of aircraft. So highly were his experiments appreciated that the United States navy gave him the free use of its flying fields.

"The Skywayman" is more than a thrilling picture. It contains a record of all that Locklear has done.

A race with an express train, a collision with a church steeple, and a desperate fight with a carpenter are brought out with startling realism.

**The Eyes of Youth.** CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. (F.B.O.)

THE screen version of the well-known play. A splendid production with that popular actress, Clara Kimball Young as Ginnie Ashling. The cast is practically all-star. The story shows how a woman, either during or after sex experiences, can go through a crystal into the future five years hence. In this way she chooses her path through life.

**The Love Cheat.** CHURCHTON HALE and JUNE CARPENTER. (Pathé.)

A splendidly done melodrama with the two favorites in appealing roles. A young artist gets into high society under false pretences, which lead him into very hot water. However, in the end he marries the millionaire's daughter, June Carpenter. Excellent.

**Joy.** "LITTLE RENIE." (Paramount.)

The star role is played by a very clever child actress. The play has many lovely scenes taken in Holland, while photography and acting is excellent. Scores of amusing and pathetic moments; there is not a dull scene. This play will delight young and old.

**Pegram.** BESSE LOVE. (Pathé.)

LITTLE Besse Love has a typical role in this merry play. As a little village girl who fights for everybody's happiness she is delightful. Exciting fire scenes thrill the lookout. Pegram's many adventures will interest everybody.

**Everywoman.** VIOLET HUISINGH. (Paramount-Arclight.)

THE great Drury Lane success on the screen with practically an all-star cast. No expense has been spared in providing a magnificent setting. The story unfolds around the quest of a love that cannot be had after encountering war, politics, and fortune. does she succeed. A superb production.

**The Best of Luck.** ALL-STAR CAST. (Jovis.)

NOTHER Drury Lane success, the romantic story of two people in love, magnificently produced. The cast includes Kathryn Adams, Jack Holt and Fred MacMurray. Wonderful.

**GREATS THE PICTURE SHOW**

"Makes You Feel Good." I CAME out here just on the spur of the moment," said the man in the interrogation. "Had four weeks with nothing to do, so thought I would come across and get acquainted with the folks who handle my pictures this side, and with my friends over here in general. I had a fine crossing—not a bit of sea-sick—and everywhere there and here in France (where I landed first) has been most kind. I received a fine reception in Paris, and last night, when I came home to the Vau-d'ville, I got another. It has all been very pleasing and gratifying, and a wonderful incentive. Such kindnesses make me feel good. I shall go back in an entirely new spirit."

I murmured something to the effect that I should have thought Mr. Arbuckle had "felt good" already, in view of his success and comfortable accumulation of dollars.

"Well," he said in deliberate way, "money isn't everything. And don't call me fortunate—am just lucky. A victim of circumstances, I guess. No credit to me." And then he added in unconscious understatement, "Just hard work and application."

**Fatty and the French Girls.**

SEEING that Mr. Arbuckle despised no personal bouquets, I then invited him to the post office and gave him a note saying that I had the most impressed him in Paris and London. With regard to the first part of my query it appeared that the beauty and vivacity of the French girls had not been without a certain effect.

"Very pretty girls. lots of 'pep' and spirit," commented Fatty gravely, "but it looks like they shoot 'em all at twenty-five over there. Never a mounted or a day over that. Now," he explained confidentially, "I like women between thirty and thirty-five. They're the best conscience makers. The fellow just like another man would know. Somehow women don't seem to get really practical until they reach that stage."

London then came in for discussion. Mr. Arbuckle, however, had not been in it quite long enough to form any very definite opinion concern ing it, but according to what he said, attitudes differ. From the moment of his arrival he pleased him very much, and made him anxious for further evidence.

"I've just one kick," he amended—your coffee! His eyes (blue-grey) turned heavenward for once. "You get a percolator. But," he added generously, your mutton chops make up for the coffee. They're fine. Could eat another three this day.

"I am glad your appetite is in no way impaired by our coffee, Mr. Arbuckle."

"Well," was the reassuring reply, "I'm eating very well."

**His Next Picture.**

SEEING he was up to dwell unduly on the beauty of our mutton chops, I deftly switched Mr. Arbuckle's attention on to his new picture for Paramount-Arclight. Production will have started already by the time these words appear, but, said he, intended commencing work the first of the year. This film, I learned, is to be called "Three Mile Out," where make-up should be Fatty's. This would be the third of three films being, as Fatty delicately explained, the distance at which a thirsty traveller may with impunity forget the existence of Mr. Panzyfoot Johnson.

But don't you worry about our prohibition," he concluded, as I was the last to be having sleepless nights on that score. "I can tell you this: I'm going to Scotch New York than there is in Scotland."

In response to sundry other inquiries, Mr. Arbuckle told me that his chief hobby was motor- ing; that his famous dog, "Luke," was not with him because he required so much attention, and that, yes, he (Fatty) did long to return to the stage sometimes, but that no theatre could afford him the three million dollars he made in one week than he could do in ten on the boards.

And now he said, "if that's all, I guess I'll go and get that percolator!"

May Herschel Clarke.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.

Health and Beauty Worries—The Value of Household Compounds—A Coarse-grained Skin—Affections of the Throat—The Picture Girl's Blouse.

E\'very day my post includes letters from girls asking for advice with regard to little ailments connected with their beauty. And almost all of them say "I have tried all sorts of preventive treatments, but nothing helps; I bought this at that cost little, and that are always in the house. You will often find that the simpler the treatment the really the system responds to the treatment. One par\'ticular household commodity is most efficacious for the treatment of minorills—that is ordinary common salt. It gives a natural answer to many of our little health and beauty worries, and bears witness to waivers and queries sent to me, I'll tell you a few of its uses.

The Value of Salt.

A CELEBRATED cinema star recently found her skin becoming coarse grained. She could not account for it, and as the surface of the skin showed so distinctly upon the screen when she was photographed in a "close up," she began to get rather worried over it, and tried various preparations without success. Well, it happened at the time when she was about to take a rest in the sun. She became a sea bather, and was delighted to find her skin thoroughly improved and toned up by the salt water. She also took care to thoroughly cleanse her skin by warm baths at home, but the actual salt water effected a cure to her skin whereas the preparations had failed. When she returned to house work she continued her salt water baths, adding ordinary, salt to her bath every day. And her skin has never shown signs of coarseness since. Of course the salt chosen for the facial bath must be finely powdered.

For cutaneous affections of the throat and nose a salt douche or a regular muddling up of a solution of salt and water is wonderfully beneficial. Smuff up the water, and spray the nose and throat every night and morning, and you will soon find relief from this distressing complaint. The sore throat, too, is a tiresome and painful affection. A gargle of salt and water to which a little peroxide of hydrogen has been added is a simple but efficacious treatment.

For sprains the benefits of hot salt water are undeniable. Make a strong solution of salt and water and apply the adhering portion in it, wrapping the wrist or the splintered ankle in bandages of absorbent cotton soaked in the water before you bind with the final linen bandage.

For the Toothache.

A PAD of salt that has been heated in the oven or in a pan and briefly generalized gives relief for the toothache. Hold the pad against the face, and you will find that the heat will contribute to the easing of the pain.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition. There are still thousands of postcards to be examined, and prizes will be awarded until these are all read.

I should like to draw your attention to the following fault in a film. In "The Appearance of Evil," starring June Elvidge and Frank Mayo, an impressive locomotive is introduced. Mr. Elvidge, in the German offered a photograph for herself and husband—indicating Frank Mayo as her husband, and all salt water accounted for—5c. awarded to Jenny Miltman, 216, Portobello Road, N. Kensington, W. 11.

When Nazimova, in the "Red Lantern," is captured, and taken to the Milanese's palace, they leave her dress behind, but the next morning, when she is leaving her prison chamber, she picks up her cloak, and puts it on. How did it get there?—5c. awarded to E. W. Wiskerl, 13, Crown Mews, Midlesex.

In "The Lost City," Episode 7, Juanita Hansen is supposed to stab herself rather than marry the man who is her enemy. Just to stab herself she pulls her blouse aside and the supposed wound and blood could plainly be seen before the knife reached her flesh.—5c. awarded to Mrs. E. Klein, 49, Essex Street, Upper Kennington Lane, London, S.E. 11.

WHOOPING COUGH.

Very Severe Attacks Cured Completely by Veno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Mrs. York, 2, King's Road, Rushden, Northants, says: "One of my little boys coughed, whooping cough, at nine months, was very ill indeed. The attacks were extremely severe, and generally ended in vomiting. My husband took it himself, and knew its value. So I got some for the child, and soon there was an improvement. The attacks became less violent, and quickly he recovered. Since then Veno's has cured my other children of the same ailment."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure

is the world's supreme remedy for Coughs and Cold, Lung Troubles, Asthma, Bronchitis, Nasal Catarrh, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and Influenza. Specially recommended for Whooping Cough and other Bronchial Troubles in children. Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d., and 3s., the most being the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors everywhere. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

WHERE WIVES ARE WANTED

SEE THIS WEEK'S HOME MIRROR

Price 2d.

Hæmorrhoids.

Operation Averted by Use of Germolene.

Germolene marks a New Era in Treatment of Piles.

Mr. George Purshove, 32, Ward Street, New Che. Grimsby, says: "Germolene has completely cured me of Piles, and I feel I must write and express my gratitude. For five years I was a martyr to this terrible complaint, and the pain I suffered was something inconceivable. I tried every preparation I could hear of in the hope of finding a cure, but without success, and was in about to despair. I also obtained expert advice, and was told that only an operation could cure me. One day I picked up a paper in which some Germolene cures were described, and decided to give it a trial. This I did, and, to my surprise, obtained relief at the first application. I continued the treatment; and in a comparatively short time I was entirely free from the trouble, and have remained so ever since.

Soothes at a Touch!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Psoriasis

Psoriasis

Piles

Ringworm

Rashes

Cuts and Burns

Ulcers

Chapped Hands

Skin Eruptions

Obiabias

and Cut, Bruise, Ulcers, Etc., on All Surfaces.

Priced 1s. and 2s. per tin. Larger size the more economical. From Chemists and druggists, Add to distinctly by order.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

ask the picture show

Ask the Picture Show

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

THE OBSERVANT EYE.

One of us is free from the weakness of making a direct appeal to human feeling, though it is a bad policy to make it an excuse for refusing to use the tools of the trade. In common with all other folk, is apt to see, and though this makes the work of criticism far from easy, it is desirable all the same that the errors for which he is responsible should be pointed out.

It is a fact that the daily to-day is critical of its film entertainments, and that is a good sign, since it speaks to the average of daily life that the photography brought as near perfection as is humanly possible. It may be that the product for now and then in the choice of subjects for filming, because it knows that he has it to rely on his own taste and judgment. And if it does not happen to agree with that of the public, then it is obviously the duty of the latter to guide him. But the public, observing closely each film that is shown, detects faults which it knows could have been prevented by a closer attention to detail.

One "Film Faults," competition, which recently closed, was an interesting revelation of this fact. And the public is certain to see sorely puzzled to know how much is in evidence at the cinema at the time of its production then at the private viewing of the producer, if not at the "Brass-True," it is too late in the latter case to remedy such errors. But their discovery even then could be used to prevent a recurrence of similar faults in the future. Clearly, there is a great need for somebody in the studio with an observant eye.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, it is impossible to answer all letters in the week's issue. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (except in correspondence, no anonymous communications can be answered.


"Topsy" and "Despair" (Kentworth).—You two will have to more brave about writing to me in the future. In the case of "Intolerance," I have been long to print, but quite recently you will find I have given a new cast of "Intolerance," and the same thing will happen in "The Great Love," the late Robert Harron was Jim Young, handsome hero of the screen (Handsworth), Glaus (Leslie Lorel), Lilian Gill (Usie Brougham), Marjorie Jucke (Miss Morgan), Geoffrey Keene (Sir Walter), and Myra Bate (Girl in crowd). They are by all means a : acceptable cast, and any letter should be sent to me at your earliest convenience.

"Winifred" (Handsworth).—I am not to be put down too the same thing as you are doing. The story is a very good one, and I have had several letters from people who have seen it. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture. I am, and ever, your sincere friend, W. C. S. (Handsworth).

"True Love" (Stockport).—I am sorry to hear that your favorite are not pleased with the film you have seen. They are by all means a very good cast, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"Bill Miller" (Stamford).—I am not to be put down too the same thing as you are doing. The story is a very good one, and I have had several letters from people who have seen it. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture. I am, and ever, your sincere friend, W. C. S. (Handsworth).

"Lonesome" (Leeds).—So you feel more courageous now since your first letter was answered. Please write to me about what you think of the film. I am pleased that you read this page regularly.

"M. W." (Leeds).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"Miss Anderson," one of your readers, is writing to me at her "Picture Show" Nancy press.

"Post."—That you decided to be brave, and write to me, shows how much courage you have. Do you think you could write me a letter, and tell me what you think of the film? I would be very pleased to hear from you, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Edge of the World" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Horse's Mouth" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Left Behind" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Great Common Rider" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Forlorn on the Hill" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Midnight Rider" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Lost City" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Dead End" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Silent Night" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

"The Honeymoon" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.

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"The Honeymoon" (Newmarket).—I am sorry to hear that you do not like the film. I think you will like it, and I hope you will write to me about it, as soon as you have seen the picture.
EYES" (Dublin).—The people who always make
exuses never make anything else. I am glad you
brought me your little worry, but don’t be afraid
that as soon as you buy an album for our art plates,
the latter will stop. We shall do nothing so cruel.
But was that all you wanted to know?

E. F. (Liverpool).—Sema Owen has played with
W. S. Hart in "Freed of Men," also in "Intolerance."

"Madame Too-Perky," and "A Man and His Money."
Her real name is Simea Auer, and she was born in
Spokane, Washington. I dare say you know that
she is the wife of George Walsh?

M. W. (Manchester).—So you would like see your
answer in printer’sink? Sorry! I cannot discover
the names of the juvenile artists you want. The
two names you mentioned are not related.

"JAFFER" (Kingstown).—I don’t know where
you will be able to get the story of the film mentioned.
Mimi Grey, who took the title role, was in "The
Eldest Miss Blossom," besides Owen Nye and Violet
Elson.

W. G. (Christchurch).—You have not got the film
ready yet? You marvelous individuals! New Zeal
ought soon to be showing more British pictures, and
then you will find they are quite good indeed. Ruth
Roland was born in San Francisco and is now married
here.

E. O. (Manchester).—When I get your list of
questions and read your kind epistle that I might
answer you at my leisure, I felt like having a day
off. However, here I am all ready and willing.
Florence Deshon and Toni Powers in "The Auction
Block," Florence Turner in "Beauties of Arabia,"
Margorie Day and Floter White in "Dawned Good
Light," Rupert Julian and June Nozak in "The Fire
Fighters," Gladys Halleck and Gretchen Hale in "Sea
Sall," George Wynn and Ivy Close in "The Flag
Lieutenant," Basil Gill and Peggy Carlisle in "God’s
Good Man," Mary Miles Minter and Alan Forrest in
"The Ghost of Rose Taylor," M. Rommanl Joule and
Minnie Davray in "A House," Dorothy Glenn in "The
Life of a London Actress," Bert Lytton and Hazel
Dawn in "The Lone Wolf," Mary Allen in
"Social Hypocrites," Cecil Humphreys and Margorie
Hume in "The Banditess," David Powell and Margaret
Curtin in "The Teeth of the Tiger." So that’s all
you can remember? Bless your memory; I wish it
was shorter.

R. J. C. (Colchester).—Glad you think so highly of
our art plates, but we do not issue them in any other
form than that in which they are given away.
Harrison Ford was born in 1892, but Emil Benetti’s
gerance remains unknown. She is the wife of Fred Nible.

E. D. (Brisbane).—I made a charge for every
question asked me. I have never retailed a million
coins ago. So keep your money and grow rich. Hank
Mann, who is also a director, was born in New York
City. He has black hair and eyes.

"W.B."
(Salem).—Aha! The young gentleman does not tell us
more for the present than that he is Nicholas Weret, who has not yet lived a dozen
years in this world. Violet Hopson is his mother.

"CATS!
"(East Ham).—The awkward part of your
questions, you say, would be that you would
never know when to stop asking her. You seem to
be overflowing with curiosity. Japana Hansen has
fair hair and blue eyes. Yes, Kathleen Williams was
the star in "The Rose." Her other films are;
"Her Kingdom of Dreams," "Out of the Wreck,"
"The Whispering Garden," "We Can’t Have
Everything," and "Redeeming Love." Mae Marsh
was born on November 9th, 1895. She acted in
"Intolerance."

"GEORGE"
(Randwick).—Most people live in hopes
because they cannot live anywhere else. Read your
list of questions without a tremor. You want to
know if Mae Marsh and Marguerite Mac
are sisters? That’s so. Mada Tiferen had was bom
in Melbourne, Australia, and is 5 ft. 3 in. in height.
Charlie Sweden died on April 25th last. Mada
Bullin was born in Philadelphia and has light brown
hair and brown eyes. Joseph Rarnour is a Canadian.
He was born in Ayr, Ontario, and three of his films are:
"Just Art the Man," "The Writing on the Wall,"
and "The Easiest Way."

(More answers next week.)

"PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL.
WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask
for any addresses by post, but if you wish to com-
minate at once with any artiste not named above,
write your letter, putting the name of the star on
the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp
to the Editor, THE PICTURE SHOW, Room 85, The
Flintower House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4
and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter
weighting more than one ounce will require an ad-
itional penny stamp for each extra ounce. Such
letters cannot be specially answered by the Editor.
When writing to artistes always give your full
name and address, including the name of your county
and county, and mention in your letter the star’s
name. THE PICTURE SHOW will only guarantee
to answer a letter in the case of the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee
that such letters will be answered. Please keep these
addresses for reference.

JAMES KNOTT, care of Harma Film Co., 16,
Lincoln Road, Cromwell.
P. ABBOTT WHITE, care of Fox Film Co., 130, West
46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

FRANCESCA BERTINI, care of London Inde-
dependent Film Trading Co., 4, Deane Street, Pec-
do, W. 1.

NORMA and CONSTANCE TALMADGE, 313,
East 4th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

(More addresses next week.)

THE Son OF TARZAN

By
EDGAR
RICE
BURROUGHS

The best of all the
Tarzan Stories.
Tarzan’s son cannot re-
sist the call of the wild,
and runs away into the
wilderness. This grip-
ping story tells of his
wonderful experiences
and thrilling adventures
in the haunts of the
wild animals who inhabit
the jungle.

Do Not Miss the Opening Chapters in

BOYS’ CINEMA

Out on Wednesday

Price 2d.

Order your copy to-day.
Competition

These splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following contest.

On this page you will find the photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, each of which is more or less disguised by goggles. Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with "The Girls' Cinema," and "The Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

Kipps, the most famous of all characters created by H. G. Wells, the world-famous novelist, has been made into a photo-play by the Stoll Film Company. H. G. Wells says that Kipps as represented by George K. Arthur is just as he imagined him in the novel.
Don't Wear a Truss!  

Brooks' Application is a new scientific discovery with automatic back-fasteners that draw the broken parts together and hold them firm. If you have a broken back, it absolutely holds firmly and comfortably. It keeps you always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without altering your carriage. We make it to your measure, and send it in you get a special discount of $5. If it doesn't suit you, send it back, and we will refund your money in full. If the post offices fill up, we will send it by porter. We recommend it to all men. We have it in stock for you. It is always absolutely on the square—and we have added a little to the price for the past twenty-one years. We never use a needle, no bares, no fees, no fakes. We always give you straight business and a fair deal at a reasonable price. Write at once for our Illustrated Booklet.

WARM WINTER BEDDING

Strain of 5 Years  War Service Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. Ernest H. Calk, of 173, Danville Road, Leyton, London, E.14, says:  

"I put in five years with the Colours, and I suppose the strain told on me, for just before I was demobilised I began to feel very shaken, and at last I was almost a nervous wreck. Sometimes I could barely keep still, and always I was so shaky and ready to jump at a sound. Headache bothered me a good deal, and my sleep was disturbed. My stomach became diseased, and I always had pain after meals. 

"This has gone on for months when I made up my mind to try Dr. Cassell's Tablets. In a surprisingly short time food ceased to cause pain, my nerves became steady, and my indigestion passed away altogether, and now I am quite well and fit again."

Whooping Cough

Very Severe Attacks Cured Completely by Venno's Lightning Cough Cure.

Mrs. York, 2, King Road, Roehampt, Northants, says:  

"One of my little boys caught whooping cough, and soon was very ill. The attacks were extremely severe, and generally ended in vomiting. My husband suggested Venno's. He had taken it himself, and knows its value. So I got some for the child, and soon there was an improvement. The attacks became less violent, and quickly he recovered, the croup has left, and my children are again at play."

Vreno's Lightning Cough Cure is the world's supreme remedy for Coughs and Colds, Lungs Troubles, Asthmatic, Bronchial, Nasal Catarrh, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all other Coughs. Recommended for Whooping Cough and other Bronchial Troubles in children. Prices: 11d., $1, 3s. and 3s. 6d. the 3s. 6d. being the lowest economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors everywhere. Insist on having Venno's and refuse all substitutes.

STEREOSCOPE  
1/6 PAINS PRESENTS HOUSE, Dec. 60, HASTINGS

The "Picture Show."
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."
No. 55.—DAISY BURRELL.

If you live in Sheffield you will recognize above the dainty Cinderella in your pantomime, for Miss Daisy Burrell has deserted the screen, for a while to appear on the stage. Miss Burrell is a great favourite, and has thousands of admirers all over the world. She confesses also to a great admiration for the Picture Show.

A Treat in Store.

H ave you yet seen "The Call of the Road?" the wonderful British picture that became a world-wide success? It was privately shown to the trade. In fact, so enthusiastic were the audience that the author was called upon to do it all over Great Britain, and I am pleased to tell you that the Editor of the Picture Show has been able to purchase the lease of this film for serial form, which will begin in these pages the week after next. Everyone is talking about this splendid British story. Don't miss reading it.

A Story to Interest You.

A NOHER famous film story also begins this week, in the "Girls Cinema." It is entitled "The Climbers," and tells of a girl who has two lovers—and chooses the wrong one. No more terrible fate can happen to a woman than marriage to the wrong man. This story tells how mercenary ambitions can bring about much unhappiness and worse—dishonor. If you like a real human story, don't miss "The Climbers," the story of the Russian photo-play in which Corinne Griffith makes so appealing a heroine, which begins in to-morrow's issue of the "Girls."  

For Real Adventure and Sport Loving Boys.

THE SON OF TARZAN: Captain Ash's true story of his life as cowboy and outlaw hunter, the new series of football stories, and the further adventures of The Terry Twins, of whom the author quotes: "In face and figure, form and build, I grew so like my brother. That folks kept taking me for him. And each for one another.

are detailing the readers of the Boys' Cinema. If you know of any boy who has not yet read this real adventure and sport loving boys' paper, get him to buy this week's copy. You will be doing him a good turn, and it is still near enough to good resolution day to want to do good turns.

Edward Hickman's Sad End.

TOWARD Hickman, as you know, is the husband of Bessie Barrascale, does not affect any of the outer fashions of cinema-land.

Bessie tells us, however, that he has one fact; he insists on having his initials and family crest on his shirt, which are silk, or otherwise, as the weather and the nature of his work require. These initials and monograms, which are worn on the front and sleeve, are the work of the Philippine natives, who make manila work famous. It is embroidery, work in silk or linen of the finest and most expensive kind.

Wesley's Christmas Party.

W esley Barry gave a Christmas reception and ball the other day; invitations were given to the entire movie colony by the free-kicked boy. star.

Dressed as Santa Claus, Wesley received his guests at the door. The public were invited to take part in the festivities for the benefit of the Cripple Guild.

Illness in Movie Land.

M ANY movie celebrities are now suffering from appendicitis, among whom are Tom Santschi, the star of Western dramas, Sydney Chaplin, brother of the famous comedian, Dagmar Godowsky, playing the lead in Universal pictures, Lois Wilson, leading woman for Paramount pictures, George Tucker, and Alfred Holubar, who is Dorothy Phillips' husband. I am glad I say, however, that the victims are now all recovering.

Mme. Olga Petrova to Return.

O f Olga Petrova, whom you see below, it has been said that as well as bringing a gracious personality and the highest dramatic gifts to the screen, she "acts with her brains." Indeed, she is so insistent on the necessity for elevating the character of the photo-play, that it is nearly two years since she last took part in a new production, and in the meantime she has refused innumerable offers owing to plays which had been proposed to her falling short of the dramatic and artistic standards she has set herself.

From Blonde to Brunette.

A T the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda Bara was a blonde of the fair type, with long, fair ringlets covering her small head, and large, violet eyes.

Her mother tells how, when a younger, Theda had a positive genius for disappearing. One day, after leaving her alone for a few seconds in her bedroom, she returned to find Theda gone. She rushed out of the house and down the street, and there, in the distance, she saw what appeared to be a dwarf, with a huge hat on his head, whom she instantly recognized as her. And dragging behind were yards and yards of train.

"My best costume! That was my daughter's first appearance in public in costume!" taunts her mother.

As the years went on, Theda's hair grew darker and darker until it reached the state of jetness which it now is.

Doug's Leading Lady.

A S you know, Douglas Fairbanks has hitherto changed his leading lady frequently, but I hear that he has now signed Marguerite de la Motte for a year.

Bessie's New Western Story.

B ESSIE LOVE is now playing in a Western photo-play with many unique features. For instance, the story is without a villain, a salon or dinner ball, and there is no shooting. Yet I hear it is full of situations that call for thrills. Most of the scenes have been taken in Arizona.

Niece of a Famous General.

M ARCELLE PERSHING, who, as you may know, is a niece of the famous general, has signed a contract to appear in comedies with Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin, and others; and is also to appear in the feminine lead in one of Art Aeon's western productions.
How Doraldina Received Her Name.

DO you know how, Madame Doraldina, the originator of the Hula Hula dance, and the most famous dancer of America, came into possession of her name? Years ago she journeyed to Madrid to see a famous dancing instructor.

At a railway station en route, a baggage man produced a piece of paper, and indicated that she was to write her name thereon. "Dora L. Dima," wrote the girl.

Some hours later the trunk arrived at her hotel, with a great red label affixed to every piece of baggage. "Doraldina" was the name that the baggage man had written.

When the dancing student showed the card to her instructor, as an evidence of the many trunks she had traveled in, he smiled at first, then uttered an exclamation of triumph.

"Just the thing for you," he said. "With that as your professional name, you cannot but succeed. The name alone will attract the public.

Can You Wonder?

GEORGE FISHER wants to take a hero part.

In a coming film with William Brady, "Brother McCullough," he is again face for the villain, and he and "Big Bill" have a regular all-round fight, from which George, an account of the script, emerges beaten, owing to Bill's dodge-hammer blows. Just for once, he says, he would love to be a hero, so that he could give the villain a good tooting.

A Unique Holiday.

LUCILE FAZENDA, the well-known comedienne, is having a unique holiday. She has left for a tour of all the principal cities of America, and in her wake she will let the guest of honour at various luncheons, banquets, receptions, and dances. I hear New York Motion Picture Colony is planning an elaborate reception for her, and Lafayette, Indiana, the birthplace of the little comedienne, has declared the day of her visit a holiday, and a Fazenda fair will be staged in her honour.

Good News From Fritzi Brunette.

FRITZI BRUNETTE, I am pleased to say, tells me that she is now convalescing after a severe attack of influenza, and will shortly begin work on a new photo-play.

When the Devil Was Cold.

W ITH all due respect to the climate of California, Philo McCullough confesses that he is glad to find it becomes deliciously and refreshingly cool, and the thermometer sinks down until the rising sun starts it on the upward. 

This confession follows an account of Mr. McCullough's experience the other night when taking pictures for a Felix film. He was requested to dress in the costume of Mephistopheles for a masked ball scene. It was an outdoor scene on the deck of a boat, and in order to get the right lighting effects, the scenes had to be taken at night.

At 2 a.m. Philo says that he declared in a clustering voice that long before dawn the devil would be frozen stiff enough.

Hawaii Pictures, Music, and Dances.

ONE of the most entertaining shows in London, which is now being held at the Philharmonic Hall, and which will shortly travel to all the principal halls in Great Britain, is "Happy Hawaii.

By coloured photographs and thrilling moving pictures of volcanoes, waterfalls, surfing, and the views of our own Prince of Wales to the islands in April last, Mildred Leo Cremento, a niece of Mary Taven, tells us about these beautiful islands in the South Pacific.

A band of Hawaiian dancers and singers in native dress sing their native songs, play primitive music, and dance their native dances.

Gwyn Stratford, the heroine in the Stoll version of Nat Gould's famous novel "A Rank Outsider," is a Canadian by birth, and is, among other things, an excellent swimmer and horsewoman.

Try to see this interesting entertainment when it comes to your town.

How Dorothy Keeps Fit.

DOROTHY DALTON, who is recognized as one of the most physically perfect actresses, has this to say about keeping fit under such a strain:

"All actresses who work simultaneously on stage and screen have certain definite health rules they have adopted from experience.

"I have always taken the greatest care of myself, and have taken part in as many outdoor sports as possible. So I suppose I naturally had an unusually strong constitution to begin with. However, when I accepted the heavy role of Aphrodite, which I knew would entail eight performances a week, I realized that it would mean giving up social activities, and baking down to nothing but work and rest.

"Practically the only exercise I could ever get was walking, and I assert that even ten minutes of honest-to-goodness walking will do more than several hours of languard running. Some walking enthusiasts claim that, if properly done, a man needs no other form of exercise. Perhaps they are right, but I am too fond of other forms of exercise to agree.

More Marguerite Clark Films.

MARGUERITE CLARK is producing with Wax-works now, and is hard at work on the screen version of the well-known stage play, "Scrambled Wives.

Fay Miller.

FROM "OVER THERE.

Notes and News From New York.

Jack Pickford Wants to Direct.

JACK PICKFORD has expressed himself as being unwilling to return to the screen for some time. His own dear old young wife was a shock in spite of the many avocations of indifference levied in his direction by the Olive Thomas admirers. It is said he is about to direct a picture, and that he has spent a great deal of time with Marshall Neilan, the youthful Irish genius who used to direct his sister Mary. It is said he may be given a chance to try his skill at the directorial end one of these days.

Bringing Back the Orient.

ELsie Perguson, than whom there is no one a more exquisite taste, has brought back enough curios and antiques to fill a room. She gathered all these Chinese jade, Ming and other things, brasses on her trip to the Orient. Her home is one of the most beautiful houses I have ever seen, and will have to be hung with all these treasures that she has carried home with her. Elsie's house looks as though some one who loves his home lives there—there are plenty of books and magazines scattered about, and a genuine air of occupancy that somehow is missing in many American houses.

Switching the Plot.

If you think it is going to set a major picture with a French director and an entire French company, ahh Fanny Ward. She had her troubles. True, she is a French interpreter, and she does speak a little French, but not enough to cause any anxiety in Paris. The interpreter grew bored with his French work, and when there was nothing else to occupy his time. When the picture was about half-finished, Jack Hoxie, Fanny's husband, came to her one day, and said dramatically:

"Something is wrong! They have changed the plot! Do you know what it is?"

Fanny, who has a dim suspicion that she was being too campy for an ingenue, was in a panic. She brought two English-speaking friends to the studio, and found to her horror her worst fears were confirmed. The villain grew weary of his thankless role, and switched parts. Fanny was supposed to be buried in his room and to fall into his lap, instead of this little scene the tables were turned, and she was the nearer instead of the victim. In other words she did the burping.

Then there was a scene acted, that will not soon be forgotten, according to Fanny herself, which had the tag line: "I was in Paris."

In her best French, generously interspersed with a sprinkling of strong English, she told the director what she had seen in Paris, and he at once changed his plan, and the scene was omitted. The director pretended to be aggrieved at her accusations, but the villain came to her in a little corner and said:

"How naive you are!" grumbled Fanny.

"Well," he explained, "my public likes me, and I don't need the stock character's a devoid of moral sense.

"What about me?" shrieked Fanny.

"I didn't think you would care," was his merry answer.

After gassing her vocabulary and her temper, Fanny's well-known sense of humour asserted itself, and she laughed until she cried. Thinking he had a crazy woman to deal with, the French actor wrung his hands, and said:

"Oh, those Americans, those Americans!"

One on Marguerite Clark.

OH, look! There goes Marguerite Clark, and I saw a girl watching the tiny actress disappear into a milliner's store the other day.

"No, it isn't she," was the answer.

"No, it isn't she, it is someone trying to look exactly like her," was the reply.

Miss Clark, I made no sign of having heard the remark, but she had noted it all right—she's, she says, she did.

Louella O. Parsons.
NAOMI CHILDERS and LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS in "musical mood."

A scene between the dean and the organist in "The Channings"—a Butcher's film.

CHET WITHEY, director of "Romance," and ARTHUR RANKIN, with little JUNE TERRY, who is the granddaughter and godchild of Ellen Terry.

VIOLA DANA finds that pumping up tyres is very hot work.

MAY ALLISON and BULL MONTANA in a scene from "Peggy Does Her Darndest." Bull does not seem to mind May's frown.

EDGAR LEWIS, producer and director, chatting to the youngest member of his company.
Sacrifice.

MANY a woman has been conquered by the medusoid appeal of a man for her sympathy and help. Her natural instincts are instantly aroused.

Arthur Weston knew that when he appealed to his fiancée, and he waited anxiously for the girl’s reply.

And Grace was young. She knew little or nothing of the world outside of Greystone. She firmly believed everything that was said to her, providing that she had not already found the person out in a deliberate lie. Even then, she was always willing to give the benefit of the doubt.

Arthur Weston had spoken with such an air of conviction, that the girl looked at him with a suddenly renewed hope.

Perhaps the nightmare of the last few weeks was, after all, but the result of her own imaginings. For Arthur Weston said that he could explain, without doubt he could, there was so much that she did not rightly understand. If he would only tell her the truth.

True, she had written to Harry, but a letter to Australia took so long in going, and so long before she had an answer.

Meanwhile life had to be lived, and what with her mother’s urging, and her own suspicions regarding Weston, Grace was in an unenviable state of mind.

Tell me, she said eagerly, I want to know. Oh, I’m so unhappy, I hate to think evil of the people I know.

Suppose you tell me everything then, I shall be able to explain,” he persisted gently.

The girl hesitated a moment. Some instinct to keep her out counsel, but the desire to know the truth was too firmly impressed in her nature for her to do anything but receive.

“I did not know that you were at Greyestone. It was the day Harry went away, she said at last.” I saw a light through the shutters and went in to investigate. Mr. Rae must have followed the way because I saw him. He went into the library to you, and I heard you both quarrelling. I do not know what it was all about because father told me that it was in the house, I knew that you had a right there, as it belonged to you, and so I went out, but I had secretly got outside when I heard a shot.”

Grace paused and her clear eyes searched the face of the man beside her.

“Well, what then?” he asked hoarsely.

“I went home, and when I heard that Cecil Rae had shot himself in the woods I thought that he had, perhaps, shot you first, but when father came home he knew he hadn’t. Father told me that you had heard nothing, and that you were not home for some days, and that made no wonder. You never said that you had been to Greystone or even seen Mr. Rae.”

“And who did you tell this to?” Arthur asked in a tense whisper, his hand thrust forward.

Involuntarily the girl shrank back.

“I told no one. You had a lot of trouble after that,” she replied, simply.

Arthur drew a deep breath.

“The reason I did not tell anyone that Cecil Rae had shot himself in the woods is simply enough,” he said. “It had nothing to do with his death. He did threaten to shoot himself, but I naturally saved the bullet out of his hand, that was when it went off and you heard it, I suppose. He must have taken it away with him after that,” she replied.

“Where?” asked Grace, as Arthur paused.

He glanced again at her sharply. It flashed through his mind that she might have seen more than she said, and if she did she meant to force her knowledge from her if he could.

“I let him at Greyestone, just outside,” he said.

Grace made no comment.

“You do not believe me,” he said swiftly. She looked at him, I suppose.

“Yes, I do, Mr. Weston.”

In spite of himself, the man’s eyes fell before her.

“Well, that settles that in your mind, I hope,” was his next remark.

Grace nodded.

“What is the next thing you have against me?” he asked with an attempt to smile. He was thinking how simple it was to hoodwink a girl.

Grace was suffering from some intense emotion.

“When my father died you were glad,” she said at last.

“Nonsense. Whatever put such an idea in your head?”

“You did. I saw the expression on your face. My father knew something about you. Something connected with Harry. My father had written a record of a conversation he had with Mrs. Rae before she died. It was not very clear, but it was something to do with you and Harry. It was because in the end my father did not trust you that he wrote that letter which was to be given to Harry in the event of his death. The letter which was stolen by you, or your servant!”

“You still persist in your conviction that there was a letter?”

“Yes. That is a foolish question to ask me, Mr. Weston.

The man walked a few paces in silence.

“Suppose I told you that if my servant took the letter it was not at my direction, that I knew nothing of it. Would you believe me?” he said at last.

Grace did not answer for a few minutes.

“I think I should like to have a conversation with Jakes, as you call him,” she said.

Arthur took another quick glance at her, but her face told him nothing.

“Jakes is a queer character. He dislikes all women.”

“That may be, but if he broke into the Rectory, and you say it was not on your account, then you will give me an account of it. I do not know if it was you or your man. You are somewhat alike in figure, and I did not see the face on the letter, but I can give either you or me of that I am quite certain.”

An evil light began to glow in the man’s eyes.

“Harry’s letter came at Greyestone, Miss Ferguson?” he asked.

Grace was silent.

“You cannot pretend that you never wander about the house without being invited,” added Weston.

“Why you do not understand, Mr. Weston. I shall always feel that the Manor is Harry’s home. He would not mind me visiting it somehow.”

“Yes, to spy on me,” shouted Arthur, suddenly and violently.

The head moved the copper which divided the woods from Greystone Park. Grace came to a standstill.

“I did not go any further, Mr. Weston, but I should like to say that I have no wish to spy on you. If you really try to recover the letter, but that is the only time I have entered Greystone since Christmas, when you yourself invited us.”

Arthur, staring at her while she was speaking, was convinced in spite of himself that she was speaking the truth.

Once more he tried to make the bad impression he felt that he was creating.

“Grace! Miss Ferguson!” he said. “Please forgive me. I need your help. You have been frank to me, and now I mean to be frank with you. My servant, Jakes, has a hold on me. He told me a great service when I was away abroad. His affection for me is the only real thing now in my life. No, I have lost everything—everything which makes life worth while. I did hope to win your love, but that your youth and your beauty, Grace—'he came a step nearer to her—if I could you give Greystone back to Harry Rae. By law it belongs to me. It was left me by will, and no one on earth could take it from me unless I gave it up of my own accord. I am in no hurry for you to marry me, you can take your time. Next year, the year after, or the year after that. It would be all the same to me, knowing as I should that you are a woman of honour, and would not go back on your word.”

“I do not wish to be put in your power. Mr. Weston, by expressing to you my incredulity of your love, as well as by other expressions of yearning on his face.

Grace stood staring before her, she was thinking over the half of Harvey. It was surely in her power to give Greystone to Harry. A little sob caught in her throat.

“You mean that, you would make Greystone over to Harry? When?” she asked.

“The day that you marry me, Grace,” he said promptly.

“You will have a deed drawn up by a lawyer to that effect,” she asked.

He nodded. Then he caught her in his arms.

“You love him so much that you would do this for him?” he said. “And I love you so well that I will give my whole power to you. He did not attempt to kiss her. He knew too well to do that.

“You think about it,” she said feebly.

“Why but? Why not settle it now, once and for all? Think whether you will please your mother, if you go back and tell her. She is a good woman, Grace, and she has been so brave.”

“Why?”

The bright, wholesome colour had faded from the girl’s cheeks.

“You will not marry me. You wait. I don’t want to marry for years and years.”

Don’t worry. I only want to know that someday you will belong to me, dear.”

He added the dear as an afterthought.

“You will not come to Greystone to Harry?”

“I have said so.”

Grace drew a deep breath. She could think of nothing but the promise to Harry, to tell him the splendid news. He need not stay away any longer—then suddenly she remembered the price.

“There is no other way? I mean you will not give Greystone to Harry unless we marry?”

(Continued on page 8.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ALEC B. FRANCIS

ALEC B. FRANCIS
The British Artiste With The Face of a Philosopher

ALEC B. FRANCIS is a Londoner, who first made a success as an actor on the London stage, where for more than a year he appeared with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Soloists," and followed with two more big successes remembered by the older generation, "The Barrister," and "The Guardsman."

This, according to Mr. Francis, "turned his head." He was so elated that he asked a ridiculously big salary, and his punishment was swift. The manager decided to punish him for thinking himself indispensable, by dispensing with him entirely.

A Man of Moods.

Mr. Francis is a man of moods, to him this seemed the end of all things. Instead of waiting for things to right themselves, he went straight from the theatre to the recruiting office, and enlisted in a regiment bound for British East India.

This seems a foolhardy thing to do, yet Mr. Francis now says it was the best step he ever took, for he has seen and grown to love India and South Africa, and so much was the wander-lust with him, that, on his return to England, instead of continuing the success he made on returning to the stage in "The Empire Builders," after the run of the piece he set sail for Canada in search of a fortune.

A Jack-of-All-Trades.

The fortune did not materialise; however, in spite of Mr. Francis's numerous occupations, for, speaking of this time, he says he did every kind of work possible, from running a ranch to nursing in a hospital.

From Canada he wandered over the world, until at last his first love, the stage, called him; but it was the New York stage. From that day he has never returned to England. Perhaps one of the reasons that Mr. Francis decided to stay in America was that on his first tour there, he met Romance.

A dainty little lady was playing lead in his company, and the play was "Yonim Thru the Rye." Before the tour was ended, Mr. Francis and the leading lady were married.

His First Screen Appearance.

Mr. Francis first appeared on the screen in Vitagraph photo-plays in 1911; and he has now played with some of the screen's most famous stars, including Clara Kimball Young, Florence Reed, Gertrude Farrar, and Norma Talmadge, and in such photo-plays as "The Cinderella Man," "The Auction Block," "The Hungry Heart," etc. His latest and biggest work was in Basil King's "Earthbound," produced by Goldwyn, in which, you remember he takes the part of Doctor Galloway. Of his interpretation of this exacting role, Basil King said, "I had hoped for a real Doctor Galloway—a man with all the potencies of the true minister of the gospel, and man of dignity and kindly philosophy; and of wisdom, and I believe he was given to 'Earthbound,' in the person of Alec Francis.

His Home and Hobbies.

Mr. Francis is now a confirmed Californian, having just signed another long Goldwyn contract, and is settled down in a cozy bungalow, near which is a fine golf course, a tennis court, and where he has everything around him which he loves, music, garden, flowers, pets, motor, and a few miles to the west the pleasantly situated Goldwyn studio where he works.
Harry Returns.

The news of the engagement spread quickly through the village. Mrs. Taylor took the half-day off from spinning, and "I told you so" was repeated triumphantly in almost every cottage in Greystone.

"She has been setting her cap at him for years," Mrs. Taylor informed anyone who would listen to her, and the post-mistress was the only person who did not agree with her.

In the homes of their neighbours, the Ferguson were also criticised. The mothers of marriageable sons threatened to disown some of their sons unless they positively engaged to remain in Greystone, for the young ladies of Greystone were renowned for their affability, and some ventured to remark that Mrs. Ferguson was a clever woman. The way that she had made herself at home away from all her old friends amounted to genius.

Grace, who had been neglected by the people in Greystone until they had to come to terms with the new, bright, and attractive girl, found herself again a centre of attraction. She received invitations, and Arthur also had his share.

To the girl's surprise Arthur accepted. Indeed, he was always seen about with his fiancée. He had written to his mother about a number of suits he had bad when he lived in the village. He had always been a careful man with his belongings, and he again never seemed to be short of funds.

When questioned about Greystone by his neighbours, he spoke quite frankly of being glad to be out of the village, and the others seemed to accept him and his friend with the flattery, found herself again a centre of attraction. She received invitations, and Arthur also

asked for a dance.

That evening Arthur arrived home late. His friend, who had just returned from his engagement, was with him. He asked for a dance.

"But you never asked for one before," Grace replied, thoughtfully. "You should have asked for one before."

She wished that Arthur would not look at her so steadily.

The young man released her hand.

"Grace has grown up with a vengeance," he exclaimed. "She is 12, you know."

He had known her ever since he was a baby, and he was proud of her growth.

"I believe she is," Grace laughed. "I believe she is."

And Arthur replied, "And you, Grace?"

"I believe I am," she replied, complacently.

Nothing had changed. Nothing was the same. Life was the same. Somewhere, in her heart, there was a fear that something would change. She was not ready for change. She was content with the way things were. She was happy with the way things were.

She refused to let her mind even dwell on the past or the future.

There was no letter from Harry as the weeks went by. She had written to tell him the good news, but a letter took so long.

One evening Arthur called at the cottage. The sun had set, and the evening air was cool and fresh. She was sitting at the window, looking out at the garden, and thinking of Harry.

"I have been reading about Greystone," he said, "and I have been thinking about it."

"Yes," she replied, "and I have been thinking about it too."

"You have been thinking about Greystone?"

"Yes," she said, "and I have been thinking about it."

"But why?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I guess I just have been thinking about it."

"You have been thinking about Greystone all your life," said Arthur, "and you have been thinking of it ever since you were little."

"Yes," she said, "and I have been thinking of it ever since I was little."

"But why?"

"I don't know," she said, "but I guess I just have been thinking of it."

Arthur seemed to be elaborating. From under his brows he glanced furtively from one to the other.

She sent for him, was the thought in his mind. "Well, be it," he said, "I will deal with him myself.

And the letter came.

"Harry!" he ejaculated incoherently.

"Yes," he said, "and I have been thinking of it ever since I was little."

He spoke in a husky voice, and added, "He spoke in a husky voice and smiled, as he spoke.

Then he placed his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"The man has just brought the news," he said, "and I have been thinking of it ever since I was little."

"I will go and have a look at him," cried Grace, "and I have been thinking of it ever since I was little."

"Trance is made to ride," said Arthur, "and I have been thinking of it ever since I was little."

"To be continued.

"Picture Show, January 29th, 1921."

"Manacled By Money." (Continued from page 6)
JAMES W. MORRISON
Once "Jimmy," now "James."

Several years ago Jimmy Morrison—he was always known to everybody as "Jimmy"—appeared in Vitagraph films. He played many varied parts which called for real talent as each one differed greatly from the previous role.

In one film he played a middle-aged Chinaman in an opium den. Shortly after this he appeared in another Vitagraph film as a freckle-faced grandfather of about eighty, and his parts that followed were all widely different from each other.

"Jimmy" No Longer.

But Jimmy is Jimmy no longer, but James W. Morrison, leading man. Many people in the film world today have decided to specialize, but it is not every man who makes such an ideal hero as James Morrison. He is of the handsome clean-cut type that we always picture for our heroes. He is very young looking, being still in his twenties in spite of the years he has spent in the studio.

Films in Which He Has Appeared.

Some of the films in which he has played are "Sowing the Wind," opposite Anita Stewart; "The Midnight Bride," and "Black Beauty," opposite Jean Paige.

Jean Paige and James Morrison in "Black Beauty."


Jean Paige and Jimmy Morrison playing with Vitagraph studio toys between scenes of "Black Beauty."

Another scene from the Vitagraph film, "Black Beauty."
Pretty Peggy Hyland.

YOU all know how charming Peggy Hyland looks on the screen, therefore I don't expect that you will be one bit surprised to hear that she is even more charming in real life. There isn't the slightest trace of affectation about her.

"I am very keen on films," she told me, the other evening, as she nested back in a big lounge chair. She was wearing the daintiest of little feathers, brown laces, a gorgeous fur coat, and the squarest of smart little blue coat frocks—in short, it was all deliciously Peggy Hylandish.

Afraid of Being Late?

I'm so fond of the screen that I hate being late at the studio," she declared. "My greatest joy is to have a good day's work. I have a great respect for the camera. Spon:

A Sleigh Escapade.

ONE day Peggy Hyland nearly had a terrible smash in a sleigh. "The sleigh was too light for the horses," she told me; "the traces splintered, and fell on the animals, they took fright and away they went. The small sleigh was too light, that it constantly ran on to the traces, it was just like a piece of matchboard sliding behind the terrified horses. It is hard to say what might have happened, had not a mounted policeman seen our plight. He started after us, and as we curved around a corner he caught us up, slowed down, and stopped the runaways.

Film Chases.

PEGGY HYLAND is now doing films for Samuelson's, and for that firm she has played in John Halifax, Gentleman and "Love Laggies." She designs and chooses her own clothes, "because," she explained, "suitable baskets often don't look anything on the screen. In a dress a dress may appear enchanting, but it is quite a failure on the stage. I have had lots of success with my clothes," she confessed. "I think it's more amusing to play the unassuming rich woman, in preference to the sudden upstart, clothes are a great help." And with this last remark I think most of us will agree.

Dawkins!

NOT long ago I had a chat with Mr. Percy Standing, (second son of Mr. Herbert and brother of Mr. Wyndham Standing), whose wonderful acting in "Earthbound" has caused such a sensation. Percy Standing plays the part of "Dawkins," a scheming company promoter in the Donald Crisp production of Edward Knoblock's "The Ameri:

The Bad We Do In Pictures!

"This is the real life in pictures," proudly remarked. "The scenes are often interfered with in the cutting-room. He had ten years' screen work in America.

When I asked Mr. Standing what parts he had played, he answered, with his humorous smile: "Everything from Charlie Chaplin to the tan rabbit with asthma! My brother, Guy, he added, "was knighted after the war, saw his own picture in 'Earthbound,' and he told me he could like to come back to films, if they were all as good as that one." In America, Percy Standing acted with Pauline Frederick and Ethel Barrymore. "I must have done quite a lot of pictures, I acted with Alice Joyce for nearly a year with the Vitagraph. And my preference is to work in films, with a certain amount of art, a craft in which, if everybody pulls together, and there is a fine story, there is a good picture."

Artists—and Plots.

I DON'T believe in building the artists' round stories, but the stories around the artists," Mr. Jeffrey Bernard, the managing director of Stoll's, remarked the other day. At the moment, now that the British Film Industry is going ahead by leaps and bounds, Jeffrey Bernard must be quite one of the busiest men in London—and the Stoll Studios at Cricklewood are like a new world.

Many of you have, no doubt, heard of the discussions that rage about block booking. Mr. Jeffrey Bernard is convinced that this system is beneficial to the public, and he thinks if it were stopped fewer pictures would be produced.

Saving Money.

JEFFREY BERNARD believes that when a dozen plays are booked, money is saved and that the picture-goer benefits by the output.

"The exhibitor is willing to do away with the advance booking of pictures," Jeffrey Bernard went on to explain. "They do not wish to look until they have seen the picture, and they would then book from week to week; but if this is accomplished, they will realize only too well what they have lost.

"Needless to say, Jeffrey Bernard is a great believer in the progress of British films—but films possessing the true British atmosphere must always attract. I wonder what the readers of Picture Show think on this subject."

A Parisian Sunshade.

ON this page you will see Miss Evelyn Boucher, who plays the lead in Stoll's production of "The Flambe." She is vivacious and petite, a brunette, with dark hair and vory colouring. Like most pretty women, she confesses to a weakness for pretty things, and needless to say, pretty clothes in particular.

As some of the scenes for "The Flambe" were laid in Paris, she decided to buy a parasol of the fluffy, frilly persuasion, as required in the film, in the Gay City, which, as you know, is famous for all kinds of dainty feminine frocks and frills.

But Evelyn Boucher searched in vain for the type of parasol she desired, and eventually she was obliged to content herself with a Parisian creation that was devoid of meaning.

Directly she got back to dear old London, glaring carelessly into a shop window, the first thing her eyes rested upon was the parasol with which Paris could not supply her—the real sunshade of her dreams!

Pictures in Florence!

SCENES of "The Flambe" were also laid in Florence, and one evening Evelyn Boucher and some friends decided to take a "lun:

A Parisian Sunshade. To be seen on the Yankee set. 

A tea scene situation. Tool pits her with ice.
CONFIDENCES. WM. S. HART loves all animals, and here he is seen whispering to a friend mule.
"She is a maiden, therefore to be wooed; she is a maiden, therefore to be won," runs the old song. It is the same to-day, but fashions change—even in wooing. Here we see the old-fashioned way.

Beneath her casement window, VICTOR MACLAGLEN and PHYLLIS SHANNAW—in "The Call of the Road."
shown them a wonderful panorama of the district, "which quite repaid us for our disappointment over the picture," Evelyn Boucher said.

A Rooftop at Full Gallop.

When Roland Myles was playing in "The Flame," he had to pick up a rose from the ground on horseback, at full gallop.

"I was riding a big horse, and I succeeded in picking up the rose all right. At the second attempt, however, I picked any husk," he continued, "and I had to take my right foot out of the stirrup. I flopped over to take the flower, and a few prayers, and picked up the rose again."

The Hotel 'Bus.'

The film scenes in "The Flame" were taken just outside Florence. The villa belonged to the Count Imperalli, who took the greatest interest in the production.

"We had an exciting time in the hotel 'bus,'" Roland Myles went on, in his gay, happy-go-lucky manner. "We were driving back downhill, with a gradient of one in six or seven, at the speed of thirty miles an hour, the bolt slipped out of the socket of the steering gear, and the driver just pulled up as we were about to crash into a wall."

"The cause of the breakdown had to be remedied, and the only member of the driver had a boot, which he arranged in a mysterious fashion to keep the bolt in the socket; however, that did not deter him going faster than ever afterwards."

The Producer of "The Flame."

Martin Thornton told me the other afternoon, that he thoroughly enjoyed producing "The Flame," because there was no artificial fake about the scenery, it was real country. He aims at producing real emotion in his artistes, real real smiles! He thinks that by a sort of hypnotic influence and word parallel, the producer gets the best effects.

Women's Emotions.

"The depth of the emotion depends on the story of the subject that is being portrayed," says Martin Thornton; "and the spectator is carried away by the emotions of the actor, if he is a real artiste. But if the situation is artificial, no amount of acting will touch the spectator. If a situation is not real— it is ludicrous. A woman has a natural tendency to become emotional, and she is able to work herself up to a crisis with greater ease than a man. In a strong situation a man often has a tendency to become self-conscious."

Clever, Isn't It?

One of the cleverest photographic effects I have seen on the screen has been achieved in "The Flame."

If you notice the top right hand picture in the centre here, you will see Evelyn Boucher with the village schoolmistress. Do you know how this really good-looking lady came by her large mouth and chin? Not by the aid of grease paint or any other disguise, but simply by holding a magnifying glass before her face as you will see she is doing in the picture.

"The Flame."

"The Flame," is a Stoll British production, adapted from Olive Wadley's novel. It is an intensely human story, and under the capable direction of F. Martin Thornton, it becomes an enthralling drama of love, with tense emotional situations.

Toni (as a girl, Ida Lupino) and her brother

Fane (as a child, Sydney Wood), through the inexpressive habits of their father, Captain Wyndham Samaurez, and children of the village. At his death he confides these facts of humanity to his brother Sir Charles Samaurez (Arthur Collan), and his estranged wife—Lady Henrietta (Dora do Winton). The boy is Sir Charles's heir. Fane's education is undertaken by Lady Henrietta. Toni, who has won the heart of Sir Charles, enters a French convent.

Toni Returns From the Convent.

Long years brought no happiness to Lord Robert Wycke (Lady Henrietta's brother) Reginald Fox), whose wife is in an asylum. His great friend is Jean, Counte de Salumers (Mrs. Win Lenders).

When later Toni (Evelyn Boucher) returns from the convent, she receives a cold welcome from Lady Henrietta. Sir Charles is dangerously ill at a nursing home; later he dies.

Lord Robert comes to the rescue, and is kind to Toni (Evelyn Boucher) (as her father) has now come into the baronetcry. He sends Toni to a finishing school, and she is nearly expelled, but Lord Robert appears on the scene. Toni loves him; but he resists her charm, and tells her the tragedy of his marriage, and they part; but later she determines to follow Robert, because of unhappiness in her surroundings.

Happiness.

In Paris, Robert joins Jean de Salumers, and he introduces him to Boris Batsky (Roland Myles).

During a conference between the three men Toni arrives, but Robert is about to leave for Russia—she consents to remain with Jean's housekeeper until his return.

After many trials and tribulations, the death of Lady Robert Wycke—and a long illness—Toni's dreams of happiness are realised.

Summer Scenes In Winter.

I met Edna Flugrath the other day, and she told me that one of the greatest drawbacks in film making is having to defy the calendar, taking winter scenes in the middle of summer, and summer scenes in the middle of winter.

One of her worst experiences was when making a summer picture in the middle of winter some years ago in America. The outdoor scenes were taken in the middle of January on a little island, and it was so cold that all the men were leather coats lined with fleece, except when actually before the camera.

"And there was poor little me in a thin blouse and skirt," she said.

Awkward for Kips.

During the filming of "Kips," she told me that the funniest incident was when the summer scenes were being taken, and young George K. Arthur, who, as you know, plays Kips, slipped in the mud in white flannels, and had to hold his little moustache on which the wind threatened to blow it away.

British School Story Filmed.

"The Fifth Form of St. Dominic's," the famous school story, is the title of a new British picture that is now in active preparation. The greatest care is being taken to choose locations in perfect keeping with the story, and Messrs. Granger and Co. tell me that it is more than probable that one of the scholastic institutions that has helped to make our country's history will be used as a background.

Edith Neave.
BELLÉ, BENNETT as "The Lonely Woman." (Western Import.)

As the 3:10 freight train swung into the wais-ayle station, bustling with the din of Trinville, a most unusual change came over him as he stepped out of the car. He had been aching to see the man, but as he stepped out of the car, he felt something within him that he could not explain. He walked swiftly along the platform, his steps resounding on the hard, cracked wood. His mind was filled with a strange, almost inexplicable feeling.

"That's a special treat to ratify the partnership," he said whimsically. "You won't expect sugar every day!"

The man gave another wriggle of his tail, which meant, "I understand."

Jim untied the horses' hames before currying them up, and then, while the man was busy about the horses, he went toward the station house. He was a typical hobo, or tramp.

A bearded of about a week's growth covered a face which, though retaining the outline of handsome features, was marked by dissipation. It would have been difficult to guess his age. Fit and well, he might have looked thirty, but with an unkept appearance he looked forty. With his hands in his pockets and his head bent down, he shuffled into the town.

Just as he was about to leave the side of the railway, a poor, half-starved dog of a mongrel breed came running towards him in terror. He had a thin coat tied to his tail, and he was being hunted by a gang of boys.

In Jim Ransom's mental and physical make-up there was a lot of bad, but there was one section of him that was pure white. He respected women, loved all children and animals, especially dogs and horses.

And the dog must have known this, for he came to him without fear.

Jim patted the dog, untied the tail from his hand, and shook his head at the boys.

They retaliated by throwing stones at him—from a safe distance—and calling him a dirty hobo. Jim didn't hear them. He was too much interested in the dog.

"reckon you and me are about as well matched as two spots on the same cane," he said. "You're no home, and I haven't. What about making a partnership? Share and share alike through wet and dry.

Like all real animal lovers, Jim Ransom spoke to the dog as though he were speaking to a human being.

"The dog couldn't speak, but he understood, and he wagged his tail to say, "It's a bet.""

"Reckon I'll call you "Tie,"" said Jim. "Come on, old man, we've got to find a shelter for the night."

It was characteristic of Jim Ransom that he did not look behind to see if the dog was following. He knew. No dog had ever left Jim Ransom. Dodging the main street of the village, he moved towards the outskirts, and presently pulled out of a small barn that stood in the grounds of a little farm just off the road.

"This will do us, Tie," said Ransom, viewing the place with a critical eye. "It looks all right."

He moved in swiftly, and after a look round proceeded to unpack a sack he carried on his back. It contained some bread, salt, pepper, tea, coffee, and sugar, and two pans and a small kettle. Taking the kettle and a pan, he went into the garden and filled them with water. As he passed he locked at the door. It was unoccupied. A card advertised that it was to let furnished.

"All the better for us," he muttered.

On his way he gathered some sticks. His first act on entering the barn was to place the pan of water before the annual began. By midday, the fire was crackling merrily. Jim fished out his bag, found a bone with a decent amount of meat on it. Then he began to prepare his own meal. He built a fire, made some coffee, and sitting off a chuck of the cold meat, he sat down with his sack on the hunk of bread. Having finished his meal, he brought out a pipe and tobacco, and sitting alone, the flint was half empty before he took it in pocket.

"We must leave some for the night, Tie, old boy," he said, chuckling.

Then he patted the dog and gave him a lump of sugar."

"That's a special treat to ratify the partnership," he said whimsically. "You won't expect sugar every day!"

The man gave another wriggle of his tail, which meant, "I understand."

Jim had found a comfortable stretch before curling himself up before the fire. He had found a comfortable stretch. The trap sat on his sack, elbows on knees, staring into the fire.

While in the glowing embers he was seeing pictures of the past, or visions of the future, one cannot help but in either case brought no happiness or relief. There was a settled gloom in the eyes of the hobo, who turned his eyes with his boots behind him—who has only bitter memories of the past and no hope for the future.

The Other Stranger

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' the 12th of January, on the same day there came another stranger to Trinville. She was a woman of about twenty-eight, with a beautiful if rather sorrowful face. In her kindly, brown eyes there shone the soul of a good woman. As her train came to the platform, many inquisitive eyes viewed her from behind the curtains of the best part of the train, a habit common to the ladies of Trinville.

The stranger went straight to the house of Deacon Peery.

The Deacon was one of the most important men in Trinville. His office was the only one in the town where people could find help and advice on a broad basis, from a purely religious standpoint.

"He's called the "curate,"" said the lady, holding out a ticket. "I'm sure he'll let me in."

"Yes," said the Deacon. "May I see your reference?"

"My reference is "the horse tied to the tail"—or "The horse that didn't eat hay.""

"Certainly, the Deacon. Of all languages, money talks the plainest to him, and he decided that a tenant willing to pay in advance was the one he was looking for.

He grabbed his hat and came to the door. Then he requested the lady to drive the horses in the outskirts of the village. It was the only plot to the barn occupied by Jim Ransom and his dog belonged.

The lady, who was the niece of Martha Sellers, looked over the house, said she would take it, and paid the three months' rent in advance.

Deacon Peery tried hard to get to know the stranger, and when at last he was allowed to live in Trinville, but to all his questions, she gave polite but completely noncommittal answers.

When the Deacon got out of sight he pulled out his book and looked at the book, and then he thought, "Why, I don't even get out of her whether she was a miss or a widow."

Then he went to the man who lived in the house, and said, "Mr. Sellers, I believe that you have a nice dog."

"I have nothing to hide," said Martha shortly, "but I object to people prying into my business as much as I do to the visings and suspicions that the law demands and no more. I am twenty-eight years old, and I'll stay so, and whether I am or not, it is all you are entitled to know.""

"That's where you're wrong, Mrs. Sellers," the Deacon said. "The law wants to know where you got your money from, and who you are, and I have the right to tell you, regardless of what she says."

"I can't go on living at the rate of a hundred dollars a week, but you are obliged to, and you can rely on me keeping your property and telling you what you want to hear, but if you want to know anything else, I have nothing to say.""

Deacon Peery said a chance to see at the supposed secret of "The Lonely Woman," as the Deacon had guessed.

"But a week later Hiram Peery saw a chance to see at the supposed secret of "The Lonely Woman," as the Deacon had guessed.

The period for the census was closed, and the Deacon's work was done, but he knew that his work was not done. He visited with his book, he went once more to the house.

After explaining his duty, he gave Martha a packing case.

"You aren't afraid of telling me everything," he said. "No, not after I read this book."

When the Deacon got out of sight he pulled out his book and looked at it, and then he thought, "Why, I don't even get out of her whether she was a miss or a widow.

When he became the Deacon that the mysterious lady who so many had watched down at the church was a woman who wanted to know all about her new tenant. But for some reason, the man who made it his business to know everything that was happening, had found that she did not want to know anything about Martha Sellers, and he therefore determined to put the matter to the lady of the house.

"Miss Polly, isn't it?"

The last moment of two uncertain hands were round the Deacon as he said, "Yes, it is, Mr. Sellers, and he has come unobserved.

"I knew you would be a gentleman," he said, "and I knew you would be a gentleman, so I didn't think anything would happen."

The door was beginning to go black in the face when Martha Sellers managed to pull Jim Ransom from his room and began to pack him away. (Continued on page 19.)
RUSSELL SIMPSON
A Character Actor Who Is An Expert In the Art of Make-Up

Russell Simpson, who plays the title role in the Goldwyn picture, "Black Pawl," is a wonderful character actor. His make-ups are really marvellous, as can be seen by the photographs on this page.

He is of athletic build, just over six feet in height, and his physical fitness is probably due to his great love of everything connected with a life in the open. He is just happy when he can get out into the wilds for big game hunting, or angling for trout in the cold mountain streams. On these expeditions, Mr. Simpson usually takes several books with him to read before turning in at night, and these books are usually from the pen of authors who deal with life in the open.

Strong Roles.

A studio portrait of Russell Simpson, the talented Goldwyn player, as he really is.


Russell Simpson as "Black Pawl" in the Goldwyn film of the same name.

As Tammas Buggy in "Boony Pulls the Strings."

A photograph illustrating the marvellous make-up of Russell Simpson.
“THE LONELY WOMAN.” (Continued from page 14.)

he was worth, but when he got into the road he stood and shook his fist.

"You'll be sorry for this, the pair of you, I'll have you out of Trimville for this."

Thus, as Ransom made a move to go for him, he set off running as fast as his spindle legs could carry him.

"I'm sorry this happened," said Martha Sellers.

"Deacon Peevy is a vindictive old man, and he will make trouble in the village."

"If it hadn't been for you he'd have made trouble for the last time," said Ransom savagely, as he walked back to the barn.

The Deacon's Vengeance.

TWO days later, when Martha was in the village doing some purchases at the store, she heard that an order had come from police headquarters that all dogs whose owners had not got a licence had to be destroyed.

As soon as she got back she found Ransom and told him the news.

"I haven't got a dollar," said Ransom slowly.

"Martina insisted.

"You can soon earn a dollar if you don't drink," she said. "If you repair that fence and get all the wood in, I will pay you a dollar. And if you earn any more please don't spend it in drink, for my sake."

"For your sake I will try," said Ransom, as he went out to the wood pile.

Dick Ransom did not touch a drink for two days, and when Martha paid him the dollar he went down to the store to get a licence for his dog. But once in sight of the local public house the old craving for a drink returned.

"What's the good of trying to reform?" he asked.

"I'm only getting that good woman into trouble with the villagers because she has befriended me. The best thing I can do is to get a couple of drinks and ship out with Tice. Once I get on the road, I lose that no sheriff shoots me."

But once inside the public house Jim Ransom's resolution about the two drinks did not last long. When he had had half a dozen drinks he forgot all about the licence to Tice. The dog, in fact, had gone outside to wait for him. His money gone at last, Ransom recollected out of the bar. As he got into the street Tice ran up to him. It was unfortunate that just at that moment the sheriff appeared. He caught sight of the dog, and demanded the licence. Since Jim could not produce one he pulled out his gun.

"Stand back," he shouted. "That dog's got to die!"

Jim Ransom, shouting incoherent threats, rushed at the sheriff and grappled with him. As the two men struggled Martin Sellers rushed out of the post-office and ran to the sheriff.

"Don't shoot the dog. I will pay the licence!"

Somebody separated the two men, and the sheriff, not with very good grace, accepted the dollar that Martin offered him. Martin then persuaded Jim to go back to the barn.

It was only when she had seen him on his way that she remembered the letter she had just got from the post-office. As she turned she saw Deacon Peevy surrounded by the village gossips. Peevy had picked up the letter, and he brought it to her with a malicious grin on his face.

Martha tell the blood rush to her face. The vindictive old man had discovered her secret.

As he handed her the letter he beamed at her triumphantly.

"See it is from Sing-Sing prison," he said. "No wonder you didn't want folks to know anything about the past. From your husband, take it?"

Martha made no reply as she hurried away, but her cheeks flamed scarlet as she heard the sneering remarks of the gossips as she passed.

Deacon Peevy was right.

The letter was from her husband in prison, but Martha knew that he had been unjustly convicted. He was doing two years instead of the three he should have served, and the gossips were the voice of the man who had written the letter that she wrote to her husband that night, even their coarse breasts might have been moved to pity for the lonely woman.

For the next few days Jim Ransom went about his work with a sunder air.

He cursed himself for having given way to drink, and raked the life out of his dog, and he left he could not meet the eyes of the woman who had once more befriended him when every man's hand was against him.

In the meantime Deacon Peevy was stirring up animosity in the village against Martha and Ransom. Nothimg would satisy him but that they should both be driven from the village, and gradually he got public opinion on his side.

He only waited for a man to act on the part of either that would enable him to frame a charge which would induce the mayor to make an order that they must leave the town.

Just over a week after the incident of the dropped letter, Martha was again in the village.

She had come down in the hope that she could see Ransom, to tell him of a job she had heard about.

As she entered the main street there came to her ears a confused cumbour of voices and cries of "Stop 'em!"

Down the street came two runaway horses attached to a wagon. There was no driver, but a little shrill voice came from side to side in the vehicle, which threatened at every moment to turn over.

(Continued on page 21.)

VERA GORDON

VERA GORDON is a隽ctress who excels in mother parts.

VERA GORDON, in a scene from the Goldwyn film, "The North Wind's Mate."
ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

This story—the first of a series—concerns the romance of Charles Ray and Clara Grant, who now, as you know, is Mrs. Ray. As the author suggests, it needs almost like one of the plays in which its hero has so endeared himself to the hearts of all picturegoers. Could any story have a better recommendation?

By GRACE KINGSLEY

It happened when Miss Grant came down the stairs after removing her wraps, when Charlie came suddenly round a corner from the room where they were dancing, and they ran smack into each other! Miss Grant was going to be just a little bit mad—then she looked up into Charlie’s earnest eyes and face filled with embarrassment, and her face broke into smiles of glad recognition. And, say I, but didn’t Charlie recognize her, and didn’t he blush! He hastily apologized, and then they looked at each other a second silent moment.

Just then the dance music struck up.

"W-w-won’t you dance with me, Miss Grant?"

"Don’t you think Clara Grant cared for you all the while?” I asked.

"Well, I don’t know. Girls are awfully smart that way, you know. I lived down the street in a bawdily askew-struck tone. "But,” and he smiled whimsically, "even if Clara didn’t know it, I was engaged to her—I know whether she was engaged to me or not!"

The two girls were married for whole years. Of course Charlie was worried all the time for fear some other boy would take Clara away from him. Just then he went down the street in a bawdily askew-struck tone. "But,” and he smiled whimsically, "even if Clara didn’t know it, I was engaged to her—I know whether she was engaged to me or not!"

The two girls were married for whole years. Of course Charlie was worried all the time for fear some other boy would take Clara away from him. Just then he went down the street in a bawdily askew-struck tone. "But,” and he smiled whimsically, "even if Clara didn’t know it, I was engaged to her—I know whether she was engaged to me or not!"

Charlie Ray’s beautiful home in Los Angeles.

"W-w-won’t you dance with me, Miss Grant?" asked Charlie, partly because he could think of nothing else to say. They found they danced very well together, and Charlie’s stage experience helped him to overcome his shyness with the girl of the mocking eyes and the laughing mouth, so they danced together a good many times, and then he took her home, and, as I said before, it was moonlight, which always does help.

Afterwards they went out to parties and theaters together a great deal. But Charlie remained very poor for two long years.

"You don’t feel you can take all a girl’s tino when you have nothing to offer,” said Charlie with reminiscent wistfulness.

The Films of the Week

"The Fend," Tom Mink (Fox).—DRAMATIC story of a feud between two families, who lived in the bluegrass section of West Virginia in the days of crinolines. Romance and adventure is carried from one generation to another. Two people and fast to bliss, but their children become happily united.

"When a Man Loves," Earle Williams (Filmpool).—THE story of an Englishman who finds his love in beautiful Japan. The seloming of a husband-hunter almost parts him from the woman he loves, but all things come right in the end. Margaret Loomis plays the role of the Japanese girl with much distinction.

"A Little Brother of the Rich," Kathryn Keyser, Charles Keaton, Jack J. Sweeney (Phillips).—DAMATIC and compelling is this story of an ambitious young man and a theatrical star. It is very human, and is remarkable for its life-like situations.

"The Hard Rock Breed," Margaret Wilson (Western—Import).—WHAT’S lived in the bone—is—a story of a band of outlaws near Seville form the motive of this story. Hate and revenge, swift and sure—intensely dramatic episodes follow in quick succession. Hedda Nova plays the part of Carmenita, a beautiful outlaw.

"Mary Ellen Comes to Town," Dorothy Graft (Paramount—Artcraft).—THE impressively played as Dorothy Gish as a country girl, who leaves her sleepy village and seeks adventures in New York. She intends to be an actress, but has to accept a job as cabaret singer. At this haunt she falls in with crooks, and here the fun begins. As the funniest girl on scene. In this picture Dorothy Gish fully lives up to her reputation.

"The Battle," Nazimova (Journey).—NAZIMOVA, the incomparable, is quite a different role to say she has yet played. As a modest city girl, whose life is rescued by a novelist from a trapped-up charge at the police court. He adopt her and from now onwards develops the plot. Many great acting scenes lead up to a powerful climax.

"His Wife’s Friend," Dorothy Dalton (Paramount—Artcraft).—MYSTERY, love, and adventure play their parts in this screen-play. The story of a young wife married to a much older man. It is a study of the solving of problems. His mysterious death and the intrigues of a Chinese spy form an amazing and exciting mystery story with many impressive scenes.
DONALD CRISP

TO see Donald Crisp "on the job" is something of a revelation. Seated in his low chair in line with the camera, hemmed in by assistants, electricians, Eisele and Cooper-Hewitt, his players and his "set," before him, this fine (almost handsome), genial man, with his quiet voice and restrained gestures, seems a far cry from the brutalized "Battling Burrows," who in "Broken Blossoms," gave to the screen one of the greatest, and at the same time most terrible characterisations ever depicted in the world of shadows.

"Yes, Burrows was a horrible character," Mr. Crisp admitted the other day, when I had the pleasure of meeting him at the London studio of the Famous Lasky British Producers. "I should not like to portray such a role again. As a matter of fact, I only did so then to accommodate Mr. Griffith, who had been totally unable to find the man he wanted for the part, and who did not the honour of begging me to take it. Besides, I owed Mr. Griffith—and still owe him—a big debt, having worked with him since the Majestic Reliance days, and directed under his valuable supervision over eight years ago. But all the same, the role was repellent to me, as well as to the public, and I have never worked harder in my life than at that time, for I was directing Bryant Washburn through the day, and working at the Griffith studio at night. And yet," added Mr. Crisp reflectively, "there was a certain pleasure in returning to my old love, the acting end of the business."

Woulcl Rather Act.

"Then you would rather act than direct?"

"Oh, yes, much rather, though I have been directing for many years now."

"Then why—" I began.

"Money!" returned the director with a smile. "You can make much more directing than acting, you know. But I would always prefer to be before the megaphone than behind it. I always lose, drawn myself in a part, so that I am alive to nothing else, but when one is directing one’s energy is scattered in a thousand different ways, which considerably adds to one’s responsibilities, and makes the strain of work much heavier. At the end of the day I feel ‘all in,’ I can tell you."

Advocates Freedom for Actor.

THAT Mr. Crisp’s experience as an actor is of inestimable advantage to him as a director is at once apparent to anyone who has watched him at work. Every part in every scene is acted by him before the actor or actress concerned is permitted to portrayal. It is at these times that one sees a little for the grease paint which has been supplanted by the megaphone, for surely never was there a more eloquent face. A curl of the lip, a glance of the eye, a flicker of an eyebrow, and all is expressed. It would be difficult to imagine any player being unable to work in harmony with such a directorial force.

Further evidence of the value of his experience before the camera is displayed in Mr. Crisp’s sympathy with each of his players. Despite his personal rehearsal of every “bit” in his productions, he is entirely in favour of the freedom to the end that the player’s individuality may have perfect access to the public. "Get across," in other words, "Mere puppets, imitators of the director, are no longer to be tolerated," he avers. "To be sure, the director is in the best position to judge an effect. But he talks the matter over with the actor, rather than gives positive orders. Some of these are not even initiative, and must be told exactly what to do. It is then that the director is obliged to restrict the freedom of the player. Such cases, however, are very rare—fortunately."

A Challenge.

Mr. Crisp remarked upon the difficulty of recruiting players for the screen over here, because, he said, legitimate artists would insist in regarding pictures as a “side-line,” whereas in the States almost any actor unwilling to leave the theatre—at least for a time—to act in films.

"And think of the advertisement attached to films! You are the very Serial of a picture, and have that brazen boast of a nightly audience of two or three million people, and daily being seen, admired and loved. And all the while we are receiving excellent salaries we offer—in many cases more than the player asks—the costumes we furnish, and the beautiful sets we provide, and you may well ask why is it that on earth we should have difficulty in finding over here the artists we want.

"I must say I deplore the superficial attitude adopted towards the screen by some of your stage players, especially by those who, despite their antipathy to film, have not relented their tempting allurements on occasion. They say they do not like films. Well, you may state that I challenge them to come forward and tell me why."

His New Picture.

WHEN I met Mr. Crisp he was engaged upon "Appearances," a somewhat free adaptation of "Four Sons of Eve" by John Galsworthy. I saw some of the sets for this picture, and was struck by the minute detail with which they displayed, even to some really exquisite fingerplates on a door. Mr. Crisp told me that probably most of them had been laid by the weather, which he had found "awful." but by a wonderful air-washing apparatus shortly to be installed at the studio, today, by the way, Colquhoun hoped soon to work under more satisfactory atmospheric conditions.

A Londoner.

A WORD in conclusion—Mr. Crisp is English. A Londoner, having been born at Kent. Kensington, has cause to be proud.

May Herschel Clarks.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notes of film faults, and shall continue the feature, but not as a prize competition. There are still thousands of postcards to be examined, and prizes will be awarded until these are all read.

Harry Sims, the rich man in "The Twelve Pound Look," was seated in his office. Standing by his desk was a poor man, whose face was starving. After a while, the poor man, who had been pleading in vain with Harry Sims for money, turned to leave the office, and took up his hat from the table. Instead of it being an old cap it was a silk hat. So awarded to Miss Lily Roe, 28, Salisbury Avenue, Colchester, Essex.

When William Tell rides down the Mountainside in the "Last of the Braves" he is riding a black horse, going up the other side it is a white horse. How does he change?—Mrs. Harrington, c/o Market Hall, Bromyard, Brecon.
THE LONELY WOMAN.

(Continued from page 18.)

It all happened in a flash.

Martha saw her dog run out, to be followed the next second by Ransom's dog.

Then, without warning, she was being dragged straight at the heels of the horses.

You see, there was nothing in the opposite direction, and as Martha was caught by the heels of the place she was being flung aside, she fell under the wheel of the motor-car.

"Where are you going to take him?" said one.

"There's no place for him but the poor house," said another.

Martha only answered with a shuddering sob.

"It isn't going to be fun for the child," she said.

You would have thought that Christian act of charity was just a start even to the surprise of the prisoners of the town of Trinville, but their minds would prove too ignorant to understand any genuine act of self-sacrifice.

"You see how it is," whispered Deacon Peery.

"I see. A woman who has strength to be a mother.

A nodding of heads showed that the deacon's view was the popular one.

For days Jim Ransom lay by the point of death, and it was only the constant nursing of Martha Selker that saved him.

For the greatest part of his illness he was delirious,方案ing about his past.

One night, as Martha was watching over him, he said something that ran the face of the watching woman turn pale. In his delirium Ransom made a point that the deacon could not be exonerated the crime for which her husband was in prison.

When Ransom recovered Martha made up her mind that she would tax him with the confession.

The first time he asked her in that way.

"Both Tee and Spot were killed," said Martha.

She led him to the garden, and showed him a double-gloved hand that had been there.

When they returned to the house Martha was curious how she could make the questions of Ransom's confession, when there was a knock at the door.

It was the mayor.

Deacon Peery had succeeded in working up the agitation against Martha and Ransom to the extent that a town's meeting had been held, and they had passed a resolution that the two strangers should be ordered to leave the town.

The mayor was in sympathy with the resolution, but he was compelled to carry it out.

He expressed his opinion that he had to perform such a painful duty, as he acquainted Martha with the decision of the town's meeting, explaining that the resolout would lead him to the poor house where he was arrested.

"I do not fear it," said Martha. "My real name is Mrs. Johnson Blair, but though my husband is in prison, I am not guilty of the crime of which he is accused.

One March Johnson Blair, Jim Ransom started for his rest.

"It's true," Mr. Mayor. "I committed the robbery for which John Ransom was sent to Sing-Sing. I have some of the stuff buried in the barn.

He turned to Martha:

"The day of decision has come to me at last. I will tell the truth, but I will never have been so happy before." It was the return to the village as a prisoner, and when the mayor and Peery and the chief organiser of the agitation against Martha, he told the hypocritical deacon just what he thought of him, and thought the language he used was far from polite, every word was true.

(Abridged from incidents in the photo-play by permission of Western Import.)

The Mirror: The Symmetrical Figure—How to Acquire It—The Power of Fresh Air—And Deep Breathing—The Picture Girl's Smart Frock

I am the order of the day to be moderately slim. At the same time, it is not either pretty or becoming to be thin or fat. Apparently you are too old or too young, for so many write to me and ask how they can develop their figure. True it is that flocks are perfectly straight in cut, and that they tend to hide any figure one may possess. Still, they also emphasize the flat chested. Wasp waists and big busts are a thing of the past, and this is very good thing too, for the former meant a great amount of un-comfortable and unhealthy corseting, while the latter means only decoration.

Still, there is a happy medium, and if flocks and coats are to hang becomingly, the contours must be symmetrical. All of which goes to say that a well-developed bust means a great deal. Certainly you cannot have a symmetrical figure without a right bust proportion, but you can possess both if you follow the instructions I am giving here for the benefit of all who have written to me.

To Improve the Figure.

First resort to internal remedies, except, of course, in the choice of correct foods. Remember that you have succeeded in the belief that you can enlarge your bust in ten days or a month by taking such a simple remedy that a successful remedy must be far less easy. Slow but sure is the reliable motto for figure development.

Remember that hard pressure tends to flatten busts, and that you can avoid any massage undertaken must be gentle. Cocoa butter is most beneficial for massage, and be careful that your corsets are not worn so high as to press against the figure. Sensible girls nowadays adopt the sports corset with its band of deep elastic along the top.

Food also must be taken into consideration. Be sure to eat fat-making foods carefully and without and fat meat; drink milk and take cream as often as possible. Sleep a good night's sleep. Eat plenty of fresh food. To inhale fresh air in deep breaths is invaluable. In fact, there is less work for doctors if the true value of deep breathing of fresh air were realized and religiously practised. Nothing helps you to learn to relax, both in action and in rest, like deep breaths of fresh good air. Jumpy nerves are one of the drawbacks of the underdeveloped girl. You can prove this by a glance at the fat girl. seldom do you find a stout girl who is not altogether happy-go-lucky and perfectly cheerful. You can learn a lesson from her on the fat girl's sensibility and the heart to the world that the development of the self, that is to say, taking into your lungs all the fresh air they can hold.

The Value of Deep Breathing.

PRACTICE deep breathing before your open window every morning, immediately upon getting up. Stand at a easy pace, with arms hanging at sides, and head and neck erect. Inhale slowly and deeply through the nose and all the abdomen.

Why you will now find that the chest is raised far above the normal position. Hold for a few seconds, and then exhale slowly through the nose, lowering the chest and contracting the abdomen again. Five minutes of this deep breathing practiced each morning will do much to improve the figure. Also, you will feel the benefit in health, for fresh air breathing improves circulation of life into the body.

Take a good long walk whenever you can manage it, and while you are doing it, take slow, deep breaths. Take good, steady breaths, preferably before or after meals, and breathe deeply. Take good, steady breaths, preferably before or after meals, and change your clothes.

The method of acquiring a good figure is a simple one, but slow, and the chief point is that it is sure.

The Picture Girl's Frock.

A ALWAYS up-to-date, the Picture Girl has recently acquired a new frock, portraying the most up-to-date and latest details of smart fashion. It is a charming affair of Navy-blue gabardine, decorated with black silk braid and exquisitely done button holes. The long-waisted frock is arranged to fasten up high to the throat, as the majority of Spring frocks will do—and is faced back with the smartest material. At the back it is done in the same as the sketch shows. The skirt which is joined on at the hip line is pleated at the back and has a patent leather belt drawn in the waist fullness.

You can obtain patterns of this dress, through the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Department, Oxford Street, London, W. 1. P.O. to be made payable to the PICTURE SHOW.

A DRESSER.

---

The Young Mother (to the butler): "Oh, will you carry my baby?"

The Butler: "With pleasure, madam.

Thirteen and a half pounds, madam, with the bones." (Pearson's Weekly.)

A Cape Town girls' school had a debate on the subject, "What is the best companion for a spinner, a cat or a dog?"

"Well, a cat's got whiskers," said one dame with lightness. (Cape Argus.)

Mistress: "Mary, why didn't you bring on the finger-bowls? Didn't the lady you last worked for have them?"

Pathe Sunbeams

This Week's Best Jokes

LEADING ECONOMIST'S WIFE: "Sonny, run over to the chemist, and get yourself another bottle of quack remedy." Sonny (anxiously): "But, mother, can we afford it?" (Answers.)

TRACKER: "And what is the highest form of animal life?" (Boston, U.S.A., Globe.)

FIRST MAN: "Do you believe in heredity?"

SECOND MAN: "Of course I do. Why, I've got one of the brightest boys you ever saw!" (New York American.)

The Mirror: The Symmetrical Figure—How to Acquire It—The Power of Fresh Air—And Deep Breathing—The Picture Girl's Smart Frock

A young woman (to her maid): "I've heard that you are the best in town-

Maids: "No, maam. Her friends always washed before they came to dinner." (Ct Bits.)

PROUD MOTHER: "Mr. Smith, did you see anything of my daughter at the dance?"

Mr. Smith: "Madam, I should say I did." (Judge, New York.)

PRIVATE (just demobilised): TO CAPTAIN: "Understand, I take back every bullish salute I've ever given you." (Weekly.)

REJECTED SUTURE: "Your laugh shows me that you have no heart." (Argus.)

The Captain: "Heavens! Did I open my mouth as wide as that?" (Le Sourire.)

The price of cabbage has dropped 41 per cent. But, as usual, the cigar dealer says the consumer will not feel the effect for some time. (San Diego, Cal. Tribune.)
ASK THE "PICTURE SHOW"
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

OVER-PRODUCTION.

The other day a significant report was published in the Picture Play, which affected to the effect of over-production, the leading film concerns in America had to submit to substantial reductions in the number of studio employees. At Los Angeles, it was stated, the staffs had been considerably reduced. Several of the largest concerns (presumably the biggest part) were to be discharged, and films which had been in production for several weeks were now unsaleable, and had, therefore, to be stored.

The cause of this slump is not altogether surprising. For one thing, the many film studios have made a large number of pictures, and the United States States have been turning out so many films each year that we need only refer to the exhibitor has been induced to buy far more than he need have done. Many of these productions, too, had to be booked so far ahead that some of them were made during the 'war in America, continuing stories now out of date, have only recently been released in this country; while a few more similar pictures have yet to appear. In fact, the whole film business is at a standstill, and, as the conditions will not change, it is not likely that the picture business will be able to sell all of the pictures it has now. The slump, it is said, will continue for a long time, and it is not likely that the picture business will be able to sell all of the pictures it has now. The slump, it is said, will continue for a long time, and it is not likely that the picture business will be able to sell all of the pictures it has now.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

A large number of envelopes accompanied any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous correspondence can be answered.


"FORGET IT."

"FORGET IT." (Woking).—When a woman says: "I must be going now," you can depend on it; she means: "I must be going now." I guessed, therefore, you had something else to tell me when you said: "Tell me the end of the story."

Well, I like you, anyway, for having a keen sense of humor. Oh, yes, Doris Pawn is American, and the Norield was born in Kentucky, U.S.A. She never learned so much geography at school as I have—since I've been with you. I'm sure that Marsh, and B. K. Lincoln played in "The Beloved Traitor." But I'm not sure-S. M. FISHER.

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£250 Goggles Competition

"PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

Second Prize
£50

First Prize
£100

Third Prize
£25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

The above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the second set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, each of which is more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you which is the correct answer.

This competition is run in conjunction with "The Girls' Cinema," and "The Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
TWINK is a most successful combination of various attractive shades of dye with the well-known Lux soap flakes, a unique and excellent means of dyeing at home all kinds of wearing and furnishing fabrics.

**Price 7½d. per Packet**

OF ALL GROCERS, STORES, OILMEN, CHANDLERS, ETC.

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- Light Navy
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- Geranium Red
- Grass Green
- Reseda
- Lilac
- Purple
- Wine
- Grey
- Nigger Brown
- Tabac Brown
- Diffused Yellow
- Old Gold
- Black

There are 18 beautiful shades of TWINK

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.
Beauty for Everyone is Ruth Roland’s title to the splendid articles that begin inside this issue and are exclusive to the "Picture Show."
First Aid in the Home.

Experiences of a Trained Ambulance Worker with Germolene, the New Aseptic Skin Dressing.

Mr. George Moore, 266, Church Road, Kearsley, Farnworth, near Bolton, writing 22nd Sept., says:—

"After using the new preparation 'GERMOLENE,' I feel I am doing a public service in recommending it to the public at large.

I was amongst the first to give it a trial, and it was astonishing at the result.

As a trained Ambulance worker I have used it with remarkable success, both in the factory and elsewhere.

As a household remedy for Cuts, Bruises, Bums, and various skin diseases it is a Priceless Treasure; no house should be without a box for minor accidents. I have treated scores of cases with it, many of which have been dressed with other preparation for months without avail, and when Germolene cured it in 10 to 14 days. I offer this unsolicited testimonial for public welfare.

Soothes at a Touch! — Germolene is matchless as a remedy for:

- Eczema
- Pernia
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- Itching
- Ulcers
- Skin Eruptions
- Chilblains
- And all cuts, bruises, itching, or ulcerated Surfaces.

Prices 1/3 and 5/- per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Dr. Robertson Wallace writes:

"Germolene has restored my health. My system was very weak, now I feel splendid. I offer it as a cure for my complaint, and I urge all my friends to use it."

It's the Cream that counts—NOT the jar

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Elaborately designed pots or imitations of famous ware, however dainty they may seem, do not hold such a splendid Toilet Cream as Icilma Cream.

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Icilma Cream

Price 1/3; large pot 2/1, everywhere. Flesh-tinted Cream, 1/2 per po.

Use it daily and look your best
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

HENRY CLIVE, noted actor-illustrator, is here shown painting a portrait of MIRIAM COOPER. Clive declares that Miss Cooper has a perfect Grecian profile, and is using her as a model for many of his magazine covers.

GEORGE BUNNY, son of the late John Bunny, taking his first instructions from Mark Goldaine, his director, at the First National studios.

"Mama" Wong Arc is the self-appointed guardian of Sessue Hayakawa's Robertson-Cole productions. She sees that every detail of his pictures is authentic.

A charming portrait of CLAIRE ADAMS with two small pets. It must be difficult for her to know from which.

ALICE LAKE, Metro star, in a scene from her latest picture, "Mother Love." The baby is quite happy with its new mother.

HELENE CHADWICK, Goldwyn actress, thoroughly enjoyed the taking of this scene for the film "Mr. and Miserable Jones," which was directed by E. Mason Hopper. It was a very hot day, and the sea was delightfully cool.
Next Week begins, special to the "Picture Show." "The Call of the Road."

Unmasked.

How the incident happened, was a three days' talk in Greystone village. The horse was a new one bought at the fair. That she had broken more necks than one, her rider declared, Mr. Ferguson, who, Grace was seated with only a broken arm was the mess of Providence, as Mrs. Taylor remarked. Mrs. Ferguson put down the accident to Harry, to his unlucky arrival, she even said as much to Arthur Weston when he brought his fiancée home.

Arthur was upset at the occurrence.

"Show me how much he cares for her," commented the village, and stories were told of how Arthur Weston had said that the horse should be given away, before he would allow Grace to ride it again, but the horse stayed in the stables at Greystone, and Weston made no effort to part, with it.

It was a week before Harry Rae had an opportunity to talk alone with Grace. Arthur Weston showed quite a flattering desire for his company. Indeed, the only person who resented his presence was the old servant, Janet. At times when Harry appeared the man was openly hostile to him, and would shake his fist (from a safe distance, certainly), at the young intruder. Arthur Weston laughingly apologized on one occasion for his servant's brusque manners. He assured Janet that he had looked kindly at his cousin, which, for some reason other, gave that gentleman some discomfort.

Grace was at the cottage alone. Mrs. Ferguson was visiting in the village, and the children were in bed. Arthur Weston had not come because Grace was seated by the fire when Harry came in. She gave him an uninjured hand, and the soft light of pleasure, which shone in those expressive eyes, made him certain of her welcome.

"This is the first opportunity I have had to fix my eyes on her, as he very well himself oppose her, and hold his hands to the blaze. "Yes," she responded, "and goodness only knows how long I shall remain immune.

"Do you notice that, too," he asked quickly.

Grace nodded. "How could one help it?" she thought. "Looking a little."

Harry left his seat and knelt down on the rug beside her.

"You have never told me yet why you and my cousin are engaged," he remarked, his eyes fixed on the fire.

"Mother was very keen," said Grace quietly. "She seemed quite natural to her to tell exactly what was in her mind. "And I don't dislike him," she added. "I called him to account about all the things he suspected of, and he was quite decent. He explained them all at once, and I think he was pleased."

It was left for Janet to account for, and he has promised to make it over to you when you come of age.

He has!" Harry gave a surprised whistle.

Then his clear eyes fixed themselves on the girl before him. "He promised that, did he? What for?

Grace leaned back in her chair and avowed her fear, she was afraid those clear, grey eyes might read her secrets.

"Only because he wants to be decent," she said at last. "He did think of keeping it, but he told me he thought better of it. He said he would go to a lawyer and make out a deed of his property on his own.

"Oh! And has he done so?

"I don't know," answered the girl hesitatingly. "I will ask him about it. He will, I am sure he will," she added very quickly.

Harry took hold of the little uninjured hand, which lay in the girl's lap.

"What a trusting little soul you are, Grace!" he said, half amused, half sadly. "I feel I am compelled to dispel your illusions, but lay down," he bent nearer to her. "Arthur Weston is a

The concluding chapters of this thrilling serial by Emmie Allingham.

I am quite ready!" What do you say, Grace?" he cried. "Grace glanced swiftly from one man to another. Arthur was smiling, but she had seen that expression in his face a dozen times, and she distrusted it.

"Why not to-morrow? In the day-time?" she said hesitatingly.

"Why not now and have it over!" cried Harry. "I should not sleep a wink if I went to bed without hearing what Arthur has to say. I always did think there was something queer about my mother's will,

Arthur bowed, he dared not trust himself to speak. He turned his head away sharply so that they could not see the hurt he could not repress any longer, and which he knew burned in his eyes.

He went into the tiny hall, and returned with the girl's hat and coat.

Arthur never forgot these little attentions, it was through these that he was generally so popular with women.

A few minutes later and they left the cottage, and took the path through Greystone Wood.

They walked silently, each occupied by their own thoughts.

Ferguson was wondering and hoping that the two men would not quarrel. He feared Harry's impetuous temper, and dreaded to think he might especially exhibit the fact in the servant's absence.

Arthur turned and Ferguson would never have walked so stealthily into the trap his disordered mind was even then busily weaving for her destruction. He had taken the servant's entrance and let them in with his key.

A fire burned in the kitchen, but with the aid of a lighted candle he led them up the stairs towards the bigger and more important rooms.

The young people followed him readily enough.

They knew every inch of the place. It was until they led him up past the bedrooms that they glanced wonderingly at each other.

"I am sure you are taking us up into the attic for?" asked Harry curiously.

"I have something to show you," responded Arthur promptly.

Arthur's newly occurred to Grace, that, perhaps, it was Janes who was ill. Jakes, whom Harry hard said did not exist. Without doubt. Arthur had heard of him, it was natural that he would want to dispose of the statement.

At the door of the smallest of the three attic Arthur paused, and he paused at his companions, and then he opened the door.

Holding the candle above his head, he nodded them to enter.

The room was quite small, and practically without furniture. It had been built as a box-room, and had had no use.

A few pieces of broken furniture which had been dwindled years ago from the other rooms, and a couple of old trunks, were all it contained. Arthur closed the door carefully behind him and motioned the visitors to be seated on the trunks.

They gave amused glances at each other as they were about to comply. They had wanted some, surely Arthur Weston was doing his best to satisfy them.

Now we can talk, said Arthur with uncorrelated satisfaction. And he smiled.

"Yes but what a place!" cried Harry. "What have you brought us up here for, anyway?"

"That you will know all in good time," said Arthur. "Wait a moment! I must just fetch my papers," he opened the door and went out.

"Here, leave me the light!" shouted Harry, but his cousin apparently did not hear.

(Continued on page 7.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF CORINNE GRIFFITH

CORINNE GRIFFITH

The Beautiful Vitagraph Star Who is Sorry She Has Bobbed Her Hair

Corinne Griffith had her chance to appear on the screen when she was proclaimed Queen of Beauty at a garden fête, and while she was still a schoolgirl. She accepted, in spite of the protests of a horrified family, who now, by the way, are very proud of her. She says that success on the screen is really a matter of good lighting and good photography, for she didn't know the first thing about acting when she was put into pictures. The best she could do was to try not to look dazed, but she confesses that she really was.

Wanted to be a Dancer.

Corinne was convent bred, for when she was quite a little she was sent to the Sacred Heart convent, in New Orleans. Her ambition was to become a dancer, but a few months after she was crowned Queen of Beauty she was making a success on the screen, with the Vitagraph Company, and before a year was out she was playing leading parts opposite Earle Williams.

Corinne's Great Part.

Following this she won recognition through playing the heroine in the screen adaptation of the famous O. Henry story, and in "The Climbers," the film which is now being shown all over the United Kingdom, Corinne achieved emotional heights.

At the studios she is a great favourite, chiefly because she is honest and sincere, her personality radiates these qualities, and she works hard to please. That is her secret of success. Away from the studio, she is only to be seen in public at the theatre, shopping or motoring. Known as one of the best dressed women on the screen, she designs many of her own gowns, and is fond of visiting the shops to get ideas.

Her One Regret.

Corinne has one big regret—that she bobbed her hair.

Once upon a time, Corinne was the unappreciative possessor of a head of long, luxuriant hair. She snipped it with the scissors, and now Corinne is sorry. She found when she went to her favorite photographer for a series of new photographs, that after one look at her shorn locks, he refused to pose her until it had grown again. Now, away from the studios, Corinne wears little close-fitting hats, and never removes them unless she is compelled to.

She confesses that the first day after she had bobbed her hair she revelled in the luxury of her shorn tresses, but when she arrived at the studio after a joyous week-end, she found she was cast for the part of a dignified society lady, and had to push her new short hair, a great thick mop, under a tight wig, and in consequence suffered innumerable headaches.

Now Corinne is waiting for a summer holiday, when she declares she will go abroad and will let nature take its course.

By the way, this holiday planned by Corinne has Paris and London among the places she means to visit.

Versatility is the keynote of Corinne Griffith's acting, as those of you who have already seen her in "The Climbers" will acknowledge her emotional success. When you see her in "Bab's Candidate" you will find a comedienne who carries you laughing through a delightful film story.

A Graceful Dancer.

Miss Griffith is a thorough athlete, a graceful dancer, and an intelligent actress, traits that have stood her in good stead in her different character studies. When she was called upon to play "The Garter Girl," the screen adaptation of the famous story, "The Memento," by O. Henry, as Rosalie Ray, the top lined musical-hall dancer, Miss Griffith was not satisfied to fake a few steps and generally prance about. She felt that before she essayed the part, she must be able to dance. So she went to Theodore Kosloff and took dancing lessons. After several weeks of hard work, he pronounced her ready to step into the shoes, or rather the slippers, of Rosalie Ray, terpsichorean queen.

The Real Corinne.

Miss Griffith's nationality is Irish and Italian; she possesses an Italian cost of arms. There is no Irish one, but Miss Griffith's blue eyes proclaim her Irish antecedents. They are of a wonderful misty blue, with thick, black lashes; she has a sensitive mouth, and hair that crinkles round her neck.
Harry rose to his feet, as the door shut with a slam, and they were in darkness.

"Who is there?" said a nervous voice out of the darkness.

"He will no doubt be back in a minute," she said.

Harry had reached the wall. He was trying to find the door.

"Silly idiot!" he cried angrily. "What is he doing there?"

Was it fancy, or did a mocking laugh sound without?

He had last found the door and tried to wrench it open, but the knob came off in his hand. He tried to fix it back in its place, but although he struggled he could not find the spot where it belonged.

"What is it, Harry? Is anything wrong?" Grace asked the question anxiously.

Harry turned at the sound of her voice.

"No, I suppose it is all right, but the silly idiot has shut the door, and I can't find how to open it."

Let me try," the girl endeavoured to find her way towards him, but stummbled and fell over a three-legged chair in her path. Involuntarily she put out her injured hand. Then, with a groan, she fell.

Harry immediately turned toward her, guided by her voice. He bent over her, and then he lifted his voice and shouted for a light.

No one came out of the inky blackness around him.

Whatever can the fellow be thinking of?" he thought hurriedly. He can't keep us locked up here. What can be his game, any way?"

Grace nestled closer in the strong arms which encircled her.

"I must come back soon," she said. "He can hardly think that he can keep us here, can he? My mother will be suspicious, if she finds I do not come home."

Harry kept his lips tight closed.

He had almost uttered the terrible suspicion which had now entered his head.

There was a big enough villain, could account for their absence in his own diabolical way. Suppose he was to keep them there, then there was hundreds they had run away together. Who could be able to give him the lie, if they were not heard of again? The attic doors were oak, seasoned and hard as a rock. No one could hear them, should they try to cut. No one ever visited the house. They were so rarely seen. Only a sagely Harry. He did not bung up against a grim reality—the evil to which a human being is capable of descending. He must see him, or he must see him. Arthur Weston had feared to see him because he had heard their conversation. It was true. The man was bad, and capable of committing any crime.

Grace stirred in his arms.

"I must come and let us out, Harry?" she whispered in a frightened voice.

He tried to comfort her, but his own heart ached, and there in the darkness all he felt himself. (He should have been on his guard. Fancy walking so innocently into the trap!"

"By any rate, should have known better."

"But you are not really frightened, are you, Grace?"

"We shall be able to see when it is day-light, and then I will get you out, if I have to tear walls down!" he said, between his set teeth.

Grace gave a little sigh of complete happiness. While she was the wickedness of Arthur Weston while she had Harry by her side?"

"He was so strong. She did not doubt for a moment, nor break down the whole of Greystone itself, if he wanted to."

"Do you think he will give you Greystone, Harry?"

"No, after a while, of course. He was starting every nerve to hear if there was any sound to indicate that Weston was returning."

Harry was about to answer when his attention was arrested by a light.

Harry returned from under the door. Weston was already returning, after all. He had given them a fright. Harry drew a deep breath of relief; calling, however, for the girl beside him, of himself.

He had always cared for Grace, he told him, when taken to the house, as if he were trying to himself that come what may, one day he would ask her to marry him. She did not care for Weston. Of this he was quite certain. That evening, too, she had given him a strong suspicion of this. Harry loved the old place, he loved the girl beside him more. Not for a hundred Greystones would he have forsaken his lady and his har. It came over him to tell her so, when Grace suddenly clutched him by the arm.

"What is that?"

"A narrow tongue of flame was issuing from under the door. It grew larger even as they watched it."

"Greystone is on fire!" the words broke from the girl's breath. Harry tried to pacify her. Then he rushed to the door, and tried once more to force it open, but without success.

Belching flame and smoke was now creeping through the cracks. The young man rushed to the opposite wall. He began to beat on it with his hands; then he suddenly drew them back. The mace, laden with fright, plunged and swung.

Suddenly finding herself free she started off again, leaving behind her a writing figure on the ground. When, a few minutes later, the villagers arrived, they were horrified to see two figures clinging to one of the ramparts which ornamentated the Manor, and Arthur Weston lying dead on the gravel path below.

Then, as the fire first flamed, climbed up to the prisoners with a rope, and the crew gauged breathlessly as, with Grace Ferguson in his arms, he declared, although it laid on him was nearly exhausted, was able to follow him. The crowd cheered when at last they arrived safely on the church steps.

The truth was never known in the village, but the contents of the bag found on the dead body was a letter. He had written to his sister, as next of kin, as did what was left of Greystone.

The Terrible Revenge.

Arthur Weston was waiting to know that his work had been done well. His precious bag was fastened in his overcoat. He had been through its contents longer than the evening, that was why he had arrived later than usual at the cottage. He had not thought of using such drastic methods, but the young people had forced his hand. It had happened to him on his holiday abroad that on his return he would impersonate a servant. He would have to have his own crutches brought home to him. Then, when he discovered that the Rev. Ferguson knew his secret, that Greystone was in danger, and perhaps claim his own, it occurred to him that as a sitting judge mask might appear. He would pick a quartyl gold object. They should come to words in a public place, and then the man should disappear. Harry should be charged, and with his assistance Harry should suffer for the supposed crime.

The words he had heard Harry use that evening upset the whole scheme, as was gladdened he that he had not let it go too far. The boy was no fool. He had detected the disguise, although, as far as Weston knew, everybody else had been deceived.

He would have to get rid of him and Grace at once, if he wished to retain that which he held to be his own. The money had been entrusted to him. He had a perfect right to it. He would have to have the money brought home to part with those crisp slips of paper which stood for so much wealth.

Harry was amazed. He was no longer as he had supposed to him, there and then, and there, warm glow in his heart which love for any of his fellows, that he was not, had never lusted within him. His idea had been to lure his victims to Greystone, but the box room occurred to him only when they had arrived. There was a secret passage connected with the lower rooms. It was only in the attic that he could be certain of keeping them prisoners. And then, as Harry called to him to bring back the light, he had thought of the fire. If their charmed remains were discovered, he could easily explain them away. The secret lovers. A cruel smile played around his thin lips as he stood listening at the faint cracking of the wood in the rooms above, and the low growl of the angry fists. They were even now growing fainter. Soon they would cease; the smoke would force him to return."

T he End.

"(Don't forget that the free story "The Call of the Hood" begins next week.)"
THEODORE ROBERTS
A Famous Character Actor.

THEODORE ROBERTS began his stage career in 1880 and he played in countless productions and took many varied parts. Then several years ago he entered pictures and signed a long term contract with Lasky.

His most sensational screen success was "In Old Wives For New," while other films in which he has appeared are "The Barrier," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Admirable Crichton," "Everywoman."

Thorougness in Make-Up.

Mr. ROBERTS believes in giving the most careful study to the make-up necessary to a character part. He says he has let his hair get long and unkempt, allowed his beard to grow, grown a moustache, and then shaved off for his next picture, and even shaved his eyebrows.

Hobbies.

THEODORE ROBERTS has many hobbies. He raises Airedales, and is very fond of pigeons and tame seagulls. In his house in Los Angeles he has an aviary with a little miniature lake in which the birds can swim. Then he goes in for painting, drawing, and is also a sculptor. Considering that Mr. Roberts is a cinema actor, one wonders when he finds time to indulge in his various hobbies.
A Favourite Villain—First Among British Artists.

IVE thousand eight hundred and forty-four readers of Picture Show voted that Cameron Carr was their favourite villain.

If you want to see him at his best, watch his movements when he plays heavy lead, in a drama like "A Rank Outsider." His dark eyes and mobile, expressive features transmit a real, creepy sort of feeling that there is an mischief brewing.

Cameroon Carr has had a varied and interesting career. He tells me that during his twenty years on the stage he has taken part in several musical comedies in the West End of London and in the provinces, having played in "The King of Cadonia" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, also in the original production of "Three Weeks," at the Adelphi Theatre, by Elinor Glyn. He has also played in Shakespeare, drama and revues at the London Pavilion, Oxford Music Hall, The Empire, and Palace Theatre.

Cameron Carr's Film Career.

My first picture," Cameron Carr told me, was "The Beryl Coronet," which was a Sherlock Holmes story. This was ten years ago. After that I appeared in "The Message from Mars," followed by "The Mother of Дмитров." (London Film Co.), and, amongst others, "Big Money," and "Nature's Gentleman," for the Harman Co. Three years ago I joined the Broadway, and since then I have appeared in numerous pictures, some of them being, "A Fortune at Stake, "A Turk Conspiracy," 'The Woman Win," 'A Soul's Crucifixion," 'In the Gloomings," 'Under Suspicion," 'A Dead Certainty," 'Her Son," 'The Romance of a Movie Star," 'Trent's Last Case," and 'A Rank Outsider. At present," says Cameron Carr, "I am playing a very fine and interesting part—a Scotland Yard detective in the 'Lowdwater Mystery.'"

Best Beloved Villain.

Cameron Carr works very hard at his profession, and he tells me that screen acting is a strenuous art. At the same time, it is a very absorbing one, and there always seems to be something fresh to learn. The part of a villain is particularly trying; as a rule, the actor has the antagonism instead of the sympathy of his audience. But in the case of Cameron Carr, as results have shown, villain or villain, he holds a very big place in the hearts of thousands of admirers. This shows the power of a magnetic personality!

An Attractive Lover.

"If you have seen "Mr. Gilfi's Love Story," I am sure you have admired the grace and debonair style of Peter Usher, but although he is heartless and cruel to his first love—so realistically portrayed by Mary Odette—Peter Usher's love-scenes with Odette are full of passionate ardour, and when she finds his dead body beneath the trees near his father's old mansion, the crisis is full of real, appealing drama."

A Youthful Actor.

Peter Usher started with Harcourt when he was fifteen and a half. Pelissier saw him later, and gave him a contract for the "Follets," from 1910 to 1911. Then he had a year's contract with Tree. He played in "Trilby," "Oliver Twist," and in "Oh, I Say!" at the Criterion, so that he has had plenty of experience, which suited his versatile temperament admirably.

A Lover of "Midget."

Peter Usher is devoted to his horse, who, by the way, is equally devoted to his master. One day she followed him into a shop, and incidentally grasped up a hat! She won the Norfolk point-to-point races, and first prize for jumping at Banleigh. "I also use "Midget" when I require a horse for film work," said Peter Usher, "and so it is called "Midget" in "Mr. Gilfi's Love Story," when I had to swim my horse across the river to rescue Mary Odette off the branch of a tree, and bring her back on my saddle."

I accomplished the rescue in a quickly running river with great difficulty. In coming back, when we had reached the middle of the river, and were wondering if we should ever get to the other side, I heard the horse calling excitedly, 'Kiss each other, you foolish!'

Peter Usher is now playing in "The Knight of the Burning Peale" at the Kingsway Theatre.

A Clever Child Actress.

You will notice a photograph of little Etta Hardy on this page. She played the part of "Fannie" in Maurice Elvey's production of "The Ne'er-Far Pimpernel." That was her first picture, and she put up a very creditable performance, especially in the Cell Scene, where she had to play with some live rate! She was also quite prominent in the big scene of the play, in which Chaucer attempts to make the "Evasive Pimpernel" sign his confession.

Pete in "The Manxman."

"I MUST confess to being more interested in stage work than film work," Frank Petley remarked the other afternoon. "I played Jim Carson in "The White Man" for five years, and Pete in "The Manxman," but I think my favourite part was the one I played last with Iris Hoey—Sang Kee in 'East Is West!'"

I expect many Picture Show readers remember Frank Petley's stolid, mock-like indifference in this play, his expressionless features, and then, just at the last, for a brief moment how he thrilled one, with the revealing glimpse of shuddering passion, that was held in complete check by the Oriental—who was also a man!

A Gift of Humour—and Holman Clark.

"WANK PICTURES" possesses that most priceless gift of all—humour! It is quite impossible to be in his company without becoming infected with his light-hearted gaiety.
February 5th, 1921.

Charles Ray, having brought Clara Horton a box of chocolates, feels more than unusually shy, and reflects that though silence may be golden, he would give all he has for the silver gift of speech.

"S to Lovers' With Me!"
The Screen Star knows the value of keeping young in heart. They are never too tired to play with the younger members of the household or the studios, as you see in these photos.

**PLAYTIME off the SCREEN**

The Screen Star knows the value of keeping young in heart. They are never too tired to play with the younger members of the household or the studios, as you see in these photos.
I watched him the other afternoon doing some strong, emotional scenes with Holman Clark, at Stoll’s Cricklewood Studio. It was a Harold Shaw production. Music was used during the tense situations; it was a wonderful piece of acting, and yet Holman Clark was not satisfied with himself, for he turned to the producer and explained:

"Let us do that again!"

I wonder how many Picture Show readers realise when they are at the Pictures that the artistes depicting the various situations give their minds, their bodies, and their deepest emotions to the work of perfecting a good production, and this is why so often we cry, or laugh? Our favourite stars are giving us themselves, the very best that is in them.

"My Lord Consect."

Frank Petley has taken part in Martin Thornton’s productions for the last twelve years, the latest being "My Lord Consect."

He has also played in "the Power of Right," The Flame," and "The Silver Greyhound."

A Girl With a Voice!

I am told that Constance Worth of the Harma Films is doing excellent work. She is also very keen, which means that she is enthusiastic, and this emotion reflects itself on the screen. She is fair, quaint, and extremely pretty. She has an ejection for large hats, and indeed quite charming in one made of black chamois, and lined with turquoise blue, the other morning. The blue under-brim matched her eye, and it is just as well to realise when the tone of one’s hat "goes with" one’s eyes, the effect is always becoming. Many Picture Show readers would also have admired her very simply made black chamois gown— it was embroidered with undulated bead. This is a very frivolous paragraph, is it not? But I will tell you more about Constance Worth’s work in a week or so:

she is at present engaged in a film called "The Education of Nicky," with Bernard Dudley, Marjorie Villa, and James Knight.

Ivy Duke.

I heard from Ivy Duke the other morning: she is in the South of France, film making. But she tells me the weather has been decidedly chilly, even on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. She took crooks of pretty "film clothes" away with her; they were all made in London. Amongst her treasures was a gorgeous corselet black velvet cloak, trimmed with ostrich feathers. She also had the sweetest of evening gowns, almost entirely composed of exquisite bead embroideries. Ivy Duke’s dogs are remaining at home, patiently waiting the return of their mistress.

Clothes and the Woman.

Ivy Duke considers that clothes express the type of a character almost as much as the emotion, providing, of course, that the artiste does not rely too much on those outward and visible signs of poverty or riches, as the case may be. Therefore, before Ivy Duke left London for the South of France, she had to make a very careful study of the tracks and tricks she would wear for the part she was to play, in her new screen play. In one film she is playing the daughter of a duchess, therefore suitability of clothes was the very first consideration. But although everything was the last word in elegance, it was the elegance of simplicity, the note that Ivy Duke always accentuates in her own gowns.

No detail was overlooked. There was a bridal frock of such lovely beauty that it made one think it must have been created by fairy fingers, and the simplest but most perfectly cut fur-trimmed coat and skirt for country wear, with powdered hair in the mark of good style and smartness.

Lewis Dayton.

The other afternoon I had a Dutch postcard from Lewis Dayton, who plays Guy Selby in "A Rank Outsider." He is busy with films in Holland. Hard work has no fears for him, however. "The seven demand the best in a man." The outdoor scenes in "A Rank Outsider" are exceptionally fine, and as Lewis Dayton is very fond of horses, he enjoyed every moment of the racing items.

Sherlock Holmes at Cricklewood.

The other day I was taken over the Cricklewood Studios, and shown the realistic sets that are arranged for Maurice Elvey’s latest production, "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." No detail has been overlooked, photographs of the woodwork warded, doors of a house in Bucker Street were taken, before the designs were handed over to the master carpenter—and even Dr. Jim’s ashes, from his pipe, were left upon the table to give the real touch of reality!

Mary Gyne.

At Nice Mary Gyne is working hard on "Queen of the Romans.""

Mystery Road." The silver flowers are all in bloom now, and as Parroco Woodman says in his letter, it is quite delightful to be able to back in sunshine without a great coat, in a summer suit, at this time of year.

"A Rank Outsider." This Broadwest production is taken from Gals’s famous dramatic novel, Captain Fernade (Cameron Carr) is a plausible adventurer, who exiles himself on his wishes. A violent quarrel at a card-party enables Fernade to outwit over Ralph Winchmoro (John Chilton). In the heat of the moment, Fernade exaggerates the man’s injuries, and induces Ralph to fly to Australia. Fernade forges and cashes a friend’s cheque to back to Ralph, and incriminating circumstances spread the belief that the latter is the forger.

A Race-Horse Disappears.

A BEVote Challengers has disappeared near Sydney. Ralph, now an exile, is employed by a private enquiry agent, who sends him to England, whether he thinks the horse has been smuggled.

Meanwhile, Fernade has struck up an acquaintance with a sporting English squire, Guy Selby (Lewis Dayton). Guy becomes engaged to Myra Winchmoro, sister of Ralph. The exile in Australia. Selby buys a promising colt without a pedigree, which Myrachristens "Mystery."

The Suspicion.

Fernade tells Myra that he knows all about her brother. Myra marries Selby. Selby has not the slightest knowledge of Fernade’s character, and entrusts the management of his stable to his friend. But during his honeymoon, Selby hears stories, and hastes home. However the suspicions formed by his trainer, breaks off his friendship with Fernade.

Ralph Vindicated.

Ralph Winchmore, returns, and substantiates Fernade’s guilt in the forgery episode, and later takes him down as a forger and blackmailer. Ralph is vindicated, and he resumes his life in England with his sister Myra, and Guy. Extra News.

Ivy Duke.
**WANDA HAWLEY and BRYANT WASHBURN as Mr. and Mrs. Temple.**

He would probably be too late to meet Clara as she came out of the innkeeper's shop.

His ears were justified. Clara had left exactly five minutes when he called. He engaged a taxi, and carefully carrying the flowers that he fondly hoped would make peace between them, set off for home.

In the meantime, Clara, whose temper had not been improved by finding that Jack was not waiting for her, after she came out of the innkeeper's, rushed another car when she arrived home.

Wigson, the butler, met her in the hall with an expression of strong disapproval on his face. Wigson was one of those superior butlers who despises not only the other servants but everyone and anything. As he had received Mrs. Temple's instructions, he was to allow no one to speak to her.

He moved to the wall which ran round the roof, and glared down on the two men who were walking about in the gloom of the passage.

Maisie had come to soothe the woman, but she could not bear the idea of being tossed about in the hands of that man.

"I wonder if it really did give that woman any encouragement?" he muttered to himself, though he gallantly tried to take the blame, he knew he was not guilty.

"I know what I'll do," he said to himself. "I'll get Clara some flowers. That will please her.

He rushed off and got some choice blooms, and was hurrying back to the innkeeper's, though he well knew Clara would not be ready, when he ran into his old friend Frank.

As Frank is going to play a rather prominent part in this story we had better give a thumbnail sketch of him.

Frank Fuller was young, but very fat, and, like most fat men, clever. He was the son of a rich merchant, and he had married a woman much older than himself, who was so rich that she would not let Frank work. Mrs. Fuller was furious with her husband, and after a peep into the office from which she had taken him, in which he found Frank writing a letter to a very pretty typist, she decided that whenever Frank left home she would be right by his side.

She allowed Frank two nights at his club—after having two nights of idleness behind her promise, and she safeguarded this little favour by letting Frank know that there was a young lady of the same club, should lunch with them on the following day, that would enable him to consult her alone. He knew that what she could compare their accounts of what had happened in order that there should be no possible chance of Frank making the thing known outside at the club.

When Jack struck Frank the latter was waiting for his lunch. Frank lied in need of a sympathetic soul, to whom he could confide his troubles about Clara. So sympathetic did Frank become, that when they had finished talking, Jack Temple realized that for the first time in his married life he would probably be too late to meet Clara as she came out of the innkeeper's shop.

He is fearfully justified. Clara had left exactly five minutes when he called. He engaged a taxi, and carefully carrying the flowers that he fondly hoped would make peace between them, set off for home.

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**Picture Show, February 5th, 1921.**

**THIS NEW SERIES BEGINS THIS WEEK.**

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

**by RUTH ROLAND.**

**No. 1. CARE OF THE EYES.**

**Read these helpful articles and be convinced that everyone can, if she wishes, be beautiful.**

---

**The Biter Bit.**

I mean your creature was having quite as bad a time as her husband. When midnight came and he had not returned, she felt that the worst had happened. Either he was dead or he had let her for ever.

"By," she said to one kiss—just one, I swear I will throw myself from the roof!" cried the woman, rushing out of the door as it as the speaks. Jack ran after her and pulled her down, but she was up again.

It was almost dark and Jack realised that he was trapped by a human, had to turn away his hero.

"If you won't give me one kiss—just one, I swear I will throw myself from the roof!" cried the woman, rushing out of the door as it as the speaks. Jack ran after her and pulled her down, but she was up again.

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**The Effect of Massage.**

The colour of the eyes plays a most important part in choosing one's own. My eyes are blue, so in almost every flock I pick. Whether for street or evening wear, there is a touch of a certain blue that Blue to intensify and accentuate the blue of my eyes. Whether a beauty or a beauty—should be able to assist in the smoothing out of the tiny lines or wrinkles.

---

**Colour of the Eyes.**

**The windows of the soul**—our eyes—are of all our possessions the most valuable, and yet an excellent examination of our health and vitality. The colour is so important, that whenever one comes, I say to myself, am I happy, how do I feel, and what can I do to make myself feel better?

I find a good standard eye-wash, usually a solution of borax, absolutely essential at least twice daily for bathing all dust and impurities from the inner eye. Occasionally, when one has a cold in the eyes, or a pronged gauze with spongy raw potato, bound over the eyes during the night, or for a few hours, it will make them as good as new.

Lashes may be lengthened and improved by the application of a paste to the eye lashes. To take great care not to get a particle of it in the eye itself.

A very simple method of miming, who is able to do the most exquisite emulations, is as follows:

1. Wash with soap and water.
2. Pat the eyelids dry.
3. Rub a small amount of oil of ointment around the eye, and keep it there for about a week.
4. The lashes will grow longer and stronger.

---

**Ruth Roland.**

"So you did, Frank. You went..." added Jack jeering.

"You see, I have done your very best, Mr. Brown," said Clara, holding out her hand, with a smile.

"Brown is one of the best," said Jack jeering.

All might have been well, but at this moment Wiggins put his head in the door, and in a loud, clear voice said:

"Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown is here!"

Mrs. Brown (who had given the name of Brown to get in) was a large-sized woman of the peasant class. There was no subject about her—she was a woman and a woman of the peasant class. She believed in the frontal attack.

"Mrs. Temple, she said, in a cold voice which was in direct contrast to the burning heat in her eyes:"

"You steal my husband!"

Mrs. DNA (who had wanted to know all about her) had said coldly:

"So you see, what awful trouble you have been running yourself into, jeedom, why you," said coldly.

(Continued on page 21)
DAVID OF THE WINNING SMILE

A Chat With David Powell

The first thing one notices about David Powell is his smile. One real-"tises almost unconscio-"usly that he is tall, good-looking, and generally attractive: the thing that his other, in the eye, as it were, is his smile. Not because he is indeed, he has the characteristic, an ex-"pressive smile, but because it is his characteristic, an ex-

"I the case. He is sensitive, rather than crude, and his smile is clear, hearty, and sincere. His smile is a statement that he means what he says. He is not a man to be taken lightly. He is a man of whom people say, "He is a man of his word."

"Well, yes of course, Wales means a lot to me, but I was not born there, as many people imagine. My parents were Welsh, but my birthplace was Glasgow."

"While your dramatic experience is prin-

cipally English and American, I supplemented. He nodded, noting, with a smile; "You see, really I am quite a blend of nationalities!"

A Comprehensive Career.

DAVID POWELL's career on stage and screen is comprehensive. It began, he told me, on the British boards with Sir Herbert Tree, and continued with such celebrities as Sir John Gielgud, Miss Ellen Terry, and Vedrenne and Barker. With Ellen Terry he made his first trip to the States, and was with her in "The Dead Hope," and then in other Frohman productions. His second visit was made with Forbes-Robertson, in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." He remained in the great actor's company for three seasons, and then—the movies got him! For some years now Mr. Powell has been playing lead with several American companies, and his greatest successes, however, having been achieved under the banner of the corporation for which he has been a greater star in such pictures as "Idols of Clay," "The Right to Love," "Lady of the Lake," "The Countess," "The Teeth of the Lion," "The Merry Widow," and "On With the Dance," which, by the way, ranks as one of the screen masterpieces of the year. He is under contract to appear in two of the F.P.L. British produc-

"The Thunderbolt," by Katherine Mac-

Donald and Thomas Meighan. (Walter-
day.)

The story of the strangest marriage on record, this is a high-class drama with a strong domestic appeal. A girl, in order to save her fiancé who is a man who also does not love. He marries her as part of his scheme of revenge for the past. His plan is made clear when he tells her she shall be the last of her family. The happenings which follow introduce some remarkable scenes, notably in the most unexpected turn of events, during which the play reaches a terrific climax. Acting, production and photography are excellent.

"Nothing But the Truth," by Taylor Holmes. (Film Booking Office.)

All who see this play are assured of a hearty laugh. It is a picturization of the successful stage-play and features that laughter-maker, Taylor Holmes and a notable cast. The tale of a great bet which stipulated that the hero should tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, fails as a dramatic vehicle. Scouring of funny are the situations in which the hero finds himself. Great fun for young and old—everyone will want to see this play.

"The False Road." Enid Bennett. (Para-
toons.)

DAINTY Enid Bennett plays the part of a girl who is a member of a band of crooks, and whose sweetheart also a crook just out from prison, determined to go straight. When she is sent by the band to rob the bank where her sweetheart works, naturally com-

apologies," and "The Mystery Road," which has been written expressly for the screen by E. Phillips Oppenheim, was engaged on the first when I met him.

A Theme Picture.

Oh, well, the most interesting films I have ever done," he confided to me. "A theme picture, which shows in a graphic, and some how, the desire for, and the struggle to maintain, 'appearances' can wreck the lives of the young and ambitious. Don't know whether you are at all familiar with it—I play Herbert Seaton, the young architect."

"And your other film, 'The Mystery Road.' Can you tell me anything about that?"

"Well, I'm afraid that for the present it must remain like its title, a mystery," replied Mr. Powell, "but it is the type of story by which Mr. Oppenheim has endeared himself to his countless readers. Mr. Paul Powell, a coincidence, because Mr. Crisp could not get quite the man he wanted. Crisp is a very fine director, an expert in the methods. "Funny to think a man who could play 'But-ting Burrows' has a sympathetic personality, eh? But if you noticed him directing just now I expect you observed how quiet and patient he was—no shouting or gesticulations—and yet all the time he was drawing out of his players just the effects he wanted. He is a great chap, and so is Mr. Powell; it's a pleasure to work for either of them.

Dislikes Personalities.

So far the interview had progressed smoothly, but then came time to snatch away the conversation from David Powell's work to David Powell himself, the interest, so far as he was concerned, could not be put to a "draw" him at all on matters of sentiment, and even on the subject of hobbies he is curiously reticent.

"I can never understand how people can possibly be interested in an actor beyond the limits of his work," he remarked, with arm-

personalities.

Mr. Powell.

"Oh, they are," I assured him, not to be put off. "For instance, my readers would love to know your pet recreations—please, Mr. Powell."

He smiled at me—weakly.

"Oh, well, there's nothing amusing about my home and with my dog, and reading. Preferably in bed."

A picture came a call from Mr. Crisp, and David, together with the interview, vanished.

MAY HERSHEY CLARKE.

"Mrs. Temple's Telegram." BYRT WASHBURN. (Paramount Pictures.)

COMEDY-DRAMA IN which affectionate hus-

and jealous wive—all innocent—look through a mirror with a view from start to finish, rotund situations abounded, and the outcome is a thoroughly merry one. The plot is an untravelled one, and told on the screen with great gusto by the star, supported by a practically all-star cast. Cannot fail to entertain all comers.

"The Amateur Gentleman." LAVORDEME BURTON and CECIL HUMPHREYS. (Selig.)

JEFFREY FARM's famous romance told in sound film. The stories of gentleness of fashion over a century ago are depicted with much spirit and charm. A young man, left a large sum of money, sets out to London to be a gentleman. His adventures start almost as soon as he takes the road and all the more so the following the tale. The plot is told on the screen with great gusto by the star, supported by a practically all-star cast. Cannot fail to entertain all comers.

"The Man Above the Law." J. ACK RICHARDSON. (Western Import.)

A N appealing drama dealt with interest. A man, though a gentleman, is suddenly caught in a web, in which he finds himself. His life, his best and everything he possessed, seems to be at stake. When he learns he has a white woman whom he has saved from death by the Indians, he is tempted to take her (his true love child) and return to his own people. How he resists temptation is admirably told by the star and a well-written script. The picture is a wonderful rendering of the squash's part, and a clever child actress, Mary Girard, has a touching role.

"The Tower of Jewels." CORRINE GRIFFITH. (Walter- day.)

WELL produced and acted crook plays always obtain a welcome from the public. In this one there's no exception to the rule. With such a popular star and capable cast it stands out from the crowd, and is a big success. And full of suspense and action while Romance is mingled throughout. Will prove of absorbing interest to the average picturegoer.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.
Beautiful Beaded Bags—How to Make One—A Novel Decoration—The Picture Girl's Shirt Blouse

The newest bead bags are far too beautiful not to have been envied by every woman. They add such a touch of smartness to the plainest costume, and are at the same time a pleasure to the owner. Their expensive price, which runs into many guineas, however, puts them out of the range of the girl with a tony dress allowance. Still, it is possible for any girl to become possessed of the most charming beaded bag for about fifteen shillings—if she likes to spend a few hours upon its making. Perhaps the work may strike you as being tedious, but I can assure you it is not so. As a matter of fact, there is a wonderful fascination about it, that quickly gets hold of you, and makes you desire to get on with the work quickly—even if it is only to witness the result of your labours.

Crochet Beaded Bags.

The prettiest beaded bags are worked very finely in crochet, so that the entire bag is covered with beads, although they are quite effective when the work is more open, and a silken lining shows through.

Of course, a great deal depends upon the colouring of the bag. Hoods of delightful colour schemes can be evolved, while it will be found quite effective to just string all coloured beads in haphazard fashion. This will give a charming Oriental effect.

If, however, you prefer to combine merely two or three colours, then you will find it both becoming and simple to make the bag with stripes of the lighter beads running through a background of beads of a darker shade. One charming bag I have seen was made with a foundation of dark royal blue beads, with stripes of white china beads running through it, while another combined the most alluring rose-pink and grey beads. The decoration, which was uncommon as it was effective, was made from bobbles of the beads, made in the following fashion. Two ball button moulds were placed together, flat sides facing. This made a complete ball, which was covered with beads in rows of alternate colours. Secure a thread to the ball, thread enough beads to extend round from hole to hole, slip the thread through the ball, thread with the other colour beads, and slip thread through ball again, and so on until the bobbles are entirely covered.

How to Make the Bag.

The bag must be actually made from Star Sylko, and as the foundation is really entirely of double crochet, the bag will be most hard wearing and strong. Use a No. 2 crochet hook. By the way, buy the beads by the ounce. You will find this much less expensive than if you bought them by the small bank. Thread up a goodly number of the beads, and then crochet a small circle of chain, and into this work double crochet until it is full right up, and pushing a bead along after every stitch. Continue working round and round with double crochet, increasing all the way along until you have made a substantial little foundation circle for the lower part of your bag.

There is no necessity for us to give you complete directions for the rest of the bag, which is merely worked in double crochet, a bead pushed along between each stitch, until the whole has assumed the shape of an ordinary Dorothy bag.

When you get to the top part of the bag, make a frill to turn down over the bag in the following manner. Push up one bead, then do one chain, and repeat until there are four chains, and four beads, then make three of the foundation beads at the top of bag, one double crochet into the fourth; repeat these loops round the top of the bag, and then continue round and round in the same manner, until a frill of about three inches of these loops is continued.

Make about half a dozen of the beaded balls as previously explained, and attach these at intervals round the frill. Make a larger one for the lower part of the bag, finishing it off at the lower part with a tassel of the beads.

The handles are made from three long lengths of the beads threaded upon the Sylko, and then plaited together, and attached at either side of the top part of the bag, or threaded through imitation tortoiseshell or bone rings that have been previously attached.

The Picture Girl's Shirt Blouse.

There is a distinct smartness about the newest blouses, which are cut high to the throat, and show a row of tiny buttons right down the centre front, placed very tightly together. The Picture Girl has chosen a heavy-weight washing silk for her latest smart blouse, which is particularly smart. The centre front panel and basque are cut in one, while the basque at the back is added. Shoulder straps take the front fulness, the neck being finished with a close fitting collar, and the sleeves set flat into the armholes.

PAPER PATTERNs of this blouse can be obtained in sizes 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust size for one shilling each—P.O. paid payable to the PICTURE SHOW—from the PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

A. DURRISER.

In the Cinema

Allenbury's
Glycerine & Black Currant
PASTILLES

A soft demulcent fruit pastille, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a close smoky atmosphere. The 'Allenbury's' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are prepared according to the old French recipe; they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are acidulous and something more than chocking sweetmeats. No cooker in a smoke-filled atmosphere lose the annoying tickling of the throat which sometimes troubles them when the blue haze settles over the company.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd
37, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3.

In distinctive 2 oz and 4 oz. Tins, of all chemists.

A. All Products.™

Black & Hanburys Ltd
37, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3.

In distinctive 2 oz and 4 oz. Tins, of all chemists.
"I wish it was my Birthday every day."

Every day is a "birthday" for the child whose mother makes plenty of delicious, nourishing cakes and puddings with Bird's Egg Substitute.

A spoonful of this pure golden powder mixed with your flour, saves the need of eggs or baking powder. Bird's Egg Substitute makes lovely crisp table-dainties as sweet and light as the children's happy smiles when they taste the good things.

Bird's Egg Substitute

"One spoonful—one cake!"

In Packets and Tins with excellent and reliable recipes.

IF YOU SUFFER

from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will-power, mind concentration, or feel awkward in the presence of others, send at once 3 penny stamps for particulars of the

MENTONERV Strengthening Treatment.

GODFREY

ELLIOTT SMITH, Ltd., 256


BECOME BIG NOW.

In business as in social life, the plans you go to the work is, the man who has height, and the physique to make it. If you are under 6 ft. in any way to increase your height and improve your health, figure and carriage by means of the MENTONERV Treatment, the reliable method which has enjoyed public confidence for nine years, and which carries a £100 guarantee of improvement. Students' report from two to ten inches increase. Send a postcard for particulars to LEGULAR DPT. E.T. 1, Strong Green Road, London, N.1.

THE NEW PATENT

SOUND DISCS

THE DEAF HEAR


"The Standard of Quality"

PHILLIPS RUBBER HEELS and TIPS

"MILITARY" "PRESIDENT"

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

BOARDING-HOUSE LANDLADY: "Tea, coffee, or cocoa, Mr. Hobbs?"

Mr. Hobbs (tactlessly): "Anything you like to call it, ma'am."

A storm knocked out the telephone service for six hours the other day, but nobody noticed it.


OLD BACHELOR: "Woman is a delusion."

YOUNG MRS.: "And man is always hugging some delusion or other."

- "Feb. Bites."

"Quarter of a pound of marge, please, and mother and will you please staple a cow on it 'cause we've got visitors coming to tea."

- Toronto Globe.

He: Will you be my...

She: "Oh, George, this is sudden! Give me a little time."

He (continuing): "Partner for the next dance?"

She (continuing): "To get my breath back. I haven't quite recovered from the last jazz yet."

- "Cicogine Post."

TEACHER (loudly, whistling a tune): "Now, where is the Balto? WHERE IS THE HALL'S?"

SMALL BOY (fractious): "Please, sir, I ain't got it, but I saw Jimmy Briggs stuffin' somethin' up his coat."

- "Winnipeg Tribune."

"In the old days a woman used to threaten to go back to her mother."

"And now?"

"She threatens to go back to her job." - London Mail.

QUESTION: "How can I make a shilling go as far as it did before the war?"

ANSWER: "Pest it." - "Cartoons, Christian."

"Your wife complains that you don't speak to her for a week at a time."

"Well, I don't like to interrupt her."

- "L'Action, Paris."

LOST: An umbrella by a gentleman with bent ribs. - "Washington Times."

The present day stocking is shocking. With its opener, inside and outside: But it's noticed that Man, Whenever he can, takes stock of the stock in the stocking.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to give a notice of films which do not continue the feature, but not as a prize competition. There are still many postcards to be examined, and prizes will be awarded until they are all read.

Larry Semon, in a Vitagraph film, is seen sitting on a pavement with Mr. Wilson in a chair. A ship's boat is blown away, but still when the baby was born it had a shawl on.—5c awarded to Miss D. Cox, 21 Queen St., Birmingham.

When Mary Pickford was wrecked on the lonely island in "Hearts Adrift," she had no clothes on herself, and she made a dress out of a ship's sail, but still when the baby was born it had a shawl on.—5c awarded to Miss D. Satchwell, care of Mrs. Cole, Birmingham House, 27, Ashley Road, Upper Park-side, Bournmouth.

In "An Eastern Maid," starring Fanny Ward, the heroine goes to sleep in a bag an armchair, but when she wakes she is seen lying on a sofa in another part of the room.—5c awarded to Miss D. Satchwell, care of Mrs. Cole, Birmingham House, 27, Ashley Road, Upper Park-side, Bournmouth.
£250 Goggles Competition
IN PRIZES
Set No.3. "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

Second Prize
£50
First Prize
£100
Third Prize
£25
75 Prizes of £1 each.

The above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the third set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artists, each of which is more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
THE HOUSEWIFE SMILES—
because Monkey Brand brings 
brightness easily & economically.

To keep her home as bright and clean “as a 
new pin” means a lot of work, as every 
housewife knows. Thanks to Monkey Brand 
it isn’t hard work; there’s none of the weary 
drudgery that leaves her too jaded and tired to 
enjoy the home pleasures.

Monkey Brand is the universal polishing bar. Use 
it for cleaning and polishing Metal, Marble, 
Cutlery, Cooking Utensils, Floors, Tables, Wood-
work, Enamelware, Stoneware, Linoleum.

WON’T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

BENJAMIN BROOKE & COMPANY LIMITED
Mary and Doug are still honeymooning, as you may see above and by the other pictures inside. These happy snapshots were taken on their last holiday from the studios.
WONDERFUL LIQUID TONIC
THAT MAKES YOUR HAIR
GROW BEAUTIFUL.

"Like a Rare and Stimulating Wine to the Hair Roots."

Every reader to enjoy Free "Harlene Hair-Drill," including Gratis Harlene-for-the-Hair, "Uzon" Brilliantine and "Cremex" Shampoo.

MUNIFICENT PUBLIC OFFER BY WORLD'S FOREMOST HAIR EXPERT.

The foremost Hair Specialist of the age wants everybody to realize that they can save their hair and commence to grow it in that matted luxury and professional free of charge, by means of a wonderful liquid tonic that acts almost like magic.

This sensational announcement is made by Mr. Edwards as part of his great national Campaign against Hair Poverty, Baldness, and Lack Lustre.

"This year," says Mr. Edwards, "will see the greatest business and social competition the country has known. No one who wishes to get on by personality and charm can afford to neglect their hair and to look old or ill-groomed. Beautiful hair is almost everything in a woman's appearance."

FREE GIFT

Men, too, can look younger longer by using crisp, healthy hair. Moreover, with a clean and healthy scalp you feel more energetic, more confident, more impressive. That is why I have decided to present absolutely free a full Week's Toilet Outfit for this purpose, including a bottle of "Harlene"—the wonderful hair-grower about which everybody is talking—as well as a supply of other toilet requisites to every reader who sends the Coupon published below.

WHAT THE POSTMAN WILL BRING YOU.

Resolved to have beautiful, curly hair—hair that droops carelessly in adorable waves and curls—the distinctive hair that only "Harlene" can endure and maintain in its natural glory. Sit down then—now—and write out your name and address on a sheet or slip of paper. Cut out and pin to the Coupon below with 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, and then post to Mr. Edwards at the address printed on the coupon. By return of post you will receive:

1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the ideal liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremex" shampoo—the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."
4. A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, 1s. 6d. per box of seven-shampoo (single packets, 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage by Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W. C. 1.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W. C. 1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, of purest to my address.

Picture Show, 12/2/21.

NOTE TO READERS.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

Baby Wasted to a Little Frame

So Weak and Pain-worn. But Soon Cured by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.

Mrs. Florence Shacklock, Mill Lane, Horton, Gainsborough, says:—"Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my child's life. She cut her first teeth at thirteen months, but from that time she lost health and became a weak, puny little thing, with no appetite, and getting thinner every day. Her bowels were affected, sometimes dreadfully loose, and again just the reverse, and she wasted so fast that soon she was just a little frame. She hadn't even strength to sit up, but had to lie all day or be carried about. She was in great pain, too, and moaned continuously. All the treatment I had for her did no good.

"However, reading about Dr. Cassell's Tablets I tried them on baby, and I bless the day I did. In a little while I could see improvement, so I continued with the tablets, and the result is that Elkie is now quite cured, and a bonny little girl of three."
with Doug as d'Artagnan, they will sail for England.

Our Splendid New Serial.

THE Promised Story, "The Call of the Road," begins in this issue. This charming romance of a hundred years ago will, I know, delight and interest you. The story has made a charming photo-play, creating a precedent in the picture world when Mr. A. E. Coleby, the author of film and story, was called before the curtain (or should I say screen) when this film was first shown.

The story is absolutely authentic as to the customs and manners of the day. You have heard a lot about the "good old times"; now you can read about them for yourself, and see the characters living before you on the screen.

A Confession.

JACK MULHALL confesses that he loves the flapper. Do you want to know why? If so, on your way to business or shopping tomorrow buy a copy of the "Girls' Cinema." He has written a page article on this subject.

He is Going to Be.

NOT so very long ago, that arch soubrette of stage and screen, Cecil Humphreys, in pursuance of his desire to become a hero, was heard to declare that he would "he hung if he would play a villain part again."

Looking in at the Stoll Studio the other day, I found him again in the role of villain, as Rupert Devereau in the film version of E. Philip Oppenheim's novel, "False Evidence," and, strangely enough, in it he is hanged.

Good News.

BERTRAM BURLEGH has just returned from a tour of the American studios. He tells us there are more British productions showing or about to be shown in American cinemas than ever before. He says if we have as many successes in 1921 as in 1920 we shall be well on the way to leading the cinema world.

Did He Break a Mirror?

SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK sounds a good title for a comedy. It is written by Max Linder, directed by him, and acted by him. You will remember Max was absent from the screen for five years, during which time he was the uniform of a French soldier. We shall welcome him back in this comedy.

A Wonderful Chinese Drama.

SOME years ago I was the greatest Chinese drama that has ever been put on the screen is the new Robertson-Cole super-splendid, "The First Born," based on the famous novel, "Hua Chi." Experts who are familiar with Oriental scenery have declared that the Chinese fishing village, constructed especially for atmosphere in the picture drama, is a perfect reproduction of those found along the rivers of the land of Confucius.

Far away from the Hayakawa studio in Hollywood, on the banks of the quiet river in Northern California, the fishing village was built especially for the picture. It is so accurate in detail as to convince almost any Oriental that the scenes had actually taken place in China. Quaint Chinese houses were built amid wild rice and bamboo. The funny little Chinese on "stilts" are there. The strangely woven fish baskets and the racks for net drying, lend colour to the scene.

All About Mama Wong Arc.

MAMA WONG ARC, whose photograph appeared in these pages a few weeks since, was taken to America as a Chinese slave, and is now among the wealthiest women in Los Angeles.

When a Chinese picture is to be made, the first step towards making it authentic is to secure the services of Mama Wong Arc. But it is not always easy to secure her, for she is a life of strange activity. What her business is, no one knows, but every quarter she reigns with all the power of a mandarin. Outside of that quarter, she is a mysterious little woman who only talks when she wants to.

At the Shrine of Sessue.

HAYAKAWA was limited within the bounds of China town, with one exception. She is a faithful worshipper at the shrine of Sessue Hayakawa.

When he is about 15 star in a new production, there is no business that can keep her away from the studio, and if there is something that is not quite authentic, she demands to have it altered. She insists on dressing the hair of the ladies of the company in true Oriental style: when the scenes are being taken she is usually to be found standing near the director.

Such is Life on the Screen.—On the left you see EUGENE O'BRIEN in the power of the villain of the piece, and nothing will make you believe when you see "The Wonderful Chance" that he could ever forgive the villainy of this so-called of the screen. Yet a few hours afterwards in "GENE'S Own Flat this snapshot was taken of them.
"PICTURE SHOW" CHAT. (Continued from page 3.)

Once a business manager made the mistake of offering her money for her services. "This is my business," was her sharp answer. "You no like it, you get out!" And since that day she has never looked nor spoken to him.

She may be the head of a notorious narcotics syndicate, she may be the proprietress of a gaming-house, though this has never been proved to the satisfaction of the police, but there is one thing that is certain, she is the best authority on the sort of productions made by Sessee Hayakawa.

LURA ANSON, whom we are shortly to see as Thomas Meighan’s leading woman in "Easy Street," indeed without those selves for lie come instances other Mystery Adventuress," LURA ANSON.

Doubles in Real Life.

REFERRING to double characters, of which we see so many now on the screen, and of which both characters are generally portrayed by the hero or heroine, as in "Anna the Adventuress," "The Birth of a Soul," "The Mystery of the Double Cross," "The Midnight Stage," and "The Vengeance of Durand," many people have written saying that it is impossible for two persons to resemble each other so strongly that it is to human sight that I give this little bit of information.

Queen Victoria had a double, in the person of an old woman, who was employed in a London church as a cleaner. The Duke of Clarence bore a strong resemblance to the late Czar of Russia, as also did King George himself. The Czar had two extraordian doubles.

It is the belief of the Hindoos that every man and woman has a counterpart. These few instances are of people well known and admired in the world, but in everyday life we often come across striking resemblances.

Why He Was So Like Him.

TALKING of doubles, a good story is now going the round of the Pathé studio. Ernest C. Waddell, the director, on his way to the studio one morning, met a young man. He ran after him in the street, caught hold of him, and said: "You are just the type I am after—the identical one!"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished young man.

"I need a man to double for Roy Stewart," replies the director. "You are the very image of him. I’ll pay you anything you like if you'll come along to the studio with me."

The young man allowed himself to be taken to the studio, and the director took him straight to his office.

"What is the name?" he asked, as he bent over the salary slip.

"Roy Stewart," replied the young man.

British Marys and Normas.

DENISON CLIFT, whose portrait appears on this page, is a well-known American writer-producer. Now he is producing over here. Speaking to him the other day, he said that the most noticeable condition he has observed here is the utter lack of real cinema artistes trained directly for the screen. This condition is indeed unfortunate for the British film world, says Mr. Clift, "but its rectification opens up marvelous opportunities for progressive producers here."

The Difference.

"In Los Angeles, where 80 per cent. of our American pictures are made, we have an artiste group altogether who devote themselves exclusively to the making of pictures. "The casting director of every big studio has the photograph and full personal description of every star, near-star, and extra person, all classified, so that with ease and efficiency a picture can be completely cast in two days. Here you must draw on the stage for your artists. That is all very well, but often the stage artist will not photograph well, and the two techniques are distinct.


WHY not look about and discover the mute, inglorious Milton’s of the cinema? Your girls and women have beauty, and women have beauty, without argument many possess the necessary photographic qualities, and have the innate talent.

"There is pride and exaltation in the discovery of new talent in any art, and while I am in England I shall try to discover one or two personalities that possess, however untrained, those rare qualities of beauty, charm, and personality that lead to glorious careers."

"Kinephased.

It has become quite the fashion nowadays to have "expressions" taken at the photographer's. The photos used of Pardee Woodman and Leah Douglas in our Expressions page recently were from the new "Kinephases" series taken by the Adanacy Studios, Berners Street, London.

A Word in Season.

NOW is the time when every woman’s thoughts are turning to new jumpers and blouses. Have you seen the Free Patterns which are given away in Woman’s Weekly? I wonder! They are extremely pretty designs. One is an attractive little jumper made with a round neck and three-quarter sleeves; the other a little round-necked blouse. Just the easy sort of design you could run up in an afternoon.

And there are other patterns to follow, they tell me. A smart skirt, a dress, and an overall. They’re such good patterns you would be wise to secure them for yourself.

FAY FILMER.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

EUGENE O’BRION came home from the south where he had been on location during the winter, and he could not find any place on the entire train free from motion-picture fans. Everywhere he went he was surrounded by some determined to have a little conversation with him. I happened to meet the incoming train, bringing my brother. I ran into Gene, closely followed by three women who flocked after him, hoping some of their relatives or friends would think they had talked to all the way from the south with their hero.

Gene saw me and gave one scream, and blushed, "just next me," he said.

"Everything right at home?"

"Every fine," I assured him, giving his idea.

"His wife?" questioned one sad-looking girl.

"Can’t be, he isn’t married. Perhaps it is his sister?"

He didn’t give them time to find out, but swept me along with a rapidity that only gave me time to grab his left arm.

"Where are—they all gone?" he gasped when he reached his motor.

They were. Not a bit of a scruple of a feminine skirt was anywhere in sight.

Nazarova Likes to Dress.

NADZIMOVA is the sort of woman who believes in every woman being her own director, her own scenario writer, and her own actress. She gave her and all of her her and last of all her husband Charles Bryant. With the consequence some of the choicest stories the Metro Company have had her and have suffered cruelty. Charles Bryant, who admits he is a fine business man, but perhaps not so good an artist, thinks she is the property of her own way, and with that thought has encouraged her to go blindly ahead without advice or help. She is about to do a play.

"We can only hope," said a man in the Metro Company, Madame Nazimova will not consider the death scene of Camillo unimportant to the story, and choose to let her live."

Tommy’s Love Affair.

ALL those who talk so loudly of Tommy Meighan’s devotion to his Frances, should listen to this bit of scandal. In the same hotel where Mr. Meighan—who was Prangie Ring—lives is a young person who adores Tommy, and to whom Tommy gives his open devotion. Every evening when he comes home to dress for dinner he creeps up to her room, and spends a full-hour with her in the privacy of her boudoir.

"I cannot bear long to-night, darling," he tells her, "because Frances is waiting.

"Oh, dear," she says, "your wife is always in the way. Cannot you do something?"

This young man who would willingly break up the home of the Meighans is Dorothy Bleshon Heisen, aged five. She is the daughter of Dorothy Bleshon and Carl Heisen, the dancers. The laddies all adore the curly-haired lovely young Irishman who has a way with him. Frances Ring Meighan sometimes talks to the grown kids about this adoration. Wonder what she meant?

Going to See the Boxing Match.

IN America women are not supposed to have any interest in professional boxing, or any of that class was boxing, or any of that class was class. Therefore, it was a bit of a shock for me to have Ethel Clayton, Anna Q. Nilsson, Seen Owen, May Murray, and several motionpicture directors, including Lawson Summerfield, in the Garden and take front seats. The attraction was a boxing match, and the girls were excited about the scientific attacks of their favourite. There was much buzzing after it was over on the part of the men who were in the crowd. They were far more interested in watching the stars than in the fight.

LOVELLA O. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, better known as "Fatty," copies the pose of photographs that we find in old family albums. His coat is too up-to-date to make the picture realistic.

MIRIAM COOPER and her dog, "Mayflower," showing how life saving is done. The dog was trained by Miss Cooper in co-operation with the Red Cross. During the war he was attached to a field hospital and was wounded in action, for all of which he received a medal.

JACK DEMPSEY, the world's heavy-weight boxing champion, having his hands bandaged previous to a fight in a scene from the new Pathé serial, "Dare-devil Jack," which is now being shown at many picture-houses in the country.

A "behind the scenes" photograph in a cinema studio, showing the camera-man at work on a scene from "The Cinema Murder," a Paramount-Artcraft picture, in which MARION DAVIES and NIGEL BARRIE played the chief parts.

Miss EMILY SQUIER, one of Los Angeles' foremost writers, "inter-vies" a Universal lion player. The lion looks as though he is thinking very deeply about the questions Miss Squier has put to him.
BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TODAY.

The CALL OF THE ROAD

The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

VICTOR MACLAGLEN as Alfred, and PHILIP WILLIAMS as Sir Martin Trever.

strength in his limbs and little sense in his head. There's a reason for that. 'But there, 'tis old tale!'

He said no more, but turned on in sleeved, his good-humoured face becoming suddenly grave.

Boo brightened up as they entered the quaint, picturesque village street. The old vagabond had an eye for beauty, and his idea of earthly happiness was to sojourn for the night in an old-world village such as this, and then, in the morning, take to the easy road again. He now gazed almost lovingly upon him, noting everything of interest.

As for Pagamini Secundus, his gaze was steadily fixed on one object only. This was the creaking sign of The Old Punch Bowl, the village inn.

The inn was a low, rambling, red-tiled building of great age, and it had an old fashioned porch jutting out on to the road.

As the travellers drew near, they perceived in front of the inn two farm-hands on their horses, drinking from earthenware mugs, while a woman standing in the porch, and nearly filling it with her generous bulk, looked up at them.

Morgan dall was both stout and comely, with a broad, good-humoured face and a pair of shrewd eyes.

One of the farm-hands pointed down the road with his empty mug, and directed her attention to her new guests.

Mother Morgan dall surveyed the weary pair as they approached the inn door, and maybe she noted the eager, hungry look in the boy's eyes.

The old man, however, stepped in front of his young companion, and, advancing, took off his hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Cruising, Mortimer Rogers," he said. 'It is good to see us again the most famous hostelry and the most generous hostess in all England.'

That means, my man, that you hast no money in thy purse to pay thy reckoning, I'm thinking," said the boy sharply.

'Tis true thou hast divined it, replied the old fiddler, not in the least dejected.

'And yet, such is our need and such is the sharpness of the night air, that we would crave permission to enter and rest awhile, warm ourselves, and maybe feast.'

'Feast, you rascal! With no money in thy purse! Feast!'

On the beauty, gracious lady! explained the fiddler: and in his unbedewed eye there was a look so droll and whimsical that the good hostess capitulated at once.

Resting her hands on her hips, she began to laugh, and she laughed so heartily that her whole fat body shook like a jelly.

'Get you in, you saucy scamp!' she said, as she wiped her eyes. And then, turning, she called to someone within. 'Merlinda -- Salome, look lively, there! Two bowls of broth for the tired souls, the famous soup of England. Pagamini Secundus waited for no second bidding, but dived in through the doorway like a rabbit into its hole. The old fiddler was about to follow on, but he gave with greater dignity, when his attention was attracted by the coming of horse's hoofs on the road. Glancing back over his shoulder, he saw a horseman approaching in a cloud of dust. He appeared to be in a great hurry, for he was riding hard.

It was Mother Morgan dall who first recognised the newcomer. 'This Master Alfred's man," she said.

"Ay, 'tis Tony Ronald," muttered the fiddler. "Would that all who serve the young master were half as honest as he.""The servants of Master Alfred are honest enough!" retorted the woman sharply. 'Tis the gentry he calls his friends as he is dragging him to no."

At that moment the rider came abreast of them and pulled up his horse.

"It is no matter of Heaven, good mother," he exclaimed. 'I have ridden far, and my mouth is as dry and dusty as the road itself."

Mother Morgan dall twitched the slip herself, while the man sat heavily in his saddle and wiped the dust away from her face.

The wise hostess of The Old Punch Bowl waited until he had emptied the tankard before she addressed him.

'You have travelled far?" she said at length.

'From the coast, ma'am."

"With news, I reckon, since you ride hard!"

The man nodded gloomily.

'Master Sikes has landed in England with the Lady Covington and the lady.' They slept the night at Maidstone, but in the morning they'll be at the Hall. I ride to warn Master Alfred of his uncle's approach."

'Tis time the old man came to stop the dogs at the Hall! 'Tis dice and darts and cards and young blood that need not hold young food is thy master, and he'll come to a beggar's end.

But within him is a man with a heart of gold," declared Tony stoutly. They call him the Lampl and simple, maybe, he is; but he is a man of brains, such as the two, maybe we'll contrive a meal before this day is out.

'Tis true, I hope it may be so. To my mind, there's nothing like the comforting feeling that comes of a good feed. The trouble is, is soon past and one hungers again."

'Ah, lad: all joys are brief -- brief as the splendour of your summer sky. But be of good cheer. Other joys are to follow--good food, good company, and the tripping of merry feet to the music of my fiddle. Here we are at Sissinghurst, a village that has treasured us well before. I have good hopes. Old Mother Morgan dall will hardly refuse a bowl of broth to two hungry artists. She has a good heart and a cheerful countenance, and has Mother Morgan dall, Mark you, lad, they go together!"

He picked up his fiddles. The boy swung a bag containing their few chattels over his shoulder, and together they tramped down the road to the village.

"Heaven grant they treat us well!" said the boy, as he tightened his belt.

On they went, the old man cheerfully. 'They'll treat us as well. This is Master Alfred's country, he saw that we brought the same. The two fiddlers were in bed, but the man lay restless, and now he'll be Pagamini Primus and Pagamini Secundus to the end of the chapter, I reckon."

'I reckon so. A fine, upstanding gentleman is Master Alfred."

'Ah, though wild, they say, with much

When the Eyes of the Lamb Were Opened

THE oak room at Thes salon Hall was not a parlour, richly furnished and having rich carpets on the floor. It was a library, a study, and a room for thought, with a fireplace in the back of the room and a door in one corner. (Continued on page 8)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF MILTON SILLS

MILTON SILLS,
The Star Who Studies Psychology and Philosophy.

MILTON SILLS who is giving us such a wonderful performance at present in "Eyes of Youth," in his younger days came very near to being a college professor. It was his own ambition, and he very nearly realized it, even to obtaining a position in the University of Chicago at the magnificent salary of $20 dollars a year, with the bright prospect of becoming a professor of philosophy and psychology.

But psychology interested him more than philosophy; he wanted to enact the dreams he had, he began to yearn for action.

His First Part.

ONE day a friend offered him a small part in a stage production. He accepted, and that was the last time the college saw him. It was a chance to travel, to see different kinds of people, to study them, to practice philosophy, to listen to ideas and opinions different from his own, to make the dreams realities. So he began his stage career.

He says now that screen work is even more to his liking, for, on the stage, the actor comes to rely a great deal upon his lines, the continued repetition of which tends to make him repeat them parrot fashion, and he loses the enthusiasm of his first few performances.

Expression Alone.

BUT on the screen, he tells us, there is little possibility of this occurring. There are no lines to be heard, no voice to register. It is through expression alone that the screen message is conveyed. Screen interpretation is applied philosophy and psychology.

A little while ago, when he returned to the stage for a time, he proved the correctness of his belief that screen work improves the actor's power of portrayal. He says he got twice as much out of that part as he would have got previous to his screen experience.

In All Star Productions.

MILTON SILLS' first screen appearance was lead with Clara Kimball Young's production, "Deep Purple." He also played with this famous artiste in "The Claw" and "The Savage Woman." Also with Geraldine Farrar in "The Wild Cat," with Ethel Clayton in "More Deadly than the Male," and Viola Dana in "Satan's Junior," in which for the fourth time we saw him in a humorous role and with Mildred Harris in "The Inferior Sex." Another big picture, which he considers one of his greatest successes, was in "The Honour System" with Miriam Cooper. He has featured in two big all-star cast pictures, the first was with Katherine MacDonald in "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," the screen version of Hall Caine's famous novel, and the second with Clara Kimball Young in "Eyes of Youth."

Other films we are shortly to see him in are with Enid Bennett in "The Gay Miss Fortuny," "The Street Called Straight," a Goldwyn film version of Basil King's famous novel.

His Career in a Nutshell.

MILTON SILLS was born in 1882, so he will be thirty years of age this year. He is six foot in height, has fair hair and grey eyes. He had eight years' experience of the stage before entering the screen world, and is married to Gladys Wyane.

Mischief Loving.

At home Mr. Sills is just a big out-of-doors boy. He loves to ride and hunt, and is a great lover of country life. He confesses that what he likes best of all, however, is to drive as fast as he can in his car, exceeding the speed limit, whenever he possibly can.

Whenever Milton Sills is not acting before the camera, you will always find him with a big pipe in his mouth. He and his pipe are inseparable.

He is also a keen musician and while away many a wait at the studios by playing the piano.
women had often gathered to enjoy the hospitality of old Silas Truscott.

For once, "the call of the road" was not the only reason why the different company was assembled. Half-a-dozen were present, and although not exactly unknown in their day, they were, none the less, the most part notorious rather than famous.

They had dined well, and earlier in the evening they had danced, singing, laughter, and boisterous horse-play, but now the room was very quiet.

Silas Truscott had been introduced, and this was a company with whom card-playing was a very serious business.

The Lamb, the giver of the feast and the temporary master of the cards, sprang to the point.

In that quick glance his gaze was fixed more particularly on two of the players.

"The notable of the two was a very handsome man of forty or thereabout. His clean-cut features, his pale complexion and his black hair combined to give him an air of distinction. And distinguished in his way Sir Martin Trevour undoubtedly was. It was his habit to sit with a determined look on his face, a look which one in company in which he found himself, and few there were who cared to dispute his right. He was an accomplished duellist, a man of fortune and a man of honor, and gambling had long ceased to be a game of chance. He had never been defeated in any dishonourable act, but that was not to say he was not a man of his word in cases of hazard, and the subject was whispered comment in many circles.

The other man on whom the Lamb's eyes rested was a mero boy, with a weak, wanish face now distorted by a look of such tense anxiety as to render it almost painful to gaze upon.

Quite suddenly his expression changed, and he sprang to his feet, at the same time flinging the cards he held away from him.

"'Tis sufficient for me!" he said, half-hysterically.

The other men, amused, looked at the speaker from under their half-closed eyelids, and leaned back in their chairs. Sir Martin, a tall, thin man who, rising languidly, strolled across the room to a sideboard and carefully poured himself out a glass of wine.

Then, with the glass in his hand, he turned and looked back towards the table, a smile of malicious satisfaction in his dark eyes.

"You all, Master Ulleswater?" he drawled with studied offensiveness.

"Is that so much?" Methinks twill hardly fill a cat's cradle.

The pale face of the lad flamed at the taunt, and regardless of consequences he blurted out an angry retort:

"Mayn't' it was gotten honest!"

There was a stir among all present, and then a tense stillness.

Silas Martin Trevour did not turn a hair.

Still holding the glass of wine, he walked towards young Ulleswater. His handsome lips were curved in a faint smile, and only the glint in his dark eyes betrayed his anger.

With a gesture that was deliberate and yet almost casual, he gathered into his grasp the glass of wine the boy had raised to his lips.

And so the game began.

"The Lamb," said the player. "The hand of pious card-board fascinated him, and with the cards in his hand he forgot everything but the game.

He soon became absorbed, and—after a time—the luck favoured him with extraordinary consistency. He could not do wrong, and the pile of his winnings grew.

"'Gad, Trevour," he cried, with a boyish, good-humoured laugh, "if you had not such a good master yesterday, I should have it in my heart to be sorry for you."

The ghost of a smile flickered over the other's face, heartily.

"There's the way of the cards. They are bewitched. Night! I've played when I could not lose and next day I could not win. The man who wins in the end is the one who has the courage to go on."

The eye of the Lamb blazed up, but this time there was no retort. The Lamb glanced up sharply, a look of angry protest in his eyes.

"Sir Martin Trevour shrugged his shoulders."

"'Tis as Truscott pleases," he said with a smile. "I confess I grow weary."

"I am not surprised," said the Lamb, tapping with his fingers on the table."

"You are a lost cause, Sir Martin, and I think—" he began when the baronet interrupted.

"Quite so—quite so—we go on. Forgive me. But stay, it is somewhat into. What say you to the dice?—I suppose and you may win a fortune with a throw."

The Lamb's eyes lit up at the suggestion, and rising from his chair he quietly swept the cards from the table to the floor.

"Good!" he cried recklessly. "I'll throw you a chance any time."

"One throw! To what amount?"

"I owe a thousand guineas—we throw to make it up."

Sir Martin nodded, smiling.

"Agreed!" he replied. "Tis a hazard with some risk!"

The dice were procured and carefully examined.

The Lamb reached for the first, said Martin, handing the Lamb the dice to throw.

"Tis all one to me. replied the latter as he took and then without a second's hesitation he threw.

The three dice pattered on the table, and the whole room held its breath. Sir Martin Trevour stared blankly at the number showing, and his face turned a shade paler.

A new turn trick was decided.

Did ever Fortune play a man so mean a trick?"

"Tis a poor throw," was all he said,

"I have seen much worse," replied Sir Martin, laughing.

At the same time he approached the Lamb and patted him on the shoulder in a friendly way.

"Courage, man, I owe you saw a total of eight and may be lucky."

While he was speaking Geoffrey Ralston gathered up the dice and the cup. In so doing he handed them to the baronet, a trick which has been used by others whom he let ready in his hand. The thing was done so neatly and with such a firm and weight of hand dexterity, that no one noticed it.

"It is your turn to throw, sir," said Martin, addressed to his friend.

The baronet pulled up the dice-box, shook it lightly, and then for a second or two toyed with it gailyly at the same time smiling at the Lamb.

"Finally he threw and stepped back.

There was a solitary laugh from someone, but beyond that only a curious stillness.

Some of the men exchanged glances, and Geoffrey Ralston himself did not seem to have a gesture of pretended surprise.

Alfred Truscott saw nothing but the numbers on his face.

A five, a six, and a two.

Sir Martin Trevour was the first to speak. "Coming out of the cup," said he, "I am afraid both hands on the edge of the table and leaned over it."

"A pip or two the better. What think you?"

He said it in a humorous way.

But Alfred Truscott made no answer, nor did he raise his head. His eyes were still fixed on the dice-box in the hands of his friend.

Geoffrey Ralston stepped forward and carelessly put his hand in the cup, but he was just about three seconds too slow.

With a spring like a leaping Truscott flung himself half across the table and snatched up the dice.

Then he leaped back, and stood facing them all, a grim look in his grey eyes.

He stood with one hand by his side while (Continued on page 23.)
STILL HONEYMOONING

The Latest Photographs of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—"Snapped" Exclusively For the "Picture Show"

Two kindly fishermen give MARY PICKFORD a lift in their basket. Above is a photograph of Mary and Director Frances Marion having a hasty lunch.

MARY lends a helping hand to DOUG as he endeavour to climb the face of the cliff.

Away from the film world DOUG and MARY enjoy a quiet morning seated on a big rock by the seashore.
Ideal "Dell" Hero.

SYDNEY SEAWARD has been having a strenuous time lately. Only a few weeks ago he went off to France with Maurice Elvey, to take part in the exteriors of "A Gentleman of France," a Stoll film production. Sydney Seaward is a fine, dashingly handsome type of man who might easily be called an ideal "Dell" hero. But in France he did not portray the idol of popular romances. On this occasion he played the villain—De Bruhl.

Fine Old Chateaux.

SYDNEY SEAWARD is fond of ancient buildings and antiquities, so that he revelled in the fine old chateaux of France. "But unfortunately," he told me, "we were unable to get any horses, and as they were necessary for our riding scenes, Mr. Elvey decided to push on to Nice, where we remained about ten days and the weather was perfect!"

A Realistic Scene.

But all is not gold that glitters in the life of a cinema star, as no doubt many Picture Show readers have realised by this time. It is not always sunshine and blue skies—often enough, quite the contrary. Real adventures and episodes that turn up, which the artiste has to face like a man! Not a few have ridden their lives in trying to get realistic screen results.

"In 'Tidal Wave,'" said Sydney Seaward, "I think the most interesting thing that happened was when Miss Poppy Wyndham, who played the heroine, was actually washed off the rocks into the sea!"

Boiling Surf!

We were at a little place called Kynance Cove, near the Lizard, Cornwall. I was playing Rufus to Poppy Wyndham's Columbine, and I had to rescue her from a big rock. Well, we duly went through the rescue, and then Sinclair Hill, our producer, asked us if we would mind doing it again. As we were both thoroughly wet, we agreed.

"I carried Miss Wyndham out through the surf and placed her on the rock, and was just getting into my position when an enormous wave washed her right off into the boiling surf. Luckily I was only a few yards away, and so was able to land her out. The take was coming up very fast at the time—and Miss Wyndham could not swim, so it might have turned out badly, although I don't think she would have drowned. I don't wish to appear as a hero," Sydney Seaward laughed, "but I thought the story would interest Picture Show readers.

A Little Genius.

HERE is little Iris Lunan, aged seven. She has a great career in front of her, and already she has shown a touch of real genius in her work in several of Stoll's productions. She is the type of child who takes the lead when playing with other children. She recites and amuses them, but is not at all precocious.

Before she does a picture, Martin Thornton, Stoll's famous producer, talks to her about her part.

"Now, what do you think about it?" says he.

She answers brightly:

"I can do it!""}

She understands the situation at once.

Pardoe Woodman.

PARDOW WOOLMAN is another of those lucky mortals favoured by the gods. He sent me a picture-postcard from Nice that made me terribly curious.

"I am still here with Lucky Players, filming 'The Mystery Road,' by Phillips Oppenheim," he writes.

There seems to be an invasion of Nice by film stars and producers this season. Pardoe Woodman is a very conscientious worker, and he certainly well deserves his popularity. He took the part of Frank Knight in "The Tidal Wave." He played with José Collin in "Nobody's Child," and found her very charming to act with. It must mean so much to an artiste to be able to play with a woman like José Collin, who is herself a real artiste, from the cradle of her head to the tips of her toes.

Pardoe Woodman is another old Bensonian; so many successful stars declare their gratitude to Benson. Pardoe Woodman was also with Granville Barker in "The Dynasts," and with Fred Terry and John Neilson, for whom he has the greatest regard, he played in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and at one period, he tells me, he understood Godfrey Tearle.

The School for Scandal.

AFTER Pardoe Woodman left the army, he appeared in Fagan's production of "The School for Scandal," and then he was tempted to worship at the shrine of the all-conquering screen.

He played an emotional character-part in "The Mystery of Bernard Brown," a role after his own heart. Not long ago I saw him looking at his very best in the most uniform of a famous regiment, which showed off his slim figure to perfection. He was playing the lead in a big-hall scene, and he was so perfectly natural that there was an air of absolute reality about his movements.

"I believe in using facial movements and gesture as little as possible," he told me not long ago, "but I do not repress the entire time."

This is no doubt the secret of his natural acting, the reason why he makes everything appear so true to life when he is seen on the screen.

OLIVE SLOANE.

The Rush for Diamonds!

WHEN I saw Olive Sloane the other evening at the Alliance Studio, St. Margaret's, she had just come back from a day in the country doing exteriors. She has played in numerous musical comedies amongst the latest being "Joyland" and "Tonight's the Night." Then, on her marriage, she left the stage and went to Africa, where she had some existing experiences.

"I was present at the great Teaping Rush," she told me. "It was a very difficult place to reach, as it was a terribly rocky country.

A Woman Dressed as a Man.

THE Government proclaims 'ground open,' Olive Sloane went on, "and everybody goes off to dig for diamonds. They carry pegs with them, so that on the day of 'the rush,' when a tape is laid across the land, the first to peg out the best claim. In the desperation of the moment several people were killed on the rocks, and one man fell on a peg and was fatally injured. A woman dressed as a man was the first to reach the best claim. One has to sleep out in the open, and the wind comes along and takes everything with it."

The Call of Africa.

OLIVE SLOANE says that in Africa the people seem to live themselves down to native pictures. They have small open-air studios. On the other hand, they have magnificent offices and buildings. She went into a picture-postcard from Nice that made me terribly curious.
ROD LA ROCQUE owes his first appearance as a screen hero to the sudden illness of Bryant Washburn. Previous to this he had been playing villain roles. Now he has played hero to almost every well-known star on the screen, including Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh, Constance Binney, Corinne Griffith, Madge Kennedy, and Marguerite Clarke.

Rod makes an ideal lover; perhaps this is because Rod has never been in love. He explains this by saying that he has a great many friends and he doesn't have time.

With CONSTANCE BINNEY—in "The Stolen Kiss."

* * *

With DOROTHY DICKSON: A visit to her dressing-room.
The Course of True Love never did run Smoothly

The above adage is as true to-day as in the old days when it was written. Here we see some lovers’ quarrels on the screen.

A little misunderstanding between MADGE TITHERAGE and OWEK NARES in "Cobblers All" (Samuelson Graus.

VIVIAN MARTIN loses her temper with her screen sweetheart— in "An Innocent Adventuress." (Arcllta.)

ENID BENNETT gives her screen husband a bit of her mind— in "When Do We Eat?" (Paramount.)

DOROTHY GISH is not to be won over by a caress— in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town." (Paramount Arcllta.)

ELLIOTT DEXTER thinks he can end his quarrel with ETHEL CLAYTON— in "Maggie Pepper." (Paramount.)
about — British Players

Tudios. and gossip about your own stars.

Ruby Miller and Sunshine.

On this page you will see a photograph of Miss Ruby Miller. She is enjoying the sunshine at Nice, whilst playing in the latest Famous Players-Lasky British Productions.

Rabbits and Old China.

I had tea the other afternoon with Colette Brettel, in a charming old-world room not a hundred miles away from the Crystal Palace, and as a means of obtaining inspiration for my notes on British Films and Artists, for readers of the Picture Show, Colette insisted on my sitting in a chair that had belonged to Dickens.

Colette Brettel is very fair and dainty. Her hair is like a glittering web of sunshine, and her smile, and delicate pink-and-white complexion, are enchanting.

Do you want to know what she was wearing? The simplest little black frock in the world with a Magyar bodice, trimmed round the low neck and short sleeves with lace. And the skirt was secondhand pleated. Colette has four loves—and three of her secrets I will give you straight away.

First there is her admiration for her brilliantly clever sculptor-mother—who, by the bye, had just been planting a plum-tree in the garden when I arrived. Secondly, Colette loves old china, and she and her mother have a wonderful collection of the blue variety. And thirdly, Colette has five rabbits whom she looks after entirely herself. They are so tame that she calls each one by a pet name. They respond at once, and often they chase after her into the dining room.

Colette's Greater Love.

What is Colette Brettel's passion? Picture making! She played for a time in "Bean Bag," but all the while she simply longed to do film work. Then one very wet day, just before a matinee, her chance came. She was asked to go and see a producer in Wardour Street, and was engaged straight away, after going through a test, to play in a screen play.

More Real Than the Stage.

Colette thinks that the screen is so much more real than the stage, and that is one of her reasons for preferring film work to the theatre.

"Besides, one can be home in the evening," she smiled, "while a heaps nicer!"

She played in "Wuthering Heights," with Milton Rosmer. Later, she went off to Holland, to play in a Binger-Granger screen play, "Blood Money."

"Everybody was so frightfully kind to me there," she declared. "In fact, when I was with the Binger-Granger Company, it was the happiest time of my life."

A Jazz Band at Elstree.

The other day I went off to Elstree, and I found very good things being done at the Idel Studio. Mr. Wynee was producing a screen out of "Belphegor the Mountebank," and a Red Masque was in progress. No expense is spared in these up-to-date days. Every effort is made to obtain the best possible results. The revellers in all kinds of fancy costumes, with confetti showered upon them, and streamers entwining them, to the accompaniment of a band from town, danced with hilarious enthusiasm and spirit. When they were worked up to fever heat, the whistle was blown, and the scene was filmed.

Sinclair Hill.

BUT Mr. Sinclair Hill produced "Tidal Wave" for Stoll Productions, he had obtained much experience in Italy. He tells me that he was educated at St. Paul's, and on leaving school he looked round for an artistic occupation, and he believed that he saw it in the film world. Sinclair Hill went to an old established firm of Continental film importers. Here he learnt the financial value of a picture. In 1912 he went back to Italy—which he already knew on account of his business connections—and he joined the Italia Company, as the firm wanted a foreign correspondent and an English adviser. Mr. Sinclair Hill is not only a producer; he is an accomplished scenario writer, and has himself acted for films.

A Great Artist—Haidee Wright.

This other afternoon I went along in a car from Elstree to Leicester Square with Haidee Wright. Surely she is easily one of the most enchanting women in London, for although she had been working all day at the Idel Studios in a screen version of "The Old Country," under the direction of Mr. E. V. Brahmste, she was going on to the Royal Opera to play Gertrude, her original part in the revival of "Milestones."

Pathos and Tears.

I asked Haidee Wright her attitude of mind before a Findress goes on the theatre each evening, or before a matinee.

"I always feel a little sad, and a bit nervous," the great actress declared. "If I don't feel sad when I am playing Gertrude, I know I am not doing my best—and I should like to know how many tears I shed in 'The Unknown.'"

"Tidal Wave."

B Y Ethel M. Dell, one of Stoll's eminent British Authors series. The exterior scenes were photographed amid the rugged grandeur of the Cornish coast. It was adapted and produced by Sinclair Hill. The cast includes Judi Green (Adam), Sydney Seward (Rufus), Attila Grandaud (Aunt Lizzy), Paddy Woodman (Frank Knight), Poppy Wyndham (Columbine). It is a story of a girl named in the amours who, in the death of her father, comes to live with her aunt at the Ship Inn, on the desolate grandeur of a rocky, sea-swept coast. Columbine is met at the station by her cousin Rufus, and is welcomed by her Aunt Lizzy, and distrusted by her Uncle Adam, because her mother was Spanish.

The Eternal Triangle.

One day Rufus takes Columbine to the rocks, and on their way they meet Frank Knight, an artist. Columbine's beauty stirs his artistic senses. Rufus shows Columbine a bell-buoy. When the bell rings it means the Tidal Wave. Once it comes up, the way to the cliff path is cut off in less than thirty seconds.

Later follows the old story of the eternal triangle. Columbine is flattered by the artist's attentions. Rufus mostly in love, and jealous to a fault. Then one day Knight and Columbine are caught by the tide on the rocks. She is saved by Rufus, but Knight is left to his fate. Touched by Columbine that he is a coward not to save Knight, he goes to the rocks to die with the roar- ing sea. Knight, trapped and helpless, shivering at his fate, is saved by Rufus. Knight leaves the village without one word of farewell to Columbine! And then in the end she finds the true man, the man who risked his life to save hers.

SINCLAIR HILL.


POPPLY WYNDHAM as Columbine in "The Tidal Wave" — a Stoll film.

COLETTE BRETTEL.

RUBY MILLER.

Edith Naylor.
Splendid Complete Story of the romantic days of the Wild West.
(Special to the "Picture Show").

Tom Mix as Smith and Eva Novak as Betty.

Betty Smith, "That fellow Brady might take it into his head to try to leave his card again.

'Verry good of you—" began Betty hesitatingly.

'Verry likely,' I won't worry that you're putting me to any trouble,' said the young man. 'It's just a precaution. I don't suppose for a minute that Brady will really come back, but in a case of that sort there may be others of his breed around. Besides, Betty was aware the sense of his remarks.

Her encounter with Brady had unnerved her, though she did not know the meaning of physical fear, but she felt she must have been kissed by such a brute. And again, she'd quite safe while John Smith was with her. She knew with a woman's sure instinct as to the soul of chivalry and that she could trust him.

'Though I shall be pleased for you to stay if I am not as good as your own business. When reminds me that I had not come to thank you for saving me from that ruffian. You only came just in time.

'Please don't mention it,' said Smith. (She did not think me mean to see this place is hardly dangerous to a girl. There will be some rough characters around of the Brady breed.) "I know," agreed the girl. "I'm used to the trouble. And I think and rash I was never insulted. But I have my old coloured mule and a good man-servant. Besides, I don't intend to stay on the claim. It is going to be worse for me."

'A very happy thought,' said Betty. "I think this must be your servants coming along now."

'Or the one pointed to. And along came a sturdy man were coming up the trail with a pack mule."

'That, yes, that old Manny Chloe and Ja-laun,' said Betty, rising. "Allow me to thank you, sir."

'Shall I be very happy to have some need, and,' said Smith, taking off his wide-brimmed hat. "I'd collect a few reforms and train a little."

He vanished for his horse and wagon himself into the saddle with a case of a born horseman, galloped down the trail.

The Terrible Truth.

Smith was as good as his word. He called at the claim the following day and gave Betty some valuable advice on how to save herself and other things, then rode away with an assurance that he would always be knocking around if she wanted any help.

That was the beginning of a strong friendship between Betty and the friendship that quickly ripened into love—If, indeed, their mutual liking had not been love for a long time.

In less than two months from their first meeting they were married and betrothed. They had broken into Betty's farm, which they had decided to make them home till they saw how the mine panned out, he was the richest man on the richest claim.

For Betty, she felt that life had only just begun for her.

John was so happy, kind, and thoughtful. He anticipated her slightest wish, as the soul of chivalry and that she could trust him.

As far as money was concerned they were among the richest people in the settlement. John had a prosperous ranch and a carrying business that brought him a considerable profit, and with his money he had the improvement of Betty had been unable to afford.

Only Betty's brother, the husband that she had invited her grandmother to visit her. John was delighted.

'I shall have to share her with you, Betty,' he said jokingly. 'I never knew my father and mother or his but that relation of their, and as the subject was a painful one to him; and Betty avoided no question.

It was a happy day for Betty when Grandma Summers arrived.

Mrs. Summers was a distinguished-looking lady, carrying herself erect despite her seventy odd years. "Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Summers. (That look in your eyes could only have been the face of a wonderful husband of yours.)

"No, no. We're to be happy. He was very much annoyed that he could not meet you, but he had an urgent message from the ranch, and he was obliged to go. He said he would drop back to town after he had arrived."

''Not just yet," said Betty. "I'm camping in that tent there." She pointed to a miner's tent.

'Two of my servants from the farm are bringing up provisions. They should be here any minute now."

"Guess I'll hang around till I sight them," said Smith.
only trouble I have experienced since we came West." Betty then told her grandma how Bill Brandy insulted her, and how John had roared her.

"Quite a romantic meeting," smiled the old lady. "You were so young, Betty. I suppose I could be thankful to the Lynch brothers for getting an introduction to my husband, how I hate that story. It's in my head!"

"How about that feud was dead and buried," sighed the old lady. "It broke your mother's heart, Betty. It's too sad, and I won't spoil your happiness by telling you now."

There was a clatter of feet, and Betty ran to the door.

"Here he is, grandma," she cried as John Smith stepped in.

But there was no response from Mrs. Summers. Her face was white, and she started as she beheld for an instant the figure before her, the well-known figure of John Smith, whom she had seen a ghost.

"Jere Lynch!" she gasped.

John looked from one to the other in a bewildered way.

"What does it all mean, Betty?" he asked.

"Mrs. Summers," said Betty, "as I wish I could have held my tongue, but the likeness is too real. It brings back the tragedy of the past. What did you name your son?"

"John Smith?" Betty had never another name?"

"John Smith shook his head.

"No. My parents were killed in an Indian massacre. But I remember my mother's name was Summers. There is a resemblance between your wife and the old lady."

"Betty!" exclaimed John Lynch.

"It is because you are so unlike the others! My mother's name was Summers."

"Jere Lynch's son," said the old lady.

"A Lynch! I've married a Lynch!"

"That was before you knew what you were doing from Betty. Her hands were clasping her throat and there was a look of horror in her face."

He rushed towards her, but she shrank from him.

"Don't touch me! Don't touch me!" she shouted.

There was a faint silence for a few moments, and then Betty got up slowly.

"Go on, grandma. Tell me all," she said.

"You know enough, Betty. I am certain your husband is the son of Jere Lynch, but what of it."

"He was a brave man," said Betty, "but he was also a fatalist to his own alive."

"I can't. I'm Summers," cried Betty, raising herself to her full height. "I'll never marry you."

He dashed towards her, but she shrieked from him.

"You are a Summers' daughter," he shouted. "I'll take you to the doctor."

"Yes. I guess I'm a Lynch all right," she said slowly.

"Perhaps you had better know everything," said Mrs. Summers. "I have heard your first name is Betty, and I shall see there faults on both sides."

There was a feud between the families before I was born. My father was killed without any knowing why, only my mother was a girl of nineteen. Then she met Jere Lynch, your husband's father. For the first time a Lynch and Summers wished to end the feud.

They had found something greater than love—love, they met secretly in the cabin of an old negro name of your mother's, Betty. It was this old woman that professed to be the mother who believed that the two families would end the feud, but first there would be many husbands and many children."

It was a terrible true that was. Your grandfather my husband, found out, that your mother was in love with Jere Lynch. He went to Jere's house and challenged him outside the cabin. He was killed and challenged Jere to a duel. Jere refused to fight because he loved your mother, and wanted the tend to stop. But my son tells me so as to be comforted."

"Betty," said Jere's father came along, and called his son a coward, to forest his head. They started with pistols, and my son killed Jere's father. Seeing his father dead at his feet broke Jere's resolution. He accepted Bill's challenge and killed him on the same dwelling ground where he was born. Then he rushed to his mother and calling at the old negro woman's cabin, he told your mother what had happened and how the quarter which was his father's family, they were going out West and asking her to wait for him. I forget to tell you that on the very day that two fatal duels had occurred, the lovers had planned to elope, and your mother promised to wait for Jere, asking him to write as soon as he got settled. Jere did so, but as he could not address his letters he had concealed it in one to his mother. She was perhaps the most fantastic of all in her manner and she tore up the letter, at the same time telling your mother that Jere had married. Not hearing from him, your mother after many weary months of waiting, married a man name Cato Brown, your father, who had long been in love with her. I can see now, that Jere Lynch, must have acted in pretty much the same way. Not receiving a letter from her, he believed that she had

(Continued on page 18.)
"THE FEUD." (Continued from page 17.)

forgotten him, and in time married someone else — who was the mother of your husband. There you have all the essential story. Betty, dear, I saw a woman nearing my end. Let me pray you, who has suffered so much from this relentless tend to let it die.

"Yes, Betty, isn't our love more than this temporary weakness between us?"

The man came towards his wife, but again she shook her head.

"Don't touch me!" she cried. "I am a sleeper. I cannot undo the fact that I am married to you, but I will never live with you again.

"Is that your last word, Betty?"

"Yes.

Without another word her husband took up his hat and went out into the night.

The Stranger at the Home.

MONTHS passed, and there was no sign of the man between the two. John Maltby, who had taken up his abode with the other Lycers, for Betty's sake had put some spirit of the feud into his heart, yet he waited, hoping for the day when she would seek for him. For his love only grew stronger though he was parted from her.

One afternoon a rider halted at the Lycers' homestead and asked for John.

"I thought I'd just tell you in passing that there's a stranger at your old home, and your wife seems to think as an angel of God.

John sprang to his feet, and reached for his gun.

"What stranger?" said the rider. "It's the gospel truth I'm giving you, and I thought you ought to know.

"It if the truth you won't live to see many more sunsets," said John gruffly. "She's still my wife and I'm going to see her again.

"You'll find it the solemn truth. Go and see for yourself, it's true beyond a doubt.

John turned to Bob and Don Lynch. "You heard what he said, boys. I'm going to see her."

He left the homestead, and mounting his horse galloped to his old home.

"Come! I hold no stock with you," said Bob. "You never know what tricks a stranger will play.

As John knocked at the door of his old home, a curious frown came over his face. His determination was engulfed in a wave of tenderness, but stillting his weakness, he walked into the room. Old Mrs. Summers came to meet him, but before she could speak, Betty came into the room. Husband and wife beheld each other for a few moments. Then John spoke.

"Here there is a stranger in the house — a man. Where is he?"

"In the bedroom," said Betty quietly, making room for him to pass.

With black murder in his heart, John passed up to the bedroom. As he entered round the old familiar room he saw it was empty. "The cur's got away! I'll be murdered as he went to the window.

Just then there came a little cry from the side of the bed, and turning swiftly John saw a little cot, and in it the scene was

Big tears rolled down his cheeks as he picked up the little one. When he looked up again Betty was standing at the door, and in her eyes he saw that for the feud was ended. Once again it had been killed by love, and in the time of the love of a mother for her child.

Bob took the boy from his mother, and placed it in a cot, and the next second she was in his arms.

And then John Maltby, his wife to him, he heard the voices of Bob and Don Lynch asking where he was and the quiet answers of Mrs. Summers telling them he was up at the sky. John said to himself.

"Come right up, boys, I've got the man," he shouted.

As they rushed into the bedroom, John held up a boy.

"This is young Summers Lynch, boys. That's the end."

"It's an end," said Don. (Adapted from incidents in the Fox photo-play by permission, featuring TOM MIX as John, and IRA B. KINLEY as Bob.)

The Big Three

The PICTURE SHOW
Every MONDAY
The GIRLS' CINEMA
Every TUESDAY
The BOYS' CINEMA
Every WEDNESDAY


The Picture Show's Guide to Picturegoers

"A Manhattan Knight." GEORGE WALSH.

THE greatest athlete on the screen in a typical role. The story is brisk and cheerful, full of opportunities for the thrilling fights in which he glories.

"Wit Wins!" FLORENCE BILLINGS. (Garnett.)

MYSTERY stories are always inviting. All who see "Wit Wins!" will find themselves in the hunt. This story shows how a girl, apparently a crook, brought off a wonderful coup against a millionaire financier.

"A Girl Named Mary." MARGUERITE CLARK. (Paramount-Archtex.)

DELIGHTFUL Marguerite Clark is spotlighted in this film by a splendid cast, including that fine actress, Kathleen Williams. This is the story of a woman who seeks her lost daughter for fifteen years, and finds her in the little typist.

"The Winchester Woman." ALICE JOYCE. (Tylergraph.)

This story is most true to life. Alice Joyce takes the role of a woman who is charged but acquitted of killing her husband. To avoid this she moves to a distant town, but here her past turns against her. She is torn between herself as an exposed woman, and leaving the daughter of the man she loves from ruin.

"Trent's Last Case." FRANCIE PETERS and GREGORY SCOTT. (Hudson.)

GOOD detective films are always welcome, and this story must be placed among the best. The mystery is not solved until the last scenes, and onlookers will be kept wondering as to what that solution will be.

"The Right to Lie." DOLORES CAMANSO. (Path.)

By accident a father finds his unknown child and brings her up in his house as his ward. But his wife, who is ignorant of the child's identity, is jealous, and the daughter, now grown up, is set up in a stilt by her father. Scandal ensues and follows the heroine through many, many crises, but finally she is able to reveal to her family the love of a mother for her child.

"The Pursuit of Pamela." EDNA FLEURGOS. (Path.)

The well-known stage success adapted for the screen. Popular Edna Fleurge has an interesting role, as Pamela, who brought up in an atmosphere of restraint, comes freely.

which she innocently believes will be hers as the wife of a rich man. After the marriage, she resolves to run away, and here the pursuit begins. Her guardian and husband, who has always loved at the last by a faithful Chimpanzee. Excellent British production.

"The Wonder Man." GEORGE CAMPBELL. (Idol.)

AN exceptional picture with the boxing idol as the hero. It is the Wonderer's first appearance on the screen, in which he proves himself an excellent actor and also gives a wonderful exhibition of his prowess in the ring.

"Anna the Adventuress. " ALMA TAYLOR and GERALD ANNES. (Hepworth.)

A NOther British production which will be hard to beat. The talented actress plays a dual role with great distinction.

"Rustling a Bride." LITTLE LEE. (Paramount.)

The story of a woman as a typical Western girl. A photograph, enclosed in a letter — her cowboy sweetheart, is the cause of all the trouble.

"Heart's Desire." ANITA STEWART. (Jury's.)

CHARMING Anita Stewart as a young girl with a great love for babies, who escapes from a convent in Italy during a storm. She goes to America. Her adventures there will thrill and hold the interest of all her many admirers.

"The Husband Hunter." MAEGE TIBBUTT and C. M. HALLARD. (Idol.)

EGYPT is the background of most of the scenes in this story. It is a British production of outstanding merit, and the stars play their parts with such absorbing power.

A missing ring, hidden in the desert, provides adventures for a party of English people.

"Only a Mill Girl." HARRY FOXWELL. (Idol.)

ADAPTED from the great mill drama. The desire to obtain the plans of a sluttish invention and the love of two master and man for a mill girl, are the themes about which the plot is woven.

"The Lure of Crooning Water." IVY DICK and GEORGE WYATT. (Path.)

A BASELIN, C. L. IVY Duke's best work up to date. An actress is advised to rest, and goes to a farm to recuperate. She finds her former loves reunited, and leaves wife and children to follow her to London. Here he learns the truth about her and youngest, but returns to London completely cured. Excellent from every standpoint.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

This Week's Best Jokes

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Fréres

It is said that skirts are to be shorter yet. They will soon be in being: nothing — well, really — a hang. — (London Tampion.)

A man who has never been fooled by a woman probably wasn't worth the effort. — (Foggy, New York.)

Guy: "Why did you break off your engagement with Milfred?"

Gerald: "Well, her parents were always saying, "Oh, Jack."

Guy: "But what difference did that make?"

Gerald: "Only that my name isn't Jack." — (Til Ridge.)

"These days a man can hardly get married unless he can get the girl two licences."

"Yes, marriage and motor-car." — (Winnipeg Tribune.)

1st Man: "Banks made a bad mistake during the election when he began kissing all the ladies."

2nd Man: "I should say he did. His opponent, Miss Peachesdott, took the hint and started in on the fathers." — (Yonkers, U. S. A., Newsmen.)

Speaker: "But is your love true?"

He (passionately): "As true as the delicate flush on your dear cheeks." — (Sat. and quickly): "Oh —er— isn't the father—?"

Man: "Really, the bank play nicely." — (Detroit, U. S. A., Free Press.)

The Caller: "Good morning, sir. I'm collecting for the Poets' Hospital. Will you contribute?"

The Farmer: "With pleasure. Call to night with your ambulance, and I'll have a post ready." — (Eekson, Forth.)

THE FILMS OF THE WEEK
Charles Ray's Dog
Who Appears With Him on the Screen

At Charles Ray's home in Beverly Hills, California, there are three dogs, but "Whiskers" is first favourite. He is a rascally short-haired, white terrier of some wonderful breed, and he just worships his famous master.

Charles, too, is very fond of his little pot, and when he can spare the time he likes nothing better than to spend an hour teaching him some new tricks.

Whiskers was very proud on the day he was chosen to appear with Charles in a film, and we shall see him in the picture of James Whitcomb Riley's "The Old Swimming Hole" and in "Peaceful Valley."

"Whiskers" is very interested in watching his master, and wondering what he is going to do next.

"Whiskers" in a very polite little dog, and will always beg nicely for anything he wants.

Charles Ray and "Whiskers," as they will appear in "The Old Swimming Hole."

The enemies take stock of one another before a battle royal.
I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight

GEORGE FITZMAURICE

X George Fitzmaurice, producer of such Paramount film successes as "The Avalanche," "A Society Exile," "The Withe for Two," has announced that he is starting a new company, and will produce his famous shortly after its return from abroad. "The Right to Love," and "The Song of Clay," which was entitled the honour of meeting a man who merits, in every sense, that too often is denied.

That every one of Mr. Fitzmaurice's productions bears the hallmark of beauty is not surprising, in view of the fact that not only was he born in the greatest art centre of the world, Paris, but was himself an artist, being a graduate of the famous Julien School, one of the most renowned studios in the Gay City. It is to his early training as a painter that his wonderful sense of values, his ability to group, and his general artistic sense, may be traced; while his travels in various parts of the globe— in Japan, China, Egypt, India, and Europe (where he has lived for the past twelve years) are responsible for his cosmopolitan outlook.

Unrivalled Scenery.

ASK whether his visit to England was one of business or pleasure, Mr. Fitzmaurice admitted that it was a mixture of both.

"I have been charmed by everything I have seen," he said with the French accent which is his father's also. "particularly with the exquisite beauty of your countryside, which has impressed me more, I think, than any other grandeur in American scenery, perhaps, but for charm and delicate loveliness, yours is unrivaled. There is a distinctive character, too, in your trees, your fields, your pastures, your old houses. I am interested in them all."

The Spirit of Good Comradeship.

A NOTHER thing which has greatly impressed Mr. Fitzmaurice is the spirit of good comradeship which obtains in the British film world, and which specially touched me when I put a request to the London studios of the famous Lasky British Producers. This spirit has made me particularly desirous of producing a picture over here, and I intend doing so very long ago.

Already Completed Work on a Film.

"I AM NOT going to give you any particulars about it at the moment," added Mr. Fitzmaurice, "but I can assure you that I have already commenced work with one of your prominent authors on the story, and that when actual production commences, I shall avail myself of your unique opportunities for beautiful outdoor locations to the fullest degree. Most of the interiors will, of course, be shot at the Elstree studio, which, as I have already said, have inspected. The lighting arrangements and general equipment there are entirely satisfactory."

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BECOME BIG NOW.

In business, as in all things, the sooner you do the sooner you will succeed. The sooner you begin the sooner you will win. Never too late to be first. If you are not first now, perhaps you are first in the next race.

FILM FAULTS.

This competition is closed, but we are always pleased to receive notice of film faults, and will mature the feature, but not as a prize competition.

In the film "In Old Kentucky" (Jury's), featuring Anna Sten and Hamil Hamilton, the stable was burned to the ground, and a few days later it was seen again exactly as before the fire, and everywhere you look into the same place as before.—55, awarded to Miss Min. Ingalls, Rock House, Calton Hill, Edinburgh.

In the first episode of the "Fatal Fortune," one of the villains-looking tramps (who looked as though he had been on the tramp for six years, judging by his face), happened to put his hand on the privet hedge. For some reason he failed to notice any lady in evening dress—55, awarded to Phyllis Cost, Holmllard, Church Street. Meader, Yorkshire.

In the film, "A Social Pirate," the heroine (played by Miss Hamilton) had a package on her head. She was hiding it in a mirror, but looking at the reflection and then at the heroine herself, the positions were quite different. Is such a thing possible in a real mirror?—55, awarded to Miss Alice Polat, St. Luke's Mount, Bayswater, London.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS THE "PICTURE SHOW".

A Chat With the Famous Star-Director

"It is the importance of good studio equipment, and I doubt that the studio will yield facilities for work which in every way will be as good as any we have met with in the States."

Importance of Studio Equipment.

"The importance of good studio equipment cannot be overestimated, and I must confess that the equipment of my studio is a most interesting one, and that is why, although I do not consider it in the least much on the equipment of my studio. Bad camera work, for instance, is unforgivable in these days when photographing the story in such a phase of excellence. It almost takes precedence of the story. Anyway, I expect you have noticed on several occasions how indifferent photography is capable of ruining an otherwise excellent story, and the work of a capable cast."

An Ideal Partnership.

MENTION of screen stories naturally brought the name of Mr. Fitzmaurice's wife, who is a famous cinematographer, into the conversation, and the director paid a glowing and affectionate tribute to his domestic and film partner, stating that she was the most capable scenarist, into the conversation, and the director paid a glowing and affectionate tribute to his domestic and film partner, stating that she was the most capable scenarist

Mr. Fitzmaurice chuckled at the reminiscence. He did not tell me whether he accepted the story, but I bet he did. In addition to being very talented, Miss Bergere is decidedly easy to look at. Which is not so irrelevant as it may seem.

Value of the Star.

Some of the famous feminine stars on the screen have come under the direction of the American firm from Paris, including Doria, who had the leading role in the famous "Castle, Fannie Ward, Edith Ferguson, and McMurtry, the last named being the heroine of the film. In fact, I said, perhaps, as Mr. Fitzmaurice is unusual those who consider a star—by that he means a player of genuine ability—a devoted asset to a really big drama, because, as he has said more than once, "the star is an instrument upon which the intelligent director plays. As an organ of interpretation, the value of such an actor or actress is infinite."

But despite his attitude towards stars, and perhaps that he held similar dignities as a director, George Fitzmaurice places and always has placed—one thing before stardom or anything else—true art.

May Herschel Clark.

The "Picture Show."
ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Second of This Delightful Series, Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester

By GRACE KINGSLEY

"GEE! I exclaimed Bryant Washburn, that tremulous, just-dawning, eyes sparkling just as they should under the circumstances. "Gee! — just like that — what a pretty girl!"

He was talking about Mabel Chidester, and, though the remark may not sound very romantic, still let it be said that Miss Chidester is a very good-looking young picture star exclaiming in just that way. "Gee, what a pretty girl!" why, she certainly is, and you may be sure of it.

I know as well as you do that that Adam-and-Eve-at-first-sight idea is old stuff. Absolutely nobody uses it any more, not even people with established reputations that could get away with it, like John Galsworthy and Nina Wilcox Putnam, and as for high-school sophomores like myself, we use it. But, oh, oh! it just isn't, you see. Well, Miss Chidester, and I could never have left the room. I must have been in a picture studio. She was acting, only the ground that she had taken out the "only child" concessions in the family, and so did pretty much what she liked, because her parents were stern Presbyterian New England stock, good church folk. — Mr. Chidester being a deacon or elder or whatever it is in the Presbyterian church, and — didn't greatly approve of theatricals in any form.

But, anyway, there she was, very pretty and young — just turned seventeen — clad in a pink organdy, with her golden-brown hair shining out from under a pink hat, shading her blue eyes and her pink and white skin, not to mention the tip-titled nose.

An Introduction.

BROWN eyes, glowing over and happening at last to catch blue ones, asked quite plainly: "Want me to come over there?

And blue eyes flashed back: "See if I care!"

So brown eyes manoeuvred; oh, well, you know how it is done yourself, and got an introduction.

And then brown eyes all of a sudden found himself up a stump — didn't know what to say. Despite all his esbouded love affairs, real or put an awful crimp in his style.

"It's a pretty good day, isn't it?" he began. Which, come to think of it, may be news in Chicago.

"For what?" smiled Mabel Chidester. And Bryant grinned back.

"Are you working to-day?" asked blue eyes, of course, not really caring much whether he was or not. What she was thinking was that she was glad she had on her pink organzine — men always like pink organzine, she had found out. Also she was thinking, "My goodness, isn't he handsome? I do wish — but, of course, he never will — being a star and everything."

He might well have answered, "Oh, no, I'm playing cards. Can't you see?"

What he actually said didn't make any difference anyhow. It was what he was thinking that mattered. And that was, "She looks as though she were in love and had lots of sense; and — gee, she's prettier than I thought she was from over there!"

(To be continued next week.)

Shots from Broadway

BY the time these notes are in print, the latest Essanay BROADWEST film will have been released. It is entitled "Trent's Last Case," and Gregory Scott plays the part of Trent, who is a journalist, Adapted from the novel of the same name, "Trent's Last Case" is regarded as a classic in detective fiction. The story has lost nothing by its transposition to the screen, and is very engrossing. If you do not know how important news reaches the public you should not miss this BROADWEST film — for every detail of newspaper production is shown from the time the news reaches the Editor's office, until the public reads the news in the evening papers.

Three big films have been completed at the BROADWEST Studios during the past month. "Her Penalty," in which Stewart Rose stars, "The Loudwater Mystery," featuring Gregory Scott and Cameron Carr, and "In Fall Cry!" when the last named film is released, Mr. Walter West, has a big surprise for his public, in the shape of a new and higher-to little known player, hope to tell you more about Mr. West during the next month.

Some time ago Mr. West offered £50 to anyone who could supply him with an offer of role for the new production by the BROADWEST Company. Thousands of stories were received, but so far only one has been selected. The story is written by Mr. Benedict James, who achieved no small amount of fame by his stage play, "The Little Brother." Mr. West hopes to find one or two other stories amongst the ten he selected for final consideration.

Mr. Andrew Sour has also written a story specially for the BROADWEST Company, the film which will be released will direct personally. Further details concerning this production will be announced in the near future.

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The Children's Newspaper
Every Friday - 2d.
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring answer. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," 1558 Playhouse Street, Farrington Road, London, E.C. 4.

A.E.F.J. (Woolwich).—You are right. The correct title of the film is "The Master Mystery." I expect you have seen the autobiography of Houdini given you by the great man himself."

P.A. (Blacketthorpe).—Tom Hardy in "The Red Sea," was a former naval officer. He was caught in "The Cry of the Weak." Yes, it was Leatrice Joy in "Just a Wife," opposite Roy Stewart. I read with interest your letter in which you say of me: "One thing I am certain of and that is that you are very humorous as you make very sarcastic remarks, and people who are sarcastic are generally supplied with a liberal stock of the same. However, I advise you not to be sarcastic with me as I have rather a reputation as a snob." I am not threatening you, really, but I am just telling you. Thank you for your warning." P.C., an duly impressed, confounded snob is the last thing in the world. Every joke in every kind of story is a joke only when its frame is well-woven. You put it across me, but not a lunatic. It's a serious business trying to be funny. F.F.F. (Blackheath).—I think the old story, if true, the number of people who want not for the film is great and there are not enough opening for even a greater number. A good restaurant and a seaside or the outdoors are the same thing. Ignore all the quotes?

THE COSTUME PLAY.

The idea that the public did not look with favour upon costume film plays was a fallacy which for long enjoyed a certain amount of support. Many producers, as a result, contented themselves with filling the field of modesty and neglecting the fresher material which might have been favoring to bygone periods.

Yet the costume play has never really been unpopular merely because the fashions it portrayed happened to be those of the past. On the contrary it is one of the features which gives it an additional touch of interest. For history in the reading may be dull, and the average person may care little for printed descriptions of how Fashion dressed in the time of the Stuart's, the France of the 16th century, or the Italian Renaissance. But let it be pictured on the screen, and the colour and interest which the imagination must fail to give, is at once made vivid and living before our eyes. The essential point, of course, is that there must be a good story to tell. The mere casting together of well-known stars, backed by a lavishness in production, is not sufficient. For the plot and its unfolding be not strong enough to hold captive till the end, the chances are it will merely look like so many puppets across the street. This is precisely what has happened to make so many costume plays lose in favour.

To-day we are witnessing a revival of this type of picture, and it is good to note that the producers are turning their attention to it. This country is rich in historical romance, and its stories of the past, stately manors, and picturesque spots, still fruitful with memories of older times, are acest too valuable for the motion picture to neglect. The only point to be careful of is that the costume play is not overdone, for any artist can tire of too many costumes for too much in time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

SHARPS SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE.

A "Sweet" Memory.

Some joys are soon forgotten but never those connected with Sharp's Super-Kreem Super-Kreem differs from all other confectations in the fact that its superiority is never called into question. The first taste conclusively proves its unique fascination. Not only is it more delicious —it stands in a class by itself for the purity and wholesomeness of its ingredients.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1, 1½ and 1-lb. tins.

Every Ride a Joy Ride.
"The Call of the Road." (Continued from page 80.)

his gaze travelled slowly round the company, and finally rested on the bold, handsome face of Sir Martin Trevor.

For a moment they looked at one another in silent challenge.

Then the Lamb spoke, and his voice was cold and stern.

"You ask me what I think? I'll tell you, Sir Martin Trevor; I think that these are not the days I knew.

"Instinctively the rest of the company fell back like men shrinking from a danger which suddenly reveals itself, and the two principals were left alone confronting one another.

Sir Martin Trevor did not flinch under the other's merciless gaze.

Daintily he flicked his handkerchief as though to brush away some trivial unpleasantness, and then with studied insolence he addressed his adversary.

"Rascally fool, thou hast drunk too much of thy uncle's excellent wine! Thy brain must be addled to suggest—"

He got no further.

"You bound!"

The words leaped like hot from Truscott's lips, and at the same instant he made his spring.

Clutching Sir Martin by the throat he lifted him bodily off his feet, and flung him backwards with a crash on to the broad table.

"Doubt! I hold, but now my eyes are open!" he cried furiously.

Then with his rage will unspent he dragged the bewildered and half-mocking baronet from the table, and hurled him across the room where he fell sprawling to the floor.

Sir Martin's friends, now at last roused from the state of helpless inactivity into which the Lamb's accusation had thrown them, rushed forward to the rescue of their champion.

In an instant Truscott found himself surrounded, but the Lamb had at last discovered the lion within him.

Like a giant among pinnacles he stood in the midst of his assailants, and flung them from him.

Then as they scattered he pursued them, sending them down one after the other with shattering hammer blows, not too skilful, perhaps, but terribly effective.

Sir Martin Trevor had risen, and, standing well back had been a silent observer of this discomfiture of his friends.

He now advanced a little towards Alfred, but took care not to come too near.

There could only be one end to this unseemly brawl," he said haughtily.

Alfred surveyed the speaker contemptuously.

"When, where, and how you like," he answered curtly.

"Then I will send my friends to arrange—"

"What need?" Sir Martin interrupted curtly.

"What sayest thou to swords?"

Again Sir Martin bowed his assent.

"In the field of stunted oaks two dawns from now? Are you agreeable?"

"Perfectly," replied the baronet, with some of his old self-possession.

"Tis not usual, but it matters not to me which you die!"

Alfred walked to the door, opened it, and held it open.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I bid you good evening.

As they trooped rather shamefacedly towards him he called to a servant without.

The man appeared instantly.

"Roger," said the Lamb drily, "show this company from the Hall, and watch carefully thy master's chattels."

Most of the company had passed through the entrance; but Sir Martin Trevor was on the threshold when the words were spoken.

He turned like one who had received a blow.

His face had turned to a deeper pallor, and was distended by rage and hate.

"By Heaven! Master Truscott you have signed your own death warrant!" he muttered fiercely. "I had thought to be content to maintain thee for thy drunken insolence, but for this last insult you die!"

"That's as maybe," replied the Lamb coolly; and the look in his grey eyes was as hard as flint.

"But do not forget," Sir Martin Trevor, that when we meet it will be on even terms.

The doors will not be locked."

(To be continued in next Monday's "Picture Show."
Competition
Set No. 4. "PICTURE SHOW" COMPETITION.

£250 Goggles Competition
IN PRIZES

Second Prize £50
First Prize £100
Third Prize £25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

The above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the fourth set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artists. All of them are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

25
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Blonde-haired, blue-eyed Nick Cogley was not downhearted when cast for the character of Aunt Mandy in the Goldwyn picture, "Boys will be Boys," starring Will Rogers. When he had finished with grease-paint and make-up he came before the camera as above.
Great FREE Gift

to introduce Icima Bouquet Face Powder

500,000 Dainty Sample Packets of Icima Bouquet Face Powder (Naturalle tink)—the twin-sister of the world-famous toilet cream, Icima Cream—ABSOLUTELY FREE. Post Coupon NOW.

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Scented with the glorious elusive Icima Bouquet Perfume, it really adheres to the skin, but is almost invisible. It absorbs odour and perspiration, and is very refreshing and cooling. Nothing is even remotely like it.

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—twin-sister of Icima Cream. In dainty blue and gold boxes, 2/6. One size only. Two hints—Naturalle for most complexion: Creme for brunesettes.

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Please send me a dainty free sample of Icima Bouquet Face Powder.

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...Post in unsealed envelope for 1d. (St, stamp if a letter enclosed), or send postcard stamped 1d.

5/- MONTHLY CALLS YOU EVERY MORNING.

37½ THE "EMPIRE" for KITCHEN, BEDROOM.

The "Empire" is the ideal clock for a week-end’s summer. Fitted with a London Alarm, rings on two bells, calls you every morning. 37½ is the cost of one. Normal price 39. 0. Send a deposit of 3½ and your alarm will be posted at the rate of 3½ monthly.

Keep Your Boys at Home!

Let your boys find their amusement at home; they will have no desire to "wander" if they can enjoy so estimable a recreation as Riley Billiards at home.

By sending a D.O. for 1d., you will receive carriage paid to any address within this one mile radius, a Riley Billiard Table to rest on any dining table (Cash Price £15 15s.) The remainder you pay in 12 monthly instalments. Other sizes supplied. Price in proportion.

Riley’s Combines Billiard & Dining Tables from £34 16s., or in 12 monthly payments.
How Could He Eat?

Choosing the wrong time to take a scene was the cause of filming being held up at a studio recently, when an actor was called upon to consume a large sandwich, with every appearance of enjoyment, almost immediately after luncheon. Three times, something went wrong, then the filming had to be stopped altogether, for the unfortunate victim found that his capacity to register enjoyment had stopped with the third sandwich so soon after a good lunch.

Milton Sills' Capture.

When Milton Sills came back from a location trip the other day he had eight rattles from a rattlesnake attached to his belt. It was during the taking of the exterior scenes of "What's the Matter with Marriage" that a rattlesnake attempted to interrupt the proceedings. Mr. Sills immediately disposed of him, and now his rattles hang from the doorway of his dressing-room at the studio.

Tony's Plans.

Antonio Moreno is taking a holiday as soon as he is able. Before he commences the first of his new series of short stories, for which he is making serials, he is to take a holiday, the first for three years, and it is his intention to visit Honolulu. Antonio says he expects to journey in the land of grass skirts and ukuleles for several weeks.

Snowed Under.

The admiration of one of Viola Dana's numerous followers all but cost the little star her life the other day. It wasn't the snow that nearly smothered Viola, however, but snow!

The story of "Home Stuff," in which Viola is playing a part that differs from any role in which she has yet appeared, required that she brave a comedy snowstorm. The little player tottered out of the snow in true stage style, while the "prop" man in the wings pumped the big flakes of paper snow down on her.

Meanwhile, he craned his neck to watch the actions of his favourite star. It was while in this raving态度 that he overturned the barrel of "snow," dropping it into Miss Dana's face with an effect far more smothering than that of any genuine blizzard.

Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 58 — Lucille Ricksen.

Lucille Ricksen is one of the clever children we shall see in the coming Edgar comedies, now nearing completion at the Goldwyn Studios. Lucille is constant reader of the Picture Show, and is more than pleased when she finds her portrait or one of her fellow players inside, so she will be delighted with this issue.

Wallace First Favourite.

Wallace Reid, whom you will remember was head of the list as the ideal screen lover in our recent voting competition, is still keeping his admirers faithful. He is in a competition just finished in Chicago, Wallace Reid again at the top of the list. Those of you who admire him will be pleased with our Art Supplement this week, one page of which is devoted to this screen favourite in various guises.

Real Pictures.

Our centre page, also, of Miriam Cooper is more of a picture than a photograph, and Miss Cooper's appearance in "Evangeline" has doubled her admires, so this picture should please you.

A Chance You Must Not Miss.

You won't forget to tell your friends of the story that begins in tomorrow's "Girls' Gang." It is the story of "Eyes of Youth," showing the different paths Fate had in store for a girl who wanted to do right, and of her chance to gaze into the future before choosing. The story made a wonderful play, you will remember, and with the all-star cast — a photograph of the players appears on this page — it has made a beautiful photo-play. Here is your chance to read the story.

News of Irene Castle.

I've just heard from Irene Castle. She is now on holiday at Miami, where she expects to gratify her love of swimming and flying. For this is to be her last holiday for some time as she expects to begin work on her new contract immediately, by which she will be starred in four productions yearly.

Trick Photography.

More than 300 double exposures, which is a record number for any production, have been made in the Metro production of "A Message From Mars."

As you know, the fantastic order of the story tells of the message and the dream of the Messenger from Mars, and this necessitated the employment of some trick photography that would render it convincing, as the messenger appears always in transparent form.

The scenes in which Picture Parker, the hero, played by Bert Lytell, and the messenger, appear together, had to be taken twice in exactly the same positions, once with Parker alone, acting through the scene, and again with the messenger alone, acting before a curtain of black velvet.

The All-star cast appearing in the screen version of "Eyes of Youth," now showing on the screen. The story begins in this week's Girls' Cinema. Seatd, and reading from left to right, are: Albert Parker (director), Pauline Starke, Clara kimball Young, William corthell, Milton Sills, Ralph Lewis, and Harry Garson (producer). Standing: Vincent Sairano, Sam Sothern, Edmund Lowe, Garrett Hughes, and Rudolph Van altering.
FROM "OVER THERE." Notes and News From New York.

Acting as Step-Mother.

BEVERLY BAYNE has returned to New York, after a strenuous month step-mothering five little BUSHMANs, all of them the children of the late J. B. Bushman. Beverly, not much more than a girl herself, was suddenly called upon to accept this responsibility. The five BUSHMAN children were playing in Los Angeles when the five BUSHMAN children arrived.

Beverly, who is one of those serene sort of women-who is never ruffled, refused to lose her composure. She took everyone of them in, the oldest daughter looking as old as her little step-mother, and the soul to say the least is the above her.

They loved BEVERLY at once, with the result that Beckett, who has been in many pictures, telling the world why the film woman BEVERLY Bushman is. Her own little son fifteen months old took his half brothers to her heart at once, and this strangely assorted household moved about most smoothly until BEVERLY and Frances had to come east.

Hanging Around the Theatre.

RICHARD BARTHELEMMES has curiously enough taken on the role of a neat little Johnny, and might be seen most any evening waiting at the door marked exit of the New Amsterdam Theatre. The object of his-wait is no beautiful chorus lady, but one of the princesses in the cast of "Sally," the new Ziegfield comedy opes. The lady to whom the critics gave considerable space is Mary Hay, in particular the name of Mrs. Barthelmes. She is one of the hits of the show, and it now appears in place of the usual woman married a motion picture celebrity, Richard has married a famous actress, David Griffith's wife. Miss Hay, he gave her one of the leading roles in "Way Down East," after the death of Clarice Stinnett removed her from the cast.

Ready for Work Again.

EUGENE O'BRIEN has returned from his usual haunts, He is working in Fort Lee, N.J., which is geographically located across the Hudson River, and about ten miles from New York City. He has been travelling to this spot on the map every day, and comes home so tired at night that he has to seek his downy couch and forget the days when he was a free spirit. I haven't had eyes on "Come for Women," but they tell me his hair is as curly as yore.

Marjorie and Her Hats.

MARJORIE DOWNSONS on Fifth Avenue one day last week, wearing a smart chapman.

"It is three thirty nine I brought home from Paris," she said. "I am wearing them as fast as I can, because I don't know about any place to store them in my hotel."

It seems the Commode, where Marjorie and her husband, Mog Dillon, are now living, refuses to give the American actress a special room for these hats in a quandary because everyone of them are French creations, and it breaks her heart to part with them.

LOVELL O. PARSONS.
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

Charming snakes is this lady's business when she is free from her work in Cecil B. de Mille's studios. The famous producer has just completed work on a super-special film entitled "Something to Think About."

"I want number 4,798 Daddy, please." A charming incident from Mr. Robert Buchanan's play, "A Man's Shadow," featuring VIOLET GRAHAM and BABS RONALD.

NORMA TALMADGE in one of the picturesque scenes of the East, specially selected for her latest film play, "The Branded Woman," adapted from incidents in Mr. Oliver D. Bailey's play "Branded."

FRANK LLOYD, Goldwyn director, is very proud of his six-year-old daughter Alma.

EDITH ROBERTS, the Universal serial star, famous both in comedy and in drama, tries her hand at being camera-man.
THE CALL OF THE RIDE

The Splendid New Serial Story
of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Read This First.

A new and quite unique story of a young boy and his violin and ayoung boy of about twelve are
trapped along a Kentish lane, when they happen to be the object of a
"sentiment of the road," enter a horseman approaching in a cloud of dust. He stops
at the inn for a mug of ale, and says he is
very anxious to warn Master Alfred that
Master Silas has landed in England with
his relatives and they are on their way to
the Hall.

"This time the old man came to stop the
door at the top of the hall. His die and cards
were, wine, and day and night!" said the hostess
of the Old Punch Bowl.

Half a dozen men are gathered in the
eak room at Truscott Hall, seated around a table upon which a game of cards is in progress.

One man sits apart, watching the players. This is Alfred Truscott, called "the Lamb." He
is watching two men intently—the first, Sir Martin Trevor, handsome and distinguished, with the
expression of a man to retread gambling; the other a mere boy, playing with feverish anxiety.

Young Ulleswater at length refuses to play longer, and Sir Martin invites the lad to leave the
Hall. In the play that follows, the Lamb loses steadily, until the watch strikes his all in a throw of the dice. Sir Martin changes the dice for loaded ones, and wins; but the Lamb, remorse to fury, attacks him, and, after a rough handling, Sir Martin challenges him to a duel.

The Lamb Leaves the Fold.

When the door closed upon his departed guest, Alfred Truscott stood staring at it, his hands buried in his pockets.

His strong, handsome face wore an old expression, the expression of one who has just
awakened from a dream or a nightmare, and a grim smile played about his mouth.

He is known by the company he keeps," he muttered to himself. "That sorry gang of rogues have been my boon companions for half
a year. Of a truth I have no one to blame but myself.

He shrugged his great shoulders, and, turning down the road across the common to one of the tall windows overlooking the twin gardens and noble parkland of Truscott Hall.

As he turned, the fluttering birds heralded the evening of another day.

A kind of feverish restlessness stirred in the young man, the kind of restlessness which was now clear to him in all its sodid reality. If only he could break from it all and go out into the clear, wholesome world, and live a man's life!

The fumes of wine were still heavy upon him, and yet his brain worked actively and he saw things with a clearness that made him hate himself and the life he had been leading.

He roared himself, and looked about him stupidly. Gradually he became conscious of his surroundings. The deserted room, the playing cards scattered all over the floor, an overeared armchair, the heavy brass candle-stick lying at his feet, all served to bring back to him the events of the previous night.

He rose to his feet, and immediately became aware of a heavy smoke which had wafted him. A disturbance of some sort was going on outside the door of the room.

He was not, indeed, was not, and then came the voice of the faithful Roger mildly and nervously protesting.

"The devil take you! Answer me! Where is the Master Alfred, and why is he not here to greet us?"

Silas ERNEST DOUGLAS and his niece, THE Lady Rowenas (PHYLLIS SHANNAN).

The next moment the door flew open, and an old man stamped except, in the room.

Silas Truscott was a man well over sixty, and at the best of times he was quick-tempered and unhopeful.

At the present moment he was very angry indeed.

He took but three paces into the room, and then stopped dead, staring with astonishment and indignant eyes at the scattered cards and overturned table.

As he realized the use to which his beloved oak room had been put, his rage rose to boiling point, his ragged face became almost apoplectic.

Then he looked up, and his gaze fell upon his nephew.

Alfred stood erect, his tall figure towering above the older man, his face haggard in the morning light. So for several seconds the two men stood in silence, looking into one another's eyes.

Then at last Silas Truscott could contain himself no longer.

"So!" he cried furiously. "The vicious haunts of the town are not enough for you! Thou must seek a taproom of my house!

Alfred made no answer, but gazed with unseeing eyes straight in front of him. He felt no incaution to excuse or defend himself, and, indeed, as well he knew, excuse there was none. This old man had been a kind and generous patron to him, and he had made but a pitiful return.

His silence only added fuel to Silas Truscott's anger.

Coming quite close, the old man shook his fist in the other's face.

"Wretched hobo!" he shouted furiously. "Thou art a worthy son of a worthless brother who left me but thee in payment of his debts!"

The young man flinched at the bitter taunt, but still remained outwardly calm.

With an effort he contrived to speak, "I am sorry, sir. I have been a fool."

Master Silas, who was now pacing excitedly up and down the room, turned upon him savagely, "You young upstart! You have been a fool! Enough! Go thy way—go to the devil!"

At the words, uttered in a tone of passionate contempt, the young man's tall, athletic figure stiffened, and a new light came into his grey eyes.

"He made no answer, but turned his face again to the window, and gazed out over the rolling parkland to the Kentish hills beyond. A new emotion was stirring within him. In the misty distance he seemed to see shadowy hands beckoning to him, and in his ears there sounded a voice, faint but urgent, calling—calling him to the open road.

His uncle's accents, angry voice broke in again upon his thoughts.

"I'll have no more of thee! Go to where thy mother—go to the gates!"

Then at last, stung to revolt, Alfred Truscott turned upon his relative and

"Stop!" he said sternly. "Say of what thou wilt. Thou canst not say what shall above than I have already said of myself. My father, too, maybe cost thee pain, though methinks 'twould have been more generous not to taunt me with his weaknesses when he has lain these twenty years in his grave. But of my mother, not one word from thee. Her name shall be as holy to thee as it is to me."

The two men, the one flushed, the other white with anger, faced one another in silent challenge. Then suddenly the younger turned abruptly and strode towards the door. Before reaching it, however, he paused, swung round, and again confronted his uncle.

"Nay," he said quietly. "It shall be as you wish. As you have reminded me, my mother was a gipsy girl. Maybe it is her voice that is giving me this new feeling of unreality. I am not ungrateful for the many benefits I have received at thy hands, and I deeply regret I have repaired thee so, but I am leaving thy house this day. By doing so I lose much of little worth, and I gain—freedom!"

Old Silas Truscott gave his eyes several times, moistened his lips, and became suddenly the victim of a new kind of agitation—agitation not without its charm.

"Stay!" he said grumpily. "We must even make the best of a bad business. If thou wilt leave the door open, I will follow thee—"

"Naught!" interposed the young man impatiently.

"It has pleased thee to remind me of thy—charity. I thank thee for what thou hast given me, but I will take no more at thy hands. I have naught—I want naught, save to rid thee of my unwelcome presence."

The old man's anger flamed up again as he shook his clenched fists in the air, in a vehemence, and by degrees, growing.

"So be it!" he shouted furiously. "Fool or knave, or maybe both, I know not—go thy way!"

Alfred had turned his back on his nephew and strode down the room in a towering rage.

Truscott gave one glance at the bowing figure, and his self-reproaches and unwavering regrets were mingled with a feeling of profound pity for the old man. He wanted to say something—some word of friendliness and goodwill in parting, but some other emotion, pride or shyness, held him back as he passed slowly out of the room and out of the house.

The Open Road.

It must be confessed Alfred Truscott's fit of depression did not last long. As he marched down the dusty road with long, swinging strides, and breathed the crisp morning air, his spirits rose as he experienced a feeling of extraordinary exhilaration. He felt like a boy on a stolen holiday, or a bird set free from its cage.

He was thin and tall, and lusty, breathing over with health and the joy of life, and for the first time he was free, dependent on himself alone. The further he left Truscott Hall behind him the higher his spirits rose, and he began to laugh and sing like a schoolboy.

He skirted the fields, turned to the woods, and plunged into Truscott Woods. He had no notion where he was going. In his present mood he took to wander and enjoy his new-found sense of freedom without a thought for the morrow. He walked and wandered through the woods until it suddenly occurred to him that he had not breakfasted.

He stopped, and thrust his hands into his pockets (Continued on page 8).
THE EXPRESSIONS OF VIOLA DANA.

VIOLA DANA.
The Peter Pan of the Screen Who Doesn't Intend to Grow Up.

VIOLA DANA, as everyone knows, is sister to Edna Flugrath and Shirley Mason. She has been called the "Peter Pan" of the screen, and as far as can be judged at present she does not intend to grow up.

A Word to Cinderellas.
HER latest part has been in "A Twin Cinderella," and she believes that every girl is a Cinderella at heart.

"Every girl in her innermost heart hopes that one day Prince Charming will come along and raise her from her humblest existence to his royal level," she says, and here Viola has a word of advice. "So, if you are a Cinderella, read the story again carefully, and you will find that Cinderella did not depend on her beauty alone to win Prince Charming—it was because she was fine and good, and had a real kind heart."

A Stage and Screen Career.
VIOLA has been a star since she was 16 years of age, when she appeared on the legitimate stage in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." It was during the run of this play that she took the name by which she is now known, for her real name is Viola Flugrath.

Her debut was made as a child of five, so it can well be said she has been on the stage ever since she can remember. Her first appearance on the screen was with Edison, when she was eleven, but she forsook the screen for the stage again until after her success in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

A Widow at Sixteen.
I was John Collins who gave Viola her first position in pictures. He was always her hero and he used to tell her that he fell in love with her that very day. When Viola was sixteen, they married. Then came an epidemic of influenza and he died, but Viola said it was wonderful to have those memories to help her through the days that followed.

viola dana.

If you want to write her, address your letter to:

VIOLA DANA,
c/o Metro Pictures Corporation,
Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

(Mention the Picture Show to ensure an early reply.)

THE CALL OF THE ROAD. (Continued from page 6.)

pockets. For a moment he looked very grave, and then gradually a broad smile spread over his good-humoured face. For the first time in his life he had perceived the real meaning of obtaining a meal, and—as yet—the experience was sufficiently novel to be amusing.

He began to feel a little at home at the foot of a great beech, intending to rest a while and think the matter over.

"To be free—free as a bird," he said to himself. "But even birds must eat, and, unluckily for me, I have more than a bird's appetite. If I were to dawn upon you now what I want is a job. What offers for the services of a young man, strong as a mule, and with no more sense than a fish? There is a turn in the wood where I was seated. His eyes lit up with pleasure as he recognised the newcomer.

The foremost was the old vagabond fiddler whom, long ago, he had christened Papamun. Papamun had become the boy Scondus almost hidden by the tall, resset-tinted brakes. The old man was so intent upon his playing that he did not perceive Alfred till he was quite near.

Then, with a final sweep of his bow he looked up, and at once uttered an ejaculation of delight and surprise.

"Master Alfred! By all that's wonderful!"

"With a down derry derry down down," he sang, with a lively spring.

"There were three negroes sat on a tree,

With a down derry down derry down down.

They were as black as they could be,

With a down derry down derry down down."

The fiddler remained silent and motionless for several seconds. Then, slowly and solemnly, he put out his hand. Alfred caught the extended hand with a gleam of pleasure.

"Courage, old friend. Who knows what the morrow will bring? Sir Martin Trevor and I have had many a doubt, but this time the buck changed. I was ever one to believe that the next throw of the dice would be in my favour. Come! Be a man, and you shall be my second. The sight of thy old face will keep me in good heart.

The old man nodded eagerly.

"Ay! I'll come. At least, I'll see thou hast fair play.

Rowena.

THE Lady Rowena, niece and ward of Silas Truscott, sat in her dressing-room while thegill had brushed her luxurious wealth of Auburn hair.

Rowena was a girl barely twenty, and ravishingly beautiful, but her fair, exquisite loveliness only to be found in the rural districts of England. She had a disposition as sweet as her appearance, and everyone loved her, but next to her uncle there was no one who had for her a more devoted attachment, than her maid. Rowena had been silent for some time, and then she spoke, hardly conscious that she was expressing her thought aloud:

"To odd he should have left the house the very hour I entered it!"

"'Tis best, my lady,"

"Yes."

"Tis said he quarrelled with your uncle, my lady."

"Yes; that's true. They parted in anger. My uncle has told me all. Whom manner of man is my cousin Alfred? He was but a boy when I went away."

"A very proper man, my lady, big and strong and good to look upon."

"Handsome?"

The man hesitated before replying. "I know not how to describe, my lady," she said at length. "You would not call him handsome, maybe, but he is a fine man, and his presence is such that even a great lady might find dangers."

Rowena laughed.

"He's a peaceable child," she said. "He is a good-natured one who can do a great many different things."

"You are mistaken, my lady."

"I think the man that killed young Devon?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Rovena rose to her feet, her glorious hair tumbling about her shoulders and her bright eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Excellent!" she cried, in an eager whisper.

"Listen! I leave the house just before dawn, and then must accompany me. Go, child, see that all is safe, and that we go out without being observed."

"My lady!" protested the maid, in horror.

"Come!" said Rowena, "my mind!

exclaimed the Lady Rowena with an imperturbable, stamp of her little foot. "My uncle has given me the description. He would find out the truth for myself. I will see with my own eyes if this gypsy cousin of mine hath any mettle in him."

(Amber thrilling instalment next Monday.)
NICK COGLEY "Black White"  
Female Impersonator

NICK COGLEY is known in film circles as "the black white man," as he likes to play coloured roles. He has played Toby in "Toby's Hour" with Tom Moore, and as the mammy in "Boys Will Be Boys," Will Rogers' latest film.

Cogley has brought upon himself the wrath of Iris, the genuine coloured mammy in the "Edgar Series." She told him he "looked no more like Iris than a ham-bone looks like chicken!" However, she was heard later to say, appreciatively, "Pears like Iris ain't gwine have no more job den a rabbit wid all dese goin's on!"

NICK COGLEY certainly makes a very realistic mammy in "Boys Will Be Boys."


"Aunt Mandy" does not appear to enjoy her washing-day, but perhaps this is because it is not a real mammy.

Ulster disgust! It is difficult to realize that Nick Cogley is not always black and a woman.
Six Years in Filmland.

"I STARTED doing film work about six years ago. Before that I had many years experience on the legitimate stage," Langhorne Burton told me the other day. "In my early days I spent some time in the English provinces, and was lucky enough to be associated with such well-known actors of the old school as Henry Neville and Edward Terry, whose advice and help were of great use to me."

Mr. Langhorne Burton has also appeared in New Zealand and Australia and leading man under Williamson, and in America with Osgood Neher.

The Best of Luck!

In London, Langhorne Burton went on, "I appeared for five seasons at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, as the hero in 'The Best of Luck' and 'Sealed Orders', by the late Henry Hamilton and Cecil Raleigh. Naval parts have rather followed me through my professional career, one in 'Sealed Orders', one in the 'Flag Lieutenant', and one in the 'Lack of the Navy' at the Queen's Theatre. Langhorne Burton has also appeared in London under the management of Miss Ethel Irving and Alfred Butt, in "Kitty Mackay" and "The Secretary of My Heart," the late H. B. Irving, Cyrilande, Frederick Harrison, Miss Mary Moore, and others, but for the last year and a half he has devoted himself to film work.

The Prettiest Kind of Story.

"ONE of the best pictures of the purely slight and pretty kind to be produced in England," said Langhorne Burton, "is in my opinion 'Sweet and Twenty', in which I appear in Seymour Hicks' old part of the jolly naval lieutenant. This has only just been released to the public although completed over a year ago. Altogether there are twelve pictures in which I am featured, awaiting release some time or another.

My Most Interesting Film?

"PERHAPS it's the 'Amateur Gentleman,' " Jeffery Barnard," said Langhorne Burton, "and in some ways the most strenuous. There were three fights in it, two affairs with pistols, and a steep ladder. The author came to watch the work, and knowing what he had intended to convey in his writing, his suggestions were often invariably of untold assistance.

Costume Work and Its Fascination.

"COSTUME work," Langhorne Burton told me, "both in the theatre and on the screen is most interesting, and I look forward to the time when the public against in the cinema world will die down. Two costume films, 'Tomm Jones' and 'God and the Man,' in which I featured for the Ideal Company some time ago, were both enormously successful in this country, so one feels hopeful in this direction."

An Edward Knoblock Film.

"AT THE Langhorne Burton has been working under the famous producer, Donald Ogilvie of the Famous Players Lasky British productions, in "Keeping up Appearances," by Edward Knoblock at their studios at Islington. "I was enormously interested in being connected with so perfectly equipped and lighted a studio, and with men who understood the technique of film production so thoroughly," said Langhorne Burton.

A Temperamental Artist.

MADGE STUART is home again from France, but she tells me that she still longs for the sunshine and the flowers of the south. However, France or no France, she was surrounded by colour and beauty, in one of the most lovely flats in London, where I had tea with her the other afternoon.

Although Madge Stuart is decidedly of the temperamental type, there is a delicious "home-ness." If one may coin such a word, about her personality. It is the eternal feminine in her, and the entire lack of self-consciousness and conceit that are points almost as attractive as the brightness of her dark brown eyes and the charm of her smiling lips.

Oscar Asche and "Chu Chin Chow."

"CHIN' was rather luck for me," Madge Stuart declared. "I joined the company as a chorus girl, but one day it so happened that Oscar Asche discovered that I had a voice, and I was put on to understudy Violet Essex as Marguerita. Then one day my chance came when Violet Essex left 'Chu Chin Chow.' I played her part for twelve months. Only girls who have taken part in a long run of a successful piece can have any conception of the strain upon the artiste," Madge Stuart continued. "Especially in a part like Marguerita, when one plays all the year round in bare feet, and all the time in such productions one is dependent on perfect health, this is an absolute necessity. One must keep up to concert pitch, or one's voice suffers, and it's one of the most difficult things in the world to sing night after night on the stage," Madge Stuart added.

Picture Fever.

"IT was when Madge Stuart was at His Majesty's that she was asked to go down to the Harman Studios, and she got her first lead in films on a screen test. "When I reached the studio at Craydon," she told me, "there were crowds of other women on the same errand, and each one was sent through a test. It hurried me to the theatre after doing mine, and I thought no more about it, until I received another letter from the Harman Company asking me to go and see them. I went and fixed up my contract straight away to play lead in 'Nature's Gentleman,' produced by Martin Thornton."

Beauty and Brains.

"WHEN Madge Stuart left His Majesty's she understudied Fay Compton in 'Summer Time,' and then she played a small but important part in 'The Evasive Plotter.' But her acting stood out so brilliantly as well as her beauty that Maurice Pevy gave her the only woman's part in an 'Amateur Gentleman.' As she proceeded with this picture her art developed tremendously. In some emotional scenes taken in the studio one day, she revealed such power that some of the preceding scenes were retaken.

Romance and Humphries.

"I EXPECT that many Picture Show readers remember Cecil Humphries' triumph over the "Romance," Doris Kenne's enormously successful play. "My first acquaintance with the screen was made about six or seven years ago, in a piece called 'The Life Guardsman,' produced by the British Actors Film Company, at Bushey. "I played a very small part, and when I saw the result I made a resolution, that nothing would ever induce me to act again for the screen. All good resolutions, however, seem destined to get broken; for one night during the long run of
WALLACE REID

WALLACE REID has had a varied career off and on the screen. He played his first part on the stage at the age of four—as a little girl; and tried being a ranchman, a general surveyor, and a newspaper man before adopting the screen as a profession and winning fame as an ideal screen lover and dare-devil of the films. Here we see him in a few of his screen successes.

A “knight” in armour—in “You're Fired.”

A happy snapshot taken at home.

Our “ideal-lover” in unaccustomed guise—in “Double Speed.”
Love me, Love my Dog

Here we see some favourites of Filmland with their Canine Pets.

FRANK MAYO and his pet "Palsy."

MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE with her faithful guardian in "Trumpet Island."

ENID BENNETT'S Pekinese begs to be petted.

IVY DUKES with a constant companion — in "The Perennial Lover."

MARY THURMAN owns a dog that can sit up— and smile.
'Romance,' at the Lyric Theatre, my dressing-room was invaded by a producer who offered me a leading part in a film play. I thanked him for his offer, and told him that, having seen myself once, nothing would ever induce me to inflict my "shadow" self on a long-suffering public.

The Pleydell Mystery.

But said Cecil Humphries, "the producer only smiled and assured me that while he quite agreed I was a terrible-looking person—so happened to be an old friend—the type he wanted for the leading part was the most horrible-looking man he could find. That was in the 'Pleydell Mystery,' in which I played the part of John Pleydell, and from that moment I seem to have been playing for pictures, except for an interlude during the war, more or less ever since.

Many Parts—Many Successes.

"QUOTING from memory, among the many parts I have played I remember Gascoigne Davies in 'The Vehel Woman,' Lord Dangars in 'The Prodigal,' Prince Lucio in 'The Sorrows of Satan' (in which I co-starred with Miss Gladys Cooper and Mr. Owen Nares), Charles Greville in 'The Romance of Lady Hamilton,' the leading parts in 'The Hours of Trial,' 'The Pride of the North,' "The Swindler,' 'The Elusive Pimpernel,' 'The House on the Marsh,' 'The Winding Road,' and 'The Shadow of the Past.' I also remember Charlebois in 'The Amateur Gentleman,' St. Remy in 'The Tavern Knight.' At the present time I am planning my fifth part with the Stoll Film Company. Rupert Devereux in Harold Shaw's production of 'False Evidence.' Of all the parts I have I think, perhaps, Chichester in 'The Amateur Gentleman' is my favourite.

Charm of Personality.

Here is Adeline Hayden Coffin, who has been engaged by Warner West to play exclusively for Broadway Films. Mrs. Hayden Coffin, besides possessing a refined and distinguished manner, great good looks, and a perfect knowledge of what to wear, and when and how to wear it, has charm and personality. She has won her way right into the hearts of all picture-goers.

Picture Making in Smyrna.

"I was in Smyrna when I saw a first picture taken," Cecil Egerton Leigh told me the other day. "Some native boys were filmed on the beach, and I was bitten by the desire to do film work. I had no great liking for ordinary business, so I determined to try my luck in the Movies." When I got back to England, I played Martin Sabine, in the George Clark production, 'Testimony,' produced by Guy Newall. In 'A Rank Outsider' I played Sir Charles Wansum. I have also played in the Alliance production, 'The Door that Hath No Key,' with Oliver Sacks. "It's not all joy doing exteriors in winter time in England," Egerton Leigh laughingly confessed, "and swearing about in evening clothes in the middle of the day is not an entirely blissful experience, all the same—film acting has its roses, as well as its thorns!"

Judd Green and a Roving Vagabond.

I HEARD from Judd Green recently: he is playing the part of a roving Vagabond in "The Mystery Road," for the Famous Players. Paul Powell is the producer. Writing from Nice, Judd Green tells me that "the weather has been much the same as we get at times in England; one day fine, and another day unworkable, but we take advantage of every minute we can!"

December Rain-Water.

Pardoe Woodman played Ronald Barrymore, the weak and rather degenerate brother of the heroine in "The Amateur Gentleman" who was all the time the right stuff underneath his sandy locks. "As Ronald was the cause of all the trouble throughout the film, I had most of the dramatic scenes," said Pardoe Woodman. "Some of the scenes were taken in December, but, having been a general tussle, I finally got knocked out and fell into a large puddle of icy cold rain-water, and I had to lie in it, supposedly unconscious, until the end of the scene. This was one joy of the Amateur Gentleman."

A Pistol Duel.

"I THINK the best scene," Pardoe Woodman went on, "is the death of Chichester (played by Cecil Humphries) and myself. We have a pistol duel, a really big scene, and a very long one. It was a great pleasure to all of us owing to the fact that Maurice Elvey took the scene in one long shot of about 300 feet, instead of the usual shots and close-up, and it was so good in the long scene that he left it as it was, and it just plays itself."

Edna Flugrath's Smile.

"THE other afternoon I met Edna Flugrath, very delighted with the enthusiasm that greeted the trade show of 'Kipp.' "I am very glad to get back to my flat," she told me, and I was not surprised, for she has been working hard in exteriors for a Stoll production on a great common, not a hundred miles away from London. Edna Flugrath's great charm lies in her smile, it is such a happy one, and full of kindness.

Young Ambitions.

"BEFORE I was twenty-one," Cleek Morton told me not long ago, "I selected my own company and took it on tour. It was in the day of portable theatres, so that we could pack up and move on from town to town at will, all over the country. I was billed as the youngest actor manager on the road." Cleek Morton has done film work at Worton Hall, for Stoll, and he played a lead in "The Definite Object," with Peter Usher and Ann Elliott, under the direction of Mr. Camiller. Cleek Morton has also other ambitions besides film acting—it is that of screen writing, and I am sure all Picture-Snow readers will wish him every success.

"The Amateur Gentleman." 

BY Jeffery Parnell, Stoll's Eminent British Author Series, produced by Maurice Elvey. Typical English scenery, love, passion, ambition, the whole gamut of human emotions flows along merely through this magnificent screen play. "It is a picture version of a story written round the doings of a gentleman of fashion a hundred years ago, and the desire of a young man to become a gentleman. Telling, too, how he failed in this respect, but won a wife." A strong, human story that will appeal to all readers of Picture-Snow.

Cecil Egerton Leigh

Edith Nepan.
A fine story of a crook who wanted to go straight.

HE cut down suddenly and faced the crowd with a grin on his lips.

For a moment they stared at him as if they could not believe he said it, then several of the men rose with high expressions of indignation at the temerity of him drew a life-preserver from his pocket and held it out towards the man whose name was the last name of the young man, who did not wait till he got to camp.

"Just clear out into another room, all of you except Betty," he ordered. "We've worked hard.

"Who's that, and where did you come in?"

"Why couldn't we get married without being a crook?"

"You would have been ashamed of me, and I should have been ashamed of you, and there's no telling what would have come of it.

"No talking of it, then, and stop playing it up, Hetty."

"You've got me at a disadvantage there, because I'm working on both sides of the straight straight together."
"THE WIFE WHOM GOD FORGOT."

Cecil H. Bullivant's Novel Filmed.

A VERY interesting film shortly to be released is "The Wife Whom God Forgot," which is the screen version of Cecil H. Bullivant's famous novel. The film has been produced by the All-British Alliance Corporation at their studios at Twickenham.

This film which features Gertrude McCoy deals with the great social question of divorce. It is a very powerful story of a woman's tribulation for another man's sake, and a great repentance.

Cecil H. BULLIVANT, the author, has had a varied literary career. Before becoming famous as an author, he was the editor of a weekly journal. Since those days he has written numerous serial stories and novels.

Novels That Have Been Filmed:

Mr. BULLIVANT is writing many of his books so that they can be easily adapted for the screen, and quite a number of his novels have already been filmed, and included amongst these —besides "The Wife Whom God Forgot"— are "The Woman Wears," in which Violet Hopson took the chief part, "Whose Wife?" featuring Gail Kane, and "Blood Money," a Grainger-Binger production.

Stories of Love, Mystery, and Adventure.

Both in this country and in America, to say nothing of the Continent, where his work has been translated into many different languages, Mr. Bullivant's stories of love, mystery, and adventure are read every week by millions of people.

The fact that Mr. Bullivant travels extensively to find suitable and romantic backgrounds for his stories gives them a freshness and charm which appeal particularly to women.

Gertrude McCoy and Cecil H. Bullivant.

(Continued on page 18.)
"THE FALSE ROAD." (Continued from page 17.)

"I suppose this means practically ruin to you, Mr. Starbuck," he said.

"About that, Charlie," said the old man, wearily.

"It will take more than my savings to make good the loss, for I feel sure I could not do what we can if the money was in my charge."

"But what would be foolish," expostulated Roger. "You are not to blame for the robbery. You took every precaution. I don't suppose in an instant that the thief would allow you to try to make good the loss."

"I've told you I shall do all I can," said Mr. Starbuck. "It's the way I see it, and my wife agrees with me. Nothing much but for one thing," he went on. "All my savings were for one object. The doctor told me that my wife could not live two more winters in this country, and we intended to give up the bank, and spend the rest of our days in Italy. We were to have gone in the spring, but all that is over now."

"But there is no money for the robbers," said Roger, more with the idea of clearing the old man up than for any belief he had in that direction. "There's the matter of the exchange," that is, said Mr. Starbuck, slapping his hand. "The whole of the money is in small notes, which can be changed without arousing suspicion."

Roger played a little while, and then he went down the town.

By discreet inquiries he found out that Betty and Minnie were not suspected. They had told the agent who let them the cottage, that they were going to leave tomorrow at one o'clock, and that some weeks before. Moreover, the minds of the townspeople never associated such a daring burglary with two young girls, much less with that matter neither the sheriffs.

The suspicious party was a morgue-looking trump whom the sheriff and policeman had seen prowling about the town on the night of the burglary. The policeman had followed him from the bank premises to the outskirts of the town, where he had lost him.

Roger understood the whole scheme when he got this information. It was an old trick that had often been worked by Mike's gang. The suspicious man was no other than Claudeur Charlie. He had disguised himself, and by getting suspiciously, had drawn the attention of the sheriff and the inspector. While they were shadowing him, Betty had got in the bank, put up the dummy door, and securely screened from observation, had opened the safe.

It was a clever ruse, for it removed all suspicion from the woman, besides allowing Betty to work in some protective safety. Only Roger knew the truth.

But although he had been unable to prevent the gang robbing the man he had befriended, Roger was determined to get back the money if he had to stoop to it of Sappho Mike.

After much thought he contrived a scheme which he felt would be successful.

He would rejoin the gang on the pretense that he was tired of trying to run straight, and once in Mike's confidence, he would find some way to get hold of the money they had taken from Starbuck. It was an easy matter for Roger to get a holiday on the pretext that he was going to spend Christmas with his relatives.

With that as a pretense, he got away from the town. Before he left, he volunteered to accompany Mike on a trip to Sappho.

"There's little to tell," said Roger. "I meant every word I said that night, and if I had a chance to go straight, you wouldn't find me here."

"I got a job of a man--and then sold my story to the police," added Roger. "I saw the way the money was kept, and got away with it."}

The return was managed much easier then Roger had supposed. He had just repeated Roger's story to the gang, and he was received with open arms. There was not a man there who did not know how much they felt to run straight. One of them had had personal experience--so there was no reason for self-reproach.

Only Betty looked disappointed, much to Roger's surprise.

"I knew I couldn't do it, Roger, but I believe you would run straight," said Betty. "I told them at the time for ever as bad men did," said Roger, "and I couldn't get a better job. As you said, I have run straight, and no one has been found out."

"And you are the one that wanted to reform me!" said Betty, sourly.

"I did my best to keep straight," said Roger.

A NEW SERIES OF ARTICLES

BEAUTY FOR EVERYONE

By RUTH ROLAND

No. 3

CARE OF THE TEETH

A beauty story of tooth care.

" Since I can remember, when I first meet a person, the condition of their teeth impresses me favorably, or the reverse. And in these days of scientific dentistry, the care of the teeth is really very little excuse for unhealthy teeth."

"While the general health is responsible for good or bad teeth, yet in recent years it has been conclusively proven that infection of the teeth and gums causes directly, or indirectly, one-half of the fatal diseases."

"I prefer a certain tooth paste, but any good paste, powder, or liquid dentifrice, if used regularly—five minutes to ten minutes daily—will keep one's teeth in order."

"My dentist recently assured me that the wisdom teeth, which supposedly go first, have teeth in the Hellenic order."

Roger's Plans.

But the next day when the two were alone, Betty explained the conversation.

"I'm sorry you couldn't stick it, Roger," she said. "I thought you would."

"Could you?"

Roger whispered the question in her ear.

"I'd have a try now," said Betty. "Now I know that the bank robbery will mean that dear Mrs. Starbuck will probably die because they will not have the money to take her to Italy. I feel that mean I could hide myself in the river for ever."

"Look here, Betty," whispered Roger. "My turning crook again is all a bluff. I've come back to get the money you took from the bank. Will you help me?"

For a moment Betty hesitated, then she said: "Keep in your room till midnight. Get a hat packed, and when I give the old signal, be ready to go."

"I am with you and I think I have a scheme whereby we can get Mr. Starbuck's money."

About ten o'clock that night, Betty, seated in a gorgeous evening gown, knocked at the door of Mike's private sanctum. The chink looked at her admiringly as he asked her to enter.

"This is an honour, Betty," said Mike. "Come to have a crack with the old man, eh?"

"I was bored with the others, Mike, and thought you would not mind me having a drink and a cigarette with you," she said.

"Mind!" exclaimed Mike. "You know I worship the ground you walk on!"

He said this doubtless, Betty knew there was an underscript of truth in the remark. One of the most difficult tasks in life for two to keep the gang had been to keep Mike at a safe distance. She knew he had only got to say the word, and he would throw Minnie over and marry her.

"What about Minnie?" she said, evasively.

"Minnie," said Mike, "is a lass that might get you and you, Betty. I hope it takes her a long time."

"Well, get me a drink, Betty," said Mike. Betty lighting a cigarette.

"Mayn't own a bottle of his best wine, and filled two glasses."

"Here's to!" cried Betty, joyfully.

"Your eyes," said Mike, malignantly.

"Betty put down her glass with a little shudder.

"That's much too strong for me, Mike, I'll have to get some better," Betty replied.

Mike went to the wine cupboard for the soda, but on a sudden Betty noticed who had removed two full ones earlier, smiled.
"THE FALSE ROAD."  (Continued from page 10.)

"Won't be a minute, Betty," said Mike. "There's something I want to do next room." "Well, shut the door and knock before you come in," said Betty. "I'm busy, and any of the others to see me here. They might tell Minnie." "You're a good thinker, kid," said Mike.

As soon as he was gone out, Betty went to the drawer where she knew he kept his drugs and knock-out darts, and with the key which he had left her in a trice she had found the phial she wanted, and emptied some drops into Mike's wineglass.

When the crook returned, Betty was sitting on the arm of his easy chair, swinging her leg.

Then she began to chatter Mike, and insisted on being his cup-bearer. So intent was she on playing her part that she did not notice the door very gently, and the face of Chasen Charlie peeped in.

He closed the door silently, and when he got out into the passage he gave a low whistle.

"That'll do," she thought, "to heap gentle clitter of this." She shut up the drawer, wrung her hands, and saw here a plan to get into her favour.

In the meantime the drugged wine had got to Mike's senses under the influence of the drug. Betty went to work on the safe. She had got it open, and had the notes she had taken from Starbuck in her hand, when the door was flung open, and Prisco Minnie stood before her.

Minnie made a dash to get past her, but Minnie shut the door behind her, and turned the key in the lock.

Then she shook Mike and aroused him.
The crook was still dizzy from the effect of the drug, but the open safe and the two women told him all he wanted to know.

"You Jezebel!" he hissed, hurling towards Betty.

"Yes, a fine end to your pretty love scene, Mike!" she sneered. Minnie. "Oh, I know all about it. You've been jilted by a girl you could rob you. You get those notes from her, and we'll talk about the other business later!"

Betty divied the table, Neither Mike nor Minnie saw her make a quick movement with the envelope she held in her hand.

She looked scared to death, as the flask from Mike dragged her out.

She snatchin the envelope from her hand, Mike told Minnie to open the door.

"But get in!" he cried. "And you can think your little jokes over at home! I've filled you full of lead!"

Betty ne'er! a second order, she flew through the door, and as she passed out she heard Minnie giving the false steps like a wise old lady, they were as singing as they were truthful.

"Hope you keep that up a little while till I make my getaway!" muttered Betty, as she dashed up to Roger's room.

She knocked, and Betty dragged him out to the passage.

"I've got it, but there's no time to talk," she said. "Once outside Betty pressed a bundle of notes into his hand.

"Minnie caught me with the safe open!" she said hurriedly. "I had the notes while she was taking Mike. Whereabout thou dast, and put a new one in the envelope which had contained the notes. Mike will get the trick when Minnie has finished telling what she thinks about him. Meet me at Central Station tomorrow at six. We'll better separate now."

Roger realized that this was no time to talk, and he bolted.

They met the next day as arranged. Roger had taken two tickets to White Harbour, and they got in the train without noticing any of the going.

"I'm glad to hear you're all right, and Betty," said Betty, as the train started.

They sat alone in the compartment—Roger had seen to that.

You'll feel better when you've tried the straight game again, and Lizzy."

There was a long interval, in which Roger held Betty's arm with a firm grip about his fingers, in the way he loved her.

They chatted to each other fondly, and by the time they had decided it was a draw, they had already started to love each other. They were in the middle of the room, and as they walked from the station, Roger stopped suddenly.

"Do you know, Betty, it is Christmas Eve!"

"So it is," laughed Betty. Just fancy, Roger. What do we do on Christmas Eve?"

"Well, we come down the Crook Turn Santa Claus!"

And then to add to the setting to the party they were playing, the snow began to fall.

It was a happy party that sat round the table at the Starbuck's. Roger made a clean breast of the whole story, and told the whole thing. the Starbuck pointed to the calendar.

"Oh, this Christmas," he said, "is the duty of all Christians to forgive. Both of you have tried for your errors, and the straight road lies before you. May you both be very, very happy."

(Bryant Washburn and his little son.

Read This First.

In an old and none too clean Essanay studio in Chicago a pair of brown eyes looked suddenly into a very brilliant pair of blue eyes. It was love at first sight, and the owner of the brown orbs was Bryant Washburn; whilst the more brilliant ones belonged to Mabel Chidester, then at the age known as "sweet seventeen.

Last week we left then talking rather shyly to each other on topics such as the weather, but below you will learn why they had talked so much about their acquaintance ripened into something greater.

Bryant asks if he may call.

"Are you working to day?" asked Mabel; and this gave Bryant a chance to show off a bit. So he airily exclaimed:

"Well, I'm not working to-morrow! I've been working three straight weeks without any rest, and—"

Just then he caught sight of his director.

"That is,—he coughed—" that is I have—"

And Mabel Chidester laughed. It was a clear ringing, spontaneous laugh that you just couldn't get away from, so full of mirth that Bryant couldn't do a thing but join in. That laugh broke the ice entirely, and established another real bond between them, the bond of a common sense of humour. Without which, you many remember, George Eliot says no married couple can ever be really at one.

And then Bryant asked if he might call. It was pretty sudden, I'll admit. But not for anything—"Mabel Chidester bravely the peril of the deep in the Mayflower, and as Bryant had asked it most respectfully, you couldn't have wanted a more charming manner in which an absent Puritan, knowing he had no time to lose, might suddenly have asked the lady of his heart to go to him and tell him that he might.

And if you think she let Bryant know just how she felt about him, you're mistaken. The first time he called there was another young man already in the cottage, Minnie, and Mabel made no effort whatever to get rid of him. And the second time he called, another young man, declared Mabel Washburn, with an indelible little calling-teacher, and taking Mabel to parties and theatres, gradually all the other young men faded out of her horizon.

Their First Home.

One day when the two were out for a stroll, Bryant insisted on going into a certain street. It was a nice honey street, with a lot of good-looking flats facing on it.

"We're going to make a call," said Bryant.

With that he led the way right up to a certain door, and instead of ringing the bell, took a key out of his pocket, unlocked the door, threw it open, told Mabel to enter, and when they were inside a snug little flat, he put his arm around her—"I don't know whether for the first time or—not—and inquired very tenderly;

"Mabel, do you think you can stand it to live in a four-room flat?"

It's all very well to tell how the girl kissed him when it's a fiction tale, but somehow when it's real people—well, anyhow, I'm going to let you imagine that part. At any rate, she didn't say any thing.

And just two weeks later they were married.

"But he left me to break the news to father and mother that I was going to marry an actor," declared Mabel Washburn, with an indelible little pout that was belied by the twinkle in her eye. As a matter of fact, after the first plunge of acquaintance ripened into something like that, all over again with them. Mabel learned to cook nicely, and when Bryant came home it wasn't to a lovely young wife and a nicely cooked dinner.

And then one day,—"as the subtitles say—see business of making booties, robes, and something else that was coming! He came one bright autumn morning. Of course, his real name is Bryant, but I'm afraid ever calls him that. Sonny was born in the little flat, and proved an adorable infant.

He never cried at night or got an upset stomach that made his dad have to sit up with him and lose his beauty sleep—his dad's. I mean—Sonny himself made no pretensions to beauty at the time.

But Bryant's salary had to be stretched to meet the new needs. He worked and worked until his face began to show the strains.

He turned to the wife that he had got by marrying the "Skinner's Dress Suit," Mabel thought he ought to have his salary raised. He was right, but for some reason or other he was wrong, why a man with Bryant's genius wasn't getting his name in newspapers and magazines.

Finally he decided it was the stories he was doing. To be sure, they were as good as anybody's stories, but not, Mabel was sure, good enough for Bryant.

(To be continued next week.)

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Second of This Delightful Series. Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Bryant Washburn and Mabel Chidester

By GRACE KINGSLEY

BRYANT WASHBURN and his little son.
FAT THAT SHOWS
SOON DISAPPEARS

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it isn’t needed is a burden; a hindrance to activity and a curb upon pleasure. Many forms of advice to reduce weight have been advanced, such as starvation dieting, dangerous drugs, excessive exercise, etc., all of which are either unpleasant or harmful.

The latest, most modern, and pleasant way to take off burdensome fat is to take after each meal and at bedtime an oil of orinole capsules and follow simple healthful rules of living.

To get rid of fat, the rate of one, two, or three pounds a week, take these agreeable-tasting little capsules daily, as directed, until you are at what you should. No wrinkles will remain to show where the fat came off.

Oil of orinole capsules are for sale by all chemists at 3/- per packet. If you prefer to have them come to you direct, post-free, send the amount to the D. J. Little Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1, and bid good-bye to excessive fat.

LADIES & GENTLEMEN OF INDEPENDENT MEANS who are desirous of Taking part in forth-coming productions. Apply to the "F. P. HIGNISON" FILM PRODUCTIONS (BIRMINGHAM, LIMITED), 192, Chamberlain Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.

Those seeking a genuine and permanent cure for stammering and other speech defects should write at once for our free booklet "Straight Talk to Stammers," etc. Method endorsed by Education Authorities, Doctors, Clergy, Army Officers and many others. Guaranteed improvement in one month.


BECOME BIG NOW

In business as in social life, go to the man whose appearance leaves a favorable impression—that is, the man who has height, and physique to match it. It is very easy to increase your height and improve your health, figure and carriage. Here is the Carver Scientific Method, scientifically proven and backed by a $1,000 guarantee of permanence. Details from the Carver Scientific Method, Box 41, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

PATHE SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK’S BEST JOKES

Two doctors recently arrived simultaneously at an accident in which a wealthy landowner was injured. It isn’t yet known whether they had decided to halve the bill or divide it. —Picture Show.

PRAYER:

"We will now sing hymn number 783."

TELEPHONE OPERATOR (waking up): "Number engaged." —(Wanstead Telegram)

Films of the Week

The "Picture Show" Guide to Pictures

Don’t Wear a Truss!

Brooks’ Appliance is a new secret discovery that instantly makes you feel taller, straighter, more graceful, and absolutely more beautiful. Always light and cool, and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or inhibiting. We make it of a direct, simple, artistic material and we have put our grace to low cost, so anybody can buy it. Remember, it makes you taller—yet it doesn’t satisfy you, you feel ten to fifteen, and we will refund your money. That is the way we do business—always absolutely on the square—and we have sold thousands of people this way for the past ten years. Remember we are sellers, no harmers, no lies, no fakes. Just give you a straight business deal. The desirable price. The name is Brooks.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1915), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Two Weeks.

CONSTANCE TALMAGE

THIS fascinating comedy queen as a chorus girl—and a very hardworking one, too. A bright aider helps her to become a star, and after her triumph offers her marriage, but she dislikes him she runs away and takes refuge in a louse kept by three bookmakers. They take her in, and in the way in which they turn her home and opinions topsy-turvy and eventually finds true love, makes most uproarious fun on the screen. The delightful star in her best vein.

The Sleeping Lion.

MONROE SALSBURY (Phillips)

THERE is plenty of action in this photo-play and many poignant moments. The hero is an Italian plaster cast seller in New York, who befriends a little waif. The two go to the West, and with his saving he buys a ranch, and in a short time becomes a regular rancher. He makes an enemy on arrival at the saloon, who gets his hand to injure him, but after many ups and downs the hero wins the day and marries the girl he loves. Should be very popular with the majority of picturegoers.

Fair and Warner.

MAY ALLISON, (Jury’s)

THE screen version of the play which was staged such a success in London and New York. One of the most laughable scenes seen on the screen with dainty May Allison as "Bunny" Wheels.

The Admirable Crichton.

ALL STAR CAST, (Paramount-Artefact)

BARRIE’S world-famous play produced on the screen by Cecil B. De Mille and played by an all-star cast. This is the story of Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson shine in particular. An aristocratic family and servants are thrown on a desert island, and the one-time hunter, Crichton, becomes master of the party, while the daughter of Lord Loam finds herself in love with him. A super-production which should be seen by all.

The Six Best Cellars.

BRYANT WASHBURN, (Paramount-Artefact)

PROHIBITION in America treated in a most amusing manner. Henry Carey (Bryant Washburn) and his wife, dainty played by Wanda Hawley, are members of a most exclusive Mahjong set. He gives a dinner party with the promise of some first rate wine, but when he finds his treasured bottles empty, he turns Prohibitionist, and is asked to stand for Congress. The theme is a good one for the hero, and the hero has to make a hustling decision. Sparkling entertainment, bubbling over with clean fun.

The Hundredth Chance.

MARY GILMOUR and DOROTHY NEAL (Jury’s)

ETHEL M. DELL’S popular novel as a screen play. It shows how a man took a big chance with love and won in the end after much heartache. Many interesting moments and leads up to a great crisis. Beautiful English scenery. A first-class production.

Tin Pan Alley.

ALBERT RAY and ELIZABETH FAYE, (Fox’s)

THE screen favourites in a delightful story. It tells of a factory lad who became a song-writer through the inspiration of a little shop girl. He, however, gets caught in the whirl of stage life and forgets his sweet heart until the time comes when he is down and out—and then he makes the greatest song hit of his life. Excellent in every way—a romance that all will enjoy.

The Very Idea.

TAYLOR HOLLINS, (P.R.O.)

THE successful stage-play with most resourceful fun-maker, Taylor Holmes, as the husband and the very idea. Glorious scenes from Palm Beach are introduced. The picture moves rapidly from the first act—there is a laugh in every scene. Excellent.

Riders of Vengeance.

HARRY CASEY, (Butchers).

ONE of those Western plays in which Harry Carey gets an old-set. But it is far too popular. Though this is a strong dramatic play there are many human and light touches in separation from this star’s work. Sewn On is the heroine with much grace and power. A fast-forelend between two families supplies the plot for this story, which is cleverly worked out to a happy ending. Excellent.

The Black Sheep.

MARGARET BUNCH, GEORGE KEENE, EVA HALFORD, (Butchers).

NOTHER novel adapted to the screen, this time by Southall Aylett. This story is full of surprises. It shows the reformation of the black sheep of the family, how he is turned from a swindler, and how the heroine runs his happiness. Excellent British acting.

SHE (after the quarrel): "Come, John, don’t say that, my dear. I believe you really love me."

HER HUSBAND (sagaciously): "I’ll kiss it, but I don’t think it wants any more making up."

—(The World’s End)"

HE: "Darling, I kissed the very stamp on your letter because I knew it had been touched by your dear lips."

SHE: "Oh, Jack, I moistened it on dear old Fido’s nose." —(Rudyard Kipling)

DOCTOR (after the smash): "Are you married?"

VICTIM OF ACCIDENT: "No, I got those scratches where the tramcar hit me,"

—J. Lisco, Paris.

Beautifully reproduced in many colours, this delightful transfer will give just the right finishing touch to your "Undies," Blouses, Tray-cloths, etc. Make sure of getting it. It is free inside every copy of

FORGET ME NOT NOVELS

Out on Wednesday.
MILDRED LEO CLEMENS

THE other afternoon I went to Happy Hawaii. The journey was much shorter than you might expect; in fact, if I remember aright, it was accomplished in exactly two hours and a half. By which you will conclude that I am trying to be funny: that I am referring to a visit to Miss MILDRED Leo CLEMENS' unique"show"now being held at the Philharmonic Hall—at least, at time of writing—and not to an honest-to-goodness trip to that Hawaiian paradise situated—so I find, after a frenzied search in my Atlas—in the Pacific.

"The Paradise of the Pacific."

WELL, Miss Clemens' entertainment is a very pleasing substitute for the real thing. The first part of the programme introduces us to representatives of those happy Isles, in the persons of Kukui Paio, Abe Hoha, Khania Pahu, Keoua Paniu, Kawali Pahu, and Keowin Paniu, who dance and sing in native fashion to the melody of steel guitar, ukulele, mandoline, and other instruments. A really charming performance, in which the participants appear to take as much enjoyment as the audience, and which has an intimate communion with the spirit of a people whose very speech is a song. But the real thrill of the affair is Miss Clemens' travologue, which she designates as "Rambles in the Paradise of the Pacific," accompanied alternately by her own story and incidental music and dances by her little company of Hawaiians. I have seen some beautiful coloured dramatic pictures in my time, but rarely, if ever, as beautified as those—still and moving—which Miss Clemens presents. Such loveliness of land and sea as she shows us is at times breath-taking, and makes one yearn to embark for Hawaii at the earliest opportunity. Flowers such as one has but dreamed of, fishes whose colouring would put many a lovely bird to shame, wondrous symphonies of colour, light and shade, intimate and tender glimpses of native life, custom and achievement—all are here in a glorious profusion which for once is not bewildering.

Volcano In Eruption.

But most wonderful of all are the pictures given of a volcano in eruption. To see the lava dashing up like sea-spray, pouring down in a crimson stream, or creeping and crawling in a terrible oleaginous-looking mass, is to witness something which, to my mind, has the thrill of a "western" better to a faze. These unique pictures, as may be imagined, were obtained with no small amount of personal risk.

In addition to these wonders, some delightful pictures of the Prince of Wales, taken during his Royal Highness' visit to Honolulu, when Miss Clemens had the honour of being presented to him, are included in the travologue.

Traveller, Writer, Lecturer.

AND now something about Miss Clemens herself, whom I had the pleasure of meeting on the afternoon in question. She is, as you have doubtless read, a cousin of the one and only Mark Twain; but she is not resting on that honour, I can tell you, though she is naturally proud to claim it. Indeed, it was this family connection with the great writer that gave her trip to the Hawaiian Islands an added personal interest, for it will be remembered that Twain has quite a bit to say concerning those joyous regions in his "Immaculate Abode"—the result of his visit there fifty years ago. In addition to being a traveller and lecturer of distinction, Miss Clemens has also wielded the pen with success, having been associated with a number of prominent American journals while yet at the University of California, of which she is a graduate.

"I like journalism," she said, "and am still a member of the League of American Pen Women. But I loved travel better."

To Tour Provinces.

MISS CLEMENS has been lecturing for about six years, commencing at the Panama Pacific Exposition in 1915. She has toured "Happy Hawaii" for the past four years, all over America, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.

"I shall be here at the Philharmonic for six weeks," she said, "and then I shall take "Hawaii" into the provinces." (So many Picture Show readers will have the opportunity of visiting this unique entertainment.) She added that two-thirds of the pictures she had taken personally, and the rest under the direction of Mr. Robert E. Schenck, an invaluable member of the company, containing the offices of director, photographer and "projector."

A Forerunner of "Chautauqua."

MISS CLEMENS has a vivacious, winning personality, whose dominant characteristics appear to be a keen sense of humour and unfailable courage and endurance. She believes that "real life is much more interesting than make-believe," and a woman who has the pluck to descend into the greatest extent onto the world—as she has done, Haleakula, twenty-one miles in circumference—can readily convince us that it is. Although Miss Clemens' show is not actually a "chautauqua" (pronounced Sher-taw-qua), it may be described as a forerunner of that vast educational system, designed to bring all English-speaking peoples into closer relationship with each other, forty-six years ago, sprang from a small assembly in the woods of North America, and now extends over the whole of that continent, into Australia and New Zealand.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.

In the Cinema.

Allenbury's

Glycerine & Black Currant

PASTILES

A soft demulcent fruit pastile, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a deliciously smoky atmosphere. The "Allenbury's" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastiles are prepared according to the old French recipe; they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are acidulous and something more than clovey sweetmeats. Non-smokers in a tobacco laden atmosphere lose the annoying tickling of the throat which sometimes troubles them when the blue haze settles over the company.

In Distinctive Past and fox Tint, of his Clemens.

The Manufacturer:

Allen & Hanbury's Ltd
37, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3.
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TWINK is a most successful combination of various attractive shades of dye with the well-known Lux soap flakes, a unique and excellent means of dyeing at home all kinds of wearing and furnishing fabrics.

Price 7½d. per Packet

OF ALL GROCERS, STORES, OILMEN, CHANDLERS, ETC.

In the following Eighteen Beautiful Shades:

- Navy Blue
- Light Navy
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- Old Gold
- Black

There are 18 beautiful shades of TWINK

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED. PORT SUNLIGHT.
FALLING STARS.

I am the film public's first and foremost critic for its favourites? Some time ago, it will be remembered, this section was asked and answered in the affirmative, and though it brought forth two or threeossed details, there were signs which prove that it is so. Yet it is only right that one should remember that the waxing popularity of films is due to fickleness among the part of their admirers — nor is the film public distinct from any section of the people. Years ago the letter writers had been the case, but to-day is it not so when the film public is all the public that loves good literature and stage productions in the same way as it does the cinema. And it will be found, moreover, that even in literature and the stage, writers and artists have their rise and fall when fresh talent must needs push new ones to the fore.

The cinema is, therefore, experiencing nothing unusual. Its stars of a few years ago are fading, and though some of them can still be seen, their brilliance does not seem to be like that of old. At any rate, they do not get now the whole-hearted popularity they did. You can put them back to a certain fickleness in human affection, and you will be right. But you will be right, too, if you take into consideration the keen spirit of competition which exists. For obvious reasons, one does not wish to mention names, for some of them are still considered people back to the position they have lost. But you will know whom they are when you remember how little is seen or heard about them now. In their places new names and new faces are constantly being seen.

This change, too, is strikingly evident in the correspondence for the stars which passes through this office. The names there are as numerous as before, but the recipients of the most letters are not to-day those who were the favoured ones a short while ago. Further, the survival of the most successful, and the honour must therefore pass to those whose importance is greater. Yet even in the sudden reflection concerning old favourites there is a grain of wisdom which might benefit present ones. It is, that at the present time, the glory of stardom is, after all, a transient thing.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter must give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Road, London, E.C. 4.

J. W. (Wimbledon).—Glad to hear your town is so go-ahead in the matter of films. You are probably thinking of "The Master Mystery" which Howland was featured.

TREO (Millwall).—So you have been hoarding up questions for the last thirty-six weeks. Why you'll burst with curiosity if you go on like this. Miss Evans and Jane Novak are sisters. Evelyn Nesbit, after whom your fond parents christened you, has brown hair and hazel eyes. She was born in Florence, Italy; and Mitchell Lewis in Syracuse, New York. Beside Barnescale has golden brown hair and hazel eyes. You want to know whether Eudoria Palmer wears her own hair. Well, I hope so. Anyway, I can tell you she has never had any of mine. But let's get back to this colouring business. Queenie Thomas has dark brown hair and deep violet eyes, and Mildred Davis has golden hair and blue eyes. This answer of yours looks like an artist's palette.

FLYBIRK (Shepherd's Bush).—Work on the film is hard enough, but what is much harder still is the damage here. Geralda Farrar was born in Morose, Mass.; and Charles Ray in Jacksonville, Illinois.


A. D. (Ipswich).—You want me to come to the rescue.

D. L. H. (Banbury Hill).—Only by writing to a newspaper or magazine do you and your friends have to find some one way out of your argument. Yes, Bette Davis was born in America.

EXPEKTANT (Newbury).—You have a good memory, evidently. The writer should have said, of course, that it was another film version. So you have a ton of queries waiting for me. Well, let me have your inspired weight at 4 a.m.

H. B. (Kew).—I felt quite impressed by the warning you gave me not to answer you by post, so here you are. Bad projection is the cause of the fault to which you refer.

MRS. INQUISTEM (Leicester).—Antonio Moreno was the hero in "The House of Hate," with Pearl White. No, Mary Pickford has no little ones of her own.

A. L. B. (Hastings).—Hallo! How are the eggs? I buried myself deep in the bunch of newspaper cuttings you sent me just to show those who came in what a lot I know about foreign languages. And now I am wondering what it is I have been trying to read. British films will come along your way very soon. I hope. So don't weep.

J. S. ADRIER (Kateshead).—I am glad you turn here every Monday morning for knowledge. You want news of Jewel Carmen. Two new films of hers are: "The Bride of Fear," and "You Never Can Tell," both from R.-J. (Birmingham).—So time is very scarce with you. Also Brady does not tell us her birthday at all. Yes, with regard to Harrison Ford.

W. E. O. (Bristol).—Your leaf out; for your favourite does not receive any information about himself. Watch our British Studio group, however.

J. S. "I have this." (Leeds) — Never heard of the young lady.

W. E. Bricot. — Remember the person who is always "going to do" a thing is passed on the road to success by the one who does it. Why are you asking and asking? The person who is already there. She was born on January 3rd, 1895, and is not married. (sound Name, who was born in 1895, and is married to Ruth Helms, has appeared in "For Always" and "Little Women.""

H. F. (Cape Town).—"The Lost City" was produced in America. I wish you success with your film stories.

(Answers next week.)

---

**Weak, Anæmic and Nervous**

Young Girl's Sufferings from Indigestion, Palpitation, and Dizziness. Sound Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss Florence Parker, 11, Aspinall Street East, Siddal, near Halifax, says: "It is two years since I fell ill; I just lost strength till I was as weak as a kitten. My nerves became frightfully shaky, and food I never wanted to touch; the very sight of it made me feel sick. Very often I had palpitation, and sometimes a dizzy feeling that made me afraid to cross the streets. I trembled from head to foot, and in fact was just a bundle of nerves.

No medicine did any good until Dr. Cassell's Tablets were tried. Then it was strange how I picked up. My appetite came back and my nerves grew strong. So I went on improving fast, till in a few weeks I was able to go back to work strong and well again."

---

**Dr. Cassell's Tablets**

**The Universal Home Remedy for—**

Nervous Breakdown Kidney Trouble Hernia

Neuritis Indigestion

Neurasthenia Palpitation

Stomachache Insomnia

Anemia Nervousness

Astringent, Potently valuable for Restoring Nerve Power and support the Tonic and Nervous System and particularly during the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester.
Competition

THE above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the fifth set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artists. All of them are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

First Prize
£100

Second Prize
£50

Third Prize
£25

75 Prizes of £1 each.
Note the wedding ring on Dorothy Gish’s left hand. Dorothy is now Mrs. James Rennie, and here we see husband and wife. We shall see them also on the screen in the coming photo-play, entitled “Flying Pat.”

(Photograph: Paramount-Artcraft)
First Aid in the Home.

Experiences of a Trained Ambulance Worker with Germolene, the New Aseptic Skin Dressing.

Germolene marks a N.W. L.E.A. in Skin and Wound Treatment.

Mr. George Moore, 296, Church Road, Kearsley, Farnworth, near Bolton, writing 22nd Sept., says:—

"After using the new preparation Germolene, I feel I am doing a public service in recommending it to the public at large."

"I was amongst the first to give it a trial, and was astonished at the result.

"As a trained Ambulance worker I have used it with remarkable success, both in the factory and elsewhere.

"A household remedy for cuts, bruises, burns, and various skin diseases it is a Process Treatment: no home should be without a box for minor accidents. I have treated scores of cases with it, many of which have been dressed with other preparation for months without avail, and which Germolene cured in 5-14 days. I offer this unselfish testimonial for public welfare."

Soothes at a Touch!

Germolene matches as a remedy for—

- Eczema
- Psoriasis
- Piles
- Pimples
- Rash
- Chapped Hands
- Ulcers
- Skin Eruptions
- Chilblains
- All cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated Surfaces.

Price 1s. and 3s. 6d. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing


5/- MONTHLY

Good Boots on Easy Terms

No. 1. Makers' Fashion "Apple" Leather, soft, easy, and comfortable, easy terms and 6 months, 5/- deposit and 6/- monthly, first delivery 35/-, second delivery 35/-, &c.

No. 2. "Eton" King of All—this smart boot for Sunday or mutual, easy terms and 6 months, 6/- deposit and 6/- monthly, first delivery 35/-, second delivery 35/-, &c.

No. 4. Masters' "Kensig" Fleet, a reliable boot for everyday wear, very smart, quality, 30/- Easy Terms, 6/- deposit and 6/- monthly.

No. 5. Gothic's Choice in various Leather, smart shape. Price 25/- 6/- deposit, £1/- and 6/-, 10/-, £1/-, and 6/-.

No. 6. Leather Walking Shoe in black box, 25/-, blue Kid, 30/- and 40/-, tan, 35/-, and 45/-, tan Revenue.

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The Children's Newspaper

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Billiards by your own fireside.

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The March issue of "Home Fashions," now on sale, tells you all about the coming spring modes. It contains free pattern to make 6 different designs, and gives over 100 up-to-date styles for costumes, coatrocks, dresses, blouses and underclothing. Buy a copy TO-DAY!

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nose, arms, etc., charmingly and completely vanishes with first application of "HARLEQUIN." No. 1. No. 2. A fascinating change, no uncomfortable feeling, no unpleasant smell, money back on the spot if not entirely satisfied! All other methods are obsolete, and unsafe. If you are a sufferer from this hereditary affliction, take the first step towards a permanent cure by applying the "HARLEQUIN" to your nose, arms, etc., and send 2/- in answer to the coupon below.

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The greatest drawback to life in any man or woman. If you are nervous, timid, over-anxious, not self-confident, you will spoil, and possibly ruin, an otherwise sound and successful life. We can treat you at any age of life, and we guarantee to make you a new man. Enquire without cost or obligation to your health or pocket. We are ready now to do business.

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Big & Successful

To be tall is to be one of the chief qualifications for success in either business or social life. This applies both to men and women. If you are under 5 ft 6 in., it is very easy to increase your height by the Gurney Secret to Tallness, a beautiful little book which is carried in every home, and quite portable. Read it to the fullest extent with great benefit to your height, and improvement in figure and carriage. Send a post card, your particulars, and 200 5d. to the Gurney Secret to Tallness, 12, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C.

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The Children's Newspaper
One a love scene between the Eastern hero and the beggar maid. The other a characteristic piece of Otis Skinner as Hajj, which will remain with you as an interesting souvenir, long after the spectacle has faded from your memory.

She Wasn't Impressed.

Early Metcalfe sends us a good story against himself. He was at work one day in the studio, when a lady, a member of one of the smart sets, was going round on a personally conducted tour of the studio. Just as she reached the door, where her car was waiting, she dropped her scented handkerchief.

Mr. Metcalfe happened to be standing near, and picked it up, and presented it to her. She thanked him, and handed him a shining silver coin.

"I—er—I'm the leading man," he stammered, in confusion.

"Is that so?" she inquired coldly. "Well, I am sorry, but this is all the change I have."

Another Screen Romance.

Clara Whitman, as you know, is Mrs. Robert Emmett Keene. The romance began when both were playing in "The Innocent Idea," in New York. Mr. Keene is now in vaudeville, while Clara is again acting for the screen.

Always Said "Yes."

Milton Sills is a great success as a screen husband. He has proposed to many lovely leading ladies, and it is said, not one of them has ever turned him down.

The Stunts of Charles Hutchinson.

Charles Hutchinson says that his stunts are physically possible, and are a matter of close calculation and art. Many men could do them, if they had the nerve, but it fails them at the crucial moment.

"I do all sorts of stunts," he says. "And I always practice them beforehand, or do them as soon after the rehearsal as possible."

Charles Hutchinson is a great lover of animals; he tells me how once, when struggling with a bear, he was afraid for the safety of the bear.

"I know how to tackle him," he says. "and I buried my head in his neck and used wrestling tricks. I knew he would try to trip me, and would not try to bite me until I was down. That bear had no quarrel with me, on the contrary, it was I who had picked a quarrel with him."

Never Intends to Marry.

Roseland Thomas is said to be the highest salaried free lance leading woman in the Los Angeles picture colony. I hear she has plans to make four more feature plays before departing for a year's stay over here, where she will study music and art. At present she is taking the part of a queen of a Chinese opium den in a Fox film, entitled "Chung." You can see her now in the spectacular photographic plays.

By the way, the rumour that Miss Thelby is to marry a well-known screen actor is emphatically denied. Various reports that have been circulated in the past have all received the same answer. Miss Thelby has never been, and never will be, wedded.

ELLIOt Dexter, the handsome hero of many screen plays and husband of Marie Doro.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniels, a charming new portrait of the star soon to be seen with Wallace Reid in "The French Foot."
stella muir, playing in "the heart of a rose" and "the laws of the loue", now at work on a mystery drama by langford reed.

bumps—and bumps.

it was between scenes at the goldwyn studios that the assistant director was running his fingers through cullen landis’s hair.

"he’s got a lot of bumps on his head," he said.

"let’s help him along," suggested a member of the cast.

"let’s give him a few more!"

not over here.

we are not to see the goldwyn screen version of graham moftie’s famous play, "bunty pulls the strings," after all.

i hear that the film was made for the united states of america only, and i cannot be shown in any other country.

special notice.

the judging of our recent cinema star puzzle competition has been a very big one, owing to the record number of entries.

this has accounted for the delay in publishing the names and addresses of the fortunate prizewinners, but the task is nearing completion, so look out for the result in an early issue of the picture show.

fay filmer.

from “over there.”

notes and news from new york.

louis fazenza is weary of custard pies, torn freek’s, and messy houses. that is the reason he went from the mack sennett company. like charlie chaplin, who has always longed to play hamlet, he has a feeling she could do much better if she were permitted to exercise her woman’s privilege of looking as well as she can.

usually, a dream like miss fazenza’s of wanting to do something other than she that has made one foesne is stilled at birth, and this picture loses the pull of that resistance, and remains as contented as possible. but not with louise fazenza. she has signed a contract as star of the excellent pictures corp. for the edification of the readers of picture show, who have not heard of this new american film company—it is formed by los angeles business men. miss fazenza is their first star, and she has promised herself a regular series in slapstick comedy. she is determined, no matter what happens, she will not participate in any cartooned combat, but confine herself to dignified fun.

the second star to follow miss fazenza into the new campground is the boy, teddy, seen in so many of the mack sennetts. teddy’s master signed a contract for him to appear with miss fazenza, and now with the assurance of his defense support, he is starting on her new contract. during her visit to new york, she was entertained by many exhibitors, who took this occasion to let her know that she can always have a place on their screen.

connie’s stern parents.

when constance talmadge returned from her runaway marriage, she found for the first time in her gay, young life, a stern parent.

heretofore mrs. talmadge has been one of the girls with her lovely daughters, but she was now brought against this and refused to heed constance’s tears and pleas.

"i had such plans for her," was all she would say, speaking of her daughter as one who has passed on.

as for constance, her lovable heart was nearly broken. she was true-hearted, but these of her friends who knew her well, say she would have given a year’s salary to get one smile out of constance, who has been reduced, and while a face is true, and constance has been taken back into the bosom of the family, it will be some time before mrs. talmadge forgives.

frances marion to direct marion davies.

now that frances marion has come out on the east and guided a few of her close friends in her engagement to direct marion davies, everyone is wondering just why she did not stay on the pickford lot. frances and little “mary” have been close-film friends for years. mary frequently consulted her about stories, and was largely guided by miss marion’s judgment.

both girls had longed for years to try the experiment of having Frances direct Mary. in addition to writing many of her scenarios, but alas and alack, it didn’t work out at all! little mary, despite all her sweetness, has a mind of her own, and one of the best informed actresses on screen technique in the business. frances, likewise, knows what she wants, and when she wants it, with the consequence the girls agreed it was better to select another director for mary. her brother-in-law, who has shown no inclination to act, since olave thomas died, is now watching the megaphone.

rumors about fatty.

fatty arckie, who returned home with a fat and rounder figure than ever, has had a field of newspaper reporters on his trail. someone said mr. arckie would welcome his engagement to dorothy wallace, within the mouth, and these energetic ones, knowing something of the interest with which such a story would be covered, wanted to be on hand when it was officially announced. now comes the sad and disappointing feature. fatty says, in the words of the immortal mark twain, "his engagement has been greatly exaggerated."
CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA FOR THE "PICTURE SHOW."

VIRGINIA JONES, four-year-old sister of Johnny Jones, as Edgar’s little brother Charlie, in the Goldwyn picture, "Edgar’s Little Saw," by Booth Tarkington.

MARY THURMAN and SYLVIA BREAMER, Mayflower stars, are great devotees of the sport of horse-racing.

TSURI AOKI, a favourite with all picturegoers, and wife of Sessue Hayakawa, does not seem much impressed by the idol.

A very unusual occurrence—an idle moment in the Sennett studios! The Sennett girls look as though they are making the most of it, and are very busy with their chatting dish.

A delightful home photograph of the popular film star, CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. By now many of us have seen her in her latest film, "The Eyes of Youth," adapted from the great stage success.

Did the little bit of hair enable EDITH ROBERTS to make up her mind? A scene with Arnold Greg in "White Youth."
The Call of the Wild

By A. E. Coleby and Herbert Allingham

Read This First.

A.

At the old vagabond with his violin and a

young boy of about twelve are

two gentlemen of the road — the jazz, a pencilled

master must play. The master

and the horseman, the other

piano, playing with feverish

Young Martin, who always refuses to play longer,

and implies that Sir Martin Trevor is not playing

fairly. Let there not be the matter any further,

and succeed in making the last have the

in the play that follows, the

Lamb bobs steadily,

and holds to the old lady. The
does Sir Martin change the dice for loaded ones,

and wins the game on the table.

She tells me that this duel is

take place, and the girl is horrified when she

seeing the way the lady applications

tells the old man of his coming duel, and promises

Lady Rowena is told by her maid that this duel is

take place, and the girl is horrified when she

seeing the way the lady


In the Field of the Stunted Oaks.

"But, my lady, you must not!"

There was a note of desperation in the

voice as she conversed with her

young mistress, and a look of dismay in her wide

open eyes.

"Why not?"

The Lady Rowena had turned away, but now

she again surveyed the maid, and in her pretty

words there was a look of anger and surprise.

"Forgive me, my lady, I know not what I say,"

exclaimed Hulda apologetically.

"But of a truth in my veins runs the old blood. He hath

quarrelled with Master Alfred and hath turned

him from the door. It thou shouldst do this thing:

"He will turn me also from his door? Is that the

meaning, girl?" interrupted Rowena with a light-hearted laugh.

"Oh, no, my lady. Master Silas loves thee too dearly for that, but thou knowest his temper.

"Peace, child; he need not know. Bo

them only discreet and there is naught to fear.

It is my fate to know what is in my cousin Alfred, and see

will. Say no more."

Then wilt not see him to good advantage,

methinks," returned Hulda. "Sir Martin is a

practised duellist. Master Alfred will be hit as

a child in his hands, so they say. Thy cousin will not think, thou say? Did he know thou wasst so anxious to witness his humiliation?

Rowena frowned, and then shrugged her

shoulders with a girlish pettiness.

"My cousin is a tall-born man, and the

fool declares me to be less than a child in his eyes. He

should not pick quarrels if he hold the charm and

 cunning to defend himself in fair fight," she said

contemplatively.

Hulda sighed, realising that further argument

was useless.

"I will awake your ladyship at dawn;" she

said resignedly.

Alfred Victor MacGAGLEN in the woods with Paganini Primus.

"I shall be awake. We must start before

dawn. See that thou art ready.

indeed only a very faint tint of grey was to be

seen in the Eastern sky when the two girls with

their wraps laid tightly about them, emerged from the

Hall.

The spot selected for the duel was a low

meadow less than a mile away on the other side of

the thick bank of trees which shielded Truscott

Hall from the north wind.

Rowena and her maid swiftly crossed the

gardens in the immediate vicinity of the horse

and were soon within the friendly shelter of the

trees.

Both were excited, and now that they were

fairly launched on the adventure Hulda was the

more eager of the two. She chattered incessantly

and made all kinds of unpleasant suggestions as to the

result of the fight. Would Sir Martin kill Master

Alfred or would he be content to wound him only? Did her

ladyship think she could tolerate the sight of blood? Or

perhaps Sir Martin would be merciful and agree to an

apology. Then there would be no fight at all.

Rowena hardly spoke, and it was doubtful if she

heard a quarter of what her companion said, tormented

by an anxiety for which she could not account.

Alfred Truscott was nothing to her. If they met,

they met then. She evidently did not want to know

her. If she were not wanted to see her on her return

from abroad, Why should she give him a single thought? It

was too absurd.

Nevertheless, she quickened her pace and her

heart beat faster as they drew near to the sound of the

coming encounter.

When they emerged from among the trees

they found themselves on the edge of a large

meadow the grass of which had been closely

grass. Now it was quite deserted, and in the

half-light was a deserted and unpunished

"Tis here," whispered Hulda.

The Lady Rowena shivered slightly as she

gazed about her. "Where will they fight?" she

murmured.

The meadow stretched before them in a

rather steep slope from where they stood, but

at the further end was a level piece where the

close-cropped grass looked almost as smooth as a

lawn.

"Methinks 'twill be there," said Hulda,

indicating the spot. "Let us go round by the

lodge, so that we can get nearer. That clump of

bushes yonder will hide us well enough. From

here we could scarce hear the report of their

pistols.

"Do they fight with pistols?"

"I know not. Sir Martin is equally skilled with

sword and pistol, so they say. Perhaps they

will fight with both."

Rowena was now trembling and bitterly

regretting the mad impulse which had urged her

to start on this unpleasant adventure, but she

was too proud to draw back, and she

permitted Hulda to lead her dawn the side

of the long meadow.

They were feeding a host of bushes and

concealed themselves behind it.

The minutes passed and nothing happened, but the air was chill,

but Rowena did not notice this, for

excitement sent the hot blood coursing through her limbs.

Her lips moved, and she found herself praying that her

cousin's life might be spared. It was dawn, there was a

dew drop in the sky away there behind the trees, and no

one had arrived. Perhaps the fight had been

The thought, bringing a hot flush to her

cheeks, had escaped her mind when she

was startled by the sound of voices mingled

with laughter.

She quipped Hulda's arm almost fiercely.

The maid looked at her, nodded eagerly, and the

poppet out from behind the bush.

Alfred almost seized her back her eyes

and spoke to her as she whispered. "Tis Sir

Martin Trevor with all his friends. Poor Master

Alfred will stand but little chance against so

many.

Continuous Rowena peeped out and beheld

scarcely a hundred paces away, a group of men

who were laughing and chatting together in the

highest of spirits.

Foremost among them was one who, by

his manner, his speech and his appearance,

dominated the rest. He was a tall, handsome fellow

with black eyes, and he had an easy,

raillery style which was natural to him and by

no means assumed for the occasion.

It was clear that the others all looked up to him as

their leader.

In spite of his good looks Rowena took an

instinctive dislike to him.

"This young man is he is cruel; he will

have no mercy," she said under her breath.

Hulda, who was standing very close to her

mistress, turned to her with a mitigated smile.

"Tis true!" said he always kills his

man," she said.

"This young man now came to a halt some fifty

yards away and were examining the ground.

Rowena counted seven of them in all.

They were on their knees with a cove of rapiers

between them.

"They fight with swords," whispered Hulda

excitely. "Tis very much better words.

At a little distance was an elderly man

examing the contents of a bag he had been

examining.

"The old man, dost see him, my lady?"

exclaimed the irreproachable Hulda. "Tis the

doctor. When the lichens done 'tis he who

Rowena motioned to her to be silent.

At that moment Sir Martin sauntered across

to the medical man.

The baronet's face wore a mocking smile, and

he looked diabolically handsome. So it seemed to

Rowena, and she shook back a pace, as from

something deadly and dangerous. She still kept

her gaze fixed upon him, however.

The presence of so proud an angered and yet

fascinated her. This was a man, she felt, who

was accustomed to achieve success in whatever

he undertook.

What chance had poor Alfred against such a

man? With his hands behind him and his feet apart

he was now looking down at the doctor, an

amused smile curving his cruel, thin lips.

The laugh, indeed, shall not now fail them. For I have a pretty pass," he said laughingly.

The words were uttered in a loud and belligerent

voice for the benefit of the company at large, and

(Continued on page 8)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF SESSUE HAYAKAWA.

Famous Star Who Made East and West Meet on the Movies.

There has been no more powerful factor in breaking down the barriers of prejudice and misunderstanding that divide the nations of the world than the cinema, and though much has yet to be done in this respect, it is certain that cinemagoers have gained much more knowledge of the world from the screen than they ever got from school. Sessue Hayakawa has given hundreds of thousands of Western people an insight into the home-life and customs of the people of Japan that has done much to dispel the minds of ignorance through which we viewed the land of the Geisha.

Why He Changed His Mind.

Sessue Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He was sent to the University of Chicago to be educated, and then returned to Japan, and led six years' experience on the legitimate stage before taking up screen acting. In his younger days he was reared with the prevailing Japanese respect for military training, and his ambition for a time was to be a naval officer.

His ambition changed through reading a novel, and shortly after he had read this work he met an actor. This, coupled with the fact that in doing a dive whilst in training he broke one of his cartilages which, of course, made him unfit for military or naval service, altered the whole course of his life.

His First Appearance.

His first dramatic experience was with a stock company. He went to America where he learned to admire Shakespeare, and spent much time there translating his works, and also those of Hassen and other great playwrights into Japanese.

Sessue then returned to Japan to interest some of the Japanese producers in the production of Shakespearean plays. And although these were incongruously acted in Japanese dress, he did much through these plays to further the love of the drama in the kind of his birth.

It was while he was touring in America with his own company that he visited Los Angeles, when Thomas Ince was producing some Japanese pictures, in which he persuaded Sessue to take part.

You will remember his first picture was "The Wrath of the Gods," when Tsuru Aoki played opposite him. It was she who first turned his thoughts from his Japanese theatrical career to pictures, and as the culmination to a happy courtship, they were married while with the same company.


A Fatalist.

Hayakawa is five feet seven inches in height. Unlike many Orientals, he always has a cheerful expression, and a smile full of humour. He is very athletic, and is fond of riding, swimming, fencing, boxing, and wrestling. He is also a very clever writer. When he speaks, it is without a great deal of gesture, and impresses the stranger with his quiet and reserved manner.

Like all of the East, Sessue Hayakawa is essentially a fatalist. He does not fight against any unwelcome thing that comes to him, and in accepting things he saves himself many unhappy hours.

"No one should be unhappy more than is necessary," he says. "Yet people hate this and that. It is not wise. Hate hate. But when you love, then hate is nothing."

If you want to write him, address your letter—

SESSUE HAYAKAWA,
C/O Haworth Pictures Corp.,
Hollman Buildings,
Los Angeles,
California, U.S.A.

(Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)

they even reached the ears of the two listening women.

Rowena’s lovely face turned pale, and a chill went to her heart.

It is murder, she breathed faintly, “I would have the courage to interfere. I would.

She stopped abruptly. Her gaze had travelled beyond the group of men away across the meadow, and now it became fixed: for out of the golden misty distance rose by the warm rays of the sun she beheld emerging three strange figures.

Closer figures they were, for the most part in rags and tatters—such tramps as the Lady Rowenas had never seen before save on the corners of the thoroughfare.

She wondered who they could be and what they could want. They advanced rapidly, the foremost woman hand in hand with a boy, coming along with great swagger strides. He was followed by a tattered old man and a boy almost equally disreputable in appearance.

The big fellow was better dressed, but his clothes were rumpled and mud-bespattered, of one who had spent the night in the woods.

Then he came nearer. Rowena saw him more clearly and her heart gave a sudden bound. This was Trevor. This gleaming athlete, with the free and easy stride, the laughing, bathish face and the clear, steady eyes.

Again she followed her maid by the trunk.

“Hello!” she demanded. “Who is he?”

The man—who is he?”

Then she pressed on her shoulder.

“Tis be, my lad. Tis thy cousin.” Rowena expressed no surprise. She said nothing, but her gaze remained fixed on the newcomer.

He came forward slowly and made a deep military salute to Rowena and his party, who were now grouped together surveying him and his ragged companions with curious candor.

Sir Martin shrugged his shoulders and gave a short, unpleasant laugh.

Trevor, his lady, who was standing near, turned to her patron.

Forsyth, Trevor,” he said, “the Lamb was glad to have a friend to find a friend. He brings a walking tramp.

Old Primus heard the words and turned sharply on the speaker, his one eye gleaming dangerously.

“Peregrine to thy friend’s way into Hands, sir,” he said pleasantly.

After this the preliminaries were quickly disposed of, for the men about Sir Martin had much experience in affairs of this kind and wasted no time.

Rowena watched the scene with stowing expression. Her attention was almost as much as she could bear.

Now the two men were face to face, gawzing stupidly into each other’s eyes.

Geoffrey Ralston stood with a handkerchief uplifted ready to give the signal to engage.

Sir Martin’s rheumy eyes were in a group, watching the scene with the keen, interested eyes of experts.

A little apart sat the two Paganins.

The old follower was taking snuff magnificently, the muscles of his face worked convulsively, and a nervous glitter in his eye betrayed emotion.

Ralston’s arm dropped, the handkerchief dropped down, and in the same instant there was a crash of steel against steel.

Sir Martin Trevor was an expert swordsman, and he was in the mood to play a little with his weapon to demonstrate his adoring and obliging friends, who had risen so early from their beds deserved a little entertainment, for the sake of which they should have it.

He made a spectator thrust, a quick parry, and then contemptuously lowered his point, this unsparing, shameless man—when at the same time a look of mockery and contempt flashed from his dark eyes.

He had been considered as quickly as it came, and gave place to one of mingled amusement and terror, for Alfred Truscott was quick of eye and quick of hand and, moreover, his most of his mighty frame, had an almost cat-like agility. He saw his chance, and, like a streak of flame, his sword leaped at Sir Martin’s throat.

The baronet saved himself by a skilful movement, so swift as to be almost superhuman.

but even so his skin was pricked, and the next moment he found himself fighting desperately, fighting desperately. In this his eyes were focussed on a point of greatest danger, and harder and harder with a kind of cold, relentless fury.

Trevor’s friends looked at one another, exchanging swift, siguring glances.

"By my faith, the Lamb can hold his own!" muttered the old man, beavered to the ground among his precious friends.

They scattered, and Alfred, still a little mustached, made a rush at them, but they bolted in terror, and, Alfred, turning again, beheld Sir Martin Trevor.

He gave the man to his feet, and was struggling into his coat. His face wore an expression of diabolical rage, and he was half choking as he gave one threat after another, retreating, his eyes fixed on the baronet.

"Tis for thee to laugh now, but wait!” he shouted.

This gave him one look and then the young man’s anger suddenly fell away from him.

Sir Martin’s nose still bore traces of the treatment it had received, and was now much elongated. The sharp nose peeking out of a purple face, struck the Lamb as comic.

With his hands on his hips he slung back his head, and burst into a roar of boisterous laughter.

Sir Martin Trevor stood notwithstanding a safe distance from the trembling Alfred Truscott. He was not disturbed by the conflicting emotions which stirred within him.

Fear battled with rage, and at length rage conquered. He even cowed a step nearer. Alfred Truscott, he said, in a tone of concentration. Perhaps these men have but one object in life. It is to get even with thee. By all that’s holy! I swear thou shalt pay in full for this day’s escape.

The Lamb, was still laughing, but the two Paganins had now come up, and it was Primus who replied to the challenge.

"Tarry not, Sir Knight,” he said, "and thus a fellow too many. Sir Martin may change his heart, and pull thine ears.”

Sir Martin opened his lips to speak, then checked himself, and, swinging round, strode angrily away, the laughter of the others ringing in his ear.

By this time Hilda had overcame her fears, and, fumbling with excitement, was straining her neck to get a good view of what was going forward.

Her mistress took her by the arm and drew her away.

Come, I have seen enough. Now I know. Something in the speaker’s voice caused the mud to give way to the bright flowers. The Lady Rowenas’s cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were very bright.

Hilda concealed her feelings.

"Yes, my lady,” she said demurely, “I thought you knew what a rough, unmannerly fellow he was. I suppose he should have taught mercy in the highest degree—nothing more than just enough to do with him. To pull a gentleman’s nose—indeed, ‘twas outrageous!”

"But you have been so artful, and know not what you are saying!”

Hilda tossed her head.

"Of course, sir, I know what time eyes saw. If your ladyship says he did not ravish Sir Martin’s now it shall be so, but of a truth he did not, and yet again, and pull thine ears.”

"Peace, child! I know what my cousin did. I saw all.”

"Art you not lamely?”

"Lady Rowenas turned swiftly her glorious eyes alight.

"One would have thought that were it such a beauty? She cried petulantly. Never have I seen such a man. So gallant, so strong, so brave, and so gay!”

"But she looked up slightly from under her drooping eyelashes.

"Master Alfred would be glad to know he desked him with one who wishes him well now that he is a beggar and rid of all his fine friends,” she said meekly.

"I would you could know it,” she said simply.

And then with a shrug of her shoulders she glanced at me as if to say: ‘Is it not true, much to say to the”

James Alfred. He goes out into the world where he will soon make many friends, and I shall look after him.”

After that they walked in silence back to the Hall, which they reached without being observed.

(Author’s better sentiment in a next Monday’s "Picture Show.)"
FILM VERSION OF A STAGE DRAMA

A VERY clever symbolical film adapted from the great Drury Lane stage success. Violet Heming takes the part of Everywoman, who is in search of Love and Happiness, but she mistakes Wealth for happiness and Passion for Love. She soon finds that Wealth has no use for her once Beauty and Youth have departed. She is poverty stricken, and wandering in the streets, and it is then she finds that a young physician is the Love for whom she has been searching.

VIOLET HEMING, who plays the title role in "Everywoman."

VIOLET HEMING as Everywoman with Beauty, Youth, Modesty, and Conscience, played by Wanda Hawley, Clara Horton, Margaret Loomis, and Mildred Reardon.

MARGARET LOOMIS as Modesty, MONTE BLUE as Love, and WANDA HAWLEY as Beauty in the Paramount-Artcraft production of "Everywoman."

Nobody (JAMES NEILL) allows Everywoman a peep into the future, and shows her what she will be like when she is old if she continues in her present mode of living.
Where there is "A Happy Family."  

ONE very bright and sunny morning not so long ago I found myself at Walton-on-Thames.  I had been told there was a little world of its own. It is quite unlike any other world that I have ever seen, and it is called the Hepworth Studios. In this idyllic spot the pictures that delight so many Picture Show readers are made.

If by chance you meet anyone who has worked at "Hepworth's," they will all tell you exactly the same story—"It's like a happy family!"

Perhaps this is one of the reasons that the purely social aspect of life never creeps into a Hepworth film.

A Woolly Gown and Picture Making.

Wearing a deliciously woolly gown of a subdued shade of pink, and an attractive little hat on her soft golden hair, Chrissie White sat by my side in the studio, and watched Henry Edwards' pictures on a reel.  Many Picture Show readers, I know, will envy my good luck in seeing the favourite star of thousands of pictures, calmly and coldly directing a film production.

Patience, Artistic Sense, and a Vein of Humour.

It seems to me from personal observation, that the modern "picture producer" must be a man of prodigious patience.  He must possess a real strain of humour, unless he desires to lose his senses!  An unerring instinct for detail is indispensable.  Spend five minutes with Henry Edwards, and you will be laughing before you have realised what has happened.  He is so light-hearted, so enthusiastic, that his spontaneous, spontaneous manner carries one along on the sunshine of his happy disposition.

And are these qualities to be valued by the ideal producer?  Surely it is the man who views life through rose-coloured spectacles who gives us the most attractive pictures.

A First Production.

HENRY EDWARDS told me that his first production was a "Welsh Singer," and he added—what I am sure you will disbelieve—that one of his hobbies is hazel-nut, and the other slope.  Of course, he is tremendously fond of animals.  In conversation I discovered that he often writes and works into the early hours of the morning. After writing a scenario he still writes.  "I like to know it by heart, until I feel I live with the characters," he said.  Henry Edwards spends more than half of his time whilst pictures are being made in his studio—so that every detail is mastered before he comes into touch with the artists who are to play in the film. Thus there is no risk of the artist being confused by complications. Henry Edwards takes up his mind as to exactly what he wants before he enters the studio—and then everything goes along like clockwork.

Henry Edwards thoroughly.

The Charm of Simplicity.

HENRY EDWARDS laughingly told me that someone wrote to him once and asked him "why he never used a 'collar' collarly round his neck, although it is a little manner, as he usually wears a shirt with a collar attached!" He tried to persuade me that in pictures of genuine importance to the picture production, "I'm afraid my shoes want mending!"

Honesty, I do not believe that Henry Edwards cares what he wears, for his work is his life.

A Girl Who Doesn't Like Shopping.

She is Chrissie White. I am sure you will be just as surprised as I was at this piece of intelligence, because at all times, in private life and in the pictures, she is so charmingly poised, pays attention to appearance, which gives her quite a distinctive style. Do you remember the way Chrissie White entered the "City of Beautiful Nonsense"? It was so gracefully that it added a certain touch of dignity to her part.

But although Chrissie White doesn't like shopping, she has many admirers on the other side of the counter. Not so very long ago she went into a shop in Birmingham and noticed that some of the girls smiled and whispered when she entered. When she had finished making her purchases a little girl brought her her change, and as she was about to leave the building, she said breathlessly: "Please, tell me, are you Chrissie White, aren't you? We do want to know!"

Sweet Sixteen.

CHRISSE WHITE told me that she joined the Hepworth Company when she was sixteen. "I just came to play a fairy. Later, when my sister Rosina, who was on the stage, was taken ill with scarlet fever, I was sent for, and I went down to the studio and asked if I ought to take her place." And that is how Chrissie White drifted into filmland.

JAMES REARDON.

CHRISSE WHITE played under Mr. Cecil Hepworth for four years. Besides her passion for screen work, she adores her motor-cycle. London traffic has no fears for her, and she need not motor-cycle down to the studios from London every day, before she lived at Walton-on-Thames.  Chrissie White is even prettier in real life than she is on the screen, which you will agree in saying much. She is full of enthusiasm and girlish fun. A great favourite with all of us, and she not?

James Reardon, Actor and Producer.

I MET James Reardon of the Hepworth Film, the other morning, and he assured me that he believed in British productions "down to the ground." But he declared, "We shall have to work as hard as possible to get even with America." Authors should write stories to meet the necessities of the climate, so that the winter months stories could be selected that are more suitable for winter than exterior work. It is distressing for everyone concerned when a film is hung up on account of the weather.

A Lucky Bean.

CAPTAIN HEATON GREY, who is at present playing the "fool" that he "loves" in the film production "Beleaguer, the Monarch," has sent me a mysterious "thingy." It was one of the two hundred which he found in a king's cartridge. When Captain Grey was serving with the first battalion of the Nigeria Regiment in the Ummars, after severe fighting through the bush, they attacked the town of Duschape Bode.
AN EASTERN COURTSHIP.

LEON BARY as the Caliph Abdallah and ELINOR FAIR as Marsinah—in "Kismet."
MAE MURRAY came by way of musical comedy to the screen. She is married to Robert Leonard, with whom she is seen in one of these photographs. Her first screen appearance was in "To Have and to Hold." Since then she has played for many screen companies, but is now back with Paramount-Artcraft productions.

"Can I trust him?"—in "The Right to Love."

Waiting for a partner—in "On with the Dance."
In the king's house they found a collection of curiously carved beams, hidden in a reed bag. They had been made by a "holy man." The natives believed them to be "ju-ju" against wild animals and various ills. The fame of the beams spread far and wide. The king of Dahomey changed his, in his selfish desire to obtain all the good luck for himself, bought up all the beams that could be found, but his greatness broke the charm, and this gave Captain Heaton Grey the best of luck! Needless to say I am taking the greatest care of my mace!

Actor, Playwright, Soldier and Big Game Hunter.

CAPTAIN HEATON GREY told me recently that for many years he was associated with the late Cecil Raleigh. They were the pioneers of the tabloid plays on the music-hall. Captain Grey was the original crook, Alf Wilson, in "Officer 666," at the New Theatre. He also played at the Criterion, Strand, and Princes Theatres. On the declaration of war he rejoined his regiment, the Royal Fusiliers. From France he was sent to the German Cameroons, where he commanded a company of our Hunsa troops. He was officer commanding for the Muri Province, Northern Nigeria, British West Africa. Owing to wounds and sickness, he was given a sick appointment at Dover Garrison, and was transferred to the Air Force as staff captain.

He has shot bears, leopards, elephants, hippo and bush cow. He has played for the Lucien Ellis in "Dawn," and "Castles in Spain"; The Granmont Company in "The Fall of a Saint," and for the Astra Company in "The Bachelor Husband."

Mascots!

MARJORIE HUME has a passion for collecting mascots. She showed me quite a family of the most fascinating, ugly creatures the other afternoon that I have ever seen. Two of them are black cats, one very tall, and the other very thin, which has he has christened "C.L.D."

There are two goldfish, one red and the other black, but I dare not tell you their names!

Superstitions Defied.

GREEN is Marjorie Hume's lucky colour. "Every time I wear anything green, something nice occurs," she assured me. "The thirteenth, and a Friday, are always lucky to me. Nothing makes me so delighted as a business interview on a Friday, especially if it happens to be on the thirteenth!"

Wilson Barrett's Niece.

On this page you will see a photograph of Kathleen Barrett, a niece of the great Wilson Barrett. Many of you have no doubt seen her clever acting in "Patricia Brent, Spinsters." "I went with Sir Martin Harvey to Canada, and undressed Miss N. de Silva," she told me the other evening. "I am very fond of character work, and I don't mind in the least sacrificing my personal appearance for my work."

"Hamlet" and Forbes-Robertson.

KATHLEEN BARRETT played in "Hamlet" in Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's company; "Hamlet," and during that season when I was understanding in "Hamlet" we went down to the Hepworth studios, where "Hamlet" was filmed. I also played in "The Spinster," which was produced at Surbiton. The garden scenes were very beautiful; I played the part of Miss Siddick, a finicky, interfering, gooey-spinning.

MacDonald Hastings.

KATHLEEN BARRETT also played with MacDonald Hastings at the Oxford and Surrey Music Halls, in a sketch entitled "What the Doctor Ordered," and later with Griffith in "The Air Ship." She has also played in Wilson Barrett's company, in the "Never, Never Land." The "Eve of Her Wedding," and "No Name," and in "The Tide," under Ethel Warwick's management. She is full of enthusiasm for pictures. She is very artistic, considered strikingly like her uncle, and deserves the best of success and luck.

Hepworth Picture Play (Edwards Series).

"JOHN FORREST FINDS HIMSELF," adapted from the story by Donovan Bayley by H. Forster-Mead, produced by Henry Edwards.

John Forrest, junior (Henry Edwards), exclaimed one morning to his beloved Frances: "Why the devil aren't you angry with me sometimes?"

Old John Forrest (Henry Gilbert) pats his son's shoulder affectionately. "You've had a very good innings, old chap. Why don't you try and find a nice little wife?" John's mother (Gwynne Herbert) shares her husband's wish, and once again John promises to "walk steady."

Broken Promises.

But alas for John, he has another "night out," and quarrels with the Hon. Vere Blair, who later, after a blow from John's fist, is landed on the floor, mort and ghastly white. John stares at the motionless figure and asks, "Why doesn't he move?"

John's two friends get him away to their flat. The next morning, to their horror, they hear that Blair is dead. The two friends pack John off, and he goes to Little Marlpoton, a village in the depths of the country.

Cupid.

The Old Grey House, at Little Marlpoton, lives an honourable but impecunious gentleman, Stephen Grey (Victor Prout), and chance brings John, through the result of an accident, to the Grey House. He is nursed by John, Grey's daughter (Christina White), and John falls in love with her straightforwardly.

Chains.

But to Joan, to save the Old Grey House from the threats of the landlord, Ezra Blott (Gerald Annes), has promised to marry a rich man, Vere Blair, the man whom John believes he has killed. John does not know that Blair has recovered from his injuries. John gets well, but his mind is a blank. He curses the hour he ever tasted wine. One day Ezra Blott forces his obnoxious attentions upon Joan, and John remembers another light: Just as I am about to punish Ezra, he recoils and drops his arms. Blair calls him a coward; Joan, puzzled and unhappy, goes home.

The Triumph.

But all is not lost. KATHLEEN BARRETT falls in the end. Joan learns the truth, and, John, that Blair is not dead but that the latter wishes to marry. "A charming little girl in the chorus," Thus John fulfills the desires of those who love him; he takes unto himself a nice little wife, Joan, John Grey's beautiful daughter.
France, in the middle of the fifteenth century, was in the throes of a terrible struggle that might have been likened to the illness of a giant. The body, as represented by the common people, was besieged and endangered. The nobles were burning with the fire of patriotism, the third estate was the army of the poor, and the peasants, which burnt at the stake the body of John of Arc, the Maid of Orleans.

The soul of France had been stirred to the height of spiritual exaltation by the sacrifice of the Maid. But while the body was healthy, the brain was still dying. The nobles, as in the days of ancient Rome, were decaying through selfishness, greed, arrogance, luxury and all the other vices which had been driven from the body of France before the destruction of the mighty Roman Empire.

Rene, a degenerate who was royal in nothing but name. A pharisee of the day, he knew no fear of his enemies, too cowardly to face them in the open, but sometimes securing their downfall by treachery, or, more often, by bribery.

On the day this story opens, the King was holding court. With his shrivelled figure, and in black velvet and his cunning, fox-like face, he looked more like the meatest of his subjects than the ruler of a nation.

By his side was a young girl of surpassing beauty—Katherine de Valois. She was only eighteen years of age, yet her beauty and grace were so marked that centuries must pass before a day will be found when her equal will be found among women.

She was the daughter of the King of France, and the wife of the Duke of Burgundy. She had been forced to marry the Duke by her father, and was as unhappy as a wife could be. She was loved by her husband, but he was a weakling, and she was left to govern the country in his stead.

The Duke of Burgundy was a man of great wealth and power, and he was loved by his subjects. He was a devoted husband, and he loved his wife more than any man could love a woman. But he was a weakling, and she was left to govern the country in his stead.

Katherine de Valois decided to take action. She knew that the Duke of Burgundy was a weakling, and she was determined to make herself mistress of the country. She therefore took steps to ensure that her will was carried out, and she succeeded in having the Duke placed under a mental strain.

She also took steps to ensure that her will was carried out, and she succeeded in having the Duke placed under a mental strain. She was determined to make herself mistress of the country. She therefore took steps to ensure that her will was carried out, and she succeeded in having the Duke placed under a mental strain.

France, 16th February, 2021.
She had drunk all the landlord brought, Villon beckoned them to him.

"I have a plan where we can get good red wine without betraying France, my friends," he said. "The plate in the King's chapel will be uncrowned tomorrow afternoon. We shall only be robbing the King, who is robbing France."

Selecting the men he required, Villon outlined his plan, and fixing on a meeting-place, he left the tavern.

The Vision.

The following afternoon Villon and his men entered the Chapel Royal. Leaving his followers to get the plate, Villon wandered into the chapel proper, but started back as he saw a veiled woman praying before the High Altar.

It was the furious voice of a girl who uttered her prayer aloud.

"Oh, God, give me to France, in this hour of her greatest need."

As she rose to her feet she threw back her veil and Villon stood transfixed at the sight of her beauty, for the girl was Katherine de Vaucelles.

Her prayer had touched the heart of this strange man, and he bent to whisper, "The girl is beautiful."

The Cockadeurs were by no means so patriotic as their leader, but though they grumbled at excising so much wealth, they obeyed him.

In the meantime Villon had sent a man who could track the girl and find out where she dwelt. The man came back with the information that she dwelt in the palace, and Villon determined to enter the Royal gardens to see if he could catch another glimpse of that beautiful girl who had stirred his heart as he had never been stirred before.

Well did he know that it was madness for him, a vagabond, that he was, to aspire to a court lady, nor did he forget that if he were caught in the grounds of the palace, he would probably pay for his temerity with his head, but these things weighed nothing with him at the moment.

His poet's soul was uppermost, and he would have risked anything for another look at the charger who had enchanted him. He had paper and pen in his pocket, and before setting forth he composed a poem. He wrote rapidly, but when he had finished it he was satisfied. He gave his verses the title, "If I Were King."

"If I were King, oh, love, if I were King,
What tributary would I bring,
To stow before your regal and to show
Affection in your eye, and ear, and hair,
Beneath your feet what treasure would I bring.
The stars would be your guards upon a string.
The world a ruby for your eager ring,
And you should have the sun and moon to wear
If I were King."

Having folded his verses, he wandered about the gardens till at last he saw a veiled woman seated in a pavilion, with a book in her hand. She looked up, and Villon had withdrawn from view. When he peeped down again he saw that feminine curiosity had got the better of her fears. She was reading the poem, and by the light in her eyes and the delicate flush on her cheeks, it was very pleasing. As she read, a number of court ladies came towards her and Katherine read out his verses to them amid their expressions of delight.

Villon was hugging himself with ecstasy when he felt a strong hand on his shoulder.

Turning, he saw himself surrounded by the Palace guards.

"You look like paying for this intrusion with your life," said the captain, as he motioned his men to seize Villon.

In spite of his struggles the guard dragged Villon away to the prison. On their way they passed Katherine, who ordered the captain to come to her.

"Who is that you have there?" she asked.

"A knave who was caught by my men dropping something from yonder bank," said the captain.

Katherine immediately decided that it was the poem Villon had dropped, but she had no idea that it was the rakesh vagabond who stood before her who was the author of the verses.

"Who is your master? Whose poem is this?" she asked Villon.

"The poem is mine," said Villon calmly.

At this moment Thibault hurried on the scene. He recognised Villon, and a look of triumph came to his eyes. Vittor had heard the Captain of the guard he turned to Villon.

"You do not seem quite at home in these surroundings, my man."

"As much at home as you were when you were plotting at the Flon Con last night," returned Villon slyly.

Thibault's face flushed darkly.

"Put him in the dungeon," he ordered.

Villon tried to speak, but a hand was thrust over his mouth and he was dragged away.

Katherine looked at Thibaultquiringly.

(Continued on page 13.)
"IF I WERE KING," (Continued from page 17.)

What was that he said about the Fir Cone?" she asked.

"How should I know what the drunken vagabond meant?" replied Tristan.

Katherine did not pursue her inquiry, but her usual seat at the table was unoccupied.

For some time she had suspected Tristan, and she meant to find out the meaning of the vagabond's strange manner if there was meaning in it.

That evening she went to the dungeon where Villon was imprisoned. He lay sleeping on the rough straw, and as the light held by the gaoler dimly illumined his face, Katherine spoke:

As he saw the fair form of Katherine above him he murmured: "If this be a dream, pray Revenant I may never wake again."

"I came not to listen to your poetry, but to learn about the Fir Cone, said Katherine, after telling the guard he could wait outside.

"From among all the verses Villon, " he was there last night plotting against the king in the interests of the Duke of Burgundy. If you don't believe me, ask the Fir Cone yourself."

Katherine regarded him closely. Something told her he was not telling the truth, yet she hardly thought it possible that Villon could be so treacherous.

"You know you already forfeited your life by entering the grounds of the palace?" she said coldly.

If you could prove your words you might save your head. Go yourself to this man and see what you can find out. All I will account for you from here." With another cold glance she left him, giving in spite of his appearance as if cold until she was out of sight of the structure.

If the prisoner was to be allowed to go free.

"I'm sorry, said Villon. " However, the road is long. I can hear the king, and I will win something more than cold chance play any enchantress before I die."

Villon stretched himself, nodded hungrily to the guard, and swaggered out, once a fine and young man.

The Plotters.

B

y that strange chance that is the shuttle in the web of destiny, there were others who had noticed the signs in the Fir Cone that night. Tristan, the gossip had told the king of the mysterious remark about the Fir Cone made by the vagabond the year before. The king had arrested and Villon had changed color, and acting on the advice of his Advocate, had ordered him to pass half of his account, which had previously given him a reading of a dream in which the king had "Picked a packet of papers and placed it in his crown." To mean that he would be rendered valuable assistance by a reviving vagabond, and the next morning came to Villon, " You are in disguise, he came to Tristan.

The two were drinking at a separate table when Villon appeared.

At once there was an outburst of welcome from the revelers.

"By your leave, " said Louis to Tristan. " This noble has more to lose than our vagabond king than any curtseys have to me. Let us engage this rascal in conversation."

Tristan waited till Villon had drunk with his friends then beckoned him over to the table.

"We would be honored if you would share a flagon with us," said the king.

"I care not if I drink with to-night, for I have not a coin in my purse," said Villon.

"I have been an enemy of the king, and I thought you had died every piece I possessed."

He made his point and raised it high."

"Here's to the Duke of Burgundy! " he cried, and he emptied the contents.

"You are loyal to Louis," said the king slyly.

"I am loyal to France," said Villon blandly. "As for Louis a man would not make a better king than Louis Do-Nothing. Bare-Nothing, may I never take a様々な drink."

"Our Francois has made a poem about will he would do if he were king," said one of the Cocked Shells to Louis. "You should ask him to recite it."

"If my poem came to the ears of the king it would cost me my neck," said Villon with a laugh.

"Recite it, Francois," shouted the crowd. "Nothing that is done to a man's face is done to the ears of the king."

"This is intended entertainment," whispered the king to Tristan, for with all his faults, Louis had a keen sense of humour, though most of it was of the morbid kind.

Thus pressed, Villon took another drink at a full flagon and emptied before the king, and recited the following poem:

All French folk, wheresoever ye be, who love your country and your king,
From Paris to the Italian Sea, and back again to France,
Forsooth ye see a silken hood, without shepherd, left to change,
For there is in that land women would be if Villon were the king of France.

The figure on the throne you see, is nothing but a
To wear the royal headdress of silken coat and gilted crown.

Not to be feared, understood, the bond of timely heart and glance.
And all who would take command were the King of France.

CHARACTER is often deputed by the shape of the hand, and it is easy to discern various temperaments by the shape and structure of the hand, and the care that is given to it.

Many do not exercise their hands sufficiently. Gripping exercises should be practised daily, Travelling shapes of the hands."

If the hands are well cared for, they can be generally cured by massage. In massaging the hands one must be careful to make the movements downward towards the wrist, with gentle pulls and pinches across the back of the hand, and a few delicate upward strokes at the finish, and in wearing during the night a pair of bow.

Housework — And Hands.

It is quite possible to do manual labour and yet keep one's hands in excellent condition.

The hands are of prime importance in life, and it is really little excuse for bad-looking hands and nails.

I am very careful in cleaning under the nails, only a pointed, slightly curved orange-wood stick. I consider powdered pumice-stone most excellent, with a little water to prevent occasional on the cotton wrapped about the orange-wood stick as a bleach.

Always wipe the hands perfectly dry after washing them, and press down and gently back.

RUTH LANOLD.

CRITICISM: "Louis the Little, play the Grand!" "Be realistic with your young son.

"I saw a thief in the ocean and hit the most outrageous display."

"It's not a thief in the ocean!" shouted Villon. " If Villon were the King of France."

"How is it, my true friend?" cried Villon as he finished, and once more applied his lips to the tankard.

Louis made no reply, but had Villon known what he was thinking the smile would have left his face. As the king of the Cocked Shells, this little courtesy of the others he had today was the last thing to expect standing in the far corner of the room trying to attract his attention. It was the man who had let him out of prison Villon, waiting an opportunity when the others were not looking, went up to the man who whispered in his ear: "The lady is outside. She speaks to you alone."

Villon glanced in dismay. How could he be better in that room full of the robed bodies of Paris. Suddenly the man who had been helping himself to drink, was standing on the bench, and in his hand were the keys of the cellar. In a moment the poet had possession of the keys, and undoing the door, he whispered to be followed. "To the cellar and drink with your fill. I have important business, and must be alone." With chuckling cries of, "The little bugger" behind him, in the anxiety Villon forgot the two men who had been drinking with, and Louis and his gossips, realising that something important was about to happen, crowded behind a bench. (To be continued next week.)

The Colour of the Nails.

Unless one is able to secure a turquoise who will not abuse the nails, it is better to devote a few moments daily to caring for the nails personally, and once they are in good condition, it is really very simple to keep them.

The habit of biting the nails indicates wear of will power and runs contrary to the appearance of the hands. If you are too nervous and work with will to overcome this fault, try bitter aloe tincture on your tips, or a solution of quinine.

With the popular above the elbow sleeve in our day time frocks, and sleeveless events, comes a sharply arm is of real importance.

Massage in an elbow is too necessary and can be overcome with a little attention.

Arm Exercises."

Exercise, if persevered in, will replace the arm that lost its tone and muscle, improve the action of the arm, and give back the suppleness of the elbow.

Clench the fist as tightly as possible, and then relax it, and repeat the exercise, but after a few days practice, it can be done without case, and in a short while.

The length and shape of the arm should be studied in choosing sleeves and other articles, as they can be improved in appearance by careful determination in dress. Tennis, golf, Indian files, rowing, and other forms of outdoor amusements, may improve the shape of one's arm, and make for good health, which is after all, the prime essentials toward healthfully beautiful hands.

"Louis the Little, play the Grand!" "Be realistic with your son.

"I saw a thief in the ocean and hit the most outrageous display."

"It's not a thief in the ocean!" shouted Villon. " If Villon were the King of France."

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MARIE BLANCHE AND THE MOVIES
An Interview With the Pantomime Favourite Who Has Appeared in Two Films.

There was something very homely about Marie Blanche's dressing-room at Covent Garden, a sense of familiarity and comfort rarely to be found in theatrical dressing-rooms. A fire burned cheerfully in the grate, beside which were two huge easy chairs, and over the fire a kettle sang merrily. For it was half past five or so, the time when Miss Blanche takes her evening meal, and already her big, square table was laid for dinner. Away at the end of the room, half hidden by a screen, as if it really had no right to be there, was the star's dressing-table, altar of mysterious and alluring rites! Otherwise the apartment might have been an ordinary living room. And yet, a little turn to the right, outside the door, and you were in the land of make-believe,—on the vast stage where, a few weeks ago, Tristan and Isolde told their deathless love in music as immortal, and where to-day Cinderella goes to the ball.

She Makes You Feel at Home.

In a way, Marie Blanche is her dressing-room, or rather, her dressing-room is expressive of herself. She, too, is homely—not in appearance, of course, but in heart. She is sincerely anxious to make you feel at home, to answer any questions you may wish to ask her, to be as obliging and kind as possibly can. And in her endeavour to achieve these pleasant results, she quite forgets to be spectacular.

"A Good Sort."

Yet she is spectacular. Her splendid height, her fine proportions (on this occasion discreetly hidden by a grey velvet robe), her fair hair, and pleasant, laughing face, radiating health and good-temper, see to that. But I think, of all her charms, the one that shines the brightest is her golden heart. In the halting, colloquial manner people have of describing a universal favourite, she is invariably referred to as "a good sort."

Films.

Miss Blanche and I have comfortably installed ourselves on either side of the fireplace, the proceedings opened favourably with the star's assurance that really and truly she was very interested indeed in the subject I had come about—films.

Letters From Film Fans.

"THOUGH I've appeared in only two," she added "The Great Imposter" and "The Elusive Pimpernel." But I've just had another offer of film work, and I shall probably appear in a picture after I've finished in this pantomime. Friend enough, I had more letters about my Lady Blakeney, in the latter film, than I have received since I appeared in 'Cinderella.' Only this afternoon two autograph books were brought to me to sign, and each of them belonged to a film 'fan.' One was most exciting, contain—Mary Pickford's signature, and all sorts of screen celebrities' autographs."

Things We Might Do.

Although Miss Blanche has a great interest in film work, her interest by no means blights her to faults in film production (especially British film production), and errors in film acting. In the latter respect she is her own severest critic.

"I nearly wept when I saw myself as Lady Blakeney," she told me. "I was too nervous to face the trade show, so I went out to King's Cross to see, the film later!" "But surely strips of the film were run off in the projection room day by day, while the picture was in the making?" I interposed.

Miss Blanche shook her head.

"No," she said, "they don't seem to have that admirable practice over here, and yet, it would be such a help to the artistes, and assist one to correct so many little mistakes. I think, too, that it would be a great help if British producers followed the example of the Americans in having several sets built on the stage at once, so that consecutive scenes might be shot without undue interruption. You've an idea how different it is to remember exactly what you did and what you were in a scene shot, let us say, five weeks ago? Which reminds me, I do think every film artiste should keep a dress chart. I've known an important bit of film to be scrapped and taken all over again, just because some member of the cast had omitted some small but important item in the costume he had worn earlier in the picture."

Our Tendency to Over-act.

"What do you consider to be the greatest faults British film artistes have to overcome?" I asked. "A tendency to over-act," replied Miss Blanche; adding, "and I think we have yet to master the art of make-up." Miss Blanche confessed that she had experienced certain difficulties, or rather, discomfort during her outdoor work for pictures, because, she said, she had felt "so silly," so out of her element.

Stage Experience.

"You do not consider stage experience helpful to the screen?" I suggested. "No," she concurred. "I think one is much better without it. But a stage artiste can learn many useful lessons from the films. Personally I have acquired some useful hints about the value of repose, and the art of facial expression from them."

The Part She Wants to Play.

At my departure, Miss Blanche told me that the part she would like to play best of all in pictures would be a light comedy role. Since she felt such a part would suit her far better than heavy drama—and from her manner I fancy she will yet give us such a role,—in Marie Blanche's best light comedy vein. But all the same, Covent Garden's principal boy has for her film favourite Pauline Frederick, whom she specially admired in—"Sapho!"

"May Herschel Clarke."

A NEW HEPWORTH FILM—"MRS. ERRICKER'S REPUTATION"

One of the Latest Productions That Cecil M. Hepworth Has Completed.

This Photo-play Has a Splendid Cast of Well-Known Hepworth Favourites.

A scene from "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation," adapted from Thomas Cobb's novel. This photograph shows GWYNNE HERBERT on the left, and EILEEN DENNES on the right.

JAMES CAREW and EILEEN DENNES in a scene from "Mrs. Erricker's Reputation." Above can be seen, from left to right, EILEEN DENNES, ALMA TAYLOR, and GERALD ANES.
"Colgate's is the Best Policy"

WHEN your chemist asks "What kind?" don't say "Any kind will do"—say "Colgate's." Safe, sure and delicious. A safe policy for tooth insurance.

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice. Sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7d. and 1/3d.


Paper Pattern of this pretty overall GIVEN FREE!

Spring-cleaning time will be here before very long, and you cannot start making your new overalls too soon. This is quite the prettiest and most practical of all the new designs. You can get the pattern FREE this week with

WOMAN'S WEEKLY

On Sale To-morrow (Tuesday) Price 2d.
Read This First.

BRYANT WASHBURN and Mabel Chidester met in an old and now too elegy Essanay studio in Chicago that was soon to be abandoned, and the acquaintance they formed ripened into something greater, that day in 1912. They were not yet married.

And Pic-Mabel a little four-roomed flat, and asked her if she could stand living there in such a tiny place. Two weeks later they were married.

But often they found it difficult to make both ends meet. Mabel set out to show why a man with Bryant's genius was not getting his name in the newspapers. She decided that was the story he was doing. She was sure they were not good enough for each other.

"Skinner's Dress Suit."

ONE afternoon when Sonny was taking his nap and everything was quiet in the flat, as quiet as if never was in Chicago, Mabel sat reading a magazine. She turned the pages rather rarily: then suddenly she sat up straight, as if she couldn't hear her "Skinner's Dress Suit."

"When she was halfway through the story, she jumped up, ran to where Sonny was sleeping in his crib and cried, "Oh, I've got it! Here's the story for Bryant!"

Of course, Sonny awoke with a start and didn't appreciate the situation at all, but began to cry, and Mabel danced about like a girl. She thought she'd phone to Bryant about it, and then she thought she wouldn't, but would wait and watch his face when he came home.

He wasn't fairly in the room, of course, when she went to him with a glow on her face and the magazine in her hand. Man-like, he was quite able to wait until after dinner for the story, and then they sat with their faces close together and read the tale of the good fortunes that came to Skinner because he dared to buy a dress suit.

"Oh, the author will want a lot of money for that!" was Bryant's comment.

"Well, Essanay will pay it," replied Mrs. Washburn, all full of enthusiasm and the glow of optimum superintended by the story. "I—I'm going to ask them myself!"

And so it turned out. That is, she went with Bryant to Essanay, and thereupon they approached the subject of the story. If you knew Mrs. Washburn, you'd know how hard it is to refuse asking for what you want. The final outcome of it was that Essanay did buy the "Skinner" story for Washburn, and when the picture came out—who if Mabel hadn't been a Chidester she would have cried for joy.

Famous at Last.

FOR Bryant Washburn was famous. Known and liked before, his pictures were now in demand. "Skinner's Dress Suit" proved not only lucky for Skinner, but lucky for the Washburns, too.

That first night it was released in Chicago, Bryant and Mabel sat in the back of the house, where it was dark and held hands. Only Bryant objected to let the picture a good deal. And the picture was a great hit.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Beauty in the Bedroom—The Use and Effect of the Boudoir Cap—How to Make an Impromptu Boudoir Cap

I ONCE heard a cinema star remark that there was absolutely no need for any woman to look untidy or unbecoming in her bedroom, and I heartily agree with her, although the cliques of such as my "Sweet Seraph" rather belies my statement. Still the fact remains, and every girl should make a point of looking as well dressed as possible in the privacy of her own room as when she is in the presence of her friends.

The Invaluable Boudoir Cap.

PERHAPS a girl has straight locks and has to put her hair up in curlers every night upon rising. Well, there is no need for her to let them stick out all around her head in such a grotesque fashion. A simple little mob cap will slide over the head in the blink of an eye, and hide all ugliness; in fact, it will give a jaunty effect to the wearer. Many girls refuse to wear such a frivolity, declaring that it is an unnecessary vanity, but I can assure these girls that it is a most useful little article of bedroom attire.

Not only does it hide unbecoming curlers, but it is invaluable for the girl who has washed her hair. Marcel waved. The hair will keep in wave for longer if a fine hairpin is clipped in each rige of the waves, and if a boudoir cap is draped over the head to keep them in place, so that they do not come out if you twist and turn in bed. And not only can a cap be put together in about half an hour, but it can be manufactured from scraps of silk and lace left over from blouses and undies.

From a Handkerchief.

IF you are in need of an impromptu boudoir cap, you can make one in the following manner. Select a pretty lace or embroidered, edged handkerchief from your receptacle. It will need to be of a fair size. Then the handkerchief is folded upon the head, one straight side flat across the brow, and tie a band of ribbon right round the head, gathering in the rest of the handkerchief toward the back. The ribbon will, of course, have to be kept in place in the front with a few hairpins, and a pony of nice flowers could be placed at one side if you wish to look particularly charming.

Another idea is to place the handkerchief upon the head with a point coming down over the nose. Tie the ribbon round the head, finishing with a bow at the centre-back, and then catch the front point back over the ribbon. Caps of this description can be fashioned for general wear from a small square of silk, edged with lace.
FILMS OF THE WEEK

The "Picture Show's" Guide to Picturescore.

"Jack Straw." ROBERT WARWICK. (Paramount-Artists.)

ROYER WARWICK as Jack Straw, an ice-water-in love with the daughter of a wealthy man, is introduced to the Duke of Pomerania to the family of the damsel, and later on, the mother is delighted when she sees that the daughter has gone with the supposed Duke is announced. But the hero is exposed and the woman, then comes a great surprise which completely alters the situation.

"Full of Fight." JESS WILLARD. (Artists.)

The ex-world champion in a go-ahead story of the making of a Mississippi. Gripping scenes and some great fights are here while some dramatic moments occur, notably the hero's marriage and the Nemeyer, whom he had previously worked.

"Shoot With Fire." WILLIAM RISSELL. (Fox.)

WESTERN romances are always appreciated by young and old alike, and films full of action and thrills such as "Shoot with Fire" are sure to please.

"The Cigarette." ANDRE BEARANT and SACHA GROB. (United)

A MOST artistic play, well produced, with some beautifully photographed scenes, the story is a story of a man, a woman, a child. This story shows how a love, much older than his wife, suddenly thought that he was too old for her and was standing on the threshold of a younger woman. He plans his death shall come through a poisoned cigarette and this leads up to a most dramatic climax.

"A Damsel In Distress." BERNADETT HALL and JUNE CAPRICE. (United)

A STORY of a man in a cab and a damsel in distress. He falls in love with her, and the two families get into a tug, and the two young people, who have been in love, are finally married. This story is a story of love and friendship which will be enjoyed by all.

"The Thinker." ANDREW NOL and MULLE. MAYS. (Grosset.)

The story of a man who discovered the secret of the wonderful statue by Rodin.

"The Thinker." and "The Thinker." (Grosset.)

"The Thinker," and "The Thinker." (Grosset.)

The story of a man who discovered the secret of the wonderful statue by Rodin.

"The Birth of a Soul." HARRY T. Moe.

(T.C.T.)

A young girl in a duel role in which he plays the part of a distinguished and upright young lawyer. A true break through his two families, and this gives the chamberlain this chance to make good.

"April Folly." MARION Davies. (Paramount-Artists.)

DATING Marion Davies as an author who writes novels with herself as heroine, to her publisher, with whom she is in love. There is mystery and romance in this play and the popular star is supported by an efficient cast, including handsome Conway Tearle.

"The Beloved Chester." LEW CODY. (Mary.)

A GAY and uncommon story. It shows how a love experience—played by Lew Cody—of the new heroine includes the love of his life. A kiss in the dark is the cause of all the trouble and many are the amusing situations which follow.

"Go and Get It." AHNEN AVEEN, PAT O'MALLEY and WESLEY HENRY. (First National.)

DIRECTED by Marshall Neilan, this picture is a story of a man who travels to the land of the unknown in search of his lost love. A reporter. He changes from one place to another in mud, from plane to train and back, and from under to street. A mystery and a delicate love story, runs through it.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

If you think this picture is old, you are wrong. There are many that are not related to the one you mention.

Beside Bariscale's eyes are blue. But I would tell you that one is that merely the "official account of her tell's name."

"BLUEBEARD." (Ethos.)—In the history of "Bluebeard" there are two different persons; and the latter is a mystery. I will find out what you want to know about Rosemary Thoby.

P. W. (Hornsby).—Sorry, but I do not know of any picture that is not related to the one you mention.

"EUROPEANS?" (Hermes).—No, I cannot tell you what is wrong. If you want to know about Rosemary Thoby.

MOLLIE (Bows Park).—You will run out of your steam, but I cannot tell you what is wrong. There are many at all on their journey. And, unfortunately, there are only two families who could answer your question. Pearl White's birthday is on March 4th, and Billie Burke was born on August 7th, 1904. I haven't heard that anyone is married.

"SNOWDROP" (Ekater).—Thanks for bringing the picture to my attention. This story must have been watched. Have you seen the picture about that girl I know about her.

D. P. (Wanstead).—George Christensen has appeared in "The She-Wolf" and "The Lost City.

DOLLI (Hewstead).—Marriage, it is said: me and myself, knowing what I know about her.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the sender (and, if for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway Street, London, E.C. 4.

J. B. (Dyson).—Tereence Cavanagh is a British actor, for he was born in Oxford. Your second question has a slight typo in it: "keeping a diarist in Scotland," you wrote, "I would like to know where Jack splash was born." But what I would like to know is where your question be if instead you were staying in England? Scotland? Sorry. In any case, I don't know.

"SPANISH FANCY."—Bothwell Brown is the name I can find on the screen. He has never been described, as a female impersonator. His career seems to include "Miss Jack," and "Yankee Doodle in Berlin."

D. B. (Swanham).—I say you have put up with a lot, whether I like it or not. I can assure you I like it. But how can I trace a girl only from the fact that she has fair hair. There is quite a multitude of damsels in the land who have the same color. "Dear Mr. Rome, 'would do quite nicely if you want to address him. Gerald Anne's" birthday is on September 12th.

"TWEDDOLLS."—Were you too shy or afraid to tell me what you meant at the end of your letter? "In The Gnomes of France," with Princess Diana, Harry Carter, and Edith Johnson, "Packed with the cast of the film," says ED. COOLY, "Vivien Leigh (Coral Foy), Frank Lawlor (Leonard Lewis), Bruce Haddock (John Clayton), William Welsh (John North), Hal Coley (Lee Marwood), George Williams (Chester, New York), Margarette Smith (Miss Scarlett), and Michael loaf ("In The Million Dollar Mystery.")

DEBORAH's (Worcester).—I have discovered that you are the only one who can answer you. I suspect you, you see, because I have given the wrong answer to the right question. I have decided to give your answer and not the opposite Bill Hart in "Square Deal Sanderson," Wesley Bariscale's eyes are blue. But I would tell you that one is that merely the "official account of her tell's name."

"BARTLESMAN." (Shefield).—You know all that other and that is that your answer is the only one that is real. That is just what I was trying to impress on some people who wouldn't believe me. No, the Tallahassee of this film are not related to the one you mention.
Your key to the Universe

HARMSWORTH POPULAR SCIENCE

Edited by ARTHUR MEE

You can follow the flight of the monstrous winged lizards through the forests of the Coal Age, or study the force that drives our Aeroplanes to-day. You can traverse the silent oceans of space and watch the movement of suns and comets, or gaze down upon the microscopic hosts of bacteria that are at once man's best servants and his deadliest foes.

Story of Human Progress.

From the marvels of plant and animal life you can turn at will to the story of human progress, culminating in the triumphs of medicine and surgery, commerce and industry, art and architecture, chemistry and engineering. You can descend into the crater of a volcano, or watch how the might of Niagara is transformed into the electricity that lights cities and drives enormous engines. X-Rays and Radium—Wireless Telegraphy—the Submarine and the Aeroplane—the Cinema and the Gramophone and the Calculating Machine—in the pages of Harmsworth Popular Science you can not only read about them all but understand every word you read.

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You have always been a lover of knowledge. Remember the questions you used to ask in your childhood—"Why is the sky blue?" "What makes the noise of thunder—the tick of a watch?" "Where does dew come from?" "How do steam-engines work?" "How do birds fly without falling?"

Satisfy Your Longing for Knowledge.

You have long ago given up asking about many things you would like to understand—not because your legitimate curiosity has been satisfied—but because your mind has lost its original keenness—but simply because there was no means of getting a simple and intelligible answer. You found the ordinary text-books written in such technical language that nine people out of ten could not understand them.

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OPEN any of these superb volumes and you will find yourself reading on and on. For here, in simple language, in vivid and arresting pictures, you have the marvellous story of scientific discovery and invention, from the dawn of time to the 20th Century. The world revealed by modern Science is a reality far more wonderful than anything that poets or philosophers have ever dreamed. With Harmsworth Popular Science in your possession you are free to explore that world in any direction you choose.
The above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest:

On this page you will find the sixth set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes, all of whom are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet. This competition will last eight weeks, and when the last set of pictures appears we shall tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

Second Prize £50
First Prize £100
Third Prize £25

75 Prizes of £1 each.
"Merely Mary Ann," by Israel Zangwill, was an appealing story and made a delightful stage play. Now it has been immortalised on the screen with Shirley Mason as Mary Ann. Shirley has two famous sisters on the screen, Edna Flugrath and Viola Dana.
The extra 1d. paid for DAISY gives value—cure and perfect safety

DAISY gives 500% better value; is a certain cure; ensures perfect safety.
Get Daisy to-day.

We pay FIVE TIMES as much for the exclusive, deeply ingrained root of Daisy as for three used in "cheap" headache cures, yet you get 50% better value for all extra id.

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Daisy is a real scientific headache speedee, it cures instantly—just a temporary "pain reliever"—but a lasting cure.

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Ons pure, powerful (yet harmless) ingredients are used; no Daisy is absolutely safe. This feature alone is worth many times the extra 1d.

Medically Correct

Daisy alone has received written medical approval—it is everywhere regarded as a pure and harmless preparation when rejected by other cures on account of no effect on the system. Read the Physician's letter below and circulate it to future to take nothing but Daisy for Headache.

Dr. Robertson Wallace writes:

66, Regent-street, Piccadilly, Cream. London, W.

Dear Sir,—Your Daisy Headache Cure merits my complete approval, and I am especially pleased to note that you have replaced the unoffending ingredient methylated spirits. If any indefatigable effort is to make a serious appeal to the public, it is this product, for the sake of the public health and safety, and I unhesitatingly recommend it to the system. I pay great after effects on its power and safety, and commend it to you as being a sovereign cure, to be used immediately in placing an unusually trying formula at the disposal of the public—Yours faithfully,

Daisy STUART-WALLACE, M.R.C.M.

Extreme Weakness and Depression

Last Stage of Anemia and thought Incurable but Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. H. J. Payne, 24, Myddle Road, Lavender Hill, London, S.W. 11, says:—"I was in civil life when the trouble came on. I lost appetite, and then came an ever-increasing listlessness with no effort of will could shake off. I cannot describe how strengthless I felt: I had no energy at all and became very gloomy and depressed. Treatment seemed useless; in my case I was said to be incurable. The disease was diagnosed as failure of the lymph glands or chronic anemia. Once when a sample of blood was taken from my ear the lobe had to be punctured three times before blood came.

"I joined up in due course, but could not support the strain of military life. Soon I was in hospital, and finally was discharged altogether. When I came home I got some Dr. Cassell's Tablets and it was wonderful how I improved. I gained strength daily, got an appetite, and now feel well and fit, and it is due entirely to Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices:

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Nervous Breakdown Kidney Trouble

Nerve Failure Indigestion

Malnutrition Neurasthenia Wasting

Neurasthenia Poliomyelitis Sleeplessness Vital Exhaustion

Anaemia Anemia Nervousness

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Keep the Youthful freshness of your skin

A little care and the regular use of Icilma Cream and you can keep the youthful freshness of your skin.

Icilma Cream, the world-famed aid to Beauty, is so different from the others—it vanishes better than vanishing creams—it clears and refreshes the skin, and is, too, a splendid base for powder; Icilma Bouquet Face Powder—of course.

Icilma Cream

Price 1/2: large pot 2/-. Flesh-tinted Cream, 1/9 per pot.
Icilma Bouquet Face Powder (two inks), 2/6 per box.

Use it daily and look your best—and complete toilet with Icilma Face Powder.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show"

No. 60. - MARC MacDERMOTT.

MARC MacDERMOTT has a sense of humour. When he received his copy of the Picture Show, with Snooky on the cover, he posed for this photograph and sent it with a letter saying he is wondering if there is really something in that Darwin theory.

Our Art Picture This Week.

If you are reading and appreciating Ruth Roland's Beauty Hints now appearing in the Picture Show, you will be pleased with the centre page art, picture of her this week, "Twelve o'Clock" is Ruth's favourite and latest picture. I hope you like it, too.

Fascinating Story of Film Life.

"A PRINCESS OF THE SCREEN" is the fascinating tale of a splendid new serial, beginning in this week's "Girls' Cinema," out tomorrow. The author of this story is just back from Los Angeles, and has written especially for the "Girls' Cinema" a most intimate story of a heroine in filmland, and her adventures among all your favourites of the screen. You have never read a story like it, so if you like novels and are interested in screen life, you must read it. I promise you a treat.

About Wyndham Standing.

I WAS in a cinema one other day recently and saw among the audience Wyndham Standing, watching his ghost film across the screen in "Earthbound." It was quite an unofficial visit, and no one knew Wyndham Standing was in the theatre until someone, gazing in the queer to recognise the film, recognised him as he left the cinema. Mr. Standing sprang into a taxi, and was whisked away before the crowd could persuade him to stay awhile.

Mr. Standing is over here on a holiday. So many people discovered that he was staying at the Savoy that his day became one long procession of interviews, and signing of autograph books, so he slipped away to another hotel, where he has remained unrecognized up to the time of writing.

While he is over here, it is quite possible that he may take part in a British play. For although Wyndham Standing has played over in America for so long, he is an Englishman by birth.

William Hart's Successor.

If W. S. Hart keeps to his resolve to retire, he will leave Tom Santschi practically undisputed as the screen's exponent of the Western type of photo play.

"Picture Show" That

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players

Tom Santschi is one of the pioneers of the cinema. It is said that he has played in over two hundred parts. One of his early releases still stands out as one of his greatest. This was "Macmamara," in "The Spookers."

Santschi's real name is not Tom, but Paul. One of his directors called him Tom, and Tom he has been ever since.

The Most Beautiful.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, whose photograph appears on this page, has just been acclaimed by Paul Helleu, the famous French etcher, as "the most beautiful woman he has ever seen."

Miss Johnstone was dining at a restaurant the other night, when Helleu, who happened to be dining at a table near by, spied Miss Johnstone, asked the head waiter for a card, and proceeded to draw a rapid two-minute sketch of Miss Johnstone. When he had completed it, he went over to Miss Johnstone's table, and presenting her with the sketch, told her that she was the "most beautiful woman he had ever seen," and asked to have the privilege of making a sketch of her this winter.

Florence Field, creator of the Follies, recently pronounced Miss Johnstone as one of the five most beautiful women on the screen.

Billie Ritchie Ill.

I HEAR that Billie Ritchie, whom you all remember, like that famous comedienne, Charlie Chaplin, was a member of Fred Karam's company, and who has recently been making a reputation in Fox Sunshine comedies, is lying seriously ill in a Los Angeles hospital.

I hear that he is suffering from a complication of internal trouble, and it is feared that a serious operation must be immediately performed.

Charlie's Progress.

A STUDIO tradition is that an actor should not attempt to direct. But Charles Ray has just completed a film entitled "Scrap Iron," which, it is said, has upset this tradition, by turning out a splendid picture.

Charles Ray seems to have made a big stride in every picture in which he has appeared. We can remember him a few years ago playing small parts with W. S. Hart, in two-reel dramas, while to-day he is one of the best known stars of the screen.

By the way, I hear these two reel dramas are to be re-released, so we can compare Charlie's work then, and his work of to-day.

An Interesting Letter.

I HAVE received a most interesting letter from a reader, who has had the wonderful opportunity of being able to visit America. He begins by telling me that he was a regular reader of the Picture Show, and used to dream of the wonderful happenings and sights to be seen in New York, and in the great movie centres.

Last summer his opportunity came to visit there, and during the last few months he has been wandering about seeing the wonderful places that he has read about in the Picture Show.

First he tells me about Broadway, New York, which he describes as a "wonderful fairyland, where night is turned into day."

New York Picture Houses.

THERE is only one word for the movie theatres on Broadway," he says, "and that is 'Mighty.' The Capitol, one of the largest movie palaces in the world, is a wonderful piece of work, both interior and exterior. When lit up at night it is a sight worth coming many miles to see.

A few weeks after I'd been here, I made a trip over to Fort Lee, over in New Jersey. There are the Universal, the Selznick, and other big film studios, there. You can imagine my excitement when I saw a street ready for a scene, made of movie props. While I was chatting with one of the studio men a party of people came riding in. In the car sat a beautiful young lady, a young man, and two men with a camera between them.

I surmised they were movie actors, and turning to the man to whom I had been talking, I asked him if this was so. He said they were, and pointed out Eliza Hammerstein, who was one of the party. Their faces were all powdered white, for they had just come in from 'shooting' a film.

Seeing Cinema Celebrities.

RECENTLY a ball was given at the Hotel Astor. How I wish that all of your readers could have been there! A few of the many stars present were Constance and Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, William Farnum, Alice Brady, Pearl White, and others too numerous to mention.

IVY DUKE at Nice, reading some of the letters she has received from PICTURE SHOW readers.
“Picture Show" Chat. (Continued from page 3.)

"I have been to boxing matches, where round the ring sat such stars as Charles chaplin, William Farnum, and others equally well known. Charles Chaplin was introduced in the ring at a recent bout, and the house gave him a tremendous ovation. Really, I didn't know whom to look at, the movie stars, or the boxers."

Films to Remember.

"A FEW of the latest films that I have seen, and that will cause a hit when they reach England are D. W. Griffith's 'Way Down East,' 'Passion,' a film with wonderful scenes of the Revolution Period; 'Outside the Law,' with Persis Drell; 'Broadway and Home,' with Eugene O'Brien; and others.

I am sure all my readers join with me in thanking Mr. Phillips for his interesting letter. He gives his address as 753, Hopkins Avenue, Brooklyn, New York."

Screen Version of "Black Beauty." I HEAR that the screen version of "Black Beauty," known and loved for forty years in every part of the world where books are read, is all the book was, and more. Every incident of the story has been told, with our own eyes or two.

The story has not been changed. But in the book, you remember, Black Beauty knew only what was going on outside the house, and what he actually saw, or what he was told. The scenes that have been added show what happened when Black Beauty was not present.

Correcting an Error.

IN a recent issue of the Picture Show, a photograph appeared of Gwynn Stratford, who is appearing in the screen version of "A Rank Outsider." This film was inadvertently attributed to the Stoll Film Co. "A Rank Outsider" is a Broadway film in which Casanova Carra plays the lead, supported by John Gilbein, and Gwynn Stratford.

For the Screen.

JAMES MASON, who plays the villain in the Pathé film, "The Sage Hon," does his best to make Gladys Brockwell miserable, has for the first time in history, cinematograph, or otherwise, attempted to go over the Yocemite Falls in a boat.

The drop was about one hundred and thirty-five feet, but it was possible for an expert diver and swimmer to do it. I heard that twenty men, all expert swimmers, were told to double for the villain and do the stunt.

In this play, Wallace Macdonald is the hero.

A Real Difficulty.

ROWLAND MILES, already well known as a screen actor, having played in Edwin M. Dill's "Bars of Iron," and Rita's "My Lord Concert," is now at work on Olive Wadley's novel, "Fleasy." This is his most trying part, because in this, as the hero, he has the role of a young man, a victim of the drug habit, who, in order to become worthy of the girl he loves, struggles against it. It is in the early part of the story the difficulty arises, for as a cocaine fiend, he has to look the part, and he has not the remotest idea of the effects of the drug. But Mr. Miles is consulting a doctor to put him right.

Alma Taylor's Charm.

THE Role of Helen, in "Helen of the Four Gates," just released, gives Alma Taylor a tremendous opportunity for displaying her versatility. Helen is certainly one of the finest women's parts from an emotional point of view yet seen on the screen. Alma Taylor, the famous leading lady of Hepworth picture plays, has been acting for the films since she was a child of eleven. This is possibly one of the reasons that she does not betray the least sign of self-consciousness before the eye of the camera. She is perfectly natural.

Fay Filmer.

FROM "OVER THERE." Notes and News From New York.

Wedding bells, orange blossom and romance are in the air. Pretty little Doris Lee, the brown-eyed child who first came into fame as Charles Ray's leading lady, is now to marry Wallace Mac- Donald. Doris, who has been told that she didn't mean to let word of her secret leak out, but when a girl has a new diamond ring, and cannot resist the desire to wear it, what is shh to do? Doris wore it, and after much questioning on the part of interested friends, she shingly shushed them into a wedding with bridesmaids, bridal veil and Loeburgin's far-famed wedding march.

For most readers who may not recall Doris, she is the little girl with the fluffy hair and great dark eyes who played opposite Charles Ray in all his earlier successes. Later she was made a co-star with Douglas MacLean in "Twenty-Three and One Half Hours," and other special plays made by Thomas H. Ince. I believe she was originally called Doris Lee. Every lady has a right to change her name at least one or two in the motion picture business who do not take advantage of this opportunity and try a name or two before a definite selection is made.

Theda Bara Sick.

The Blue Flame" has had to temporarily copyrighted the star, Theda Bara, cut the verge of a nervous breakdown, has been ordered to take a complete rest away from the public. She is being attended by critics, the box-office receipts have been so heavy the Woods offices are in dearth over Miss Bara's need for a rest. In every town she has played to capacity houses. As one man said after seeing her: "Everyone is willing to try anything once.

June Elvidge in Vaudeville.

I HAPPENED to see June Elvidge at the Rita a few weeks ago looking particularly happy and fit. I asked her why the smile, and she said she had a new vaudeville contract that appealed to her as being one of the best things that have come her way in some time. She is playing the Orpheus circuit, which in America is the big time for vaudeville artists, in a sketch called "The Crystal Gazer." From reports from New Orleans she said the south took due to its heart en masse and she received a reception such as is seldom accorded any player.

To Make "Wedding Bells." All of Constance Talmadge's friends are laughing over the title of her next picture. "Wedding Bells" if you please, adapted for her from a play that had a highly successful New York run last year.

Billie Burke Don't Mind Acting.

IN America the motion picture stars are having a sad time. At least a dozen of them, whose names I need not mention, are dying to vote in the coming presidential election, but find it impossible to do so because they have told the world that they are not eighteen. One must be twenty-one in order to be permitted to register at the primaries. Billie Burke, not being one who cares an iota about age, walked boldly to the primaries, deciding to do her best for the cause.

"And now, Miss Burke, I shall have to ask you one question," said the clerk, flushing with embarrassment. "You are supposed—at least it is required, that is the law—will you please tell me your age?"

"Certainly," she replied briskly. "I am over twenty-one, but I'm under twenty-one," he answered gallantly.

"Well, you certainly don't look it." And now Miss Burke is hearing why all the women are making such a fuss over voting.

"The clerks are so polite," she said, "I didn't in the least mind telling my age."

Louella Parsons.

Bobby Clark, the clever boy actor, who has been on the films since the age of three, is just six years old. You can see him now with CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG in the stage play "Youth." Bobby has made a stage success with Mr. GODFREY TARRIE in "Carnival," when that play was produced in America. Bobby is now touring America with William Hodge, a well-known American actor, in a new play entitled "The Guest of Honour," and has received much praise in the newspapers for his clever acting. One paper said: "Allerton last night saw a wonderful child actor. The lines given this toddler are difficult, and develop many of the finest situations of the play. The child, however, came up to every exacting requirement of what is actually the keystone role of the play. Bobby is English. His father is a native of Leeds. Little Betty Clark, Bobby's mother, aged four, has also appeared on the screen.
THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Helen of Four Gates." Alma Taylor. (Paramount.)

"Black Shadows." Peggy Hyland. (Fox.)

"Nothing But Lies." Taylor Holmes. (F. B. O.)

"His Official Fiancee." Vivian Martin. (Paramount.)

"Alarm Clock Andy." Charles Ray. (Paramount-Aircraft.)

"The Lonely Woman." Belle Bennett. (Western Import.)

"Only Her Husband." Telva Kaspay. (L. F. T.)

"At the Mercy of Tiberius." (Samuelson.)

"At the Villa Rose." Manora Threw. (Stoll.)

"The House on the Marsh." Cecil Humphreys and Peggy Patterson. (Jury.)

"Yes or No." Norma Talmadge. (First National.)

"Build Thy House." Henry Ainley. (Ideal.)

WONDER how many "Picture Show" readers know that part of Lancashire that joins on to Yorkshire? The psychic atmosphere of those two adjoining counties goes a long way to solve the riddle of the Brontes and their wonderful books. Cecil Hepworth, the famous producer and pioneer of British films, told me the other morning when we were discussing "Helen of the Four Gates," which deals with life in the Bronte district. "It was written by an almost illiterate mill-girl, so I am to do," said Mr. Hepworth.

Dwellers in Lonely Houses.

S. Mrs. Gaskell's life of Charlotte Bronte the following phrase throws an illuminating light on the characters depicted in "Helen of the Four Gates": "Still there are those remaining in this class—dwellers in the lonely houses far away in the upland districts—men at the present day who sufficiently indicate what strange eccentricity—what wild strength of will—what unatual power of crime was fostered by a mode of living in which a man seldom met his fellows, and whose public opinion was only a distant and inarticulate echo of some clearer voice sounding behind the sweeping horizon."

Mr. Hepworth added that he believed pictures helped to make people understand their neighbours better. They were often stranger although living just across the border, strangers in customs, thoughts, and ideas.

Lovers of Real Life Stories

WILL be fascinated by Cecil Hepworth's fine production. The scenery is wild, beautiful, desolate, also there are enchanting glimpses of verdant pastureage.

THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The hero, George Dewhurst, who plays Abel, is not the conventional "pretty, pretty" type. He is a strong, rough man who wins the heart of the wild but bewitching Helen. Alma Taylor, as Helen, is seen at her best—beneath the joyous temperament and adoration of nature. There is also that sweet feminine alinement that chains Martin to her.

Cecil Hepworth's Production

Of the story "Helen of the Four Gates," by Mrs. E. Hollandsworth, may easily be called one of the greatest Hepworth films yet released. Abel Mason, played by James Carew, is a realistic piece of work—almost terrifying in its grim realism.

"YES OR NO." is a problem drama in which Norma Talmadge plays two distinct roles—the wife of a rich man who neglects her, and the wife of a poor engineer who is absorbed in his work.

"BUILD THY HOUSE." is a British production of the 1320 prize film story, with Henry Ainley as a labour champion. There is a big surprise in this play, and unlookers are kept expectant all the way through.

"THE HOUSE ON THE MARSH." is a mystery tale in which the secret is not divulged until the end. It is the picturisation of Florence Warden's well-known novel, and is interpreted by a cast of first-class British players.

WE see Peggy Hyland again in "At the Mercy of Tiberius," a mystery story in which a girl is accused of being the cause of the death of her grandfather. She is shielding her brother, and this leads her to prison. The prosecuting attorney, whom she likes to Tiberius, the cruel Roman tyrant, is resolved to prove her innocence after resigning from his post. He not only does this, but finds her brother and also makes her his wife.

A MAKE-BELIEVE engagement "for business reasons," which ended seriously but happily, is the theme of "His Official Fiancee." Vivian Martin in an appealing role as a stenographer who is asked by her stern employer to pose as his fiancée for a sum of money. Her brother being "hard up," she consents, and, of course, this leads to all manner of complications.

"AT THE VILLA ROSE." is the film version of A. E. W. Mason's play produced at the Strand Theatre. The story is thrilling and mysterious.
BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TODAY.

The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

Read This First.

A

x old vagabond with his violin and a young boy of about twelve are tramping along a

footpath, as they come to a garden. Before the two "gentlemen of the road," enter, a

boorish peasant approaches in a cloud of dust. He stops at the garden gate, and says he is on his

way to warn Master Alfred that Master Silas has landed in England with Lady Rowena, and that they

are on their way to the Hall.

"I have come to stop the doings at the Hall! 'Tis dice and cards and wine, day and night!" said the host of The Old Punch Bowl.

Half-a-dozen men are gathered in the oak room at The Lamb, all round a table upon which a

pan of cards is in progress.

One man only stands apart, watching the players. This is Alfred Truscott, the realist, who is called "the Lamb." He is watching two men quietly—the first, Sir Martin Trever, handsome and distinguished, with the expression of the inveterate gambler, and the other a mere ordinary gambler, of a drunken and vicious, and undisciplined nature.

Young Usslewater at length refuses to play longer, and impatiently places Sir Martin Trever is not in drinking.

The Lamb refuses to play longer, and says he is on his way to warn Master Alfred that Master Silas has landed in England with Lady Rowena, and that they are on their way to the Hall.

"I have come to stop the doings at the Hall! 'Tis dice and cards and wine, day and night!" said the host of The Old Punch Bowl.

Maiden Fancies.

The Lady Rowena retired to rest, but could not sleep. She rose late and for the rest of the day she was strangely pre-occupied. She did not look after her father, and was so silent and quiet that there was a secret fear in the servants. They could not forget even for a moment that scene in the field of the stunted oaks. She saw every detail of it as in a picture, and it was to be almost real. She saw it as it began in grim tragedy and as it ended in roaring farce.

But, most vivid of all was the face of Alfred Truscott, now hard, stern, and resolute, now breaking into joyous laughter.

"What does he think of us?" she asked, "I mean of us all." Alone in her room, she stared at the window and thought of Silas Trevar, and then she turned her thoughts to the Duc de Maubon, and then she turned her thoughts to the Duc de Maubon, and then she turned her thoughts to the Duc de Maubon, and then she turned her thoughts to the Duc de Maubon, and then she turned her thoughts to the Duc de Maubon.

A. E. COLEY as Punch Murphy.

Punch Murphy's Tavern.

On leaving the field of honour Alfred Truscott and his two friends took to the open road. Prinns was anxious to reach a town some fifteen miles away, where he had heard there to be gay doings in connection with a wedding.

"Tis a wedding of the quality," he explained. "An entire town of gentlefolk, and I'll go hard if I do not reap a silver harvest with the aid of my old friend here.

As he spoke he tapped his violin significantly. In high spirits, therefore, the three set forth. They went through the village, past the Old Punch, and the Old Punch, and the Old Punch.

They did not halt till close on noon, when Alfred suddenly flung himself down in the shadow of a hedge and declared his intention of resting a while.

Nothing bad, the others seated themselves by the roadside. During the last mile or two Alfred had become

(continued on page 9)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF BEBE DANIELS

BEBE DANIELS

Who Made Her Debut on the Stage When Ten Weeks Old

BEBE DANIELS says that the secret of her success was having a Spanish mother and a Scotch father.

For her temperament combines the warmth and poetry of the Latin race, together with the persistence and doggedness of the Scotch.

She was just ten weeks old when she first made her début on the speaking stage, in a play in which her mother was taking part.

When four years old she was playing in Shakespearean repertoire in New York.

From New York she went to Los Angeles, and having once appeared before the camera in a screen play, she has lived in the great film colony ever since.

Her Screen Career.

A few months ago Bebe Daniels first began her screen career in comedy, until she was discovered by Cecil De Mille, and given a part in the film version of "The Admirable Crichton."

Since then she has appeared in a number of pictures, including, "Why Change Your Wife?", "The Fourteenth Man", "Everywoman", and in "The Danein Fool," a film which will be released over here the third week in May, and in which she plays opposite Wallace Reid.

Romance Rumours.

NOW Bebe Daniels is a Recluse star.

A few months ago there were many rumours that she was going to marry Harold Lloyd with whom, as you know, she played in comedy for two years.

It was said that Bebe and Harold had a sort of understanding between them.

Then suddenly Bebe realised that her career was all she cared about for a few years, so she decided not to marry.

She was only fifteen when she first met Harold.

But when that awful accident occurred that nearly caused Harold Lloyd to lose his sight, I hear she called every day to see him, and confessed to a friend that if he really did go blind, and could not work any more, she would marry him, and take care of him for the rest of his life.

Bebe's Ambition.

BEBE ought to be spoiled, for she has the distinction of being the only daughter, the only niece, and the only grandchild.

She has just taken a house in the Beverley Hills, and declares that before ever she thinks of marrying, she is going to see her mother settled in life, and for a few years really spoil her grandmother. In this house she has fitted up one room in purely Eastern fashion, and has collected some beautiful Oriental curios.

This room is very Eastern, even to the crystal.

But Bebe says that though she has often gazed into it, she has never seen her future depicted in its shadowy depths. She has original ideas on dress, and says she will let anyone pick out her dress, as long as she is allowed to choose the shoes, stockings and hats to go with the frock.

Her Accomplishments.

BEBE says if you would be well dressed, remember it is these accessories that mean so much. It is the commonest fault with women to spend hours picking out a suitable frock, and then to purchase the accessories in a few hurred minutes.

There is quite a psychology in the matter of shoes and stockings," says Bebe, "and I always buy two pairs of different pattern stockings and two pairs of shoes, likewise different, to go with each gown.

"I don't mind wearing the same frock for a demure miss part and a vamp if I can change my shoes and stockings, a plain pair of hose and shoes for the demure maiden, and filmy lace stockings and high-heeled shoes, decked with diamond buckles, to advertise me as a very 'dangerous' girl."

Bebe can do other things beside act. She is quite a clever pen-and-ink artist, and decorated her own bedroom set of ivory with painted clusters of garlands and flowers. She swims like a fish, loves to dance and ride horseback, and can ride any fashion, but confesses that she prefers the English method, though she is an expert rider Western manner.

If you want to write to her, address your letter—

BEBE DANIELS

c/o Reclart Film Co.,

409, Fifth Avenue,

New York.

(Mention the "Picture Show" to ensure an early reply.)
"The Call of the Road." (Continued from page 6.)

"'Tis very soft and easy to say," replied the boy still chuckling with delight. "But how do you see him twice a day?"

The others joined in the laughter, but Alfred was soon grave again.

"This is not the science of a piece of bread and no means of getting it. 'Tis very pleasant to travel with thee in this fashion, but if I go on what we call a country walk, I must have something to eat. A common tramp, forsooth! Then what am I?"

"I cried the old maugr in springing to his feet and assumed a comical air."

"Nay, nay, old friend," protested Alfred; "thy case is vastly different. Thou art an artist. Wherever you go you bring joy and merriment and brightness with thee. We were weary with the toil. You set the feet of lads and lasses tripping. You teach the young folks to merry and snigger at the days of their youth. Wherever you go you make a good day for me."

"Aye, aye," exclaimed. "I wonder, though, how this same night, preferably next Thursday, I'll warn you what real feasting means."

"Oh, if I were to say that the old sill bishop saw that the fight was inevitable he'd say no such thing."

"You're a very shrewd boy, though," answered Alfred. "A man's work I can do, and that I must see.

"Well, well," said the old fiddler lightly, "just look round thee as we travel on. Maybe thou wilt find what thou seest. But for the moment thou art our guest. Come, we are but half a groat's worth of Murphy's tavern. Then I'll warrant we shall find such hospitality as will speed us on our way.

After Truscott explained as he rose to his feet.

"I warrant, thou hast every decent tavern on the road. Who is this Murphy?"

"And now, as for thine old maugr's, this is my day, I'm told. But that day's long past. Now he is a professor of the noble art and gives lessons to such as will listen."

And what concerns us more, he keeps a tavern where the food is good, the liquor fair, and the company worse for being a little low."

"Alfred laughed again.

"Then by all means let us pay our respects to the worthy Punch and sample his food, his liquor, and his company," he exclaimed.

When they had proceeded rather less than half a mile to a wayside tavern standing well back from the road. It was a low-built wooden house in a bad state of repair, but as fresh as could be."

The three travellers entered the inn, and Alfred led the way into the bar.

The place had no pretensions to comfort. The walls were bare save for a couple of sporting prints and a case of stuffed fish. A crumpled newspaper was draped over the back of a wicker chair which three customers in a row, like worshippers in a pew, gazed at solemnly and without any interest in appearance. By its side and separated from it by a yard, was a much more profuse and better-smelling smithy.

The three travellers entered the inn, and Primus led the way into the bar. 

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THE STAR WHO MADE A STRANGE ENTRY INTO FILMLAND

SHIRLEY MASON, sister of Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath, commenced her career in a strange way. Mrs. Mason saw an advertisement in a New York paper for a boy to appear in a stage production. She dressed Shirley as a boy, and presented her to the stage-manager, who mistook her identity and immediately engaged her. It was several weeks before the company discovered that their "Little Hal" was a Helen.

Shirley has never appeared in pictures in any other than star roles. She was starred by Edison, later by Paramount, and now she is a Fox star.

Her hobbies are riding, swimming, and driving a car, but her greatest hobby of all is to hide herself away in the mountains.

SHIRLEY MASONrealises the charm of simplicity in dress. Could anything be more delightful than the little frock she is wearing in the photograph on the right?

SHIRLEY MASON is fond of all animals, and she and her horse are the best of pals. They have enjoyed many a scamper together.

SHIRLEY is very much of a child at heart, and is not ashamed to own that she still likes a "dolly." She certainly looks very happy in her garden hammock with a nice big "cuddly" doll.
MARJORIE HUME is glad to get away from the studio sometimes and have a spin in her car. Miss Hume first appeared on the legitimate stage, but has since joined the ranks of film players. Some of her big successes have been in "The Duchess of Seven Dials," "The Swindler," "The Great Day," and as Violet Campion, the mad girl, in Ethel M. Dell’s famous novel, "The Keeper of the Door."

MOLLY MALONE said it embarrassed her to director Al Green and the cameramen enter screen love scene when film

HARRY CAREY in a strong character role as Pierre Winton in his new picture, "Bullet Proof."

Even JANE and KATHERINE LEE have caught the there seems to be just a little hitch in the jumper of Jans and Katherine’s latest film is "Doing

WANDA HAWLEY, a Realart star, with her leading man, HARRISON FORD, in a love scene from "Food For Scandal."

You can now see Wanda Hawley as Beauty in "Everywoman" and you will soon be able to see Harrison Ford in "The Veiled Adventure."

LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS is seen singing "Sally in Our Alley," accompanied by PAULIN enjoyed the entertainment.

Even in a busy film studio there are sometimes a few minutes for recreation, and on the day this photograph play.
Cinderellas of the Screen

The time before the visit of the Fairy Godmother, who will transform a drab existence into a land of romance, to herald the approach of the Fairy Prince, as expressed by Stars of the Screen.

NID BENNETT as the stay-at-home wife in "Stepping Out."

ANN FORREST in tatters in "The Prince Chump." 

ETHEL FERGUSON in the bare kitchen "The Marriage Price."

VIVIAN MARTIN as a household drudge in "Mirandy Smiles."

LILA LEE as maid-of-all-work in "The Admirable Crichton."
TWELVE O'CLECK.

RUTH ROLAND, as a Spanish dancer, unmask at the ball.
DIGNITY
EDITH ROBERTS in a charming pose.

AND

IMPUDENCE
GLADYS WALTERS at a revel.
HER BLUSHES

DONALD CRISP AT WORK IN LONDON

so many men looking while JACK PICKFORD kissed her. So the joke and pretended to blindfold themselves for this thrilling just Out of College" at the Goldwyn studios.

They all look very thoughtful and business-like, don't they? MARY GLYNE is seated, while standing from left to right are MISS M. OWSTON-BOOTH, DONALD CRISP (the well-known screen star and director), MISS MAY HERSCHEL CLARK (who has interviewed so many film stars on behalf of the PICTURE SHOW), and PERCY STANDING. This picture was snapped for the PICTURE SHOW in the Famous Players-Lasky Studios at Islington.

WHEELER OAKMAN, who scored his successes in "Mickey" and "The Virgin of Stamboul," in which he played opposite his wife, Priscilla Dean.

This is charming MAY ALLISON'S favourite photograph of herself, and it is sure to please all our readers too.

MAY ALLISON'S favourite photograph of herself, and it is sure to please all our readers too.
Read This First.

FRANCOIS VILLON is the king of vagabonds in the time of Louis XI. I am not the poet, and one day he writes some verses to Katherine de Vaucelles, a member of a court. While in the palace grounds, he is caught by the guard, and Thibaut d’Aussigny, grand constable of France, horsecrashes on the scene. Francois vanishes him with a laugh, and Thibaut cut loose in pursuit of the fugitive. The previous evening, this comes to the King, and he orders the Fic Core in to take him. Thibaut Francois, not recognizing him, tells him who he is and that he will be dealt with severely.

Villon is then told that Katherine is outside.

The Duel.

I was a few minutes later, returning from Katherine de Vaucelles. She was heavily veiled, but she dropped it as she came to the centre of the room.

Louis started and nudged Tristan.

"Where is Thibaut?" said Katherine.

"I think he has told me, hoping that I would come to see for myself."

"It was no lie," answered Villon; "but he is a traitor."

Just then the innkeeper appeared, and found her keys missing, raised a loud outcry. Rushing to the door of the cell, he saw Katherine, terrified at the strange scene, rushed to the stairs, shielded by Villon, and while the Titan was at its height, Thibaut and Rene came in.

"You have told a lie," whispered Villon.

Thibaut pointed to Katherine's cheek.

Villon was paying no attention to Thibaut and Rene. His burning gaze was fixed on Katherine.

"Oh, this makes you believe that my love is as true as my word about Thibaut," he whispered. "Not more so than the loveliness of the old guitar seemed to shrivel away and I only saw the light of your eyes.

Katherine drew away her hand, which Villon had clutched in an impulsive grasp. At any other time the very thought of such a vagabond making love to her would have filled her with horror, but now she saw Thibaut in this devious plotting against the King, she only thought of France.

"You said you love me," she whispered.

"More than life itself. Tell me how to prove it," replies Villon passionately.

Katherine's hand trembled as she voiced the words. "Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny!"

She then turned to her servant, de Vaucelles uttered the words, "Kill Thibaut d'Aussigny!" then Villon laughed and plumed himself as front of the grand constable.

"So you come here again to plot against France, traitor," said Villon, his reflection now made a return to the King. "You insulted Thibaut, I will not tolerate you now."

As they entered, Thibaut raised himself on his side and, pointing to Villon, he said.

"This man to the nearest post! I am Thibaut d'Aussigny!" As the guards advanced to Villon. Louis stepped into the circle.

"Stay! who is commanded."

"Who are you that interferes with the King's justice?" demanded the captain of the guard.

"I am the King's justice. I am the King!" said Louis, throwing back his hood and revealing his face.

"Good lord! And I called him a noble!" gasped Villon.

"Arrest everybody here," continued the King, "and take good care of Thibaut d'Aussigny!"

"I am afraid he has passed beyond your Majesty's rule," replied Villon, pointing to the form of the grand constable, which was still afeet.

"Then bring him to the palace," ordered Louis, as the captive walked to him as had moved to the staircase on which Katherine was still standing.

"You seek your love in strange places, Lady Katherine," said Louis coldly.

"I love no man," said Villon, "I replied to the girl promptly.

"I came to this worshiped place to serve France, and, since Thibaut is dead, I think I succeeded."

"You had better come with me to this palace," said Louis, making no reference to Thibaut's treachery. And, calling Tristan, the three left the inn, escorted by the guards.

The King's Plan of Revenge.

At this time, just as Louis was thinking of sending Thibaut d'Aussigny to bed, Tristan came to him with the news that Thibaut d'Aussigny had only been shamming when he was carried out for dead, and that he had been rescued from the beer on which he fell into the grasp of the guards and had escaped to the Duke of Burgundy's camp.

The news brought a look of terror into the eyes of the Duke of Burgundy, and he knew the weakness of the city as did no other man.

The strong forces of the Duke of Burgundy behind him, it was more than probable that he would succeed in capturing Paris.

The king's brow was bowed with thought, and his eyes looked around his apartment. Suddenly he stopped and faced Tristan with a cunning smile.

"That vagabond posted enough about his death," said Louis. "A mad poet may save Paris for me, as the Maid of Orleans saved France."

And this was so that when Francois Villon wrote to find himself in a magnificent bed in a still more magnificent bedroom, by the gentlemen, a puzzled look spread o'er Villon's face as he asked himself.

"You slept heavily, monseigneur," said one of the gentlemen.

"For a man like Villon stood at him in between, then said:"

"My master, would you mind telling me exactly what I am?"

"You will be arrested and tried to look surprised as he answered:

"It pleases monseigneur to be execrated this morning, with a grave smile.

"You are Count of Montfort, an ambassador, and the new Lt. of Paris."

In another moment, he managed to make a strange position of the plotter's thought the philosopher he was, but did not allow the seeming weakness he took advantage of.

"At all events, this is better than a place in the inn."

"And at that he was out of the planing around the room. "If it be a just, I hope it will continue thus," he thought. "I have been too busy with which my dry tongue craves."

And, ahad, he said:

"I think the first thing will be to dress, since the sun's rays will not wait long."

And, hurrah, good sir! see to it that there is nothing more to our proceedings.

The gentleman-in-waiting bowed low, and, whispering some last words, set out toward the last hurled forward to conduct Villon to his bath. When he returned, he found many suits of gorgeous apparel waiting for him, and, as Villon, he submitted to be dressed.

In another moment, a meal consisting of raisins and fruit had laid in, and Villon noted with satisfaction that the wine had not been forgotten.

The gentlemen-in-waiting were about to eat with him, but noticing that his partiality for wines thus early in the morning was in harmony with their ideas of conduct suitable to one of his position, it seemed to Villon's heart.

As soon as he was alone, Villon applied himself to the wine, but even this influences him no more was capable of solving the strange puzzle of his changed identity.

Leaving to the future care of itself, he called his suite and asked if there was any pressing business he wished to attend to. Then he dismissed them and the man of his own.

"There is a note from Lady Katherine, asking for an interview," said the one to whom he last spoken earlier.

"She wishes an interview with monseigneur, I understand she wishes to plead for the life of a vagabond, named Villon, who was arrested by the king's orders last night."

Despite his sangfroid, Villon could not repress a smile as he heard his own name. Then he finished his last mouthful. and wished that the royal court was so interested in his welfare.

"I will see the Lady Katherine at once," he said and dismissed his man.

The gentleman retired, in a few minutes with the information, but Lady Katherine was waiting in her bower in the palace gardens.

It was with a heavy heart that Villon found the woman he loved so warmly pacing pensively in front of the lower, but his spirits sunk as she made him a curtsey. It was plain that she had him.

"Faith! I cannot wonder at it," thought Villon. "I did not save him from the glass."

"I am told that you wish to speak to me", she said, bowing to him. "The very first thing that you would ask something of me. May I say, fair lady, that it is already granted?"

Katherine's face blushed in the face, and again Villon saw there was not the slightest line of recognition in her eyes.

"I wish you to spare the life of one François Villon, who was arrested last night by order of the King," she said.

The poet looked at her closely, but he could not take his eyes off her for a moment.

"May I ask by any chance you have any high regard for this man whom you seek to save?" said Villon.

(Continued on page 19)
Gossip about British Players

MARJORIE VILLIS.

Violet Hopson.

I had an interesting chat with this famous star the other evening. She had had a tremendously big day at the Broadway Studios at Caifor, but she was just like a happy schoolgirl, without a thought beyond the fact that she was going to have a rare treat—an evening at the theatre.

The Romance of "Kissing Cup's Race."

WAS present at a crowded studio a few weeks ago, when Violet Hopson's latest film, "Kissing Cup's Race," was shown to an enthusiastic audience. It was during a long railway journey that she took up Campbell Rae-Brown's famous poem. It gripped her imagination, and she read on to the end.

"And the cry ran like fire up the course, sir, it's thousands on 'Sugar Cane'; the stand was crowded, 'Sugar Cane' leading, two seconds—and all would be over. Lord Rallington wins! No, no, not yet, though We're neck, sir, neck—to two strides more. I saw in a great sea of faces, A girl's face—pale, white as the dead— I cried 'For God's sake, 'Kissing Cup' now!' Twas over—we'd won by a head."

"I thought it would make a wonderful film," Violet Hopson told me. "The poem was so full of incident."

Her choice has been well justified: there isn't a dull moment in 'Kissing Cup.' It carries one along with breathless interest to the climax—where Boon Doon, played by Joa Piaa, the famous English flat race jockey, rides the most exciting race ever screened. I'll let you know when it's released.

The Charm of Racing Pictures.

HE lead, Constance Medley, is played by Violet Hopson. It is a part that suits her admirably, and she is a very beautiful figure, with powdered hair and silken gown.

"I like racing stories," she told me. "They are so exhilarating, and there is riding and walking, and plenty of outdoor exercise—and, of course, the horses, which I love. The whole atmosphere is good and refreshing. I never feel tired at the end of a racing picture.

A Famous Producer and a Big Romance.

On this page you will see Mr. Walter West, the producer of "Kissing Cup's Race," and numerous other films. It was only about ten years ago that he became enamoured of the screen. The infatuation started by going to the cinema.

"And within an hour," said he, "I was so astounded at the possibilities of the film trade that I decided to move heaven and earth to get into it. I began at the bottom, visiting cinemas as a travelling for a renting house."

"Where There's a Will—"

WANTED to produce," Mr. West told me, "and after some experience of the trade I met my present partner. We took a third-floor office in Dumen Street—just one room—where I wrote, produced, and acted in my own films. We did several short films, meeting with fair success. I wrote a story and produced it called 'A Bold Adventure.' We enlarged our business and took a six-room flat in Wardour Street, and just when all was going well the war came, but we managed to weather the storm."

Flying and the Screen.

IN the early days of the war cadets were taught the art of flying in classes of twenty-five. Later Mr. West produced special films for them, showing each particular part of the aero-plane, and the students in flight. Eventually, by aid of the screen, instead of a class of twenty-five, it was possible to hold classes of 2000. Lots of the boys were conservative at first, and did not realise that the screen could be of such service.

Mr. West has a feeling that the screen should be used more than it is for educational purposes. Children would grasp details, he believes, without realising that they were being taught.

"The British film is still making a tremendous advance," Mr. West told me. "Not so very long ago it was a job to find an English film exhibition, and now—Well, we all know how British films are going ahead, don't we?"

Marjorie Villis is not one bit superstitious, and often wears a very beautiful opal pendant. Not long ago, however, I tried to hypnotise her, and I was successful.
Not even a flush mantled the girl's cheek as she replied decidedly:

"The man is nothing to me. I merely ask elementary help in a case; it was I who urged him to kill your 17th deserter, who was a traitor to France!"

"A liar!" said Villon slowly. "If I had stood in this raider's shoes, I, too, would willingly have embraced death to serve you. Fear not, he shall not go free. But tell me what other thing I may do to win your favour?"

"Help to save France, monseigneur," replied Katherine, as she made him a low curtsy and left him.

Feeling very distressed that Katherine's interest in him was only that which a lady of rank might feel for a servant who had served her well, Villon walked moody back to his apartments.

On the way he thought across the kingdom, taking a constitutional in the gardens.

There was a malicious smile on the face of Louis as he looked at the departing figure. "By my crown, your habitations become you well; you know what is in the wind."

"Since your Majesty has put me in the wrong, it is my business to show you why a poor poet has so honoured," said Villon.

Another mocking smile played about the toady face of the king.

"It was just an idea of mine—a joke! I have made you grand constable of France for a week."

"A week, sire!" exclaimed Villon, utterly bewildered.

"Yes, seven glorious days in which you will have the same power almost as myself. Think of it! Seven but days, during which time you can do what you pleased. I should have you soasted you would do in your poem. I couldn't make you king, but you must admit I gave you the next best thing."

"At least, I served your Majesty in the Fire Corn Inn," said Villon.

"Aye, and slandered me, too," retorted Louis. "If you had as many tricks as there are lines to your turrious verse I should be justified in stretching every one on the gibbet!"

Villon made no reply.

"Every man now has heard the best of the joke yet," went on Louis. "This week you will build a cabct, and your last order as grand constable will be to place this Master Villon to be hanged."

"You have an excellent taste for giving a man a good read off, sir," said Villon, bowing low.

"But there is one clause for you," said Louis. "It directs the seven years you serve Lady Katherine, for wife, you shall escape the gallows."

Again Villon bowed low.

"The Majesty gives me seven days in paradise before I leave the earth," he said. "But since I have been forced to do something for France as well as woo the fair Lady Katherine."

The king, annoyed that he had not been able to frighten the poet, gave a curt gesture of dismissal.

One can do a lot in seven days," thought Villon; and he continued on his way to his apartments.

**Man at Court.**

In the meantime the Ambassador and the Duke of Burgundy had not been idle. Reports reached the palace that the duke's army was daily becoming stronger and was already muskering at the gates of Paris.

On the 1st day of Villon's new role, Rene came as a messenger from the duke's camp to Louis, delivering the surrender of the city.

"And if we refuse," said Louis, aEventArgs pulling short in his twilit face.

"Then there is nothing gold to be paid, and for yourself no hope of pardon," said Rene, insolently.

"With this how much knowledge of your defence we cannot fail.

The eyes of all the courtiers were turned to the king, but he, instead of ordering the herald away, covered in his seat like the loamy Villon had called him.

Katherine, her diamanth shining on her face, bent her good and whispered something in his ear.

The king motioned, and turned to Villon:

"You are my councillor, Grand Constable. What do you advise?"

Villon stood erect, and facing Rene with a disdainful eye, he cried:

"Tell your master that we bid him defiance!"

Then turning he bounded away.

"God and St. Denis for the King of France!"

The tread of a heavy dancer he heard from the court, as Rene wheeled and left the courtyard.

"What will it mean?" he moaned, as he rose and plucked a trembling hand on Katherine's arm.

"It means that a man has come to court, sire!" said the girl, with a flush of pride on her face, as she led the new arrival.

On the evening of the sixth day, Villon sought the king.

"I have laid my plan, sire, and I think I can promise you victory. I have arranged to lure the Burgundian to his death, and on the morrow Villon will march as a Peasant.

Once they ride into the trap, we shall give them, and when they are in it the rest is easy."

"You promise much," said Louis, moodily, but he knew it could have been better had he come to terms with the duke."

(Continued on page 21.)

**ROULAND knows the value of well-fitting footwear.**

THE very first shoe a lady wears should be as carefully chosen as in later life. No one, no matter how costly the footwear may be, should ever forsake for a moment the cause of foot comfort. There is not too tight or too loose; in a word, nothing spoils one's whole appearance more than badly fitted, ill-kept footwear.

Naturally, light colours in footwear increase the apparent size of the feet, while dark colours conceal the reprise, yet no matter how large the foot or shoe, it can be made attractive by being of a proper shape and fit.

**Instruments for Chiropody.**

**HAVE been truly fortunate in never having had to consult a chiropodist, yet on inquir"
PRAISE FOR NORMA AND MARY

From Marie Wright, Star of Stage and Screen

"Testimony."  
So very sorry you have had this trouble," apologised the lady in question.  
"Now at down there—in that comely chair, and let me know just what you want to ask me.  
You'll have to excuse my dressing as we talk, but it's just one rush between one performance and another!"  
And with that she busied herself at the dressing-table.

"Well, then," I said, coming to the point at once, "you've appeared in some films, haven't you, Miss Wright? 'Testimony,' for one?"

"Oh, yes," she replied brightly, as if I had hit on a subject of real interest to her.  "I was the little old maid, who, you may remember, was so sympathetic with the girl. There was much more of her in the book, really—the role in the film was quite a small one. The picture was adapted by Guy Newall from Alice and Claude Ackow's novel, you know. Produced by Mr. Newall, too, for George Clark Productions. Mary Ronke, who played Rachel Lyons, was simply splendid in it."

Out into the cold night air—

after the close warm atmosphere of the cinema, is apt, like all sudden changes, to result in a "thing that one British picture in particular, "The Laurels of Crouching Water," had struck her as specially fine.

A Baffling Personality.

I suppose it was inevitable that mentally I should contrast Marie Wright with her sister Haidee, with whom an interview has already appeared in these pages. And it is a contrast, though I found one or two points of similarity. Marie Wright speaks very rapidly, on a somewhat high note, and her personality is like her voice—bright, alert; very alert. She has not that sort of brooding tragedy underlying her sister's personality, but she possesses the same nervous energy, the same spirit—a fact that amounts to reticence and, I should imagine, the same tremendous determination. Baffling, intriguing personalities, both of them—delightful to meet, the dickens to interview!

Miss Wright, however, made one or two little confessions. She said she " adored " American films, but preferred seeing a stage play to any motion picture, and that she disliked the early rising entailed by screen work. She was decidedly chauvinistic on the subject of her film favourites, remarking that she liked " so many screen stars. " A little pressure on my part, however, elicited the information that she had a certain weakness for Violet Hopson, Norma Talmadge, and Mary Pickford.

"Miss Talmadge and Miss Pickford are more than clever, they are brilliant!" she remarked.  
Seeing that by this time Miss Wright was ready to don her hat and coat, I gracefully—as least, I hope it was gracefully—took my departure.

"And shall we see you in some more pictures?" I asked, as we shook hands.

"Well, I have no plans at the moment," replied Miss Wright, "but I am quite willing to do further work for the screen."

—May Herschel Clarke.
In the lift with LIFEBOUY—there is less danger of infection because this wonderful antiseptic soap places a tiny sentinel of health in every pore of the skin washed with it.

You are in the lift for perhaps two minutes; during that time you breathe an atmosphere laden with disease-bringing microbes. You cannot avoid the crowd but you can easily avoid infection—ask your grocer for Lifebuoy Soap. Use it at home—in the bathroom and kitchen; in the office or workshop. Wash with Lifebuoy morning and night—there's health in its fresh carbolic odour.
Villon averted his head to hide the look of contempt on his face. The king was not fighting for, but there was France to consider.

"Have no fear, sir, all will be well," he said, as he took his departure.

"This is a good sign," said Louis, slyly.

"You have but one day to make good with the Lady Katherine. If you fail, you shall dangle from the gibbet in these grounds." It was of Katherine Villon that he was thinking as he went away, for he was not going in the garden, and she smiled as she saw him.

"How about the Philibert du Quesnay?" she asked.

"Well," replied Villon. "I have mused about it. That to-night the king holds revels in the palace to give Burgundy the idea that we are unprepared. The revels will be held, but the fighting men will soon retire. To-night we ride to strike a blow for France."

"Would that I might ride with you!" said Katherine.

Villon drew near, and looked into her eyes.

"It was on this very spot where you begged for the love of the poet Villon," he said softly. Katherine turned away suddenly. There was a flush of anger on her face.

"I know how you mention that vagabond's name when I was speaking of you," she exclaimed.

"There was something in her tone that made Villon cease speaking.

"If I were sure of dying to-morrow, I would tell you that I loved you," he whispered.

Katherine avowed something but last before he had seen a tender look in her eyes.

And then Villon knew that if she had no love for Villon, she would be as good as she was ugly.

He kissed her hand, though he knew he could have had her lips for the asking, but that strain of chivalry in his nature would not permit him to do so under a name to which he had no right. The next moment he had gone.

The Sacrifice for Love.

A couple of hours later, when Villon was visited with his luck, he started for the house of an astrologer who would speak with Louis.

The summon was urgent, and the king said, go, when Villon whispered something to him.

Two hours Later, he will meet him by the east fountain in a few moments," said the king.

"But this is a long ride through the palace. As he noticed the fountain a certain girl.

"Huguetta!" gasped Villon. You Francois!" "Alive!" stammered the girl. "Rene told you we were dead, and because of that he perished the Cocksheds to join Burgundy. Listen! Thibaut, in the disguise of an astrologer, seats in the garden near the king. He intends to assassinate him. There are others to help him. Join us, Francois. Louis is not worth a good man's life. Louis is the last of the kings. The king will see Thibaut presently."

The girl ran to tell Thibaut, and Villon, returning to the palace, borrowed Louis's hat and cloak. With great haste he sought to unmask the king. Villon approached Thibaut's hiding-place.

As the king's eyes opened, he saw him in the clodked figure, and gripped him by the throat.

"To-night you shall bend the knee to Burgundy, Louis today," said Villon.

"Villon!" cried Thibaut.

Two hours later, the two were engaged in deadly combat.

At the crotch of steel Thibaut's men leapt out, and one, attacking Villon from behind, would have slain him, but not Huguetta stopped the blade with her heart to the ground, as Villon ran Thibaut through the heart.

The king's guardsmen ran up, and quickly Thibaut's men were killed or taken prisoners.

"You have killed Thibaut," said Francois.

One glance showed she had not many minutes to live.

"Send hither, Francois," she whispered. "Many men have loved me, but you alone had my heart. Give me you!!"

Villon bent and kissed the girl.

A great light shone in her eyes as she looked into his face. She made an effort to clasp him in her arms, but Villon said, "It is too late."

Tenderly Villon placed her on his cloak, and rising, saw Louis looking at him with a maddened air.

"You seem to take a great interest in such a woman," said Louis.

Villon bit his lips to keep back the angry retort. "It is my last moment, Your Highness!"

She saved my life and your throne-tight!" he said, whispering to the king's private bodyguard.

Louis started.

"I would I could grant you your life, but that rests with the king."

"Perhaps France will have asked for my life before to-morrow," he replied. "For me, I am ready for the burnings of Huguetta."

Two hours later, Villon, at the head of the king's forces, went out to do battle with the Duke of Burgundy.

Towards noon the following day, news was brought to Louis that Villon had been killed. Louis rode swiftly, and Burgundy's army was routed.

"I was looked up. War is known by the eye to-morrow to-day!" said Francois.

"Does love count for nothing? Then?" whispered Villon.

"I exclaimed Katherine bitterly. Do not shame the word! You stole my love under a false name, like a thief!"

Villon bowed and turned to the people in the court-yard.

"It is my last act as Grand Constable of France to declare the life of Francois Villon forfeited," he said. The fact that I saved the life of Villon does not alter the question."}

"My name, person, and a tyrant. I will spare Villon if anyone will take his life for me."

A sadistic smile passed over his face as not a man moved. "You see there is a limit to adoration, Master Villon," he sneered.

"But I do not care to reject the poet quickly. "I desire no man to hang in my place."

But as he moved towards the gibbet, Katherine sprang to his feet. "Katherine," she cried, "in my place, sire, for I love him more than life!"

"Never!" solemnly promised the little lady.

"To be continued next week."

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Third of This Series which Deals with the Love Story of Marguerite Clark and Lieut. L. Palmerston Williams

BY LOUIE PARSONS

MARGUERITE CLARK and her husband, Lt. H. PALMERSTON WILLIAMS.

I n all Marguerite Clark's career, in her stage and screen success, and in her choice of a partner, she has known a fair share of happiness. A girl of eighteen when her father and mother passed on, leaving her a part of their heritage a small cottage, she was raised in the world. The Cranes were people of money, they belonged to one of the old noble families of the kingdom. The young Marguerite turned to poetry and art, and a prosperous banker, her children grew up in the lap of luxury with every whim gratified.

A Splendid Sister.

SUDDENLY, without any warning, this was all taken away, the beautiful home, the horses and carriages, and servants. The girl Cora faced a great responsibility. She had to meet the world with very little money and a child who was not old enough for her to think for herself. Marguerite even then, was an un-usual child. She was fair, she was charming, and she had beauty. These were the assets which Cora realized were valuable. She learned that as a poet she could write. The best teachers were available, and after day after day, painstaking effort was spent on the little girl. W. A. MacGregor, Cora knew had a brilliant future.

Marguerite, child-like, was impatient. She wanted to play. But Cora was firm, explaining just how important all these lessons were going to be some day. The little tot adored her sister, and as she has often said since, she worked, not because she wanted to, but because Cora asked it. Then one day came her chance to dance on the stage, and from that moment she has steadily risen to the ladder of fame.

Now, this story isn't about Cora. It is about Marguerite's life and how she found the one man in the world. Perhaps we should say how she found the man in the world which she found her. In the beginning, we said Cora's influence was instrumental in helping Marguerite make the final decision, but only as much as her sheltering care and love. Cora is still away from her small sister.

Cupid at Work.

MARGUERITE had almost taken the oath to remain a spinster, and let her love for the most handsome young officer in uniform make her change her mind. It was the war that acted as a background to the story of a beautiful young woman, Dan Cupid. Because of her exceeding popularity with the public, little Miss Clark was known as the "siren of Liberty Loan Drive." She made a tour from coast to coast at the request of the United States Government. And her and her gracious personality won many dollars from the public.

In each city Miss Clark was fairly mobbed by great crowds who trailed her from one shop to another, and from office to office and back again to the hotel. She had the championship and tender care of her sister Cora, who saw that she had a heavy enough coat that she was not unduly fatigued, and that no undesirable folk reached her at the hotel. About this time there was a great deal of good-natured rivalry over which Miss Marguerite was the most popular officer of the army.
DEATH-DEFYING STUNTS.

Sensation is generated by a mild or nerve-racking kind, is a part of life. In due proportion on the feelings of the spectators, the effect of the telling tale of a story, and for that reason it would not do to show anything from the stesso. But there is no limit beyond which the producer should not step. For even-bearing in mind the fact that exaggeration of a sort is essential to hold the grans and the life is too sacred a thing to be lethally held for the calculation of the audience.

Yet too many of the stunts performed for the average serial are accompanied by indefinite risks for those who do them. Only occasionally when an artist receives injuries does the public hear the news, but more often it doesn't. It is only when a fatality occurs, such as in the unfortunate case of Lieut. Lockheart, that the public awakens to the realization of the extremity to which sensation is being carried. Here, for instance, is a list of some of the feats which Charles Hutchison had to perform for a new serial: A jump from one motor-car to another while both were travelling at high speed; a jump across a wide ravine on a motorcycle; a jump from a falling tower into a tree; a hand-on-hand clinch on a burning train stretched across a deep cut in the rocks; and an ascent, human-by-human, of a twelve-story building.

Viewing these and other similar dare-devil stunts on the screen after they have been successfully performed often strikes some minds as very dreadful. But the tremodous risks that are run during their actual performance are considerations that lightly to be thrown away. That the public admires the splendid courage with which they are performed is well known. But I do not believe it desires to see their lives risked merely for the entertainment of others.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped self-addressed envelope will be paid for any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), and no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Road, London, E.C. 4.

"HORSEPLAY." (Folkestone).—Don't go doing anything so desperate, young lady, as to telecast the jolly old picture show, for then you will risk something about Violet Hopson from time to time. And, do you know that she chats about trills and forlorn every week in the "Girls' Gossip." But how can I tell you whether she has spent any of her holiday in Folkestone, or is ever likely to? Maybe, she will drop in and have tea with you when she does.

"THE WISE." (Morley).—No, Jeanitza Hansen is very much alive, please tell Home Raimer. Myrna Loyellg is the star in "Holy Orders," and "Theions." Come to me whenever you get a thirst for knowledge, and I will try to quench it.

"OLIVE." (Leicester).—Your American acquaintance must surely be thinking of someone else. Dick Nettles has never had her hair bobbed. You were right in saying it was dollars.

"F.A.H. (Barnes).—Clarise Smythe, who appeared in "The Idol Dancer," was in May last year at the result of an operation. She was born in Brooklyn, New York.

"M.J. (Plymouth).—I have at last plucked up courage to write to you, bite me in the eye some time in a day that I feel I'd like to meet the inventor of that classic phrase. I think it's time he started something fresh. Sorry I cannot enlighten you for the publication which, as you say, has "gone west." I'm afraid the entire story.

"THE Picture Show is very pleasing.

"E.E.W. (Midhurst).—We had a good many blank seats last night at the premiere for starting in the issue for January 22nd, under "Film Faults," that when New Year's Eve they left her clock behind in the Milford palace she was seen with the clock the next morning, although apparently they had not been picked up. As a matter of fact, one of her captives followed her with the clock, so there was no going back in the film, and I, W., to say "Thank you." (Upper Quinton).—You're a brick to advertise another show! I will shower blessings on your fair head. Here are a couple of "Owen" notes of films, "The Other Miss Blossom," "Milestones," " chick," "The Man Who Won," "the Sudden All." In "The Wolves of the Night," W.F. (Southwark).—There was Bruce Andrews, Louise Lovely (Isobel Holland), Lamar (Alan Broadbent), Clive (Charles Mortimer), Charles Clary (Edmund Rawle), Al Fremont (Garon), B. Raymond Nye (Alan), Steve Clark Ward (Mrs. Benson), and Irene Riehl (Eueda).—My thanks to you also for those new readers. Sorry I do not know of any artists who collect postage stamps, but they get a lot and throw all the same on the letters of fervent admirers. Eulalie Mackey was the leading actress in "The Tarzan of the Apes," and she will be twenty-five this year.

"Rosette." (London).—You have heard that Roscoe Arbuckle has been dead for over two years. Well, I might tell you that a very substantial ghost of him appeared in London a short time ago, and created a weighty impression before departing for America. Ethel Duquesne was opposite Gerald Ames in "All's Button." Leslie Henson was Mr. Lees, and Alun Taylor was Lisl, his donkey. Do you mean Arnold Daly in "The Perils of Pauline?" It was shown rather a long time ago.

"Leslie Cary."—Your view of who should not wept my nerves at all. I get worse shocks than that every day. But if the actors you named were to marry the actresses of your choice, there would be trouble in at least eight peaceful homes. For these eighteen are already wedded to other partners, and only two of the gentlemen are "fairies." Thomas Cattlin was "Jamie," in the Fox picture of that name. James Knight, the British artists plays for Harma. Now, none of the others have any children.

"PEZZLZED OX." (Manchester).—And you can put down the last letter of his name. I cannot say all he did in M. Mary Rockefeller is silent.

"SNOWFLAKE." (Norwich).—Pretty non-de- luxe, to be sure. None, Violet Hopson's husband is not on the film. May that rest at rest those anxious spirits who have kept up the rumors as to whether is Stewart Roque. Gerald Farren was born on February 25th, 1863. I like old-fashioned pictures, too.

"D.D. (Arden) and P.D. (Southwark).—Julian Fellowes and Master Robey have not as yet discovered the particular information you both require. C. C. T. (Glasgow).—Sheila Lewis was born in 1876, and has played a dual role in "The Exploits of Elaine" as "Perry Bennett" and "The Oldest Daughter." Have you heard of the former? I will find out about Ralph Kollard.

"B. H. (Guildford).—Edgar Polo, oh Oh, that's too dimmish ! Let's stick to Riddles. He is married to Pearl Grant, and must be about forty, if not more. "James Clary's head in "The Circus King." No: the other actress is not married.

(More answers on page 23.)
Answers to Correspondents (Continued from page 22).

P.M.G. (Wanstead)—Parke Woodbum was born on March 2nd, 1888, in Maker, He has brown hair and hazel eyes, and five years ago published: "The Deserter," and "The Mystery of Mr. Bernard Brown.

G.M.T. (Cardiff)—For a woman, young and single, who does not want to lose your friends are or whether they are married or single, you are a friend. Anyway, you can write a clear and sensible letter, so I will forgive you its length. In answer to your first question, I hope to receive the information later. "The Admirable Crichton," and "The Mirror Man," are two new films of Thomas Mighan. The first was released last month. "The Virginia" was a Dustin Farnum picture.

H.R. (Nottingham)—I have not heard of any film dealing with the subject yet mentioned.

"Eyes" (Pennsylvania)—I never saw you, you know. Not when anybody is borrowing, at any rate. It's that your real Christian name you have got something original. I don't know why other of his readers are not more curious. If you mean the original Billy West, his real name is Roy B. Welber, and he was born somewhere in Russia. I cannot say what he is doing at present. If you want to have a better opinion of him, you ought to see "The Call of the Road," "All's Button," and "The Great Gay Follies," to mention only three of his best films.

VOROS (Debrecen)—I can tell you like James Knight very much. I am not blaming you, of course. I expect he likes girls, but not much. Valli, you have lose. Some things you have require courage to find out, and this is one of them. His birthday is on May 15th, when he will have reached the age of thirty. He has brown hair, was born in Budapest, and now resides at 51, 10th Street.

"North" (Rotterdam)—So you have turned up again in a harem of rest, I hope that you feel refreshed. Virginia Pearson and Sheldon Lewis were the leads in "The Bishop's Enthral." The second film must be an old one. Hubert Roland took the part of Belle Boyd in "The Tiger's Tail," but about the other part, I am afraid I cannot say. Cale Henry was in a woman's part, and she is, in fact, the wife of Bruce Bevior.

I.P. (Dewsbury), J.J. (London, S.W.), L.K. (Nottingham), J.L. (London, W.), Rosamund (Harrow), F.H. (Newmarket, Tyne), X.C. (Crawley), "Roseshell" (Portsmouth), "Finnie" (St. Ives), "Dovel" (Houghton), G.S. (London, W.C.), the Movie Mule (Salford), and B.T. (Bournemouth). The information will be found in recent issues. (More answers next week.)

PICTURE SHOW PERSONAL.

Cases for binding volumes 2 and 3 of the Picture Saw can be had from the Binding Dept., 75, Picture Show, 2nd Floor, Ludgate House, London, E.C.6. The numbers of the paper can also be obtained from the subscriber (same address) at 3d. per copy post free.


WRITING TO ARTISTS—Please do not ask for any addresses by post, but if you wish to communicate at once with any artist not named below, write your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope, and enclose it with a loose 2d. stamp to the Editor, the Picture Show, Room 55, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C.4, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional postage stamp for each extra ounce. Such letters must be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artists always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and county, and mention the Picture Show to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that all letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses in reserve.

GEORGE SEITZ, care of Pathé Exchange, 25, West 44th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

HENRY L. ARNOLD, care of Picture Post, 625, Lancer Avenue, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

B. LUCE, care of Picture Post, 625, Lancer Avenue, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

BEX TURPIN, care of Mack-Sanetti Studios, 1712, Alessandro Street, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

BRENNIE BARRINGTON, Editor, care of Grundy, 533, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A

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First Prize
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Third Prize
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75 Prizes of £1 each.

The above splendid prizes are offered to readers for the following simple contest.

On this page you will find the seventh set of photographs of several well-known Cinema Artistes. All of them are more or less disguised by goggles.

Competitors are invited to write in the space provided beneath each picture the name of the Cinema Star they believe to be represented.

Do not send in your efforts yet.

Next week the last set of pictures will appear, and we shall then tell you when and how to send your efforts to us.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema," and the "Boys' Cinema," and readers of those journals are invited to compete.

The decision of the Editor of "Picture Show" must be accepted as final and binding in all matters concerning this contest, and acceptance of this decision is a distinct condition of entry.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.
Johnny Jones, Goldwyn boy star, deeply interested in the "Picture Show." Both Johnny and the paper are strong favourites with the public, and are well in front of their rivals.
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Cut out the coupon below and post as directed today.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1½d., 2½d., and 4½d. per bottle; "Iron," Brilliantine at 1½d. and 2½d. per bottle; and "Crenez" Shampoo Powders at 1½d., per box of seven "Shampoos" (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Druggists, or will be sent direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20-22, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

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NOTE TO READER

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

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You can get rid of that superfluous weight which hampers all your movements, and can regain all your former agility and good health. You can have that free and buoyant feeling which it is impossible to have when all the organs of the body are hindered in their functions by too much fat. You can regain that slight, sylph-like appearance which is so desirable. To prove that my remedy is capable of doing all these things, I am offering a free sample to any lady or gentleman who is too fat, or growing too fat, free of charge or obligation. Send postcard giving your name and full address to:

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E. J. RILEY, LTD., Ellis Works, ACCRINGTON.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."
No. 61—EVELYN BOUCHER.

EVELYN BOUCHER, who is playing the leading role of Tony Foster in the Stoll screen version of Hardy's "Lily of the Valley," is an ardent follower of the news in the Pictures That Please. She has been a regular contributor to this column, and says she is particularly pleased with our latest addition, the double page of news pictures, which has many of the latest happenings in Cinema land.

A Real Heroine of Romance.

"The New serial in the "Orks Cinema."

"A Princess of the Screen," Evelyn Boucher, has gained approval permission of the authorities to lock up an innocent man in jail, and it was finally obtained, and Tony was treated like the other prisoners.

A Poem of Joy.

LEatrice Joy has been inspiring her fellow artists to write poems to her. Here is one that was presented to her by a Valentine's day.

"There's joy about the studio, And joy upon the stage. "Tears is joy in each scenario, On every written page. "At least it's joy when Leatrice Is called upon to play. "The Goldwyn folks discovered that, So joy has come to stay."

What Will They Call Him?

YOUNG George K. Arthur, whom we are shortly to see in his very successful portrayal of Kipps in the Stoll film version of the famous novel by H. G. Wells, is to take the name part in Arliss' first novel, "Dear Fool."

He Knows the Time.

TOM MIX recently fell heir to a mongrel dog, which bequeathed itself to the animal-loving star, and refused to be cast out. Tom hadn't the heart to send him away, and shortly after the dog attached itself to Mix, the name of Bongo was dropped.

Ten Days' Old Actor.

GONE are the days when a property baby was used for the cinema. In a scene in a coming film, entitled "Dangerous Curves Ahead," you will see probably the youngest baby who ever acted for the screen. It is only ten days old, or was, when the scenes in which it appeared were filmed.

Bill Duncan's Latest Thrill.

BILL DUNCAN recently experienced the thrilling experience of seeing the filming of some of the under-water scenes in his coming serial, "Fighting Fate.

A Real Heroine of Romance.

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A Narrow Escape.

Did you know that Lewis S. Stone narrowly escaped being a sailor? Before he was seventeen he sailed before the mast, but when he learned that he could not obtain a pilot's certificate before he was twenty-one, he decided to change his profession.

Now He Knows.

WILLIAM FARNUM is an observant person, and likes to listen to people and collect unusual sayings.

Recently, while working in a small out-of-the-way town, he went into the only restaurant in the place, and asked for some steak. In a few minutes the waiter returned.

"Sorry, sir," he said, "but the steak's all over.

"All over what?" inquired Farnum.

"All over with," was the prompt reply.

A Fearsome Beast.

An amusing incident happened at the Fox studios the other day, when a number of large African lions were needed for a scene. The task was found that the lions filled their roles perfectly, with the exception of one incident, where a lion of playful propensities was required. The trainer was unable to get any suggestion of playfulness from his "king of the jungle."

In desperation, he secured a large mongrel dog, and fitted it out with a huge mane, and a fuzzy decoration at the end of his tail.

This was all to the interest of the true artist, as soon as the camera's attention was turned elsewhere, made a dash for home, without so much as noticing his make-up. He created something like a panic in the streets, and some hours later a notice was brought to the set that any unqualified lions in Hollywood must have the last vestige of make-up removed before leaving the studio.

Exciting Scenes.

QUIET one of the most exciting scenes in the screen presentation of Justin Huntly of the right kind, when a number of large African lions were needed for a scene. The task was found to be quite an easy one, with the exception of one incident, where a lion of playful propensities was required. The trainer was unable to get any suggestion of playfulness from his "king of the jungle."

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Rotten!

COOK was fond of relating some of the funny incidents that occurred during his early days, when he toured the English music-hall stage.

"One day, while playing in a small town in the south of England," he says, "I was attended at the stage-door by a small boy bearing in his arms a huge pineapple. Thinking to have some fun with the boy, I asked him what he would take for the pineapple, and when I assured him that I could have it if I let him see the show. As it looked like a good bargain, I paid the boy the price in.

"Upon cutting the pineapple in my dressing-room, I found it was an old badly decayed stage that no one could eat it.

"After the performance I waited at the front door, to demonstrate with my young friend, and soon had him by the collar.

"'Hi, there, ladie,' I said. 'That pineapple was rotten.'"

The young ended twisted himself free, and running down the street, cried over his shoulder, 'So was the show!'.

A Much-Travelled Actress.

Perhaps the most travelled film actresses in the profession is Eulene Fernandez, who, in effect, has just been engaged by the Film Enterprise to feature in their forthcoming productions, where she will play opposite Jack Harding and Douglas Perry, of "Jack, Sam, and Pete" fame.

Miss Fernandez has twice round the world, and has acquired a numerous collection of curios and costumes, and photographs of almost unknown lands and people.

She has made her appearance on the operatic stage at Brussels and has studied art and acting in Rome.

How Eileen Began.

I HAVE just heard that it was due to Eileen Janis that Eileen Pence first took to the films. It seems that Douglas Fairbanks was engaged for a week to play a leading lady, and Eileen Janis recommended Eileen Pence, and Douglas accepted her. Since then Eileen's rise to fame has been rapid, and now although she is married, and to a millionaire, Ulrich Bisch, she still works as hard as ever for the screen as she did before, when she was living from it.

For Girls Only.

I MUSTN'T close before telling you of a simple yet beautiful dressing-gown pattern that is given free with this week's "Woman's Journal." If you are a girl, you will only need to see it to want it. Of course, this bit of news is only for my girl readers.

Fay Wray.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

William Farnum as an Impresario.

WILLIAM FARNUM talked for fully half an hour the other day, when I saw him at the Studio, on the joys of sponsoring a play. He has brought back the old time light opera "Erminie," and we understand it is playing with such excitement in capacities houses at the Park Theatre. William Farnum is one of the highest priced stars in the picture business. Some actors have one dissipation and others elect to spend their money in another way, but the theatre is his. Farnum is a last and always. Someone said "Erminie" would be a good investment, and because Mr. Farnum knows something of its reputation and record he at once took steps to revive. With Frances Wilson and Da Wolf speaking of "Erminie" in the cast, needless to say the receipts are sufficient to please the most ambitious theatre manager. Speaking of Farnum, he was going through his part to the tune of a violin—and sob musat that. He was as keen as a whip and had to go to a pathetic scene that is supposed to bring tears to the picture-goer's heart.

"I am just out of prison," he explained, "after having been imprisoned for twenty years under a false sentence."

"I never want any sob music," she said. "It is too diverting. Mrs. White wore a dress that had been torn forcibly from her shoulder. Regular serial stuff injected into a drama—at least, that is the way you suppose in the Fox studio summed up her disarray.

Speaking of "Erminie," we are told that $10,000,000 has already been offered for the motion picture rights.

Madge Kennedy's Personalities.

BEFORE Madge Kennedy agreed to return to the stage she insisted on a particular kind of play, one that would give her the chance to do all the things she had become so popular before Madge sold herself into screenland. The result of this wide search for a play that would "Correspond" in which the little lady plays a dual role. Strongly enough, simultaneously with the appearance of "Corresponding," a Goldwyn production, and its appearance, with Madge Kennedy playing another dual role. For weeks she was playing four parts at the same time, and the handwriting on the wall from Kennedy fans who assured her even four parts a day are not enough of their favourite Madge.

The Bull Rebels.

I HOPE to hear more of Montana. If you please Mr. Montana has dropped the bull, and prefers to be called Jack. He is the prize fighting gentleman Douglas Fairbanks brought to the screen.

Disappointing the Fans.

WHEN Lewis Stone moved into his new apartments—and bought it on the cooperative plan, and even whispered—a woman in the case! Eugene is to bring home a bride! I heard so many rumors about the mysterious Mrs. O'Brien. I asked Eugene to tell me the truth one day when I happened to meet him on the street.

"Yes, I have a woman in my new home," he said, "and her name is C."

"Why in the name of secrecy didn't you tell me you were going to marry her?" says Mr. Montague, the bull.

"Because I couldn't tell you a lie," he answered. The woman is my muse.

And those who say they know, declare the handsome Gene is now a mere acquaintance.
**THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS**

"The Brand of Lopez"... Jury.  
"Susan Hayakawa."... B.E.F.  
"The Cost"... Paramount-Aircraft.  
"The Climb"... Filmograph.  
"Corinne Griffith, Percy Marmont."... Paramount-Aircraft.  
"Mary's Ankle"... Douglas MacLean and Doris May.  
"Her Benny"... Olivia.  
"The Devil Dodger"... Western Import.  
"Edge of Youth"... Gaumont.  
"Faith"... Fox.  

The Heroine of "Daddy Long-Legs."  

FOUL PLAY." by Charles Reade, directed by Edwin J. Collins, an all-British production by Master Films, Ltd., scenario by W. Courtenay Howden, British Exhibitors Films, Ltd.

This is a fine dramatic film, released this week, and I am sure will be greatly appreciated by all Picture Show readers who are on the look-out for a good British film.

The story is written by that prince of theatrical writers, Charles Reade, and the story is full of action, which makes it eminently suitable for screening.

Many of the scenes are tremendously exciting, they include the scuttling of a ship on the high seas, the capture of a heroine with an enormous boa constrictor—but "All's well that ends well."

The Rev. Silas Hacking's Disappointment.

THIS is the ever-popular story "Her Benny." It was filmed in Liverpool, that great port on the Mersey, where the flotilla and nation of life flows along like a restless river.  

"It may surprise you to know," the Rev. Silas Hacking told me the other day, "that I have no interest in the book or in the film, except sentimental. 'One sow and another reaps,' yet I loved the story.  

"The principal characters I know. I visited little Nelly in the hospital, and had many a long talk with Joe Wrag.  

"The story is not true to life in these days. Times have changed—but it was true forty years ago. The producer has done his work well. Joe Wrag was magnificently played, so I think were the parts of the children Benny and Nelly.  

"My only disappointment was in the Hospital Scene, which failed to convey what I think the book portrays. In all other respects I was delighted. I find it is an enormous success in the North." the Rev. Silas Hacking added.

The author himself takes part in this film. It is a pathetic story of child life, in the Liverpool streets. Little Nelly Bates and Benny, her brother, sold matches and suffered cruel treatment from their father and stepmother. In one of the scenes Nelly is struck down by a passing motor-car. The story was filmed in the actual bundle of the streets, and so realistic was "the accident" that a policeman on duty thought it was real, and before anyone could intervene, the "patient" was driven off to hospital!

An Exciting Story of Bull-Fighters.

DOLPHLS of Susan Hayakawa will have an opportunity of seeing this versatile artisto in a new role in "The Brand of Lopez," in which he appears as a Spaniard. It is a thrilling story of outlaws and bull-fighters—revenge as the theme for many exciting incidents.

What Came of an Elopement.

THE story of an elopement with a yung financier and its consequences enables Violet Hemming to portray some really fine acting in "The Cost." She pays the price of her youthful folly, though a dramatic incident in later life opens out the way to her happiness.

The Romance of a Sprain.

EVEN a sprained ankle can provide an interesting situation, especially when a young and imperious doctor falls in love with the owner. This is what happens in "Mary's Ankle," in which Douglas MacLean and Doris May are featured.

A Village Play with Thrills.

"FAITH" is a play which ought to interest Christian Scientists and others. There are charming scenes of Scottish life, and a pretty romance woven round a hard-working Scotch lassie played by Peggy Hyland.

The Result of a Decision.

"The Edge of Youth," a British play based on a story specially written for the screen, Josephine Earle is separated from her lover by a scheming aunt. The young man has no money, and in these years that pass the girl marries a man of wealth. It is a simple plot in which love, as usual, is on one side, but instead of the sort of ending that might be expected a decision on her part made at a moment of life and death gives another, though equally happy, close to the story.

A Matrimonial Mistake.

CHRISTINE GRIFFITH, always an exceptionally fine actress, is at her best in "The Climbers." It is a story of a girl who, encouraged by her parents, marries the wrong man for the sake of a social position. There are tense scenes in the picture when the financial crash brought about by his dishonesty toward others, reveals that he had married her only for her money.

Edith Neelan.

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A scene from "Her Benny," showing BABS RONALD and STANLEY WOOD, the clever child actors.

Another scene from "Her Benny," which is the film version of Silas H. Hocking's well-known novel.
The Call of the Road

The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TODAY.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.
ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has filled the Hall with card-playing friends, and is "known amongst the young folk as "Murphy." He has beenwhose mind by his uncle, SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, is aimed at a party at the Hall on the evening before the main event. And then return some deck of loaded cards, and the Lamb, counsel to fury, afflicts him. The result is that Sir Martin Trevors is led to a duel.
PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECONDO, an old fighter and a young boy who are "gentlemen of the road," are joined by Alfred. Also he takes his uncle at his word and moves to the Hall, and Alfred appoints Paganini Primus to lead.
LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, is told by her maid of this duel, and determines to witness it. She goes to see what wertle her cousin, whom she has never seen, is made she and her servant, from behind a clump of bushes, watch the duel which commences with a volley. Alfred Trevors being full of self-confidence, but his sword is suddenly sent spinning in the air. The Lamb, instead of killing him, twits the nose of his enemy, who vows vengeance for this act. Two days later Lady Rowena sets forth to reach him as her good mother.

After the duel Alfred and the two Paganinis take to the open road and presently they come to a tavern owned by Punch Murphy, who is proud of his fighting abilities. There he joins a group of adventurers, and among them is a young lad with a tap for a song, the landlord's nose. Punch pays his guineas and challenges Alfred to a proper fight.

The Fight in the Barn—The Genial Stranger.

THE young blacksmith was genuinely con
temptuous of Alfred's behalf. He knew all there was to be known about Punch Murphy, and most of it was not to the old prize
gladiator's credit. He was a bad sportsman.

Ten years before, Murphy's savage ferocity and his unspeakable tactics in the ring had been notorious. Later, in a proper fight with a man of repute to see fair play Punch Murphy had not resembled to resort to some very ugly tricks. There was not a man or woman in the crowd who did not know he was an informal set-to of this kind in his own land.

With these thoughts in his mind, Hammer John walked slowly to the foolishly young stranger, who was already peering for the fray.

"Foolish of thee, lad," said the blacksmith roughly, "that's an hour to stop his gab.

Alfred grinned in his cheerful boyish way.

"Then, molly, 'twill take no two hours," he answered. "But even so, half-an-hour is no hour bad praise.

"It has not lasted long," said Hammer John gruffly. "He'll break or maim thee in the first five minutes. He has a touch, like a rascal's kick, and what's the matter, he'll fight foul when he gets the chance."

"I'll make a note of that, and many thanks," said Alfred as he stripped off his coat.

Hammer John was about to speak again, but checked himself, as his gait fell upon the half
striped figure of the young man.

The huge yet shapely shoulders, the muscular arms, the splendid gait gave a suggestion of extraordinary strength, combined with a catlike agility and grace.

A piercing expression came into the black
smith's face.

"Hast ever been in the ring, lad?" he asked abruptly.

"I ha' been," replied Alfred, with a laugh; "it's a sport I'd prefer to watch than play at."

"It's a bit, the rackiness of a good 'un. Put yourself under me for three months, and I'll match 'tho against Punch Murphy for twenty guineas that this young man's gun more than art playing now. Without experience."

Alfred, through his inexperience, missed much of the openings which his opponent gave him, but at last he brought round a swinging left which caught Punch on the very point of his building jaw.

The old bruiser went down with a crash to the wooden floor, half-rolled over, and then remained quite at rest.

Alfred stood ready, that watchful look still in his eyes. He had not forgotten the advice he received, and he knew it might be a trial.

Hammer John joined those who were bending over the landlord and trying to bring him round. A very broad grin. The Chicken turned, with a smile, to Alfred.

"This gun is safe!" he said. "Alfred, led, quickly following the two Paganinis, walked across to the group.

Primus had put away his sunbonnet and tried to look as though the result of the combat was exactly what he had expected.

The landlord was beginning to stir. When at last his little eyes opened he fixed them on Alfred in a dazed stare.

Alfred put out his hand.

"Not badly hurt, I trust?"

Punch Murphy gave no answer. His silence was not due to sameness. He was still dazed, and his expression indicated not so much anger as indignation, as a kind of infantile wonder. He could not yet understand what had happened to him or how it had happened.

In a moment Alfred was surrounded by a valedictory throng of admirers. The exuber
ant-out of them all was Hey Barnes.

"Wonderful, my boy, truly wonderful!" he cried, dancing round the new champion like a cat on hot bricks. "One round! Punch Murphy in one round! And it took the Chicken twenty rounds to beat him. My boy, you're a marvel!"

"Twas a different Punch Murphy who faced the Chicken," said John Primus quietly.

"All the same, sir, 'twas pretty done. I hain't a natural fighter, and hain't the making of a champion, if my eye is any credit."

"Meanwhile," interposed Primus, as he took a leisurely pinch of snuff, "methinks there was some talk of a game."

"That's true," said Alfred, with a laugh.

"Come, lads, let's get back to the bar and make a hole in that same guinea. Mayhap our good landlord hath a bottle of wine in his cellar."

They trooped back to the bar of The Two Fishes in old style, where they found Punch Murphy slowly recovering over a glass of neat grog.

He was not alone. At the little round table near the wooden settle sat a young man with a moustache.

He was a young man under thirty, smartly but soberly dressed. In a bold way he was handsome, with a pair of keen, slate-black eyes. In spite of his attire and the easy self-assurance of his manner he did not look quite a gentleman. There was something about him—something faintly exaggerated swagger, perhaps—which marked him out as one who spelt geniality, and was not to the manner born.

He looked up as the party entered, and sur
veyed each member of it with a bold yet friendly smile.

He was a man who got on well with strangers, and it was part of his business to make new acquaintances.

"Good-day to you, gentlemen!" he said pleasantly.

"Well, I think the company eyed him suspiciously, as is the rustic manner, but Alfred acknowledged his salutation with a friendly nod.

"We'd like to make a deal, landlord, is about to treat us to a bottle of his best wine. Maybe you'll join us.

"That will!" said the stranger. "These parts are new to me, but I like your customs."

(Continued on page 5.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF WALTER HIERS

WALTER HIERS

THE SMILING COMEDIAN OF THE SCREEN WHO STANDS FOR A LEAGUE OF RATIONS

"IT is better to be born lucky than rich," says the old adage, and it might be said with equal truth in these days of the cinema, "get fat and you may be famous." It was fat that made the late John Bunny, the late Smiling Bill Parsons, and Roscoe Arbuckle, popular stars of the screen, for though all of them certainly had acting ability, it was their fat that helped them to be famous on the film.

Another fat comedian who has made a great name for himself is Walter Hiers. Walter is really funny, whether he is laughing or weeping that pathetic look which begets the sympathy of his audience.

A Jolly Comedian. STANDS five feet ten and a half inches in his socks and weighing over sixteen stone, Walter is one of our jolliest comedians of the stage. Being on the fat side, you can readily imagine he is generally smiling, and perhaps because this is his natural expression, the audience laughs loudest when he is not.

He began his professional career on the music-hall stage in sketches. His fate has always been a fat, and he was a great acquisition to the screen when he was cast for a part in "It Pays to Advertise." Among the best known films in which we have seen him are; "What's Your Husband Doing," with Douglas MacLean and Doris May; "The Fear Woman," in which photo-play Pauline Frederick plays the lead; "Spotlight Sucks," a Mac Marsh film; "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," "An Experimental Marriage," a Constance Talmadge film; "When Doctors Disagree," "Hard Boiled," and "Bill Henry."

Real Fun. Mrs. Temple's Telegram" is one of the finest and funniest screen plays now before the public, and although Mr. Hiers plays with those splendid stars, Mr. Bryant Washburn and Miss Wanda Hawley, he is by no means a secondary character, as the genial ever-willing-to-oblige-a-pal kind of fellow, which lends him from one trouble to another with bewildering rapidity, Walter plays a part which is perhaps unequalled in that kind of comedy. There is nothing of the slapstick comedy about Mr. Hiers, he is really humorous.

The Ideal Figure. Walter's fatness fits him like the proverbial glove. Like many other stout stars, his great weight is in to serve marvelously. As a matter of fact, Walter is an all round athlete, but though he takes an immense amount of exercise, he cannot grow thin, and since he receives such a good salary for being stout, he doesn't worry any more about his waistline. When you ask Walter the reason for his great girth, he will tell you with a solemn look that he considers his the ideal figure. "If the world were made up of men like myself and Mr. Arbuckle," he says, "there would never be any trouble. Wars would disappear, because fat men are too contented to quarrel. There would be no need for a League of Nations though there might be a necessity for a league of rations. Fat is the milk of human kindness made in the churn of laughter. I don't believe that any really fat man ever committed a serious crime. What did Shakespeare say? "You Cassius hath a lean and hungry look," and later. "Would he were fatter." Which shows he distrusted thin men and believe me, William of Avon knew what he was talking about.

A Universal Favourite. LIKE all jovial people Walter is a great favourite with his fellow artists of the screen. His chief recreation is aquatic sports, and he can often be seen on the Californian beaches indulging in his favourite pastime. He is now devoting all his working time to appearing on the screen, so we shall see him in many more laughter-raising parts. The above photograph was sent specially for readers of the Picture Show, and, humorous as ever, he had signed it "Fat'fully yours, Walter Hiers."
"THE CALL OF THE ROAD." (Continued from page 6.)

The stranger hesitated for a second, and exchanged a swift glance with Ike Barnes. Then he raised his head with a gesture that was half-defiance, half-rage.

"My name is Shaw—Jacob Shaw, of Bristol, at your service," he said with a bow. "And now good-night and good luck for thy good company,"

The host, his friend, said Alfred heartily.

"And success to thy journey—may we meet again." A sudden smile played about the stranger's lips and sparkled in his dark eyes.

"If we do, remind me of this night, and, maybe, our discussing the whole matter," he replied, mysteriously, and the next moment he was gone.

Alfred looked round at the company.

"Twas an old fellow, but a merry soul within," said old Primus, "a good friend to meet in, I believe." He gave a sly wink. Ike Barnes, with a curious note of sarcasm in his voice.

At the same time he darted to the door, opened it just an inch and stood listening.

Presently he heard the clatter of hoofs in the yard outside, and then on the road beyond.

Barnes stood motionless until the sound had died away, and then someone was staring at him inquiring looks in their eyes.

A sneer came to his lips as he surveyed their perplexed faces.

"Mr. Shaw of Bristol!" he said with a snigger. "Why not? One name's as good as another.

"What ails thee, man?" demanded Alfred sharply. "Best know aught against the gentleman who's good company, I take it?"

"Tis a gentleman I'm glad to see the back of," replied Barnes dryly. "Though in truth, Punch, I'd sooner meet him in thy parlour than on the King's high road. He's a merry gentleman, but a tripe too fond of making folk dance to his tune."

"You don't mean—" cried Hamner John, striking forward.

"Ay! that's what I mean," replied Ike Barnes, with an emphatic nod. "Twas Jerry Abershaw, the highwayman!"

On the Road Again.

The three friends stayed the night at The Two Fishes, and they were somewhat late in leaving the next morning. Alfred paid the score out of the landlord's own guinea.

He then went across to the Blacksmith's shop to have a parting word with Hamner John.

There was a merry look in the blacksmith's eyes as he addressed him.

"None the worse for thy bout last night?" he said with a grin.

"Tis a merry fellow, he is," replied the blacksmith. "I, for one, am somewhat late and think I had my share of the work.

Hamner John smiled again.

"Well, that's right angle. We all had our share in that, I'm thinking. You set-to with Punch-Murphy I had in my mind. You wouldn't pay for training, had. Will nothing persuade thee to try thy luck in the ring?"

Alfred Truscott shook his head, laughing.

"What of yourself, friend?" he asked. "Has that thou given up the game for good and all?"

"The blacksmith smiled.

"But I, as I say, have but a few. But there is room enough, if there be aught in them you may hear of me anon. Meanwhile, I keep myself

The best of luck to thee when the day comes," said Alfred heartily. "And may I be there to see thee.

The two men parted in mutual respect. They had taken to one another naturally, but neither conceiv'd the other party wish that was to link their fate in the no distant future.

It was a fine, clear day, with the crisp air of early autumn. The sun was up and the two friends took to the road once more.

For some time their conversation chiefly centred on the news that had so entertained them the previous evening.

Was it possible that they had actually met and spent the night at Friars Ford? Did they not overhear the conversation of Jerry Abershaw, the most notorious highwayman in England? And that night at Abershaw was almost a national celebrity, and his amazing exploits were discussed—of which he was proud—by every class of society. Many of the stories told about him were, no doubt, inventions. Indeed, there was something mythical about the fellow altogether. No one could swear who he was, or what he was like. Half a dozen descriptions of him were curiously varied in material particulars. One said he had red hair and a florid complexion, another that he was dark and sallow, and the third, that he was young, a mere boy; another that he was middle-aged. One absurd and extravagant story—what a verisimilitude!—was to the effect that in private life he was a noted landholder living high office near the town. When following his track he was always worn a mask, and he carried pistols which he never used, but, according to the tallest, excused the slightest delay in obeying his commands.

"Had I known it was a footpad whose wine I was quaffing!" exclaimed Master Truscott. He who all unknowingly provided for our entertainment last night may have been some most worthy and illustrious person. Jerry was but the servant, who headed the troika. Of one thing you may be certain, Twas not his misfortune, in that he scattered all honest folk could go about their business uninterfered.

"So much the worse," said Alfred, "such rascals are a plague to our English roads. To-day, I verily thought we all honest folk could go about their business uninterfered.

"All in good time," said the old fiddler cheerfully. "Jerry will find it out soon. Meanwhile, there is one way of getting the better of him, and such as he!"

"How is that to be?"

"By travelling as we travel—with no money in our purses," replied Primus with another smile. "We know all the faces of his friends, and you can rob a traveller who has made a merry heart to see him on his way."

The delay at the ford caused an alteration in the old fiddler's plans. While the three travellers reached a point where the roads crossed he paused and seemed to deliberate.

Alfred looked at him inquiringly.

"Where do we go now, then?"

The old man's droll smile crept slowly over his genial countenance.

"Nay, lad, there is not a lane or a footpath in the whole country that I don't know better than your stay-at-home knows his own back-garden. Youner lies Fowrash, but we be too late now for the wedding. 'Tis useless going there now. To the right is the road to Childers."

"Is there aught of interest there?"

"Not till a month or more, when we must tiptoe in there, the fat is in the fire."

"All's one to me!" replied Alfred lightly.

"How far is it?"

"Some twelve miles.

"Faith, but you mean to give me my fill of the open road! cried Alfred, with a jovial laugh. "Twelve miles. And we've done as much already and 'tis but an hour or so to sundown."

"Nay, we'll break the journey, replied Primus. "We'll take some hard road, and that art hardened and hath learned the trick of covering a distance without wasting thy strength. There is but a wolf standing at the ford to stay the night at Friars Ford. 'Tis less than three mile along the road.

"What of Friars Ford? I like the name, said Alfred, and I warrant it has an inn which meets with your approval."

The host and master shook his head, smiling.

"I cannot promise thee a highwayman and a host of bachelors at every stopping-place, Master Truscott," he said, "but I can promise thee a good inn, if but little else save the name.

"Thys be the truth," exclaimed Alfred. "I am for the road."

"Tis as good an old name, whach last led me astray. Thy Friars Ford will suit me excellently well."

Lost the sun an hour later, while the road was still wide enough to see the horizon, the three travellers marched abreast into the sleepy village of Friars Ford.

"(To be continued.)"
YOU are all used to seeing Tom Santschi of the screen, so for a change here is a page of photographs of Tom Santschi at home.

Tom says that everyone should have a quiet retreat where they can shut themselves up when they are feeling grumpy and worried, and want to have a good old grouse. He himself chooses his study, a cozy room with walls hung with photographs of his many friends. He goes right away in there, and whilst he has a quiet smoke he tells his pictured pals all about his troubles. "T'would be a far happier world if we all followed suit!"

A Lover of Animals.

Tom Santschi is a great animal lover, and this, of course, is the secret of his wonderful power over dumb creatures. In the days when he worked for the Selig Film Company he handled as many as twenty two ferocious animals at one time. One has only to take a glance at Mr. Santschi's quietly compelling eyes to realise that he has all the courage necessary for taming the wildest of beasts.

His Latest Films.

Tom is now engaged on a series of two-reelers of a Western type for Pathé. He is directing these films as well as taking the star part.
DORALDINA AS A HAWAIIAN DANCER "CAN YOU RECOV

MADAME DORALDINA, the dancer, is now appearing in pictures for Metro, and her first film will be entitled "Passion Fruit," in which we shall see her do some wonderful native dances, dressed in Hawaiian costume. In the picture above you see Madame Doraldina doing her new dance, Hula-Hula, for the benefit of her leading man, EDWARD EARLE, and his wife.

WILL ROGERS and a friend reading through his part in "Boys Will Be Boys." Will's latest picture for Goldwyn. His own boy Jimmie has appeared with him in several films.

TOM MOORE. This is the second of our series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of themselves. Tom certainly looks very happy and smiling.

It would certainly be rather difficult to recognize Patsy photograph. The others, reading from left to right, SEDGWICK, and FRANK.

MILTON SILLS receives so many letters from admirers that he finds it impossible to get through his enormous correspondence. You can now RIMBALL YOUNG. The story of this splendid picture shown.

A scene from VIOLA DANA'S latest starring picture for Goldwyn seen in the photograph with FRANK.
MARY THURMAN is not superstitious. Pearls are the only ornament to the bridal gown in which she is married and lives happy ever after—in "In the Heart of a Fool."
Screen Shocks

Some of the most amusing situations on the screen is when our hero or heroine is in trouble, and we can laugh when we know that it "all comes right in the end." Everyone who has seen the incidents on this page depicted on the screen will remember the laugh or thrill caused by these screen shocks.

THOMAS MEIGHAN, as a bidder in circular clothes, shocks MARTHA MANSFIELD.

An awkward situation for CHARLES RAY in "His Mother's Boy."

WM. S. HART in trouble again. One of the many amusing situations—-in "John Petticoats."

BRYANT WASHBURN gets a shock from these stage sirens—-in "The Sins of St. Antony."

IRENE CASTLE, as a country mouse, has a peep behind the scenes—-in "The Amateur Wife."
IGNISE THEM?" WHEN A "PROPERTY" BABY IS NEEDED

How can HELENE CHADWICK and RICHARD DIX be so dramatic over a doll? In their ability to do so lies the main answer to the success of certain screen artists—they can act! After a dozen rehearsals like this a real child would be in hysterics, so E. Mason Hopper, in directing "Dangerous Curve Ahead," a Goldwyn picture written by Rupert Hughes, ordered the doll baby instead.

MARIE PREVOST as she will appear in "A Small Town Idol," a Mack Sennett production. Marie does not look at all frightened of the animal that was photographed with her.

JOE RYAN has shaved off his moustache and beard to appear in hero parts, but in this picture with ELINOR FIELD was taken before the event.
"Double Speed"

A Splendid Story of a Man Who Impersonated Himself

HARRY WEBSTER CARR was well-known as "Speed" Carr by his friends. The name "Speed" came to him when he was a young man. His parents had been out on a trip, and he had been left in the care of his grandfather, who was a wealthy financier. The young man was bored, and decided to change his name to "Speed" as a way of attracting attention.

Speed was an average, strapping young man. His ideal of woman was very high, but his ideals hid many of the things that made him very attractive. He felt that he had been blessed with a good fortune, and that he was entitled to make the most of it.

An Adventure.

Speed strolled up to the cashier's window in the store where he worked. He had gradually become aware of the fact that there were a few people who were looking at him in a way that people do not look at a stranger.

Speed, catching a glimpse of himself in the dim reflection afforded by a picture, realized that his home-spun clothes were not calculated to inspire confidence.

Still, there was assurance in his eyes and voice. Featuring on the edge of the cashier's window, he said, "Good day, Mr. John Ogden, and I wish an advance of five hundred dollars.

The cashier must have been brought up to the idea of Maxims, for he said, "Brevity is the secret of business."

He waited no time on Speed. "I don't know who you are a nephew of John Ogden, and you told me again I shouldn't believe you."

"An oyster would be talismanic compared with me," said Speed.

If this moment a grey-haired gentleman came in, and Speed recognized him as Donald McPherson. He was just wondering how he could introduce himself when McPherson put another plea into his hand.

"You're from Judd's, eh?" said the banker. "I shall want you to teach my daughter how to drive the chauffeur, and as chauffeur till she gets the knack of the thing. What's your name?"

"Harry Cole," replied Speed promptly.

With this unusual visit he decided that the position of instructor to the pretty banker's daughter was a better post than being the business representative of John Ogden. "I'll just go down to the garages, and get a few tools. The car wants overhauling."

McPherson nodded. He was not at all concerned with the car. He was worrying about what had happened to another car—Speed Carr. (D. J. Ogden had departed without fixing up the contest of the bank so much desired, because the millionaire was worried about the non-arrival of his nephew.)

"I won't do a single thing till that boy turns up," he had said. "Something must have happened to him. I am going to put the police on the job. The worst of it is to keep my chauffeur. He is a new man, and therefore can't give them a description if he turns up after him."

McPherson knew that the missing man was none other than John Ogden would not sign the contract which meant so much to the bank.

Speed, totally unaware that he was such an important person, hurried to the garage to tell Judd's that he had been engaged by McPherson. By agreeing to the latter's postponement of demand in the way of comparison, he got them to give him a driving license in reprisal, and take a few tests in relation to his car. He found his new employer waiting for him and discovered fresh charms in her as he gave her the news.

When they returned to the McPherson mansion, Speed had made two discoveries. One was that the girl was called Sallie, the other that she was in love, for the first time in his life. Speed determined that he would do his job that there would be no chance of losing it, and he succeeded so well that Sallie got out of the car she rewarded him with a dazzling smile.

"You're a wonderful driver," she said. "But what I like best about you is that you are proud of your job. Most chauffeurs I have had wanted to change their work in disguise. I hate a man to pretend to be something which he is not."

"Oh, I'm fond of my job," said Speed hastily. "I don't know that I've had a job that suited me better."

(Continued on page 13.)
Gossip about British Players;

EDNA FLUGRATH.

Keep Your Eye on George K. Arthur.

Do you remember some weeks ago I told you that there was a potential star in our own film world, who might one day rival Charlie Chaplin? Well, he has arrived. He leaps into fame at the trade show of "Kipps," and of course he is Arthur. His age is twenty-two, and I shouldn't be surprised if he is earning as big a salary as any artiste in this country. There was at first a fear that this young genius would be whipped off all the "hunger pond," but Fate is kind, and he has signed a contract with Silent Screen.

His next picture will be "Dear Fool," by Artesano, whose satires on English life during the war caused such much amusement.

A Novel Dinner Party.

GEORGE K. ARTHUR and some kindred artists decided to give a great rag one proportionite night.

"I got a table of about thirty-four people, and every man had a girl each side of him; and after each course we shuffled down two doors, and the different girls every time the plates were changed, which we found most successful, as it helped to thaw the ice.

A Jazz Night in a Swiss Hotel.

FUN waked furiously. At a table near by, a party of army officers from Cologne, said K. George, "One, a good sport, a major, had a fascinatingly bald head. When we reached the ice course, scoop it Tangerines were served, with ice cream in the centre. The devil in me made me long to smash one of these things on the chap's bald head—it was irresistible—whizz! Over it went, and reached the spot!"

Tit for Tat.

I REMEMBER nothing more, for a champagne bucket full of ice water was dumped upon my head like a hat, and it wouldn't come off for ages, I sat helpless, with tears of laughter in my eyes, and cold water trickling down my face and neck.

However, at last all the staff personnel retired for the night, and in due course we 'jammed' all the handles of the doors. And there was a certain professor who happened to be a bit of a 'kill joy,' so we put jam and cream inside, and, believe me, I didn't know about it until he got between the sheets! Having exhausted our resources in the jam line, we left all the bottles under the lift, the next morning there was a general call for 'boots!'

Kipps (GEORGE K. ARTHUR) and Ann become sweethearts in "Kipps," the film version of H. G. Wells' famous book.

HINTS FOR FANCY DRESS!

Here were the gorgeous fancy dress balls, Arthur rattled on, with the vivacious enthusiasm of youth. I went to one as Kipps. At the second, I won the first prize for originality. It was in a costume all covered with wood shavings, and called myself 'The Man from the Plains.' I am sure all my readers will wish our new star continued success in filmland.

Harold Shaw, the Producer of 'Kipps.'

His famous producer, Harold Shaw, discovered George K. Arthur. Mr. Shaw's ideal in filmland is never to give to the public anything but a really clean and wholesome story. Nobody could persuade Harold Shaw to produce a studied picture of life, or a travesty of it. He is not only a great producer, but a great idealist, too, which means much to the British picturegoer. Few of us care to see the film in the lift story, and will the 'seamy' side of life strongly coloured, for effect. It is a hateful thing to come away from the pictures with a nauseating memory, but there is never any fear of this in a Harold Shaw production.

What He Has Done.

ACTIONS are stranger than words, and here are a few of Harold Shaw's favourite productions: 'House of Temptery.' 'Bootie's Baby.' 'V.O. Brother Officers.' 'Me and My Bike.' 'England's Menace.' 'Lil' O' London.' 'Liberty Hall.' 'Heart of a Child.' "True Tilda," and last, but not least, "Kipps." Edna Flugrath has been starred in many of the above pictures.

REALISM.

E D NA FLUGRATH, who plays Emma, so brilliantly in "Kipps," doesn't believe in wearing any kind of underwear, when she is playing the part of a little maid of all work! She likes to feel that she is suitably clothed throughout for the characterization of her part. For the time being she is the person, the real Emma. She lifted up her skirt in explanation of this, and showed me a torn frill in her little black petticoat, fastened with a safety pin.

KATHLEEN VAUGHAN.

'Am usually the tallest of persons,' she assured me; 'but I feel that for a torn frill and possibly a hurry, Emma would have used a safety pin!'

Another New Star on the British Film Firmament.

ALBERT, Kathleen Vaughan, an amusingly pretty Irish girl. With small, regular features, bewitching chins, and the sweetest of smiles, to say nothing of merry brown eyes, and masses of dark hair. She has just signed a two-years' contract with the Ideal Film Company. She is playing the lead in two of their films at the same time, something in the nature of record, I believe.

One film is "The Old Comrade," a direction of Mr. E. V. Bransdale; the second, "Belphegor, the Mountebank," produced by Bert Wyne.

The Voice versus Films.

A S far as actual work goes, Kathleen Vaughan told me, 'I miss the words, the voice. All the same, film work is fascinating; the more one does, the more one likes it. My first film work was the lead in 'Handy Andy,' under Mr. Wyne Wyne.'

An Adventure.

"ANDY ANDY" was filmed in the Wielow Mountains during the present disturbances. One night Kathleen Vaughan, with a friend, was held up by a masked man, who pointed two revolvers at her and called for her purse. The incident happened soon after the death of the Lord Mayor of Cork. Explanations followed, and they were allowed to pass un molested.

A Gift of Books.

KATHLEEN VAUGHAN tells me that she is tremendously fond of reading. She dined in the production of "Judith," at the King'sway Theatre. The artiste who was to play the lead in "Where the Rainbow Ends" was taken ill. At ten o'clock one morning, Kathleen Vaughan was asked to take her place, and at two o'clock she was due at the theatre, and took the part. She also played Miranda, in "The Tempest," at the Aldwych.

Had Not Seen a Horse.

KATHLEEN VAUGHAN lived in Africa until a few years ago. Before she left Africa for England, she had never walked upstairs, seen a horse, or boat; she lived right up country in a mining camp, and the mails were brought up to the camp in a cart drawn by mules. When they came to a river, they just swam across, with the cart behind.

A Wise Mother.

I ALWAYS liked acting, and always wanted to go on the stage," Kathleen Vaughan told me. 'Luckily my mother was philosophical, and said: "If the talent is there, you cannot stop it."'

EDITH NEPEAN.
"DOUBLE SPEED."

There was something in his eyes as he spoke that rather confused Sallie. This young man was inclined to be daring, she thought, as she refused to go to the house, saying very stiffly, "I shall require you to remove at the same time.

The New Chauffeur.

A WEEK had passed very pleasantly for Speed, and he began to fear that every moment he was in the vicinity of his grandnephew. Mr. McPherson would have preferred to be in consultation with Ogden; but it was just as likely that Speed would call upon him how much longer it was going to take him to teach the girl to drive. As a matter of fact Ogden already knew everything that Speed could teach her about a car, and a lot more about love, but so far as the young man was concerned he had made up his mind that he would carry on till he was stopped.

One morning there came the message that Mr. McPherson wished to see the chauffeur.

"That's done it," ground Speed. "The old man has got wise to my game. I reckon there'll be a chauffeur at liberty in a few months.

But it was a totally different proposition that Mr. McPherson put before Speed.

"Sit down," said the bank as he cycled Speed narrowly. "You look fairly intelligent."

The bank looked clear, cleared his throat, and seemed to a loss to proceed.

"I am going to put a rather peculiar request to you," he said at last. "You may have heard of John Ogden, the millionaire?"

Speed nodded.

The bank of which I am president has entered into a contract with Ogden. The papers should have been signed over a week ago, but a fellow named Carr, Ogden's nephew, who should have taken it to Los Angeles, did not turn up. The result is that Ogden will not be in possession of all this nephew is found, I have made certain arrangements, and Ogden expects to meet his nephew here when he arrives to-night. I find that you arrived to the county as my private inquiry agents as good as promised he would, but they failed to get hold of him. So you will realise that I am in a peculiar position. The point is that there is to be Ogden's nephew just for a night, and do you think you could play the part?"

"Oh, I think I could play the part all right," said Speed. "In fact I'm rather good at playing parts, but wouldn't Ogden recognise me as a result?"

"No! That's where you have such an easy job. The old man hasn't seen his nephew since he was a kid."

"No more he has," said Speed absently. "What's that?" said the bank sharply.

"Why, I'm thinking it very strange, sir, but I've got to tell you something."

"Never mind about your niece," said Mr. McPherson. "I'll tell you the job modestly."

"You can count on me, but what about clothes?"

"Well, you can get a dress suit down town. You've a figure that's easy to fit. What I'm worrying about is what to wear a grandma of Speed modestly."

"The way how is my daughter getting on with her grandmother?"

Speed nodded. "She ought to have picked up the thing by now."

"Well, sir, she has in a way. But I think it would be advisable for you to wear the old outfit for a little longer, just to give her more confidence."

"We'll talk about that to-morrow, Coke. Now you had better get ready to go with me to fix up about those clothes, said Speed modestly."

That night Mr. McPherson and Speed had a sort of dress rehearsal before the arrival of Mr. Ogden.

"You're all right," said Mr. McPherson. "I don't suppose Ogden's real nephew will cut a better figure than you."

"I feel sure he wouldn't," remarked Speed confidently. "Well, there is only one thing for you to remember, young Webster Carr and you are known as Speed Carr.

That will be quite clear, sir."

The phone was ringing as the messenger knocked at Mr. McPherson's door. As he caught sight of the young man the messenger politely extended a garibaldi by the hand.

"You're no nephew, Speed Carr. I should have known you anywhere. You're the living image of your mother."

"How come it is to deceive people," muttered Mr. McPherson. "Ogden accepts this man as the real thing with a smile.

As soon as he could the millionaire to himself McPherson had been away to the library. Speed was playing the part so well that Mr. McPherson who had never really been happy with the business, began to feel the real thing. He realised that the chauffeur, in the guise of the millionaire's nephew, could play a better game. He might have been on the strength of Ogden's name. A cold shiver ran down the bank's spine as the possibilities of the

Choose Your Powder Carefully.

INvariably before powdering my face (and good face powder—an Mr. Ogden, which adheres well and upt to contain white powders—many), I apply a soft cream to it. I rub well into the pores a good cleansing cream—almost any reliable theatrical cold cream will do. After removing all that is possible with a soft cloth, apply the powder, which applied thinly does not close the pores, as it would if applied without use of the cleansing cream previously.

For Enlarged Pores.

If one notices any enlarged pores or for the prevention or eradication of any lines on the face, a simple astrigent—either witch-hazel, or a diluted mixture of benzoin, are excellent in toning up the skin

The Foundation of a Good Complexion.

The radiate, perfect health which comes from proper diet, sleep, rest, and the avoidance of colds and snuffs, and the avoidance of eat, hate, gross effects, and a proper proportion of good honest work, and good, honest play, is the foundation of a good complexion. Also I am not a heavy eater, and am careful to avoid rich foods or an overindulgence in sweets.

I never taste liquor in any form, nor do I smoke. A cup of coffee in the morning, with boiled milk, no cream, and plenty of good, pure water and fruit juices, comprise my liquid diet.

It goes without saying that as much out-of-door life as one can manage is excellent for health and complexion. Last, but not least, insist on plenty of good, fresh air in your bedroom. Pure air, and an avoidance of heavy draughts, never give anyone a cold—on the contrary, lack of clean air is almost sure to result in illness.

While beauty is ascribed to by (just skin deep)—it is a complex, it is a complex, she is the body of the foundation, whether it be the velvety skin of a darling baby, or the sable skin which is the background, no matter how lovely the complexion, whether it be the velvety skin of a darling baby, the soft skin of one's mother, or the smoothness of the skin possessed by the tea-drinker, is in no way dependent on the skin.
ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Third of This Series which Deals with the Love Story of Marguerite Clark and Lieut. H. Palmerston Williams

By LOUELLA PARSONS

Marguerite began to dread the time when she would have to return to the north and take up her regular duties. But she could not escape the finality in the protection and admiration of this stalwart youth who acted as if he were afraid a breath of cold wind might blow on her.

Cora Approves.

CORA, who had frowned at all other pretenders to the heart of the lovely Marguerite, took the news of the engagement with entire assent. His family, as good as her own, were of the old south; he had wealth, breeding, and every qualification for making an ideal husband.

On the eve of Marguerite's return home, Lieut. Williams said to her:

"I may come north and see you?"

"I hope you will," was Marguerite's earnest reply.

"I want you to meet my family. Unfortunately they are in the north now. May I bring my mother to call on you?"

Cora blushingly admitted that was the one thing in the world she hoped he would do. He promised to bring his mother the following week, and in the meantime the Miss Marguerite, the dashing young officer, proposed to Cora, as he bade them farewell at the station.

"I want to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your sister after I have brought my parents to call on her."

In less than a week the lieutenant had kept his word. He had come north. His family, who own large lumber interests in the south, spent their winter in Chicago, where they are very prominent socially. He started his mother by walking in on her one day and announcing her, and instantly proceeded to win her heart in helping him win a bride. At first—just at the very first—the aristocratic Mrs. Williams was not entirely pleased with his sudden decision to marry an actress. But, then, she met her little Marguerite, and was so charmed with her sweetness of character, her breeding, her poise and her beauty, that she entered into the love affair, and was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the romance.

A September Bride.

MARGUERITE and Lieut. H. Palmerston Williams were married in September. A quiet wedding in the early morning at a little church. They had a brief honeymoon, and then he took her home to finish her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. At the expiration of her contract her husband, who knew in you may know, a millionaire, insisted his wife come south and take a long holiday. She has rested for over a year, and is just now returning to the screen.

"I always laughed at the women who do exactly what their husbands tell them to do," said Miss Clark. "But here I am, wanting to please Lieut. Williams in all things. I am an old-fashioned wife in every sense of the word."

The war, at the time of their marriage, took Lieut. Williams away. He never failed to call on her little wife up on the long distance telephone every day. Marguerite used to wait at the studio, fearing she would miss one of those tender messages that flooded over the wire. As for her choice now, she says there was never any doubt in her mind she always loved the army best.

The END.

DO YOU KNOW?

That J. Stuart Blackton, the well-known producer, is a painter, an author, and a yachting enthusiast as well?

That it takes between four and five thousand drawings to make one reel of an animated cartoon?

That the drawings are magnified on the screen at least 25 times?

That Dorothy Dulan can wield a canoe-paddle like an expert?

FAT THAT SHOWS SOON DISAPPEARS

Prominent fat that comes and stays where it is not needed is a burden to health and activity, and a curb upon pleasure. Many forms of advice to reduce weight have been advanced, such as starvation, hot baths, dangerous exercises, etc., all of which are either improbable or dangerous. The latest, most moderate and pleasant way to take off dangerous fat is to take after each meal and at bedtime an oil of olive capsules and follow simple healthful rules of life.

To get rid of fat at the rate of one, two, or three pounds a week, take these agreeable-tasting little capsules daily, as mentioned, until you weigh what you should. No wrinkles will remain to show where the fat came off.

All of olive capsules are for sale by all chemists at 25c per packet. If you prefer to have them come to you direct, post-free, send the amount to the D. L. Little Co., 37 Hatton Gardens, London, E.C., and bid good-bye to excessive fat.

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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

THE "PICTURE SHOW."
LUPINO LANE:

A LANE OF MANY TURNINGS

WHEN the stage-door keeper shut the door, as usual, at the London Hippodrome, addressing me as his maternal parent, requested me to step back a few steps for half an hour or so, the reason was "resting." I nearly laughed it—it seemed so absurd, somehow, to think of that little animated image ever being in a state of repose.

Many people, I suppose, have had a similar experience, while Mr. Lane completed his beauty sleep.

CONVIVIALITY AND COMFORT.

W hen finally I was ushered into the dressing room, it was to find my victim much relieved and seated on the arm of a chair, attired in a bathrobe, after which the art of make-up. Of his surroundings I can give no account. I seem to have the remembrance of a lot of comfort crowded into a rather small space—and yes, certainly I have a recollection of conviviality and a cork-screw on the dressing-table. I have no recollection of the house (Decidedly it wasn't here). In the background lurked a hefty dresser, while just behind the star knapsack (I mean no offense to you) I have a much interested in the proceedings, and secretly intent on discovering just how an interview took place.

The Fox Contract.

NOW, of all the "movie" gossip I have read lately nothing has interested me more than the announcement during his recent trip to the States Mr. Lane was signed up for films by William Fox. I asked my last to verify this story, and he confirmed the fact.

"Yes, it is quite true," Mr. Lane admitted. "I have a six months' contract with Mr. Fox, after which I shall return to return Mr. Corden."

With that he applied a generous dash of grease paint....

LUPINO LANE.

Mr. Lane, however, is not romantic—at least not in interviews. "No," he replied briefly, working assiduously on his features. "I received my introduction to him through my work over here." So that was that.

The Elopement.

I T was very early morning when Sally stept out of the house and went to the line where she was employed. She was playing with the car and expressed the true story to her briefly on the previous night, and he went into details as they rode along.

"So you see, dear, when he finds out he really underground, Mr. Lapham's, and that you shall live happy ever after as they do in the story books.

"I think we might have told him the truth and the consequence without eloping," said Sally, but only half-heartedly.

"My dear Sally, you father is in such a temper that it nearly cost me my life to go to him, and I hope you won't cause me any more trouble.

"I have gone many miles to see a car following them."

"It's daddy," cried Sally.

"Then we'll give daddy a good run before he has his breakfast," I said.

He had made arrangements with a minister overnight, and was determined to crown now. "I can't afford to take any risks losing you." And he had gone many miles to see a car following them.

"It's daddy," cried Sally.

"You will give daddy a good run before he has his breakfast," I said.

The Fairbanks' Principle.

T HE Fairbanks' principle is a little clue. There are many such little pieces in Mr. Lane's conversation which he gives to a nice balance between the easiest and the most complicated. He even asks a question, he replies briefly, and to the point, and while you are writing down the answer, this dead heat does his part, you do your part, too; years, no time is wasted. It is all very business-like and convenient.

But, however, he volunteered a little bit of information.

"At present I am negotiating for the film rights of a novel, you know, by a popular author," he remarked.

"Oh," I ejaculated lightly, in a "Do tell me all about it," manner.

"But," concluded Mr. Lane imperturbably, "I am afraid I cannot tell you anything about it at the moment.

"Perhaps you will give me a little information about the type of work you intend doing for the Fox Company," I suggested, trying to keep curiosity and disappointment out of my voice.

Mr. Lane embroidered his cheeks with some rouge.

"I shall do a series of two or three reels, with a shot or two or three for the Fox Company," he said, "and my work will be on the Fairbanks principle.

"And you will note this down. Mr. Lane waiting patients for me.

"May I say anything about salary?" I asked, 'strongly impressed by theimpanent's interest.

Mr. Lane turned and gave me one of his very pleasant smiles.

"I'd much rather you didn't, if you don't mind," he said, and it was a very nice one, if you like.

AN OLD-TIMER.

I WAS dressing brought forth a black wig of starting appearance, and while the star adjusted it he became a little more long-jawed.

"You know," he said, "as though pursuing the previous train of thought, "I like film acting for its own sake. Have been at it for twelve year now, off and on. I started with the ideal Company, under the direction of William C. D. Wright, who beard me out of a very old theatrical family. And then I played in the 'Huckleberry' and 'Knickknaves.' As you see, Sallie, I have seen a little of the old-timer.'

"Folks prophesy that you are going to do wonderful things in America, Mr. Lane. From abroad, I mean. You have a tremendous find in 'you,' I remarked.

"But Lupino would have none of that."

"He is only an ordinary person, and will do nothing startling at all.

Quite ordinary.

Well, I didn't look it—in that wig.

"There's one thing I am proud of, though," he said in conclusion, "and that is that I commenced my theatrical career at the age of three, when I appeared at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in Birmingham. Alas! it was my twenty-second performance."

MAX HERSCHEL CLARK.

"Stop this, Ogles. This thing can't go on. It won't do, you know, " he exclaimed, "for me to give away your secret to your old anthology, and he has tried to ruin us all. But the seconded shall suffer for it.

"The ogles are speaking of my husband," cried a voice from the doorway, and Sally walked in.

"What a horrid thing," cried the ogles, "for me to do."

"Wait a minute!" cried the ogles, "I can do this."

"Stop Speed's car," said the old man with a chuckle.

"Step this, Ogles. This thing can't go on. It won't do, you know, for me to give away your secret to your old anthology," he cried, "for me to ruin us all. But the seconded shall suffer for it.

"The ogles are speaking of my husband," cried a voice from the doorway, and Sally walked in, crying, "Oh, what a horrid thing, for me to do."

"Stop Speed's car," said the old man with a chuckle.

"And while the detectives two had been chasing Speed under the impression that he was the guilty one, two for robbers found they had been mistaken, there was nothing left for Mr. McPherson to do but speed Speed and Sallie his blessing.

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount-Adonis production, "Wearing Waller Gold as "Speed," and "Ranina Havana as "Sallie,""

Picture Show, March 12th, 1921.)
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**DAMSON**
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Girls have far more choice in the matter of colour nowadays than they ever had before. In years gone by, when a frock was worn for one, two or three seasons following before it was cast aside, it was essential that girls should select chiefly neutral shades that did not date too quickly, and of which one did not tire. For there is no doubt about it, continual wear of a bright colour soon becomes arduous.

The modern girl, however, prefers to change more in her garments, and therefore takes full advantage of the lovely colours offered to her, choosing among the more vivid shades. It is the usual practice for a girl to have a little more trouble with her garments when they choose these bright hues. Frequent washing will invariably destroy the original beautiful colour of a garment and leave it a nondescript colourless affair. While the rays of the sun in the summer months will also affect the colour, even more drastically and harmfully than washing, for it bleaches the material in patches.

Perfect Home Dyeing.

These details will, perhaps, put girls on the watch for their garments, especially girls with a small dress allowance, who cannot possibly afford to keep on replacing clothes before they are actually worn. But in these days when dyes have assumed such perfection, and with but little trouble, one can actually wear a dress for several months, with no fear of changing to the greatest advantage.

One hears of clever girls dying their blouses in water in which some marking ink has been dissolved, and making them the most charming shade of mauve. Even the lead of an inedible pencil is sometimes used for the purpose. But unfortunate results come from these experiments, because the ink is dissolved in the water. When ink or pencil is used you must be most careful that the colour is worked well into the water before the blouse is dried, and that there is not any vestige of a blob of ink on the material. The stain of the pencil left on the side of the hand, red and green ink can be utilised in a like manner.

Cold tea added to hot water will make a good solution if you wish to dye anything a deep cream or ecru.

The majority of dyeing is done by hand, and this is most objectionable, as it spoils the look of the fingers and nails for days. Rubber gloves can be worn by those who do not mind working in gloves, otherwise the material can be handled with a stick.

Rules to Remember.

There are a few important rules for the amateur to remember. It is because these are ignored, I think, that some girls make a hash of their dyeing, and do it impossibly at home. One is not to meddle with the recipe. Whatever the instructions may be upon the dye you use, follow them implicitly. The slightest guesswork is apt to ruin the work.

Another important rule is absolute cleanliness. The presence of the slightest dirty sediment in the receptacle in which the dyeing is being done inclines for failure. Many of the dyes tell you that the material, when in the dye, must be boiled for ten to twenty minutes. This is sometimes difficult, as the dye spoils the receptacle in which it is boiled.

Remedies by boiling in an enamel bowl, which can be cleaned with a good cleansing powder, so that no sign of the stain will show.

The Picture Girl’s Overall.

Although the Picture Girl has no prospect of indulging in the arts of spring cleaning, she finds a pretty overall most useful to slip over her frock when dusting her own room. Her latest overall is quite simple, of dawn linen, trimmed with bands of brown linen, spotted with white, and overall is cut in one piece, and arranged with straps at the back which cross over and button on the shoulder.

You can obtain patterns of this overall, which has been specially designed by the Editor of “Home Fashions,” in 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust sizes for one shilling each from Mrs. Broad West, 391A, Oxford Street, W.1.

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Before choosing your new spring costume, see the splendid designs given in No. 1 of "Harmsworth's Home Dressmaker," which gives over 60 "easy-to-follow" costume styles and a FREE paper pattern of one of the most popular. ORDER TO-DAY! 

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Joy Let Loose

EVERY tin of SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE is full of little messengers who carry sunshine into the heart of some little boy or girl—or grown-up, as the case may be. Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee is so thoroughly good—in every way. It nourishes the body as well as tickles the palate—it possesses nutritive value as well as the most charming, lingering, creamy flavour ever possessed by any confection. Look out for the orange tin with the parrot and the Keep upon it—and when you see one buy it.

Sharp's Super Kreem Toffee, 8½d, 1s. 3d.

No letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4.

Dorset," (Oxford.)—Jane Gall did play in "The Prisoner of Zenda." So now your father saves five bob on the bet, you lose a nice box of chocolates in consequence, and here am I without even a three-halvespenny bar with which I can console you. Your luck's completely out this time.

A. E. (London, W.C.)—John Bowers was the hero in "Easy Money." Yes, Golfly Troule is that artist's real name.

Victoria." (Bath).—Maybe since writing to say you saw the death of Anita Stewart. If not, it was given away with the issue for January 22nd, John Bowers, who has played in "Daughter of Mine," "The Pest," and "The Divorce Game," was born in Indiana on December 25th, 1891. His wife is Rita McCrae, from Arkansas.

M. C. (York).—Caraessa Carter was born in 1876, and Antonio Moreno in 1888, Eugene O'Brien has light brown hair and blue eyes. Margaret Marsh, who will be twenty-eight this year, has auburn hair and dark time eyes. Yes, "The Wonder Man" has been replaced.

Drury (Finsbury).—So you have admired Stewart Rome since you were thirteen, and you are now nearly seventeen. Shows you believe in being faithful to our Grace Darmond and Frances Ford were the leads in "The Purple Domino." In "'Conin' Th' Race" the artists were: Anna Taylor (Helen Adair), Stewart Rome (Paul Varder), Margaret Blanche (Evelyn Fleming), Campbell Gilliam (George Temple), and Lionello Howard (Dick Felton). Chilean White and Violet Hopson were also in it.

Vrinden" (Umbria).—You say you wrote to Elsie Lincoln, a photo, and some time afterwards, received, to your surprise, a photo of Edith Roberts, to whom you had never written. That's very curious, but if you will send a photo of Elsie Lincoln, you might now try writing to Edith Roberts. Wheeler Oakman was the hero in "Mickey." David Wark Griffith was born on January 22nd, 1889, in Edinburgh, and killed himself.

J. T. (Cirencester).—Yes, it was Helen Jerome Eddy. Holmes Edward Herbert is his full name. Walt Whitman and William Whitman are two different artists. Mrs. Munro is the correct spelling. Francis Cyrilton was the "Regent," "Kitty." "Kitt" (Brighton).—Impossible, young lady. Our large art prints are so arranged by all that a return to the smaller size would not be received. David Powell was the artist in "The Firing Line.""}

Ask the "Picture Show"

If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players:"}

HOW'S YOUR EYESIGHT?
I used to be a frequent companion in the old days of the theatres and cinema, and the projection of to-day is steadier and clearer in many respects. It must be admitted, however, that the fault has not been entirely remedied, for the blurred and jumpy picture may still occasionally be seen. The explanation of the cause would be too technical to interest the ordinary reader; but it will suffice if I say that it can sometimes be attributed to faulty setting of the parts of the projection machine.

Yet, despite the fact that on the whole the flicker on the screen is now hardly noticeable, the point has often been discussed whether the pictures are injurious to the eyesight. Even occultists have been divided on this question, though it has yet to be proved that any definite harm has resulted. On the contrary, it has been established that the fault does not lie so much with the cinema as an entertainment as with the eyes. If your eyes are inclined to be weak, there is little doubt that a too frequent visit to the pictures will accelerate, after a while, your need for glasses. The worst case seems to be in your cinema shows in moderation like everything else. The following, which I have called from a bulletin issued by the National Safety Council of Chicago, may be of interest:

"If your eyes are all right, it should not hurt them to look at moving-pictures for an hour or an hour and a half. If your eyes feel tired or if you have a headache after looking at clear moving-pictures, it may be that something is wrong with your eyes. Have your eyes examined by a competent eye-specialist."

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
Will readers kindly remember that as this paper can press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue. A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every
£250 Goggles Competition

IN PRIZES

First Prize
£100

Second Prize
£50

Third Prize
£25

75 Prizes of £1 each.

This week we publish the eighth and last set of pictures in the "Goggles" Competition, for correct solutions of which the above splendid prizes are offered.

Efforts must now be gathered together in sets, and each set pinned together. The coupon on this page must be filled in and pinned to the top of each set of efforts submitted. Altered or mutilated efforts will be disqualified.

Sets of efforts should then be sent to:

"GOGGLES" COMPETITION,
Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.1,
and despatched so as to reach that address not later than Wednesday, March 22nd.

This competition is running in conjunction with the "Girls' Cinema" and the "Boys' Cinema."

The decision of the Editor of the Picture Show must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this competition and efforts can only be accepted on that distinct understanding.

Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

I enter "Goggles" Competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Name
Address


THOMAS MEIGHAN and BETTY COMPSON play leading parts in the much discussed photo-play that has just been released by Paramount-Artcraft, "The Miracle Man." It was the play that made Betty a star. Other pictures appear inside.
Icilma Beauty fascinates

The girl who uses Icilma Cream day by day has a complexion that wins admiration from the men folk. She is always sought after at the dance, and her “card” is full early in the evening. In fact, wherever she goes—“dance,” “concert,” or “dinner”—she fascinates.

You too can be just as attractive, for the secret is simple. Icilma Cream—the wonderful natural beautifier—will make and keep your complexion fresh and clear, your hands, arms, neck and shoulders smooth and attractive. Use it daily—that’s the important point.

Get a pot to-day and judge for yourself; and a box of Icilma Bouquet Face Powder at the same time.

### Icilma Cream

**Price** 1s. 3d.; large pot 2s., everywhere. Fleck-tinted Cream, 1½ per pot. Icilma Bouquet Face Powder (two tints—Naturelle and Creme), 2½ per box.

*Use it daily and look your best—and complete your toilet with Icilma Bouquet Face Powder.*

### Wrecked Nerves and Indigestion

**Weak, Sleepless, and Afraid to Eat; Cured by Dr. Cassell’s Tablets.**

Mrs. M. F. Thorp, 9, Meadow Place, South Lambeth, London, S.W. 8, says—

“My trouble was due to reaction following war strain. I lost all my strength, and became terribly nervous and restless. It was an effort to do anything, even to go out, and as for housework, I don’t know how I got through it. Then I began to have pain after food, and this soon developed into severe indigestion. Yet another trouble was sleeplessness, and naturally this weakened me still more.

“I kept trying all sorts of medicines, but nothing did any good, till one lucky day I got Dr. Cassell’s Tablets. In a very short time I felt better. My nerves were stronger and I steadied improved, until now I feel ever so well again. The indigestion is completely gone, and I am thankful to say I sleep well, too.”

### Dr. Cassell’s Tablets

#### Home Prices:

1s. 3d. & 3s.

The 3s. are the more recommended. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell’s Tablets and refuse substitutes.

#### The Universal Home Remedy for—

- Nervous Breakdown
- Kidney Trouble
- Indigestion
- Malnutrition
- Neuralgia
- Sleeplessness
- Anemia
- Anaemia
- Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

#### Take Two Tablets at bedtime and you sleep soundly, and you will know the joy of peaceful and vigourous sleep. SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN.

#### A Smart New Model Hat

**Free to the first 1,000 readers who send for this velour cloth gown.**

This charming new MODEL GOWN of beautiful Velour Cloth is a wonderful bargain at 37/7, and to introduce it to the readers of “Picture Show” we will include with the first 1,000 orders the FREE GIFT OF A SMART MUSHROOM HAT to match the Gown. The Hat alone in a West End store would be anything from 5/- to upwards.

The Gown is a delightful creation of Velour finish cloth; it washes well, will not shrink nor lose colour. The material is of a delightful texture, strong and warm, ideal for Spring wear, and the cut and finish is all one can wish for. It can be had in all the fashionable colours—

- BLACK
- JADE, DARK BLUE
- NAVY
- CERISE
- BROWN, MOLE
- BRICK
- Saxe Blue
- GREY
- MAUVE

Sizes: 36, 38 and 40 bust.

Send 37/7 To-day and we will send the Gown and the FREE gift of the Hat to match, post free to your address, if you are not entirely satisfied we will gladly refund your money.

The first 1,000 will probably be sold in a week or two. Be one of the first 1,000 and send remittance now, stating colour and bust measurement, to HOWARD & SPENCER, 37, Queen’s Rd., Bayswater, London, W.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."  
No. 62.—M. B. (LEFTY) FLYNN.

M. B., who is perhaps better known as "Lefty," has been admirer of the "Picture Show." Lefty gained this nickname when he was a famous football player. He is now playing for the teams in Goldwyn photographs.

A Story You Mustn't Miss.

"The Midnight Bride" is as thrilling a story as the title suggests. The story was also made into a sensational film, with Gladys Leslie as the heroine. This story is now appearing in "Girls' Cinema" beginning to-morrow, Tuesday. You'll regret missing it when you see the film if you do not buy a copy to-morrow.

The Real Thing.

When we see the "Purple Riders," with Joe Ryan in the star part, we shall see a group of real Westerners with whom Joe rode the plains before his motion picture days.

How Lila Received Her Name.

Lila Lee, whom we can now see in "The Cruise of the Make-Believes," is, as you know, one of the youngest motion picture stars before the public. She is well known on the music-hall stage, where she has earned the name of "Cuddles." When but fourteen years of age she was announced as a "find" by one of the largest producing companies, and she certainly fulfilled their expectations since then.

As "Cuddles," Lila Lee was prominently identified for nine years with a vaudeville show. A song, "Look Out for Jimmie Valentine," needed a cute tot to properly express the humour of it. After a prolonged and unsuccessful search, Lila was discovered playing in the street, dancing and singing to a barrel organ. The consent of her parents was obtained, and Lila became "Cuddles" at four years old.

Good Fun.

Cullen Landis says there is nothing in the world that is better fun than collecting eggs from one's own chickens.

He has a large number of chickens working for him. He started with a few prize birds, then became interested in them, and gradually purchased more and more, until now he says he will have to dispose of some of them, or buy a ranch on which to keep them.

A Sensation in Lyndhurst.

Milton Rossier created quite a sensation the other day in the old market town of Lyndhurst, where he has been enacting scenes for his new film, "Belphegor, the Mountebank." Mr. Rossier, of course, plays the title role, and the whole town stayed up all night to see him sword-swallowing in the market place, followed by the light of a brilliant portable arc lamp. Hurries were lit, and there was a picturesque torchlight procession to add to the excitement.

Other scenes in the film, which is founded on the old stage play, were photographed in the fine galleryed courtyard of the George Inn, at Huntington, where Milton Rosser started the inhabitants by performing the difficult feat of balancing upon his chin a pole supporting a tiny child. Mr. Rosser asserts that he has had "no previous experience whatever," and Huntington still wonders how it was done.

Modest Nazimova.

Recognised as one of the greatest actresses on the American screen to-day, Madame Nazimova is said to be still as modest as on the day she first arrived in New York as a member of a Russian company of dramatic players, who embarked with borrowed capital upon a season of Russian presentations in the metropolis.

At that time her artistry and emotionality, coupled with her type, compiled dramatic critics and exciting theatregoers to admit that she was something new and great.

This opinion she knew, of course, but when it was repeated to her, Nazimova protested: "I am not great. I am not even well known in Russia. I have played in Petrograd, but only for a single season. In Moscow, and in some of the smaller cities, they like me a little, I think, but really I am not so great as some would believe."

An Innovation in Picture Shows.

A NOVEL feature of a new picture theatre just opened in America is a room where mothers can leave their babies when they wish to go to the movies.

CONSTANCE WORTH as a pierrotie in the central scene from Harma's coming photo-play "The Education of Micky."
British and American Titles.

"THE GENTLEMAN RIDER" has been re-named "Hearts and Saddles" for distribution in America. A correspondent has written to the Broadway Company suggesting some titles that could be used for other films going over there.

He says that "Under Suspicion" might be re-named "Nearly Had Her Then"; "A Great Coup" called "I'm the Guy"; "A Daughter of Eve" changed to "A Prize Petrolei; "Snow on the Desert" renamed "Always Bose Your Bride"; "Her Son" might be called "The Kid for Keeping"; "The Great Gay Road" changed to "Happy Holidays." The Case of Lady Camber" could be titled "Who Went Her to Sleep?"; "A Rank Outsider" graphically called "A Yellow Poppy," and "Her Penalty" Americanised by "The Tawer.""}

FROM "OVER THERE." Notes and News From New York.

Signs Somerset Maugham.

My last letter spoke of Somerset Maugham's determination to turn into pictures by any extravagant offers of fabulous salaries. But Mr. Maugham reckoned without the fascination of one's own stories. His next book will be picturised by Robert E. Sherill, an American producer.

A Quick Rise.

NEws has just reached me that Lon Chaney has just been signed to play the leading male role in a coming production entitled "The Night Rose" at a weekly salary about the same as that received by the President of the United States. Yet, four years ago, Lon Chaney was working as an extra. His rise is something like that of William Jennings Bryan, who, three years ago, was doing odd jobs round the studio, and is now one of the most popular public speakers of the screen. But, then, both Mabel Normand and Tom Moore started as extras.

A Keen Eye and Good Judgment.

Just as hard as they appear.

A KEEN eye and good judgment are needed by anyone who has hopes of becoming a good acrobat," said Buster Keaton, who is considered one of the screen's greatest tumblers. "There are times when the best actor, while performing some exceptionally difficult stunt, begins to feel a lot uncertain. But he must maintain a grip on his nerves, or get out of the game, he continued. "Most of the stunts done on the stage or in the films are just as hard as they appear."

Charles Ray's Childhood.

From his early childhood, a friend tells me, Charles Ray wanted to be an actor, and his father's wish was always converted into a theatre on Saturday mornings. In fact, it once gained attention by being set on fire through the hissing and groans of Charles. Young Ray started out in a small dramatic stock company. Sometimes they had a payday and sometimes they didn't. But, anyway, Charles stuck to it, and afterwards made his appearance in musical comedy. Then came the pictures, Ray's chance, and subsequently his fame and fortune.

Charlie's Image.

I HEAR that, after the completion of three more short pictures to wind up his present contract, Charlie Chaplin intends to make only five reel pictures. Only one of his previous comedies has given the masses such complete satisfaction, "The Kid." Only one of his pictures contains the lines that have made Charlie known to the public as "The Tramp." "Now in "Eyes of Youth.""

Rudolph Valentino, whose name you can now see as the name employed by Robert Gouge in the third vision of "Eyes of Youth," was educated to become a scientific farmer. Rudolph Valentino Gulbema, to give him his full name, was born and educated in Italy, and went to the United States in search of broad acres on which to work. He discovered the screen offered opportunities, and his dreams of agriculture vanished.

Finding Pickford.

Lillian Gish's Real Self.

E VEryone has the idea that American film makers might discover the only extraordinary screen star in the world. I happened to meet W. L. Sherrill last week, for whom Lillian Gish is now working in New York, and the President of the Proctor Motion Picture Producing Company, and he told me something of Lillian's character, which I think is worth repeating. Although I ought to say it, since it was given to me more or less in confidence. Lillian is getting $1,500 a week. Her salary started August 1, but she returned her money for August, because she had a few scenes to finish for D. W. Griffith in "Way Down East." Then September came, and there was no story. Mr. Sherrill said he would have considered it a wonderful thing if Lillian had offered to work out her contract. She really did want to continue, but she couldn't come to the office and refuse her salary until she started on her picture again. Mr. Sherrill, in "Way Down East," has given her the title of America's greatest film star. This may be exaggerating, but considering there is never has been any screen work to excel her performance of Anna Moody.

Forsakes the Screen.

A FTER a season of uncertainty, Lillian Gish has decided it is useless to wait for motion-picture engagements that are slow in coming. An attractive offer to join a stock company as leading woman was instrumental in having "Dimples," as her friends call him, turn this most sensible conclusion. She is now a member of the Texas Company, touring the southwest and the southern states, but she receives compensation for all the motion picture heartaches for the past.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The result of our recent picture-puzzle contest will be found in next week's issue of the PICTURE SHOW.

If you entered our "Cinema Stars" competition, you will find the title of the PICTURE SHOW early. Your name may be among the prize-winners.
THIS WEEK’S PICTURE SHOWS

"The Pride of the North" ... Phillips.
"Uncle Humphreys and Nora Rowland." ... L. A. Taylor.
"Daughter Angel." ... Western Import.
"The Glorious Lad." ... Walthallaw.
"The Miracle Man." ... Paramount-Aircraft.
"The Third Kiss." ... Paramount-Aircraft.
"The Will." ... Ideal.
"Innocent." ... Stoll.

Milton Rosmer.

THIS famous Ideal star tells me that he
considers he has done some of his best
screen work in Sir John Barrie's "The
Will." He plays the part of a man who starts as a
deck at twenty-five and rises to prosperity at
sixty-five, and later he is a lonely, embittered,
and disillusioned old bachelor. These are the
three stages at which he makes "The Will."...
"I noted these parts on the stage," said
Milton Rosmer, "and so had some valuable
practice in the make-up. On the stage I had
less than two minutes between scenes in which
to do a complete change of dress and make-up.
For the film I used to take over an hour for the
old man. Each eyebrow was stuck on separately,
and each whisker had to be adjusted with
infinite care for the sake of the searchingly
close-up. I did one day's take, but when I saw the
effect on the screen I had to start again.

A Strange Producer and Professor Huxley.

ONE day Milton Rosmer went on "a
strange producer came into the studio,
and asked me if I would consent to
appear in a film giving the life of Professor
Huxley, you may see some resemblance, although I do not
man at more than making an
old man of Milton Rosmer. All the same, it was
rather a curious coincidence that a likeness to
Huxley should have been noticed, because in my
early youth, Huxley was the writer who
influenced my mind perhaps more than any
other author.

A Magic Cabinet.

R. B. Y. BRAMBLE, the famous Ideal
producer of "The Will," has a magic
 cabinet at the Ideal Studios at Elstree.
In other words, it is a studio make-up table.
The top portion opens and forms a mirror and
a table, containing everything in the way of
cineast make-up. Beneath, there are numerous
drawers, and they contain everything that an
artist has ever forgotten to bring along to the
studio.

"Innocent."...

THE Stoll production of Mario Corcelli's
famous novel. The author herself has
taken great interest in the adaptation of
her book to the screen, and Maurice Elvy
spared nothing to make the film a wonderful
photo-play.

A Cockney Picture.

MUSING scenes and humorous sub-titles
are a feature of "London Pride," starring
Edna Flugrath. It concerns the adven-
tures of a British Tommy who, during the war,
impersonated a dead friend. The manner in which he
practises his deception, and his subse-
dquent experiences, are well portrayed by Fred
Groves as the constable hero.

Playing at Make-Believe.

BEATIE BEEGISON, the daughter of a
drunken 'father-dearest,' is only able to obtain
happiness by indulging in a game of
pretence. She has a wonderful ship constructed
out of various objects on which she goes for a
pleasure sail. But she never expected the spice of
real romance which came to her in the end.
Only Lala Lee as Beatie Beegisson can tell you
all about it if you see her in "The Cruise of the
Make-Believes."

A Spy and a Girl.

WHEN one of the chief figures in a drama
happens to be a spy, the interest in it is
bound to be keen. But it is heightened
also by the evenness of the pretty girl heroine
as shown by Pauline Starke in "Daughter
Angelo" when she seeks to establish a reunion
between her grandfather and her mother.
There are plenty of exciting incidents, one of
which is in the defeat of the spy.

Love Knows No Law.

AN "The Glorious Lady" we are shown
how the love of a poor peasant girl success-
fully defies the law of tradition by marry-
ing into a family of a much higher social
scale than hers. But there follow intrigues giving
scope for several thrilling adventures which keep
one constantly in suspense. The only
touch of regret will be in remembering that the
delightful star in it—Lila Stuart—is no more.

An Historical Play.

I F We Were King," featuring William Farnum,
deserves the description given it of being a
"super-special." Excellent characterisa-
tion, beautiful settings and details which are
historically correct help to make it a picture
really worth seeing.

Crooks and Cures.

A N all-star cast, with Thomas Meighan at the
head, is to be seen in "The Miracle-Man.," the
production of George Loane Tucker, an
Englishman. Hearing of an old man who can
perform marvellous cures by faith, a gang of
crooks get hold of him in order to foster their
"get-rich-quick" scheme. Their exploit pro-
vides a surprise, one for them.

A Dainty Romance.

,"THE Third Kiss" is one of these dainty
screen romances which leave behind it
pleasant memories of earlier, happier
way homewards. This may be due, perhaps, to
Vivian Martin for her acting in it, and her
rendering of the love scenes can certainly be
characterised by a truthful use of the adjective
delightful.

MILTON ROSMER and EVANGELINE HILLIARD in "The Will." Scene from "The Will" by Sir John Barrie. MILTON ROSMER as an elderly man.
A Free Man No More.

On a low bench out-side the Ford Arms, a clay pipe sat, and wafted to the world in the dimmest rays of the sun.

It was incredibly old. His lips curdled in process of time. His cheeks were like brown, wrinkled parchment. But in his withered cheeks there was the glow of health, like the face of the moon on a misty evening. His old eyes were clear and bright. He looked about him with the lively and cheerful interest of a child, or a bird. From time to time he would pick up the empty mug which stood on the bench beside him and look into it. On finding it empty, his old face would express the most comical surprise, and he would put it down again.

As the sun declined to himself, but always in a cheerful way, and the moths that came under his notice was enough to set him chuckling merrily, the old boy still found life very entertaining.

He lifted the empty mug for, perhaps, the tenth time, and suddenly he paused without looking into it and pricked up his ears.

He heard voices, and they were the voices of two Pagnninis who sang into the quiet air well the voices of every native of Frics Ford. Even as he replaced the mug on the bench the voices turned the corner of the building and confronted him.

He looked up, and his old face beamed as he recognized the two Pagnninis.

Pagnninis at work, he rejoiced.

"How's the Grandpa Mullins?" he asked.

I do very well, consider my years; very well, said the old man, and then, whispering at Alfred, took his hat.

Alfred dropped on the bench beside him.

You look well, sir, and well-behaved, and as you've found him, you've found your luck.

As he spoke, he looked out across the road to the lach mewsows, the winding river, and the picturesque older side.

Grandpa Mullins gave an interested look at the young man and then, with the least hesitation, and then his head, to the lad.

"Hard," he commented judiciously, when he had finished the examination. "Hard! It ain't like what I used to have. But you be big and you be hard, too. A fine lad you be, and so would I," he added, with sudden and most unexpected fervor, "but for the plague got my eye. My eyes be fine; my ears be fine; but daen't the gout, says I!"

Alfred laughed, and Primus handed him his match-box to the old boy.

"Did you try the nettie tea?" asked the old man.

The old boy took a pinch, snored violently once or twice, and then replied:

"The old boy used to, and, says I, drink it thyself! Drink the nettie tea!"

They all laughed, but the old boy's attention was now directed elsewhere. He was glancing out across the river towards the mill, and there was a keenly interested expression on his old face.

Alfred followed the direction of his gaze, and became aware of a most extraordinary scene.

In the shadow of the battlements the mill had been raised. Practically every man charged to a proper light, in which the latter it again victories, and was another glance, but was anything but a certain spot in the river near the tavern.

There is a very strange stranger always, and I warn one of the party tells the company that he is none other than Jerry Abershow, the highwayman.

The news spread like wild fire, and before Alfred was a likely man, to the tune of Hanno Jack, the blacksmith, who, however, refused, and he and the two Pagnninis set off on a tramp to the village of Frics Ford.

"You're a pretty wit," he said, with a wry smile. "And I mustn't be for you, I'm afraid.

Alfred looked up, as if he was greatly surprised, and stroked his mouth of epgaris, and into the mouthly a gleam of hope.

"I cannot earn enough to be otherwise," he said.

The miller, who was turning away, looked back and surveyed the speaker attentively.

"That's no very big, simple thing. It takes a frame of eagerness, and into the mouthly a gleam of hope.

Merchant knew him, but one passion—he wanted to be left alone. He yearned for a quiet life, with plenty of leisure in which to smoke his pipe in peace. He was one of those few people who can only be perfectly happy when they are perfectly idle, and Pato had tied them both, a pretty little woman who made him work. That was his trouble, and now, when his gage fell upon Alfred, there seemed to open before him a way of escape.

"Then thou be a heathy lad," he said. "It should not be hard for thee to find work if thou art really seeking it."

"I'm easy suited," replied Alfred. "Does know a master who needs a man?"

"A man who's to ten shillings a week?" suggested the miller cautiously.

"Ten shillings!" said Alfred judiciously, "I'm a man to work. If thou art in earnest, I'll see thee later."

The miller nodded and entered the inn.

Alfred's light, in thought, while old Mullins continued to chatter in his genial garrulous way, and Primus went on playing the flute.

There are times when the old fiddler forgot everything in his music. Much as he loved every favourite companion was over his beloved instrument. It seemed to talk to him in a language which only he fully understood, and it always responded to his mood. It could be gay or it could be sad, just as he chose.

As the sun sank out of sight behind the mill, Grandpa Mullins rose and bobbled away.

It was nearly dark when Primus stopped playing. Alfred was surprised to discover that he was alone.

No rose, shook himself, and prepared to canik. He looked up at the hounds, a Wesleyan kind of a look, and said:

"Wish ails thee, lad?" he demanded.

"Naught," was the curt and rather surly reply.

"Boy, thou lies!" said Primus calmly.

"Tis a bad habit in the young. To lie with success one must have a wide knowledge of the world and much experience, and then it's scarce worth the trouble. What ails thee?"

"Nought!" missed the old man thoughtfully.

"Did I not know, boy, that thou art happy in possessing such a clothes you wear, I should say thou hast lost something."

"What's thry riddle, lad? What is't we've lost?"

"Master Alfred."

"Eh?"

"He hath just bound himself to the Miller Jones, and he is a free man no more.

Rownes's Plan.

MY child, who is you are?"

It was an old lady who spoke. She was strikingly handsome, and in her youth had been a beauty, rare beauty. Her old eyes were full of admiration as she gazed down upon her godchild, who was smiling up at her from the depths of a low armchair.

(Continued on page 8.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF THEDA BARA

THEDA BARA
THE WORLD-FAMOUS SCREEN SIREN'S ADVICE

It was due more to Theda Bara than to any other star of the screen that people on this side of the Atlantic came to know the modern meaning of the word "Vamp." Probably there is no woman in the world less like a vamp than Theda Bara, when she is her natural self. I had been told this some considerable time before I had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished artiste, but when I saw her, and talked to her, and found her such a charming, unassuming woman, with a great interest in the simplest things of life, I could not refrain from putting the question that she must have answered thousands of times, why did they make you a vamp?
"Did you take to vamp parts yourself?" I asked.
"Not any more than a child would take to measles," she replied. "The directors and producers devised that I was to be the worst woman on the screen, and I think they succeeded. All I can say is that I should not like to meet a woman half as bad as some of the characters I have played. But whenever I made a similar remark to a producer, he said, 'Don't worry, Theda. There are plenty worse women in mansions than you have ever been on the movies.'"

So we let it go at that.

Hard-Won Fame.

Theda Bara became a world-famous star overnight, but it was no accident. She had spent years preparing herself for the work, and gained her experience in the workshop of the world. She has travelled to the ends of the earth to gain a more comprehensive understanding of life.

The first record we can find of her professional life was about eight years ago in New York, where she played small parts on the stage as Theodosia de Coppet; her real name, as you may know, is Theodosia Goodman.

Her Favourite Role.

It was her first picture that decided Theda as a vamp of the screen, which was entitled "A Fool there Was." She has starred as most of the famous sirens that have made history: Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, Salka, etc. Her favourite role is that of a bad girl with a good heart.

Although Theda has won countless admirers through her characterisations of sirens, she does not advocate the girl of to-day to copy her methods.

Nobody Loves Her.

She says that a vamp might just as well go into the garden and eat worms—she is as badly off as the fat man—nobody loves her. For one thing, Miss Bara says that the vamp is too wise, and although it is her wisdom that attracts, it cannot win the heart of a man, as can the winsome smile of the schoolgirl.

A man may be a vamp's abject slave, but the first little girl who looks like an angel, and who can make a cake, is the girl who wins his love. A man after all loves the quiet, unassuming little girl, whose charm lies in her simplicity: the vamp may entertain him, but he rarely marries her.

Her Second Time on Earth.

Miss Bara is a firm believer in theosophy, and is well versed in every argument for reincarnation.

She discusses the theory of transmigration much as you or I would discuss the latest novel. She says that she has the feeling that she has lived on this earth a long time ago.

"I can't explain it," she says. "But of this I am sure: I lived on earth, and ruled a people not by love but by fear. I finally believe that, when I die, I shall return to the earth again, in some other person.'

If you want to write her, address your letter:

Theda Bara
Co Fox Film Corporation
130, West Forty-sixth Street
New York City, U.S.A.

(Mention the Picture Show to ensure an early reply.)
NILES WELCH was born in Hartford, Connecticut, was educated in England and France, and later at Yale and Columbia. He appeared on the stage for several years, but lately he has been acting in motion pictures. He and Mrs. Welch have just bought a very attractive home on the coast.

NILES WELCH was born in Hartford, Connecticut, was educated in England and France, and later at Yale and Columbia. He appeared on the stage for several years, but lately he has been acting in motion pictures. He and Mrs. Welch have just bought a very attractive home on the coast.

NILES WELCH in a love scene with VIVIAN MARTIN in "Jane Goes A-wooing," a Paramount play.

A studio portrait of NILES WELCH. Photo: Melbourne Spurr

A scene being filmed in the Great North-West by the Vitagraph Co. for "The Courage of Marge O'Doone" adapted from the famous store. By James Oliver Curwood.

With VIVIAN MARTIN in a scene from that delightful film, "Little Comrade."

Niles amongst the snows in a scene from "The Courage of Marge O'Doone."

NILES WELCH with his wife, whose title's name is Jill Boon.
"THEY'RE OFF!": A TORTOISE DERBY

Quite a new type of race for TOD SLOAN! Some of the principals in the forthcoming Tod Sloan Picture act as "starters" in a tortoise race. From left to right can be seen: TOD SLOAN, FRANCIS FORD, KINGSLEY BENEDICT, famous author and actor, and L. MILLER.

TOM MOORE, a Goldwyn star, purchases a present for his lady love in "Mr. Barnes of New York."

VIOLA DANA. The third of our series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of themselves. Viola Dana is one of a famous trio, her sisters being Shirley Mason and Edna Flugrath. She first appeared on the stage at the age of eleven years. Some of the films in which she has appeared are: "False Evidence," "The Gold Cure," "The Night Rider," and "Please Get Married."

WANDA HAWLEY has a few moments, well earned, while her coiffure is being attended to between scenes of her latest Realect picture. She takes advantage of the few minutes to have a quiet read.

MONROE SALISBURY, as he will appear in "The formed his own company. This picture is being oil and white print, and the second preparing for color sheet in it."
The wonderful story of a white-haired patriarch who heals the sick and the crippled, and who works a transformation in the hearts of a gang of crooks, and brings love and happiness to a beautiful decoy and a hardened criminal by reforming them.

BETTY COMPSON as Rose, the decoy of a gang of crooks, with THOMAS MEIGHAN as Tom Burke, head of the gang.

The Frog, now a reformed character, embraces his adopted mother.

Paramount Arctraft.

LON CHANEY as the Frog and JOSEPH J. DOWLING as the Patriarch.
HUSBANDS AND WIVES
NOT TO MENTION THE LITTLE ONES.
Here are some interesting home pictures of famous Stars, chosen specially for PICTURE SHOW readers.

CONRAD NAGEL and his wife, BETH HELMS, both of whom play in "The Fighting Chance." With them is Charles Ray, their director.

Milton SILLS and his famous actress wife, GWLADYS WYNNE, with eight-year-old Dorothy.

Mr. and Mrs. CECIL B. DE MILLE, the famous director, with Cecilia and John.

BILLIE BURKE shakes hands with her gymnast master while husband FLORENZ ZIEGFELD looks on.

JACK and BUNTY MULHALL, with four-year-old Jack Junior.

M. B. (Lefty) and BLANCHE FLYNN with baby Barbara. (Goldwyn.)
IN "THE BARBARIAN" "OH, MARY! HOW COULD YOU!"

Who would believe it! MARY MILES MINTER is putting her tongue out at the camera! Perhaps she didn't like being snapped while she was eating her lunch. On the left is CHARLES MAIGNE, her new director.

FRANK LLOYD, Goldwyn director, looks very puzzled. Perhaps he is wondering how any baby could sleep in such a position. The baby and its mother formed part of the Chinese atmosphere in "A Tale of Two Worlds." Frank Lloyd appeared in pictures before he became a director and producer. His first film was "Shadows of Life," and others in which he acted are "Open Shutter," "Across the Volta," "Damon and Pythias," and many others.

EILEEN DENNIS, besides being a popular Hepworth player, is a talented professional dancer. The photograph shows her as she appeared in her imitation of Pavlova's Swan Dance, which she danced on the English and American stage.

MALVINE POLO, daughter of Eddy Polo, is to appear in a film entitled "Foolish Wives."

An unusual dolly! This little Universal player has a big choice of pets at the Universal Studios and seems very fond of the one she has chosen. She is to appear in Frank Mayo's film, "The Tiger."
"Mary's Ankle"
A Story of the Plotting of 'Three Imprecocious Chums'.

THERE are many stages to the state of impecuniosity, but Dr. Arthur B. Hampton, Johnny Masters, and Stub Masters had travelled them all till they had arrived at the last one when, one night, the and the latter is poor. So was the trio.

Hampton was a doctor without a patient, Stokes a lawyer without a client, and Stub an estate agent without a client. Their trouble was that they were too young—of the boyish stage of life—however, to have a prejudice against youth when it comes to financial matters.

The three chums were discussing the situation in Hampton's surgery.

"I don't care to try blackmail," and Johnny Stokes, "I'm thinking I would stick at it to get a steak!" commented Stub Masters.

Arthur Hampton turned from a gloomy contemplation of his medicine cupboard.

There are some chocolate-coated pills in here, if I have any real cases in what I put inside them, I might try a meal eating them.

"I suppose, it's no use suggesting that your landlady—" said Stokes.

"Not an atom," replied Hampton. "Poor old soul; she has done everything she could. I am ashamed to look her in the face.

"I understand," said Johnny. "If I'm not mistaken, that is she arriving on the landing. That brownish accompaniment to her steps is a real winter as a warning.

"Yes, yes, a very cold one. Nothing like it. We are on the operating table, and Arthur was bending over him, strathscone in hand, while Masters looked on with an agonized surgical expression.

It was an old odge of the chums to make believe Arthur was an invalid.

There was a knock, followed by heavy breathing.

"Mrs. Huggins, a stout, motherly-looking woman, entered, but grasp not an apostrophe "Oh!" as she saw the patient.

"Pray take a seat, Mrs. Huggins. I have just finished dinner. My wife is not back yet. I believe you have brought me a message, have you?"

Then, turning to Stokes, he said gravely:

"You have improved wonderfully since I last examined you, only a little on the same diet!"

"Steam, varied with same and a little fish occasionally, Dr. Hampton," said Mrs. Huggins.

There was a real, agonising look on Stub Masters' face as he heard Hampton speaking so glibly of dishes that were to them but a mere memory.

Stokes looked up to the young doctor with a murderous glare in his glass eyes.

"You're sure you haven't forgotten anything doctor? I understand from you on last visit that you had a dole of gus and cavities.

"Well," said Hampton, evoking his stethoscope that was a little of er, just to eliminate the appetite, you know.

"And, for a piece, just ordinary bread-and-

cheese," said Stub Masters, and then, in an evident, table.

"Even a part dinnning three days oll wasn't the worst of it," said Masters.

Arthur had turned to his landlady with his best professorial manner. But as he did so, he gave a start.

Mr. Masters was a very fat man, but there was a man which sat a most unhappy looking partner.

"It's Polly, I've come about. The poor dear seems to have lost her appetite. She can't eat anything. I witnessed her with all sorts of dainties. Nice fresh eggs boiled it for a millionaire to eat; bits of the best kidney chopped up and seasoned, but she won't touch a thing!"

Three young men urged as Mrs. Huggins went on describing other little delicacies which had made to tackle the jaded appetite of the dejected-looking bird.

Arthur made a desperate effort, and maintained his join with a sentence.

"This is an interesting case, Mrs. Huggins," he said.

What he really thought was:

"If only that bird had eaten all the good things offered, that's a food that he would have made for the three of us!"

"You don't say," muttered Masters.

"Birds refuse while humans bick dry bread!" said Masters, as he conceived of the situation by suggesting that it the egg had been poached Polly might have had it.

"Tell him you don't doctor birds, Mr. Hampton," said Mrs. Huggins, "but I thought I would ask you.

"You couldn't come to a better man, Mrs. Huggins. As a matter of fact, when I asked, took up whispering to the doctor and I made quite a name an authority on birds. But if you will leave to one, I'll ask her for you to a friend of mine who keeps a bird hospital. I can promise you that she will eat anything when I return her to me.

"Oh, it is good of you, doctor!" breathed Mrs. Huggins. "You've got a real kind heart!"

She gave a mysterious nod, indicating that Arthur should follow her to the hospital.

Outside, she whirled around:

"As for the rent, sir, it doesn't matter for another week or two until I think that gentleman that takes up so much of my time ought to pay you a little. It is a matter of maladies.

Mr. Masters, and Arthur. These young millionaires never understand that a doctor may be in need of money, and yet make no effort to press for payment.

He closed the landlady downstairs, and entered the room with a triumphant smile.

"Boys, we are saved!" he cried, "The situation is solved. I have nothing to fear."

I'll explain why this dyspeptic thing on the perch is not a minced kidney, while my stomach is sending wireless to my brain for something to keep its sides from caving in. I will be as silent as the grave," said Stokes.

"That's too bad," said Arthur. "It is that horrible bird that has no appetite. Polly's gluttony shall spread a feast before us.

"Hark! What is this? This is no ill-omen for us, my friends, but a dove of peace and plenty. We will rustle and get down to brass tacks, this is what I am going to do. Polly refuses her food because she has too much, and this disturbance is due to her condition.

"I am going to take her to the pash round tomorrow morning, and I will fetch your friend and we will have more in plenty. I shall give him strict instructions that Polly shall live on a little bird seed. I can promise you that we shall return. We will redeem her, and take her back to her loving owners.

"Polly, if I had twenty huts I would take them all off to you, said Johnady solemnly. "I see in your face, a distinct resemblance to the great American eagle."

"Let us sadly forth with Polly," said Stub Masters.

"A lesser man would ask how we are going to raise the money to redeem the charming Polly, but why worry?

The pashbroker advanced five dollars on Polly, and the three friends made first to a little dance of gratitude. The little fortune reckless a check. It happened to be a flag day, and within a hundred yards of the little faithful, the onlookers were held up by four girls.

Arthur thought the leader was the prettiest girl he had ever seen, and though he knew it was madness, he paid a dollar for a flag. It cost him a dollar, but he couldn't resist it. It sufficed to get a real meal, with a few cents over for his own share.

All through the meal, Arthur Hampton was very silent.

He was thinking of the girl who had sold him the flag, and wondering if he would ever see her again.

"We have gone out in the hope of meeting her in the street, but he reflected that only excuse to go to the park to buy another flag, and he had not the money to do that.

The next morning, when the three friends met to discuss the question of raising the wind, Arthur produced a letter he had received from his uncle Hugue.

Arthur had written explaining that potatoes were very dear, and that his uncle was very rich, would send him a cheque, but the appeal had failed.

"When you marry and settle down," said his uncle, "I will set you up. At the present time you are simply البلدية"

"That's another avenue closed," said Arthur, as he showed his uncle's letter. "On the contrary," remarked Stub Masters. "I see in this letter the road to prosperity, Your uncle is going to give you a start.

"He has wish. You shall be married to-morrow, Arthur!"

"Don't talk of it!" said Arthur. "I have not the slightest inclination. I am very much in love with you."

"Anna."

Don't do!"

"I am a doctor," said. "Help me to carry her away, Mamie!"

Stub and Johnady picked up the girl and carried her off.

Then Arthur waved them away as he saw the girl looking at them in a puzzled way.

"She doesn't like it!" said Arthur to Stub.

"Don't! We better fetch a doctor," said Stub, and followed by Arthur and Johnady.

"I am a doctor," said. "Help me to carry her away, Mamie!"

The girl gave a twinge of pain as he bent her over. (Continued on page 18.)

DOUGLAS MOLE-LANE as Arthur Hampton and DORIS MAY as Mary Jane Smith.
Pauline Peters.

"Her Penalty."

This Holborn flat is my study and reception at the trade show recently, and I shall have to say about it on release. The production has been directed by Mr. Brun, under the supervision of Mr. Walter West. It is a thrilling plot, the heroine, Pauline Peters, unwittingly committing bigamy. Some wonderful exterior scenes, with grounds of a beautiful old country manor, have been obtained—and one is carried from the whirl of London to the loneliness of a sandy desert. Stewart Rome, Clive Brook, Pauline Peters, and Philip Heyland play principal parts.

Basil Rathbone.

Do you remember the beauty and dignity of Basil Rathbone's acting in "Peter Ibbetson," "Du Maurier's exquisite play? His scenes with Constance Collier leave an undying memory behind. I was surprised when he told me that Peter Ibbetson was his first big part in London.

"After the Army," Basil Rathbone said, "I went down to Stratford-on-Avon; that was in August 1919. Constance Collier saw me there, he engaged me in Romeo and Juliet, and she engaged me to play Peter Ibbetson. After this I played Alfred de Musset with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and then I played in "The Sphinx." Then I went on to Viola Tree, and played the sinister atheist in 'The Unknown.' Then I played with Marie Lohr in "Federer at the Globe. After this followed Prince Henry in 'Henry IV.,' for Mr. Fagan at the Court, and then I played with Miss Jeanne as the Countess of Suffolk in 'The White Queen.'"

My First Film.

"I was ' Innocent,'" Basil Rathbone answered, "and I have found that filming is of great value to the actor and actress, for the simple reason that it makes you express in your face, since you cannot express words. English actors and actresses so often don't give sufficient attention to the eye. Frequently the face doesn't express the words. Repose is one of the greatest assets on the screen. There seems to be tremendous possibilities in film work. There is no time limit. On the stage so much must be expressed in a short space of time. A book can be unfolded chapter by chapter on the screen, and this is not possible on the stage."

The Author of "Innocent."

Basil, you told me that when I was at Stratford he often saw Maria Corelli in her gondola on the Avon, and usually she wore a white linen dress. Basil Rathbone himself? He is tall and dark, full of energy, full of ambition, and tremendously handsome—as no double could of my readers know.

An American Star Visits a British Trade Show.

This Holborn flat, after an important trade show, I was introduced to Wyndham Standing, who, as many of our readers are aware, made a big hit in that remarkable picture "Earthbound." Of course I wanted to know what Wyndham Standing thought of "our pictures," and he said crowds of

EVANGELINE HILLIARD.

"The Shepherds Without a Heart," Evangeline Hilliard told me the other day.

"Then during the war I did some nursing; afterwards I learned to act. I've always liked to do film work. I was asked to play Emily in the Ideal Film version of Sir James Barrie's "The Will," and it is interesting because I play three different periods. In the first part I am supposed to be in 1880, and in the second part, 1910; then follows 1908, when I am forty-four; and, best of all, in 1920, when I am fifty-six. It's just a wee bit difficult to get one's features quite right to go through the three stages, but it is tremendously interesting. Although I admit it's a very tough job to go through the different ages."

Evangeline Hilliard is the granddaughter and the daughter of clergyman, which is a slight menace to a career which goes to show a subtle kind of affinity between church and stage.
MARY’S ANKLE.  

"It’s my ankle," she said. "I sprained it trying to catch a turtle."  

"You ought to have taken the driver’s name," said Johnny Stoker, who had returned with a bottle of ale.  

"I am a lawyer and could advise you. There is a clear case for damages."  

"You could not have spared the time," said the girl. "I am sailing for Honolulu this afternoon with the freighter "Paradise.""  

"Honolulu," cried the three.  

"And nieces," thought Arthur. "Can this be the same girl who talked with you?"  

"Alas be said!"  

"Did you mention your name, ma'am?"  

"My name is Jane Smith," replied the patient.  

The careless changed colour.  

Here was a pretty state of affairs with Uncle George expected at any moment.  

He had better leave this to Arthur, whispered Stoky to Johnny. "He is so truthful."  

Arthur made a despairing appeal in his eyes as the two left the room, but the two ignored it.  


At any moment his uncle might come in, and if he began to talk he would be sure to find out that he had been deceived. If he could only get rid of the girl, but she was not fit to be moved yet.  

A wild idea came into his head, and if he began to talk he would be sure to find out that he had been deceived. If he could only get rid of the girl, but she was not fit to be moved yet.  

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BUILDING THE SET

Photographs Showing the Wonderful Sets Erected for an Eric Von Stroheim Production

It is really surprising to learn what wonderful and realistic sets are erected for just a single film. When photographed, they will bear comparison with the real thing, and the cost of some of these film "marvels" must be stupendous. Here you see a set in the course of construction for an Eric Von Stroheim Universal production, at Monterey, in California.

How the set looked when finished. Nobody would realise that this had been hastily constructed and was not a strong castle built on a rock that had weathered many an angry storm.

For another scene in Eric Von Stroheim's new production, the Casino was required. One would naturally imagine that it would be almost an impossibility to build a set such as this. But no, nothing daunted, they built a replica of the Monte Carlo Casino at Universal City, and in this photograph you can see this wonderful example of film sets being built.

Another set which was built for the Von Stroheim production amidst the beautiful, rugged, scenery of Monterey.

In this photograph you see ERIC VON STROHEIM, for whose production all these sets were made, with his wife in their car.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

MOST women have a hobby of some kind or the other. They are as diverse as the poles, and often totally different to what you would expect from that particular person. Some girls select a strenuous hobby—long games on the golf course, or a hard game of hockey—while others prefer something a little more restful and quiet. It is the quiet hobby, I think, that generally appeals to the busy woman, and as I come under that category, my particular hobby is a most ordinary one, yet to me it is exceptionally pleasing, and a restful change after a hard day's work at the studio. I love making dainty undies. It is such a fascinating pastime, and so useful, too. But what I like best of all is thinking out new plans of decoration for them. I find that in some cases the simplest hand embroidery looks perfectly beautiful, and gives the garments the style and finish of Bond Street without the exorbitance of their price.

Your Everyday Undies.

FOR everyday hard wear, I do not think crepe-de-Chine undies are sensible. Garments worn when one is at work are bound to pick up a certain amount of dust, and they must be fairly durbale to stand the amount of washing they demand. A jolly good camisole or fine madapolam is admirable for undies that demand hard wear, and much washing. You can buy these fabrics nowadays of such a fineness that they feel just like silk in the hands, and retain that asset even when they have been washed dozens of times. For good, hard wear, there is absolutely nothing to beat hand embroidery. Perhaps the work is a bit tiresome for the girl with little time on her hands, but it is so charming when it is completed, and even outlasts the material, that it is well worth the time spent upon it. And after all, the simplest hand work is the prettiest. What do you think of the set of undies on the right-hand of the sketch on this page? They are as charming as you could wish for, and yet their decoration did not take long to do.

The edge of the garments were finished in scallops. This work you will find quite quickly 'done if you hold the top of the scallop facing left, and work with the thread beneath your left thumb, instead of working in the usual buttonholo stitch. It has the same effect in the end.

A Hand-Embroidered Set.

HERE you will see the garments are quite simple. Always choose simple ideas for your undies, even if for dressy wear I decorate them a little more elaborately. Arduous work, and difficult pieces only spell failure, and are difficult to fit. The embroidered design on the front of both the camisole and chemise is arranged as an oblong, with a circle running into it at either end. You could pencil out this simple motif yourself upon your work. The actual design is first of all outlined with stem stitch, and at intervals a couple of stitches are taken out to the side, to give the appearance of small leaves. One set of undies that I decorated with this design—they were of white silk material—I outlined with very pale mauve silk, and interspersed occasionally with two west pale blue forget-me-nots, with pink centres. They looked so effective, and yet the actual work took under an hour. Talking of the embroidery upon undies, I must tell you of another design that I loved doing. It was just a small bunch of four roses. These I outlined in different pastel shaded silks, with a simple running stitch, taking out a couple of green leaves at either side of each bunch.

I have chosen this particular set of undies because I thought they were just the very things you would like. The camisole is so easy fitting with its circular neck. The lower edge is gathered into an elastic, and allows you to slip it over the head, and avoid fastenings. The chemise has a square-neck part, while the admirable knickers are of the charming French order. Never was there a prettier design than the full Directory knickers—that is if they are currently short—say a couple of inches above the knee.

A Crepe-de-Chine Petticoat.

UNDIES are certainly rather scanty in these days, still there is no reason for them not to be moderately substantial. When you wear a thin evening frock, you must have a little substance to your undies, even if they are exceptionally dainty. Why not indulge in a very nice white crepe-de-Chine Petticoat—a fairly thick one that will give body to your flimsy frock? It will not run you into much, and will last such a long time. Don't decorate it too lavishly with lace. I must admit that a little good and fine lace looks beautiful upon undies, but it cannot ever appear so alluring as hand embroidery. The work upon this particular petticoat (which is fitted with a couple of points that extend well up to the shoulder, and connect by satin ribbon) is worked by hand, in Broderie Anglaise.

A Lace-Trimmled Petticoat.

SOME girls favour the undergarment with very small sleeves, especially beneath the arm for evening wear. The second petticoat design will appeal to this girl. I have selected this style specially for the slim girl. The whole bodice part is gathered all round into a band of lace at the neck, and a band of material at the waist-line. A small piece of material forms an umbracleeve, and both the top of these and the shoulder parts are connected with straps. The straight skirt is gathered on to the lower edge of the material waist-band.

You can obtain patterns of any design on this page in 22, 24, 28, and 32 inch waist sizes for one shilling each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Department, 291a, Oxford Street, W.
A BOUT the time certain male stars were announcing in public their freedom from matrimonial ties, Thomas Meighan surprised everyone by boldly giving out long interviews on his happy married life. This candid acknowledgments of a wife was no pose with Tommy, who was sincere in his conviction the world had a right to know there existed such a person as Frances Ring Meighan.

"They must be bride and groom," said a writer on a motion picture publication. "No good looking chap with Tommy's popularity is going to confess to being handicapped with a wedding ring standing between him and his public."

Instead of being hoydening at the time the statement was made, Tommy had been married nine years. He was a love match pure and simple, and during that time there has never been any other woman who measures up to his Frances.

Both the Meighans were professionals at the time they met. Frances Ring, slim, pretty, and with an adorable charm, was the flirtatious girl in the "College Widow" who buried a lover each season, when school ended. Tommy was the student whom she dropped to the point where he forgot his school and followed her wake even to playing in a rival college football team.

Frances, a sister of Blanche Ring, and descended from four generations of actors, knew all the tricks of her profession. Tommy, a young Irishman whose family were all in professional life, watched the young actress with admiring eyes, but without thought. Then one day she smiled encouragingly at him, and his heart beat high. Five minutes later she gave the same smile to another man in the cast, and the sun didn't seem to shine quite so brightly.

Cave-Man Tactics.

F OR some weeks Frances scattered her smile without partiality, just like the girl in the play, and Tommy's hopes alternately rose and fell. He knew she was the one girl in the world that lit up her brain, her smile, and her womanly interest in all her fellow players.

"Finally," said Tommy, "I couldn't endure the thought that she might like some one else better than she did me, so I decided to try some cave man tactics. I put on my most ferocious one right after the performance and said:

"Come here Frances Ring."

"Yes, Tommy," she answered.

"Get your hat; we are going to find a priest and make arrangements to get married."

Why, certainly," she answered, "I always expected to marry you."

"That was over nine years ago," said Tommy, "and I don't know how she feels, but I have never regretted our marriages for an instant. She is the best pal and friend I have in the world. She is my best critic. I never select a story without her approval. Every play and book is handed promptly to her, to decide if she thinks it is suitable for me. I have learned a lot from Frances. I might say I owe any success I may have had in the world to my wife and David Warfield. They both have given me constructive criticism, and told me frankly and honestly just where my stage faults lie."

Mrs. Meighan continued playing for many years, helping the family treasury by bearing her share of the burdens. She has not played for some time but because Tommy has made enough to support two not only in comfort but in luxury. But he isn't selfish. He permits her to play on the stage now and then only when she prefers to have her travel with him on his picture engagements.

"My contract specifically states that Frances is to come to me wherever I may be sent by Famous Players-Lasky," said Tommy, "I can do better work with her by her side. She is in an in-between, and she understands me better than anyone else.

"Mrs. Meighan is mother, wife, sweethearts, and friend to her big Irish husband. She is tactful, sensible, and wise. There is not such a thought as possible in her head. She is always interested in Tommy's feminine admirers, and keeps in the background where she feels a wife is in the way. During Mr. Meighan's public appearances she discreetly withdraws from public notice, and permits the thousand and one Meighan admirers to see her husband without having a wife in the oiling."

"You know," said Tommy, "if there were more wives like Frances there would be less divorces in the world. She isn't in the least jealous, or if she is she has never shown it. I always tell her any adventures I may have, and no one laughs more heartily than she when I tell her of the things that happen when I am appearing at theatres or receptions. She has made me.

(Continued on page 21.)

ROMANCES OF FAMOUS FILM FOLK

The Fourth of This Delightful Series. Telling of the Meeting and Marriage of Thomas Meighan and Frances Ring

By LOUELLA PARSONS

"DON'T BE FAT! I WILL HELP YOU!"

When I was fat, I was uncomfortable and unhappy. I steadily gained weight. My double chin was a sight. My friends smiled, oh yes, jocund. My physical and mental suffering was unbearable. I tried all advertisement system, I sweated, drugged, exercised, starved, and wore one-new fashioned costumes that were said to reduce weight, but they all failed.

WAS I DESPERATE.

I gave up buying nostrums and new systems, and began to THINK as a substitute for paying out money. I put reason on my side, but reason, I learned the CAUSE of fat. Then I bargained to think how easy it would be to prudence in all. I sacked out a plan, it was as simple as other. I understood. To reduce fat is simple to my, and thorough method prevents the 4th weight. I have no double chin now. I look fifteen years younger, more graceful, or if she is she has never shown it. If you are on the condition consequent on superfluous fat have left me. I am so happy that you want to share my illustration, etc. Each student is given a book, simple, easy, and inexpensive for training in the particular style and gesture. By choosing how you use them just as I did. It will save you money, save you energy, and perhaps even this book has given you a history of my experience, and I know you will enjoy it. I'll see charts and I'll fascinate you. All I ask is that two penny stamps be enclosed for postage. Better write to-day, as you may not see another advertisement run.

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T HE London Sketch School's postal tuition course of twelve complete lessons is the easiest and most thorough method possible of learning to draw. Beginning at the root of the subject it takes a student straight line to the finished drawing, embrasing every phase of art work, such as landscapes, still life, fashion, advertisement designing, posters, story illustration, etc. Each student is given a personal instruction, which means that not only is a pupil's own style and taste for any special branch of illustrating fully developed, but the course is thoroughly suitable to the absolute beginner. The course includes hundreds of valuable illustrations showing how to follow, and endorsed by present pupils as the best and most efficient method of instruction. Students do not become copyists, the training ensures that they become able to produce original drawings, which if they desire to turn their talent to profitable account, will bring good prices. Read these appreciative letters receivcd this week:

"I consider that I have made rapid progress, due to your instruction. Not only has the school impressed my work it has made me ambitious."

Another student: "The course is great, and the criticism I receive is instructive and helpful.

Write at once for Prospectus post and copy sketch, sketch, sketch, sketch, sketch, sketch, sketch. MISS RICHARD CRITICISM.

LONDON SKETCH SCHOOL

(Studio 291), 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.

(Coverpage 69, 1921, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4.)
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THE PUBLIC
£5 WORTH FOR
50/-
Extraordinary NEW Offer.

This Bale Contains:

2 Lovely Thick Woolly
Blankets, Nicely Bordered
and Strongly Whipped Edges. British Manufac-
tures (not cheap rubbish sold by
competitors).

2 Beautiful Bed Sheets,
Quite Pure. Soft Heavy Quality. Extra
Large.

1 Splendid All-White
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Floral Design, Full Size. Heavy
Make. Pure Quality. (Not a common
Coloured Quilt.)

1 Magnificent Art down
Quilt, Well Filled. Full size for
Double Bed. A rich looking and
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Ten years ago we were the first to advertise
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had many imitators. EVERY YEAR THEY CROSS AND
DIE OUT—BUT WE ARE STILL ADVERTISING, AND
GIVING BETTER VALUE THAN EVER.

MAKE SURE TO WHOM YOU
SEND YOUR HARD-EARNED MONEY.

Deal with the original and well-known firm and
run no risk of loss, disappointment, and dissatis-
faction.

But from a firm with a 20 years' reputation. A firm with large
warehouses of valuable goods, not office or private house addresses.

"Satisfaction or money back" is our regular policy.

Put 50s. in an envelope now, together with your name and
address. The Bargain Bale will be dispatched to you by return.

These goods being too heavy for one parcel are sent in two
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PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

THE WEEK'S BEST JOKES

"Ma, didn't the missionary say that the
savages don't wear any clothes?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Then why did Paddy put a button in the
missionary-box?"

—Pearson's Weekly.

"Do you care for Masterlinks?" asked a
poetical person of his fair companion.

"Sssh! Not so loud, please," she whispered.

"My husband is fond of jealousy.—Le Rire."

The Shopper: "I want a fashionable
shirt." The Snor Girl: "Yes, madam. Will
you have it too tight or too short?—E Q." (New
York.)

"I've just about decided to open a butcher's
shop," said the barber, reaching for the powder.

"And will you close this one?" his victim
gasped feebly.—Passing Show.

IN A COUNTRY SCHOOL.
The Inspector (in despair): "Can anyone
tell me the name of any animal—any beast
whatever?"

Boy: "Please, sir, a warrum?"

The Inspector: "Good. Can any boy
name another?"

Boy (after a long pause): "Please, sir,
another warrum."—Burton Weekly News.

BOOBLACK: "Sane, sir?"

UGLY GENTLEMAN: "No, thanks."

BOOBLACK: "Shine yer boots to's yer ear
see yer fiev in 'em, sir?"

UGLY GENTLEMAN: "No, thanks."

BOOBLACK: "Yah, coward!"—Montreal
Star.

LITERATURE MISTRESS: "What could
be more sad than a man without a country?"

PUBLIC SCHOOLMASTER (feelingly): "A
country without a man."—Karlsbader, Christian.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

(Continued from page 21.)

herself absolutely indispensable to me. I
simply could not do without her.

After the war they were married in
Cleveland, Ohio, they finished their season in
"The College Widow." Then came an offer to
play in a play abroad with a company and play George
Ado's famous comedy in London.

We had never time to take a honey-
moon, said Tommy, we planned to go to
Canada with our company and call our sea voyage our
wedding trip. We stayed abroad for some time,
and lived so well that we went back in 1913
and played with Seymour Hicks and Ellaline
Terris at the Pantages and Judy theatre in
Brooklyn Jones.

The Meighans have no children. Frances
said she is kept busy looking after her big
tea, and Tommy finds Frances sufficiently interesting
to make any other factor unnecessary. Once
a year the Ring family have a reunion at Blenheim
Ring, near the Lock, and they have had the
best time of anyone at the party is our friend
Thomas, who is as popular with his wife's family
as he is with his wife. But you will admit that
no accomplishment, for the average in-law
is looked upon as an unwelcome necessity.

The Meighans have frequent dates asked to
give their recipe for a happy married life.
They say they have none. They simply believe in
living for the moment.

The END.
If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players.

AN OVERCROWDED PROFESSION.

Several readers have been anxious to know why it is that I do not encourage film aspirants to try their luck at the studios. Here, for instance, is a letter from a lady reader, H. A. F., who writes to me from Clitheroe.

"I noticed in a recent reply a correspondent a statement to the effect that only a quarter of the people considered of screen work could obtain it, owing to the supply. I know that several widely known one would very much like to know if a trained, moderately talented, good-looking beginner, has any chance of earning a livelihood this way, or must she influence or money to aid her? Is this profession one wherein a girl cannot succeed solely on her own merits? Also, perhaps, you would be good enough to tell me if a long period of training is required by the girl of average intelligence? Could one become a proficient beginner after twelve lessons of an hour each?"

The prevailing idea, which I have already ex- cepted to dispel, is that there are plenty of openings at the studios. Nothing, in fact, could be further from the truth. Let us, therefore, set down to the cold, hard facts. Every film company in this country receives direct from hundreds of applications from would-be artists every week. They are people in every station in life, and range in age from the baby boy who has not yet reached his teens, to the man or woman on the slender side of forty. Many of them, obvious enough, are without any acting experience; and, what is worse, they have no special qualifications to fit them as to the medium. It is only too true that the film profession is not elastic. It can absorb only a certain number and no more. And, as the position is at present, many film companies have no vacancies for a very long time.

My correspondent asks whether influence or money is necessary. The answer is that no reputable producer to-day wants either. An applicant must be able to prove the possession of real merit, for it is more than likely that she will be passed over too, that the film profession is not elastic. It can absorb only a certain number and no more. And, as the position is at present, many film companies have no vacancies for a very long time.

The following is a letter from Miss Miriam Nye, who was born in Tamaqua, Pa., and is just half an inch taller than Roger.

"DANCER" (Whitestone).-I don't know whether old D was ever able to answer questions, but when you kindly suggest that I must be a descendant of his, I am glad to think, at any rate, that I don't suffer from his complaints. Claire Adams is delightful as fine as you say. She is a Canadian by birth, Wimpey being the place. Received part of her education in this country. Among her other films are, "Lord Jim," "The Invisible Hour," and, "The Desert of Wheal." E. W. (Cambridge).-Eliza Hall was the actress in question in "Beauty in Chains," she was born in New York, and will be twenty-four this year. Her screen career includes the following films: "Heart of the Desert," "Under the Lamp," and "Gates of Doom." "Curl Up" (Manchester).-As far as I know the lady you mention has been married only once, one year. (M.E. (Wells)).-The Bride's Chair. Featuring Milian Sabo, the winner of the "Daily Mirror" Beauty Competition was received in February last year. Exhibi- tors as a rule book so many films at once that several of these pictures cannot be shown to the public till months afterward.

"CEREBITY" (Manchester).-For your appreciation, many thanks. For news of any artiste, that is whether he or she is still playing, etc., you should watch the other pages of this paper.

"M.G.A.A." (Durham).-The cast of "Danger to Show" is as follows: Mae Murray (Morgan), Stall Marlowe (Manchester), Alfie Allen (New York), Jack Jack (Manchester), and lady. The film is "The Leviathan." Lydia Louis (Aunt Sarah John), Enos Clay (Bill Spencer), Martha Modern, Evelyn Weller.

(More answers on back of this page.)

This Book will be sent post free upon receipt of attached coupon

The 'Allenburys' booklet on 'Infant Feeding & Management' contains 92 pages, printed on art paper and delightfully bound in artistically embossed cover.

The book is a perfect mine of useful information on the hundred and one points affecting baby management which inevitably arise from day to day. It comes from the pen of a medical man, a specialist in all that concerns infant welfare, and is of value and interest to every mother no matter how she is feeding her little one. There are concise and useful articles on every aspect of Infant Feeding and Infant Management—time and quantity in feeding, feeding after weaning, sickness and convalescence in infancy, minor infant ailments, general management and clothing, etc., etc.

The book embodies the results of over a quarter of a century's intimate contact with the problem of Infant Feeding. High compliment to the value of the standard has been paid by Doctors, Nurses, and Mothers during the many years it has been before the public. The present edition has been entirely revised and embodies the results of all the most recent work on Baby Welfare.

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[Signature]

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The Deaf Ear.

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The Deaf Ear.

THE JAMES SHOE CO., World's Largest Boot & Shoes Works, LEICESTER.
You Dirty Boy! Mary Pickford puts the finishing touch to the toilet of Herbert Ralston.
"It's a shame to fight with such beautifully white pillows," says Mother.

Mother washed, bleached and purified those pillow-cases herself, together with the sheets and all the household linen, with Omo. Mothers gladly pay tribute to the great worth of Omo for adding a full charm to the beautiful simplicity of white things.

Not for Colours, Woollens or Flannels.

Put the white things into cold water with Omo, bring to the boil, let them boil for half-an-hour, rinse and hang to dry.

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OMO is made by HUDSON'S—a name famous in every household.
Famous Readers of the "Picture Show."

No. 63.—DALLICE RIKETT.

A Bove the latest studio photograph of Miss Dallice Rickett, the popular cinema actress, is on view, for the photographer arranged his camera. Miss Rickett amused herself by reading the current number of her favorite periodicals. Our glance at the above photograph will tell you the title:

Important.

Q UITE one of the best British pictures yet produced is the Alliance production of the famous play "Caravan," which drew big houses to the theatres, added to Matheon Lang's reputation as an artiste, and gained universal praise for the emotional acting of Hilda Bayley. Next week this film is re-presented, so you will be able to see it for yourself. Matheon Lang and Hilda Bayley have their original parts supported by Ivor Novello. The story of the film has been secured for readers of the Picture Show, and will be in next week's issue. It is one of the most human stories ever written with the old and ever-new theme of the eternal triangle. Don't miss next week's story of "Caravan."

The Lucky Prizewinners.

A GOOD many readers of the Picture Show will be made joyous by finding their names among the lucky prize winners in our recent "Cinema Stars" Competition.

£150 Won.

I N this competition one competitor sent in a correctly answered list of all the six sets of pictures. The First Prize of £150 has been awarded to: Mrs. J. Watson, 63, Queen's Road, Reading.

The Second Prize of £33 has been awarded to: Miss Louie Hawkins, 92, Albert Street, Ramsbottom, nr. Manchester, whose complete set of solutions come next nearest, with three errors.

Fifty Prize-winners of Ten Shillings.

T H IRTY-five pairs of ten shillings each have been awarded to the following competitors whose solutions came next in order of merit: Edith Nesbit, Northport; Lilian Black, Wigtownshire; G. C. Waters, Northolt; Annie Shimmin, Douglas; Margaret Fair, Birkenhead; Mrs. Cherry, Bartley-on-Trent; W. H. Ratchford, Morecambe; Lydia K. Scott, Tonwax; Edith C. Oulton, Staffs; Lily Mortimer, Bristol; Joely Munnings, Swansea; Jean Swan, Wimbledon; T. Allan, Liverpool; Doris Arves, Liverpool; Vera Hannah, Chesterton; P. S. Skeates, Port Talbot; W. B. Harris, Nottingham; Miss J. Davison, Manchester; Christa Chisholm, Glasgow; P. B. Humfrey, Miss E. Twigg, Teddington; Mrs. A. Robertson, Accrington; Mrs. W. James, Birkenhead; Hilda Jarvis, Bromley; Miss K. M. Spencer, Bedford; Miss K. Fenwick (Goodman); Nellie Marsh, Plymouth; Miss Doris Ainslie, West Kirby; Sidney Johnson, Edgbaston; Miss M. A. Wynn, New Cross; Mrs. Maddox, Darlington; Joseph A. Wood, Elide; Edith Nicholson, Carlisle; Grace M. Blyton, Victoria Park; G. Perry, Grimsby; Elsie Easter, Wallasey; Rose Masters, Stepney; Eva Rubinsky, Brighton; H. Goldthorpe, Bradford; Irene G. Tucker, Aberdeen; Gladys W. Wix, Brighton; Elsie Shaw, Shropshire; Dorothy Dewey, Poole; Ada Hall, Wolverhampton; Violet Grace Yatred; Mabel Martin, Shrewsbury; Annie Taylor, Morecambe; Mrs. Frank Moore, Llandudno; Elcie Gurney, Loughborough; Alice Turner, Watton.

The correct solutions of these puzzles will be found on page 22.

Our Department is now busy finding the prizewinners of our "Goggles" Competition. I must warn you not to write us for the names of the winners, as even more fascinating competition is now being prepared, and will shortly be announced. Look out for it.

A Narrow Escape.

SEENA O'WEN narrowly escaped death the other day in the Bahamas, according to a letter received by a friend of hers in Los Angeles. The mishap occurred near Nassau. The company were working on a clif full of 200 feet high, when the ground began giving away and they were carried down with the sliding earth into the ocean. Mr. Vignola, who is an expert swimmer, rescued Miss Owen, who insisted on continuing with the day's work in spite of the shock. Native divers recovered the cameras.

Coming Over Here.

PAULINE BUSH is making a tour round the world. She has already arrived and departed from Honolulu. This trip is to take her two years, with the chief purpose of gathering new material for articles to be written by her husband, whom you know is Allan Dwan, the well-known producer director. The trip includes South Africa and wins a trip in Great Britain.

Charlie's Ambition Fulfilled.

CHARLES RAY has spent such a busy life since he first entered pictures that up to recently he had never yet been able to spare time for a trip to New York, although the journey can be done in four days. For seven years it has been Charlie's ambition to visit America's greatest city, and at last his wish has been fulfilled.

Betty Scored.

A WITTY conversation was overheard the other day by a friend visiting the Rocket studios. As near as can be remembered it went like this:

"Are all men devils?" Betty Blithe asked Maldon Hamilton, as they were watching the filming of a dramatic scene where a man ill-treats his wife.

"I'm not sure about it, Miss Blithe, but I am sure that all women are angels," said Betty.

"I know that isn't true," smiled Betty, "but I'll listen."

"Well, first of all, they are always up in the air."

"Yes."

"And they are forever larping on something."

"Not so bad."

"And they never have anything to wear."

"Quite so."

"Yes, and this reminds me that I had a terrible nightmare the other night."

"Well?"

"Seemed like I was in heaven and couldn't get my coat on over my wings. It was awful."

"Sure it wasn't your lot you couldn't get on over your horns?" asked Betty blithely.

RUTH ROYCE—the latest photographic study of this fascinating star.

Sessue's Strongest Role.

S ESSUE HAYAKAWA'S next part is the story of a love struggle against the iron will of Chinese tradition which exacts from its victims sacrifice without question. The working title of this film is "East is East." Sessue tells me he believes it is the strongest role in which he has yet appeared.

Another Famous Play Filmed.

T HE illness of H. V. Esmond, the well-known actor, reminds us that he is the author of that charming play "When We Were Twenty-One," which is now being filmed as a Pathé Special, with H. V. Warner in the starring part.

Snowbound.

A LICE LAKF had the unpleasant experience of being snow-bound for eight hours during taking scenes in Arizona, for her coming picture, "Unchained Seas." Midway between the station and their destination, the snows in which they and her company were travelling, were caught in drifts, and forced to turn back. Several hours late temporary quarters were found, where a good fire was made, and the drift of the snow made travel absolutely impossible. The only consolation that was got from this unexpected sequence was some of the most remarkables winter scenes ever pictured, as there was a fall of nearly five feet of snow.

It's Sentimental Value.

V ISITORS to Eugene Reeser's ranch are always puzzled by a picture frame containing an
ordinary paper bag instead of a painting like others in her copy house.

Miss Besserey's reply to the curious is that there is a lot of sentiment attached to that old rug, because her father invested the money for making paper bags and this was the first one made.

Fads and Fancies of Film Artistes.

HERE are some of the "fads and fancies" of film stars.

Miss Jean Hutt, the vivacious, who has won a reputation for herself by her star turn in the foremost moving pictures of London, Scotland, and the provinces. Her playing has made a great impression among musical critics. She has just returned from a tour in Switzerland.

A Postponed Christening.

THE clever child actress whom we shall see in the coming film version of "Carnival," is Florence Hunter, well known in the theatrical and film world as "Twinkle." When in Venice with Alliance Film Corporation's producing staff, to do exterior scenes for "Carnival," she had rather an unusual experience by being christened at the famous St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice.

This little artiste, who portrays the character of Ninor—the small son of the leading character—was dressed and made up ready for some scenes, and during a "wait" it was discovered that she had not been christened. Hilda Bayley and Ivar Novello, who also appear with Matheson Lang in this production of "Carnival," suggested that the ceremony should take place at once, and promised to stand as godparents to this attractive and talented child.

The party hurried to the world-famous cathedral, where an officiating priest was quickly prepared, and rushed there, to their consternation, when arriving at the most solemn part of the ceremony, he discovered that "Twinkle" was wearing a wig, which is part of her make-up. This having been removed, the service was concluded, and the party wended their way back to "face the camera."

Another New Dress Paper.

DON'T choose your style for your new costume this spring before you see No. 1 of "Hartsworth's Home Dressmaker." It contains pictures of over sixty of the new and most attractive costumes.

If you are thinking of making your costume, this new paper will be more valuable than ever, as perfect paper patterns have been prepared of each of the sixty designs, and with this first issue a very attractive Free Pattern of a new spring Coat and Skirt is given away inside.

There's sure to be a rush for this new dress paper, so make sure of your copy to-day. Ask for "Hartsworth's Home Dressmaker." Price threepence, at all newsagents and bookstores.

Fay Filler.
"Once Aboard the Lugger." "The Rose of Sharon," dwelt at Harry's Holt, Mr. Marrapit (E. Holman Clark) loved her. Mr. Marrapit's household consisted of George, his nephew (Evan Thomas), Mrs. Major (Gwynne Herbert), "The Rose," by the bye was a beautiful cat! George failed in his medical examination, and aroused Mr. Marrapit's anger. But, in spite of empty pockets, George had managed to fall in love with a poor little governness, Mary Humfrey—and she loved George. George passed his next examination. There came an offer of a good practice for £400. George hadn't £400 shillings. Marrapit refused help. "The Rose of Sharon" disappeared. Wyburn suggested a reward of £200 for its return.

After many vicissitudes and trials, the reward reached £400, meanwhile George had temporarily disappeared. Later he acknowledged that he had borrowed the "Rose," and then Marrapit turned up trumps for £200. Bliss, and George, for Mary!

Madge Stuart. She plays Stephanie, in the Stoll production. "A Question of Trust," by Ethel M. Doll. It was produced on the shores of the Mediterranean. A story of the fierce loves of the Sunny South. Madge Stuart is particularly fine when she has a real chance for emotional acting—she is delightful in "Stephanie," and her vivacious manner endows her part with particular charm and grace.

Exceeding the Speed Limit. "Toodles" is a keen motorist who loves racing not only for the sport of the thing, but because of the excitement it affords. But his wife does not believe in excessive speed, with the attendant risk which he must necessarily face. So between her and the tempting offer of a motor firm, "Toodles" finds himself in an interesting situation. When you learn that the hero is William Reid, you will know what good entertainment to expect. There is a real thrill and some daring riding over a bridge closed for repairs. The dramatic effect, however, is heightened by plenty of occasions for laughter in "Excuse My Dust."

A Matter of Dress. THERE are three chief characters in "The Amateur Wife," all thoroughly constructed on a plot not wholly new, it nevertheless, presented in a fresh and attractive manner. Justine has been brought up in a convent, and therefore, her ideas of dress when she leaves it, chill the affections of her mother and the husband whom she eventually marries. The mother meets with a startling end, and there are some excellent scenes showing how Justine alters her views. Irene Castle is the star, and the opportunity of showing her as an exquisite dancer is not lost.

A Bogus Marriage. A's the title suggests, "The Midnight Bride" is a story of intrigues and complications. It plays Leslie as "A Money Bag," portrayed as a country girl, who after a brief acquaintance with a man is prevailed to marry him. His end, however, is swift and dramatic, and even when the girl learns that the marriage ceremony was not genuine, there are still further intrigues she has to fight against.

An Exciting Honeymoon. "PLEASE GET MARRIED" is a comedy, and though sometimes the humour appears exaggerated there are several really amusing scenes. A young couple decide to get married despite parental opposition, and the chance appearance of a clergyman enables the ceremony to be performed. The parson himself, however, gets into hot water and a hotel fire gives the play excitement as well as humour. Violet Dana as the star sustains her reputation.

A Drama of Fights. THE gentleness of love and the rough atmosphere of a Western saloon are effectively introduced in "Hell's End," in which dainty Jose Sedwick and burly William Desmond move as the central figures. Once they were boy and girl sweethearts, but Time separated them and brought its changes, handing wealth to the once poor girl and a saloon proprietorship to the latter. Their meeting is marked by some exciting scenes, and those who have witnessed a good fight will be able to see two real ones in this picture.
BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TO-DAY

The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film
By A. E. COLEBY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.
ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has filled the Hall with card-playing friends. He has been brought up at the Bush, and is always full of fun.
SILAS TRUSCOTT, who, returning one night, finds that his brother has deserted him to leave the house.
SIR JOHN TREVOR, an invertebrate gaffer, is amongst a party at the Hall on the evening before Miss Truscott's return. He changes company for loaded ones, and Alfred, raised to his feet, attacks him. The result is that Mr. Martin challenges him to a duel.
PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECONDIS, emerge out of their seclusion. She is joined by Alfred, who apposes Paganini Primus as his second in the duel.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, is told by her mind of this duel, and determines to witness it. The duel commences with Sir Martin Trevor being full of self-confidence, but his sword is variously coming in the air by the Lamb, instead of killing him, twists the nose of his enemy who turns to revenge for this. Two days later Lady Rowena sets forth on a visit to her godmother,

LADY ULCWATER.

After the duel, Alfred and the two Paganinis take to the open heath and seem the very gentleman to a tavern owned by Tabby Murphy, who is packed with fighting fists. Alfred betters, bets and wins, and with the money he wins treats everyone in the bar of the tavern. There is a violent fight among them, but after he has gone one of the party tells the company that he will get them all some whisky, which is the highwayman.

The next morning before Alfred says good-bye to Hammy John, the duckman, who wants to train him as a boxer. Alfred, however, is determined to join the two Paganinis off on a trip to the village of Friar's Ford, where a lady he has heard of who looks exactly like the highwayman.

Lady Rowena's friend of this and suggests that she go with him and stay with her old nurse who lives near Friar's Ford, but not as the Lady Rowena, she would be a wonder country girl and in that guise meet her cousin and endeavour to bring about a reconciliation between him and his uncle. Rowena's godmother tells her it is madness and to think no more about it.

Love Will Find a Way.

LADY LUCY's manner was so decided, her tone so emphatic that any ordinary well-brought-up young lady would have come to the conclusion that further discussion was useless.

But Rowena was not quite ordinary, and, many a strong personal reason for desiring to get her own way.

Ever since that hour when she had seen Alfred, her head was filled with one thought—conquering one of the most deadly scoundrels in Europe; she had never been able to get his image out of her mind.

She wanted to see him again in the flesh, and she was quite determined that nothing short of her own doing would be allowed to stop her on her journey.

Lady Ulcwater's objection was an obstacle she had foresaken, and she deliberately set about counteracting it.

"Alfred and Uncle Silas will drift farther and farther apart," she said sadly. "My cousin, the hircine, has a mind of some petty touch, and will sink lower and lower, and, perchance, like his father, he will marry a grasy. Unable to cope with so bold a match, his health will break down, and he will die broken hearted by the roadside. "It's a great pity."

She clasped her hands, gazed mournfully in front of her, cuidfully avoiding meeting her companion's eyes. "It's a great pity, said the old lady prudely, putting up her lips. "Especially as it could so easily be remedied," answered Rowena.

"How?" cried her cousin.

"If you do not happen to drop a tuck, you might, throughout the night of commerce, be unable to see me, she said presently. "Yes, yes, 'tis quite impossible!"
THE EXPRESSIONS OF WILLIAM FARNUM

WILLIAM FARNUM
The Strong Western Hero of the Screen

WILLIAM FARNUM has won much praise during his screen career, but the praise of which he is most proud is a letter from the well-known author, Zane Grey, when arrangements were being made to film his novel "Riders of the Purple Sage." In this letter Mr. Grey wrote: "I regard William Farnum as the best interpreter of our Western life, and think he will make a wonderful Lassiter in 'Riders of the Purple Sage.'"

It is in strong parts like these that William Farnum excels. You will remember him as Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities," as Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables," as Ben Hur, and Francois Villon in "If I Were King," as the adventurer in the film of that name, an adaptation of the famous opera, "Maritana," in "The Rainbow Trail," "The Lone Star Ranger," and other Zane Grey stories.

Feats of Strength.

It is parts like these that have won for William Farnum the title of "the strong hero of the screen," for William Farnum is strong. You have only to remember his feat in "Les Miserables," when Jean Valjean lifts a heavy wagon that had sunk into the mud by raising it on his shoulders. This was a real feat of strength, and William Farnum did it. It was not camouflaged for the film.

A Lover of Music.

WILLIAM FARNUM was born in Boston on July 4th, 1876, so he will be forty-five years of age this July. He is very musical—indeed, he says he doesn't remember the time when he couldn't play the piano, though he plays all by ear, and is proud of the fact that his first professional appearance was in a cornet band.

When fourteen years of age he began his theatrical career. His father had a stock company, and William got a part to play. Later he organized his own company, and succeeded so well that at the end of a few years he secured his own theatre in New York City. Now he is one of the best known screen stars.

A Traveller.

WILLIAM FARNUM likes change, and moves from New York to California, and then to Florida for the production of his pictures.

When he goes to California, he spends much of his time fishing in the waters of Catalina Island. That is his favourite hobby, and he has several times broken the record for landing the biggest fish in the shortest time, and shows a proud decoration of a little red ribbon which has been given him for accomplishing this feat. Many of his finest fishing expeditions have been taken in company with his brother, Dustin, who is also well known as a film star.

A Great Favourite.

WILLIAM FARNUM is known to all his friends as "Big Bill," but his bigness consists not so much of stature as of spirit, though his strength is prodigious for his height; he is just under six feet.

He is a great favourite with other members of his company. He is so full of good humour, and ready with a helping hand to less fortunate members of the profession—those who are striving for success. As you know, William Farnum is married, and his little daughter Olive is the apple of his eye.
The girl in her simple country brock carried a basket on her arm, who was walking quickly past the inn, made indeed a very pretty picture.

"She's pretty enough," admitted Ralph.

"Ay! Methinks there's entertainment here, George," said Mr. Merridew.

So saying, the baronet strode rapidly to the door and passed out of the inn.

Rowena was running down the Ford Farm, quickly found the footpath and entered the woods.

There was a smile on her lips and a happy light in her eyes, while her colour came and went in response to the thoughts which passed through her mind.

She was approaching Jones's Mill. She saw by the turn of the footpath that she would have to cross quite close to it, and she need not go too near, and she would not even look in its direction. Also it was very unlikely that anyone working there would see her.

Still, she would not hurry by. To do so would only make her the more conspicuous.

She slackened her pace. Now she was walking very slowly indeed.

Suddenly she became aware of hurried footsteps behind her, and turning in some alarm, she held a stranger rapidly overtaking her.

She stood hastily aside that he might pass by, but instead of doing so, he stopped immediately in front of her and raising his hat, smiled kindly into her frightened face.

"No, no. I say. It was a footprint.

"That is indeed a fortunate meeting."

Shrinking away from him, she stared back into his bold, dark eyes.

"I—I do not know you, sir," she said in the tone of one who was puzzled rather than angry.

The truth was that the face of the man seemed somehow familiar, she was almost sure she had seen it before, but she could not remember where.

"What is that which may so soon be revealed," returned Sir Martin, still smiling.

"In a little time I promise you we shall become friends—"

"I am but your gentleman daccidedly by thoy wondrous beauty.

The fear deepened in the girl's eyes as she retreated from him.

With that smile half of mockery and half of admiration on his handsome face, he advanced upon her until she stood with her back against a tree and could retreat no further.

"Fear naught, you bewitching little fairy," he said. "There is no more, who is less gentle than I shall be, seek naught but a kiss!"

As he spoke, he reached to take her hand.

Then it was that Rowena's terror gave way to indignation and anger.

She raised the basket she was carrying on another with considerable force in the smiling, bearing face.

In his time, Sir Martin Trevor had met many beautiful women, yet she had never seen one who had done so with quite so much emphasis as this.

Her smilling expression turned to one of savage fury, and leaping forward, she seized the girl roughly in his arms.

She struggled violently, and in her terror-screamed for help, but Sir Martin, still staring from the blow, was now quite reckless, and determinedly determined to conquer the little rustic fury.

Her struggles grew feebler and an awful hoarseness entered her voice, but it was no use, she was only the air like a sack, and dashed to the ground.

White, trembling, and helpless, Rowena struggled back against the tree and stared at her deliverer.

No stood there between her and herself, a tall, pale boy, who arrived, his heart beating but fast as he looked into his strong, handsome face.

It was the face she had seen once before in the field of the stunted oaks, but it was not laughing now.

"What have I done?" she cried.
WALLACE BEERY started his dramatic career with a circus, where he was initiated in the art of elephant training. Later, he discovered he had a voice, and decided that comic opera would be the right channel for his talents. He did not find it difficult to obtain a hearing with producers, and appeared in many stage entertainments. His great chance came when he understudied Raymond Hitchcock, and he awoke one fine morning to find himself famous. He advanced very rapidly after this, and finally, like so many other successful stage actors, he started film work.

Studies His Characters.

His first real screen hit was in "The Unpardonable Sin." For several years now Mr. Beery has been acting unusual characterizations. He makes a great point of studying his characters well before he commences a film. Once he had to make up as a Dickens character, and spent several days with a set of Dickens, studying all the old pictures.

WALLACE BEERY as he appeared with PRINCELa DEAN in a Universal film.
There is a jolly atmosphere about a film studio, and the players are always ready for a joke. IRENE RICH and her director, FRANK LLOYD, were snapped the other day at the Goldwyn studio, whilst Frank was pretending to be a mad horse and endeavouring to give Irene a fright. This "ragging" took place between the scenes of "A Tale of Two Worlds," an original photo-play by Governor Morris.

There are many kinds of animals at Universal City which are used for the wonderul serials. HOPE HAMPTON, J. BERNSTEIN (mascot), and Detective BURNS are here seen with three little lion cubs.

Two favourites of Charles Ray, who also seem to be on very good terms with one another—his little niece, ELEANOR, and his dog WHISKERS. Charles and the latter are very good pairs, and whenever the busy film star can spare a few minutes he loves to teach his dog a new trick.

The bashful lovers. An amusing incident in a new film in which TOM MOORE and NAOMI CHILDER are playing. Other films in which these two have played together are "Gay Lord Quex," "Lord and Lady Alcy," and "Dogs."
LILLIAN GISH and RICHARD BARTHELMES as Anna Moore and David Barlett—in "Way Down East," the next big D. W. Griffith release.
For "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," wrote Kipling. This theme is a fascinating subject for novelists, and many tragedies in real life owe their origin to ignoring Kipling's words.
Would you like to take his place?

Not exactly the kind of pet everyone would choose with whom to lark about! Curly Stecker is the chief animal trainer at the Universal studios, and he must certainly be kept very busy with the numerous animals there. He has wonderful control over them, and they all love him, which probably accounts for their obedience. Even so it is not everybody who would take the risk that Curly appears to have done when being photographed.

"Brewster's Millions," which had a great success on the stage, has been filmed, and Roscoe Arbuckle and Betty Ross Clark are appearing in this Paramount production.

Tom Mix. The fourth of our series of Stars, Favourite Photographs of themselves.
A Splendid Complete Story, Telling How a Spirited Little Girl Restores a Long Lost Son and Renews a Happy Romance.

"True Tilda."

I, a woman of one of London's largest institutions, a lady of about sixteen, sat watching a woman in the next bed.

Tilda was a pretty, with dark eyes and a wreath of black, curly hair.

She had been brought into the hospital by some circus folk, who explained that she had broken her leg while performing.

When asked for her name, all they could say was that she was known as "True Tilda." She was a foundling who had been picked up when only a baby.

She had never had a surname and none of the circus folk had troubled to give her one.

During the days that followed the setting of Tilda's leg, she had become Dr. Arthur's great favourite with doctors, nurses, and patients, and when she was taken as soon as she could hop about on a crutch, was anxious to help both nurses and patients.

The woman in the next bed had been one of the patients, and had insisted that she should be Tilda, as she had known her since she was a baby.

None had heard the doctor tell the nurse that the woman was ill in mind as well as body, and as Tilda sat watching her now the patient was muttering in her sleep.

"Holmes, I must take Arthur to Horseley, Holmes," she kept repeating.

As Tilda hopped out of bed to smooth the lines of her skirts, she was more than twitted from the woman's face, and the cheap cheap, cheap.

Happily, it was only a piece of paper.

She had had but little education, but she could read remarkably well.

On the table was a written note: "Arthur Miles, rescued. London. Born Kingsnag, May 5th, 1890. Rev. Dr. Fred. J. Gassen, Holy Inn's Orphanage, Portland St.," followed by the word "Bursfield."" Then Tilda, "That's queer. That's the orphanage I left when I was nine. There I can't help feeling that the circus, it can't be far from here, I'll bet the woman was a boy, anyway."

The girls are all grown up and began to work out a plan.

She tried to get the woman to speak, but she could only make men think in the circus, which she said to her to go to the other end of the room.

Tilda promptly hopped into bed, but the thought of bringing the boy to the sick woman was with her. With agility she jumped to her bedside, and brought him to her out for a little while.

"You make me feel like a doctor," she said.

"I feel that I can walk without it, but I don't because I promised you wouldn't."

The doctor smiled.

"Like all who work in hospitals he had a self-spell of a character.

Very well, Tilda, a bottle of fresh air will do you good."

The girl did not get very far in the traffic.

In a few minutes Tilda was in the Street and making for the Orphanage.

She had no idea of what she was going to do, but she was sure that she had been a great optimism, and a firm believer in her legs.

As Tilda ran, she thought she saw the old man, the dog, her hair, and the circus, and she turned round in Tilda's eyes as she hugged him for his faithfulness.

"You're a wonder, Don't, but I can't stop to get your pillow at that time."

Tilda was quite happy at seeing his mistress and waggoned her, she said.

As Tilda felt surprised, the Orphanage was not far from the hospital.

Tilda looked at the forbidding building, and gave a little shiver.

"I say, I shouldn't like to be in that place," she muttered.

But she went up to the front door and gave the bell a big pull.

The door was opened by a startled, but kind-faced woman, who stared blankly when Tilda told her she had come to see Dr. Gassen, and Tilda, following the syntax very seldom, turned to her to take her to the doctor's study.

As Tilda got a very-looking man in person's clothes came in through the other door.

"Now, then, Sarah Hughes, what is the meaning of this?" he asked sharply.

"Is this one of your relations that you've brought in to eat my food?"

"Oh, no, sir!" said the woman, slavering as though she had been struck.

"She will not eat, sir!"

"It's a boy," broke in Tilda, "A boy named Arthur Miles, sir."

Dr. Gassen started.

There was a boy in the Orphanage of that name, and when he had told him that there was no money had been sent for his keep for the last quarter, he had said he was in the kitchen for his keep.

"What do you know about Arthur Miles, my girl?" said Dr. Gassen, giving her a terrifying look.

"I know too well the meaning of the seven years I've been there!"

She who had moaned in her pain the name of Arthur would call no more.

Tilda said she was coming to carry her down, then she ran out to Arthur.

She was a miserable, dirty little girl, but she didn't know how.

"Been a mistake. You wasn't wanted in there," she said.

A few of us could have done Tilda's duty so well.

Arthur looked up bewildered. He didn't know what had become, but he knew he was going to tell.

As Tilda hurried him along he expressed the latter thought with an appealing look in his eye.

"Don't you worry. You ain't going back there."

And when they hasted along till Tilda gave a glad shout at the sight of a man who might have posed as a model for Mr. Mr. Mortimer.

He was a rascally, and treadable clothes with a jaunty air that turned the cock-a-doodle-doo.

"Mr. Mortimer!" cried Tilda.

"Oh, yes, little old leg."

Tilda, unless these old eyes deceive me!" replied Mr. Mortimer, adding with an expressive gesture, "And Tilda,"

Arthur Miles. His run away from the orphanage.

He wanted to know what had become of the man who, she explained Tilda. We're being pursued, like Tilda, Mr. Mortimer.

"Pursued? And I am being detained!" murmured Mr. Mortimer. It would seem that the third was of assistance.

Let us wound our way to Mrs. Mortimer. I need the man and the money. As a fact that Mrs. Mortimer and myself are held up in a coal field we have not the means to pay Mr. Hucks, who let the ground to us for our world-famous, absolutely uninviting little bit of carriage for the "Muskies." But I fear me that this young man is more precious than his life."

"He's the mind."

Now the ever-amazing Mrs. Mortimer, there is little in the bards, but what I'm sitting on the step, may I never play Ophelia any more.

"Always the same: equal to any emergency," murmured Mr. Mortimer as he helped the children into the car. It was a happy love that we had been satisfied with such a man is a mystery to me.

"Very severe-looking children, the sum proportions of Mrs. Mortimer, we will take a look in the next."

We're here. On the steps of the car we took the children along that saw Bossom, the coquin, is in the employ of Mr. Hucks.

This being a short story of a long sequence of events, we must pass Mr. Hucks with the word that instead of being a poor soul we might have supposed from the remarks of Mr. Mortimer, he is a very decent man, devoted to do certain things in business that his heart objects to with such violence that he is perpetually seeking guidance in the absence of rule.

A Friend in Need

Dr. Gassen, having discovered the secret of the "fugitives" complex, and forcibly reminded of it by the sack of coal that Sam poured on his head, was able to give a more correct and vivid account of the situation, which the artist was in the kitchen for his keep.

"I don't know what you want to get this Arthur Miles back. He might talk.

Just as Mr. Hucks made no reply to this until his vidor had left, there came a rat who was warning himself in the footer, and taking out his pipe to emphasize his words, he said:

"I am going for."

The uptick of all that was Mr. Hucks became an ally of the fugitives, though, as he confessed to (continued on page 19)."
Gossip about British Players.

**Owen Nares.**

A British Super-film.

It has arrived in the United States in the person of "Carnival," a product of the Pathé Novelty Company. And it is a British masterpiece. It has been stated that this British masterpiece, "Carnival," is eighteen months ahead of any production of to-day, and that it does not only apply to Great Britain but to every country at present producing films. My readers will have an opportunity next week of judging for themselves. It is emotional, ambitious, enthralling. When I entered the Alhambra for the trade show a few weeks ago I held out a bit of the screen over the packed building, and one had a curious sensation of feeling that, had there not been music, one could have heard a pin drop.

**Madge Stuart.**

**Matheson Lang.**

You remember how he succeeded his famous father, a film maker with all the fire and passion that made his path so true to life in "Carnival" upon the stage. The film was a masterpiece in the great film. He has added fresh laurels to his long list of character studies, and it will be surprising if "Silvio" of the screen cannot take place first amongst his many great triumphs.

**The Story in the "Picture Show."**

The story of "Carnival" will appear in next week's "Picture Show," and I am sure you will all want to read this.

**Hilda Bayley.**

She will be with you constantly as "Simonne," in "Carnival." She is exquisite, pathetic, childish, passionate, a dream of beauty in that film. Her charm off the screen is heart-stirring, graceful figure. Her acting is wonderfully artistic. As Rosamonde she dances at the Bal Masque, a thrilling dance of joy and abandon, before the revellers.

**Venice.**

Many scenes of "Carnival" were taken in Venice, Italy.

"I certainly did feel the spirit of Venice," Hilda Bayley told me. "It is so beautiful, such an ideal city, that one felt its influence so great, that one desired beauty in life and mind. Seeing Venice in real life made me feel restless, and accosted, to me, the tragedy of its beauty. In early morning I looked through my window across the Grand Canal, and I would see a gondola, with monks in their black cassocks, padding themselves along to the beautiful old grey church, Santa Maria della Salute. Such a gorgeous picture!"

**Moonlight and Stars.**

Hilda Bayley went on to tell me that when they arrived in Venice to film the Venetian scenes, it was a warm night, with a clear moon, sky, brilliant stars and moon. "We glistened through innumerable canals before we reached our hotel, and when we turned we were always confronted with bricks, and beautiful old doors with steps leading down to the water, and the narrow dimly-lit passages between the houses added to the picturesque loveliness of the scene."

**The Pigeon.**

When we were doing some scenes at St. Mark's, and the pigeons fluttered around, the Venetians were so interested that they simply surged upon us. The child, "Nino," of the play, and the maid and ugly fellow who sold newspapers in a shop. But even when the crowd was addressed by our interpreter it would not go away! In the end the Venetians had to be roped back.

At last Mr. Novello and two or three others went over to the other side of the square and started an imitation scene with a mock camera, to terrify the crowd from us. But they were obliged to keep it up for three quarters of an hour.

**To be a Successful Film Artist.**

"You must have an extraordinarily quick brain," says Hilda Bayley. "You have to think of all the wonderful things you have to do, without rehearsal. You have to pick up the emotions of the situation, and reflect them. The producer knows what he wants. The artist must respond, and portray the subtlest and curious the character requires.

**Dress and Hilda Bayley.**

I BELIEVE in good lines," says she, "Dresses that are either picturesque, or very simple, so that they are not dated, and hats with a sweep, and a good-deceived line." Everyone who sees Hilda Bayley's Simonetta will condemn her to be one of our very greatest artists.

Ivor Novello.

THE popular author, composer and film star, makes an ideal and passionate Count Scipione, Simonetta's lover. In one of the scenes, Ivor Novello had to sing a serenade to Simonetta outside her window, and this handsome lover promptly decided to compose a special melody for the occasion. When the scene was "shot," Novello, aided by his own accompaniment on the guitar, sang an exquisite serenade to the lady of his heart, and the whole studio suddenly stopped to listen to the enchanting music he had specially written.

**Harley Knowles.**

DIRECTOR-GENERAL of productions for the Alliance Film Corporation, Ltd., and producer of "Carnival," is an Englishman with ten years American experience. Stained by patriotism for his country, he was released by the Famous Players and came home. "Many of the thrilling settings in my motion production have come under my direction," he told me recently, "and I have produced stage plays for some of the foremost stars in America. "Carnival" I hope to follow up with others, with wonderful scenery. This "Carnival" set was the finest that has ever been put up in any studio. Certainly Harley Knowles is to be heartily congratulated on his great success. At the end of the trade show, Hilda Bayley and Matheson Lang received a tremendous ovation when they appeared in person on the stage, but the concluding scenes when the producer took his bow in response to repeated calls, is beyond description.

**The Last Rose of Summer.**

Owen Nares, now appearing in "The Last Rose of Summer," has had an offer during the war from Griffiths to go to America for five years. "Perhaps I was foolish to refuse," said Mr. Nares. Owen Nares has a passion for blue, either pale or dark, Oxford or Cambridge. His "Aura," so a peace and assured! But I also believe such a shade is supposed to possess all sorts of delightful qualities.

**Eileen Dennies.**

It was whilst Eileen Dennies was dancing on the American stage that she found her way into filmland. One day Charles Frohman offered her a part in a film, and she confessed she found it quite the most difficult and terrifying she had ever played. However, at the end, the producer declared: "I see you are not new to film work, Miss Dennies. Then you're a splendid! And that's just how she arrived!"


**Chris White and Powder Blue.**

The other morning I saw Chris White, in the highest spirits, going off to do exteriors. I am sure her thousands of Picture Show admirers would have been more than ever enchanted by her beauty and sweet girlish charm if they had seen her in a coat of powder blue, trimmed with grey squirrel, and the dreariest little powder blue toque, trimmed with grey fur on that beautiful golden hair of hers!

A Carnival at the Harma Studios.

THERE were gay doings at the Harma Studios not long ago. A sense of a big carnival was "shot," to use the technical term. Arthur Cooke, the well-known producer, had created no pains in making his ballroom set as perfect as possible. Marjorie Vills, radiant and beautiful in a wonderful gown and veil, was as Cleopatra, and James Knight was a fascinating Anthony.

**Edith Nepean.**
A CHAT WITH BOBBY ANDREWS

BOBBY ANDREWS is such a likeable young man (almost said "boy") that I am not at all surprised the walls of his dressing-room are adorned by the praises (charmingly inscribed) of some of the greatest ladies in my acquaintance. These Bobby exhibited to me with tremendous delight. When I called upon him at the Gaity Theatre the other afternoon, making appropriate comments as I passed before each one. First there was Mrs. Poley, a most charming Miss Campbell, a beautiful study at which, if I felt sure, Bobby is never tired of gazing.

"Isn't there something a little live in it?"

I asked, when I was trying to decipher the remarkable but somehow illegible handwriting of the piece. Of course, it绢 seam, and at the top of the letter. I had the impression of Mr. Bray.

"No," Bobby admitted; "I only wish there was! But wasn't it sweet of her to give it to me?"

Obviously, his admiration for "Mrs. Pat" is unabated.

The Beautiful Gladys—and Others.

HERE, continued my young host, "is Miss Collins. She's a darling! Yes, you may say that I called her a darling! And here is the beautiful Gladys!" (Certainly, Miss Cooper looked very lovely.) "And here—look! it's our Bobby—nay, Compton, a great friend of mine. And this—" passed before a portrait simply inscribed "Viola" is Tree. She is one of my greatest friends!"

Miss Tree's portrait brought up Mr. Andrews's hopes of having his table, placed on the wall (doubtless to its detriment), was rows and rows of telegrams, all from theatrical celebrities, and in the office, the loveliest, the largest, and the most remarkable of all; the one, I fancy, treasures most runs thus:--

"The greatest of success and good luck—Olive Walter."

There were various other things of interest in Bobby's dressing-room, including a quizz, a very fat doll, sent to him, he explained, by "the House." "I have six little sweetheartsm altogether!"

But time being somewhat limited, I was reluctantly obliged to draw Mr. Andrews's from the earth and this interview.

Flannels in Winter.

He has appeared in three films so far—"Colonel Newcome, the Perfect Gentleman," an ideal picture of "The Sword of Damocles," with José Collis and H. W. Emson; and "The Joan Darner," with Mrs. Collins and the Rev. Mr. Andrews, and it was only the last that dealt with the results of seeing a film. It was the only one that dealt with the results of seeing a film.

"Don't you appear to have encountered any difficulties in the work, Mr. Andrews?"

"No," replied our host, with his pleasant smile; "I can't say that I have. Naturally, there are little things which seem strange at first, being in a small space, for instance, after the freedom of the stage—but, on the whole, my experiences have been most happy. Yes, certainly I like the films and the men.

May Herschel Clarke.

I realised that tunnel was so long, I'd have kissed your boots;"

"What do you think of the new nunnum?"

"This is a wicked boy, who runs away from the orphanage."

"You have given me a loud chase, but I have caught him at last."

"I caught Miss Sally by the arm."

"Don't let him take Arthur back, miss," she pleaded. "I'll never leave the boys. Arthur ran away because he was cruel."

"Miss Sally hesitated. She had no liking for Dr. Gasson and he was not friendly. But she realised that he had the right to the key back."

"I am afraid your little friend will have to go."
BEHIND THE SCENES
OF THE CINEMA WORLD

WHEN we see a finished film we little realise all that goes on behind the scenes, and it is very interesting to see some photographs of the different sets in construction, and to learn how various scenes are made and filmed.

Train Scenes.

WHEN you have seen some of the train "thrillers" on the screen, and have perhaps had the impression that you yourself are riding in the train, you may have wondered how it is filmed. Some people would probably think that the camera-man was on a car, dashing alongside, or that he was in the train itself. He certainly is on the train, but in a perilous-looking position on a tiny platform attached to the side.

To visit a film studio almost gives one an impression of a trip round the world. For instance, this photograph was taken at the Goldwyn studio, showing a beautiful Chinese temple right next to a sea-going ship.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Blouses Specially Chosen
by Norma Talmadge.

A Braided Jumpers.

JUMPERS are foot-stomping piece of the usual blouse style. The substance of this fabric leads itself so appealingly to the application of bold silken embroidery or braiding. Very girl should aim for novelty when selecting a jumper. They have become so general that it is quite possible to meet your double, unless you show a little originality.

What do you think of your jumper design on this page, then? It would look charming in grey soft satin, with the lower part and the sleeve edges trimmed with narrow silken soutache braid in soft colour, and any shade that attracts you, as far as that goes. It is fitted with a rounded neck, and has a row of small button below a split shoulder. The slim girl should bear this idea in mind, because it adds width to the wearer. Note the arrangement of the braiding in the front, and the manner in which the side straps draw in the fullness, and tie over at either side. It would make a really serviceable garment if carried out in navy blue satin, trimmed with brilliant colourings, and could be quickly slipped over a natty gabardine skirt if any hasty invitation came your way.

The Song of the Shirt.

AST but not least, I must sing the "song of the shirt." Personally I always think of shirt-blouses as made of striped silk, although they look smart in plain colours. Still, there is nothing to beat the shirt of striped silk. There are any amount of scopes for the choice of individual taste where colouring is concerned, and the stripes make the blouse look businesslike. You'll find your shirt blouse design in the lower right-hand corner. What do you think of the way it fastens below the skirt waistband? This will do away with any unnecessary bungling at the normal waistline.

You can obtain patterns of any of the blouses on this page in 22, 24, 26, and 28 inch waist sizes, for 1/- each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., Villa, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.

CINEMA STORIES.
The following story of the films of Susse Hayakawa has been sent by Edith Gandell.

Films of Susse Hayakawa.

HARUHIDE "TIDO," met the Man He Beast. He is "the Brazenborder," and know the "Tong-Man." The Honourable Friend of "The Courageous Coyard" answered "The Call of the East," and said "The Death of a man who is well-wish the "Theme of Duck." In trying to get "Honour Redempted" he go by "The Son," and to form, "His Birthright" to save "The Honour of His House." When he was caught in "The Tynnon he ride and move the "People." In "The Scare of Man Fares," he went as he thought "The Bravest Way to Aladdin's Soul," but was persuaded to give up this thought by "The Beggar Prince.

From "The Count" comes a story of the films of Charlie Chaplin.

Papa of Charlie Chaplin.

I WAS on my way to "Easy Street," when I saw "The Tramp," with "Champion Charlie." They were perfect but they saw the "Police," they ran. I saw Charlie the other day. I select his "Dog's Life," but he's "The Care," and is paid out on "A Day's Pleasure." But I afraid his day is done now, as I caught sight of "The Shop," but I've seen him to-day, and he tells me he has a job, which is "Doughnut Selling." As he takes the "Piece of" life, although he's "The Kid" of the town.

Good Luck to him!
Follow the Drummer
Home-dyeing has always been successful with Drummer Dyes: your Drummer-Dyeing will succeed.
In the wake of the Drummer, Economy is achieved without Worry. Fabrics of Silk, Cotton and Wool (and Mixtures of any of these) are most successfully dyed at home by the simple Drummer process for which full instructions are given on each packet; and you will get double and treble wear from all fabrics.

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Dark Green, Red, Pink, Mauve,
Black

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Never say "Dye" say "Drummer."

One Dye for all Fabrics.

So Easy to Use.
A PLEA FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED HERO.

Not more than a few years ago there came the announcement that the world had turned its back on the "revolt of Youth." The claims of Age that it could alone recover the values of the generation challenged. Youth demanded the right to prove its abilities, and so, flushed with the wine of its enthusiasm and confidence, it flew down the gauntlet of Life. The revolt was nothing new, for this contest between Youth and Age has always continued. It must be admitted that the modern youth has credulously uplifted the banners of revolt without realizing the war he certainly proved his worth in high places.

But even before these latter-day signs we had been accustomed to hear Youth glorified in entertainment, but only because that was considered to be the proper sphere for that age. Facts are to be admired; Youth to perform most, at any rate, of the entertaining. Yet now it would appear that the younger man has had too much of the limelight, for, according to a Manchester leader giving the nom-de-plume of "English," there is a reality that Age should be given more opportunity to assert itself. My correspondent confesses that the Lost Generation is not in the United Kingdom, but beholding the "young and handsome hero" strutting across the screen as the most prominent, the fact that he is the herald on the shadier side of forty, and, in common with others, would welcome more heroes of the older type: "I like W. R. Hann, William Farnum, and Tom Mix," says he. "Let her, however, speak for herself;"--"I have a conception of young people who, quite naturally, want always to see the young, I wonder why Red Ryder and Charles Ray type. Still, people of all ages frequent picture theatres, and I think the taste of the older ones might be considered."

I was interested to hear the old-time name of the late Rose Mack, introduced in "The Stage Door," by C. M. Hallard. At the close, I was surprised when a letter appeared, accused of only meager but twenty years—remarked, "What a splendid film! I have quite enjoyed it." So even the young people may remain faithful to the old.

Perhaps by quoting the above I am setting fire to a controversy that may not be lacking, but it does reveal some interesting opinions.

THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that any letter or paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letters sent for publication.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letters sent for publication.

"EASTER" (Cardiff)—William Scott is an American. He and Gladys Brockwell were featured in "Thieves." Lawrence Barrett, the opposite William Farnum in "Wolves of the Night." Mrs. "PULLINS' FAX." (Birmingham)—Gladys was not married to Sprague Reid as reported to Pauline Frederick.

"L. A. (Boston)—It's really surprising how many people come across who claim to have known such and such a film star in his very, very young days. Perhaps there is a Charles Bray in this world, but your informant certainly never went to school anywhere in the United Kingdom with Charles Ray, who is a different person. This notable Charles was born in Illinois, had a London address, and has not visited these shores as yet.

"T. P. (London)—Ah, fair one, that you should fall so passionately in love with Richard Barthelmess. Now it was the young man who had the heart-throb. It might be a chance, it might be a chance, it might be a chance. Nevertheless, that's all about Richard the heart-throb. It's his birthday this year, and this age next year will be twenty-six. He spent five years on the stage, was formerly Margaret Vale's leading man, and has also played opposite Lilian Gish, and others. Geraldine Farrar and Wallace Reid in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in which I have great profile, keen eyes, and hair brushed back with a great deal of care. Although I was startled, though I really shouldn't know myself in that disposition, I.E.W. (Merton)—"The Lone Star Ranger" (taken from Zane Grey's novel of that name) and "The Tenth Man" are two different productions. In both William Farnum and Louise Lovely were the stars.

M.D. (Bristol)—No recent information about "Joss." (Hirstead)—The exact locations where scenes are not always disclosed. The "Rabble" you mention were certainly capable.

"PEDDY" (Buddington)—I expect the lovely boy you refer to in "Blue Jeans" was Robert Walker. Yes, Jane Novak was opposite Richard Bowdell in "Behind the Door." Some list of favourites.

"Miss V." (Dublin)—Norma动手 was the star in "The Two Orphans." Pearl White's two-fighters since she completed "The Black Secret," are "The Tiger Cub," and "The White Moll." Dorothy Gish was born in 1898, and her sister, Lilian, two years before. They are now both actresses—why, the whole bunch of them! I could never be as beautiful as they are.

A.E.D. (Oxford).—Very likely Terence Atnavach is the one you refer to. He was born in Oxford, was educated there, and held a commission during Spring, "Rose," (Earlestown). "The man in "Round the World for a Dollar" was played by George B. Seitz, but he was not in "Darabah." I am certainly pleased to hear you have dimples, though I grieve to think I cannot see them. Yes, WallaceMcCaneburn can be seen in "The Black Secret" as Frederick Vaux. One of the large bookkeapers may be able to get you Pearl White's "The Silver City." -S. L. (London).—"Clementine," you can get a copy of the English edition, for just ten cent the publisher, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4. "Korona Talmadge," is the wife of Joseph Schenck. "Coffret," (Salisburj) — Harold Lloyd in American right enough, and his home town is a place. "Rudolph Kreutz has appeared in "The Broken Bond," "Jude," "Further Exploits of Jude," "Beyond the Pale," "The Man in the Mask," and "The Usurer." Barabbas." (Saltcoats).—"I cannot think of "In the Gleaning." I, of course, believe they are two sides to every story. This is what I can tell you about Ruth Gilford. She was born on July 17, 1900, and her maiden name was Mary Smith. Are you thinking of "In the Gleaning,"? No, I cannot think of "In the Gleaning." I, of course, believe they are two sides to every story. This is what I can tell you about Ruth Gilford. She was born on July 17, 1900, and her maiden name was Mary Smith.

"R. I. (Gloathing).—I cannot tell you how many cars Barabbas." (Dublin).—"Lion, I know I have several of them fine double- headed. This is a crowd of people to ride home with me of an evening. Henry Edwards," "The Savages," and "The Highest Card."

"I. M. (Saltcoats).—Yes, it was Ann Little in "Lightning Brow." you can tell your chimney gently that you are right.

"K. M. (Tannah).—Yes, it was Ann Little in "Lightning Brow." you can tell your chimney gently that you are right.

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A. * "Skin Troubles. GERMOLINE, THE NEW ASEPtic DRESSING.* Soothes at a touch. FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

Those who have experienced the torment of skin disorders as eczema, rashes, ulcers, pimples, jile, or bad leg, will hail Germolene, the new aseptic dressing, with gladness, for it relieves these troubles automatically. It must do so, because it is made of ingredients which expel, kill, and exclude all germ life.

The Proprietors of Germolene have such faith in it that they know it has only to be used to be immediately adopted as a skin remedy. They know it is no mere exaggeration to say that it soothes at a touch, and they are willing to send a tin of Germolene entirely free and post paid to any reader of this paper who sends his own name and address to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester. Germolene costs 1s. 6d. and 3s. at chemists.

GREAT SLUMP IN COTTON GOODS!

SHEETS 12/6 PAIR

Less than makers' price. 50,000 pairs of large Lancashire-made quality woven fine Twill Sheets, extra large, full double-bed size (70 x 90). All new, and direct from the Mills. Drappers' Price 19/6 pair. Our Warehouse Price 12/6 pair (of 2 pairs for 24s.). Carry Carded. Address:
HARRILL'S STORES Stretford Road, MANCHESTER.

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS. (Continued from page 8.)

"Return me to Parliament," blotted the endpaper, "and I'll make my voice heard from Land's End to John o' Groats."

Threatening voice from the back: "Speak up, g'vnor, we can't hear yer." —Manchester Evening Times.

"Women bear pain more heroically than men."

"I suppose a doctor told you that?"

"No, a tradesman." —L'Etoile, Paris.

"Artist: Do you want your portrait done in oils?"

"Mr. Moneybags (shuddering): 'Ours! What d'yer take me for—a sain't?'" —Contemporary Review.

Irene: "What a lovely fresh complexion Miss Pearl blossoms has."

"Yes, fresh every morning." —Cape Argus.

"Mr. Grouch went to the fancy dress dance disguised as a bear."

"Did anyone recognise him?"

"Only his wife. —Pearson's Weekly.

Angry Mistress: "What! Do you call yourself a lady's maid?"

Maid: (sweetly): 'Not at present, ma'am. —New York American.

Artist: "This is my best picture, old man, I'll let you have it for half the catalogue price."

Client: "Right! What does the catalogue cost?" —Le Rire.

"Your fish won't be long now."

"Tell me," said the patisserie man, "what do yers sell —but are you using?" —Trit Bile.

Mrs.: "Women are more forgiving than men."

Mr.: "Well, I think they make up offenser. —Boston Transcript.

"And how much are you paying your new maid?"

"I don't know. We haven't dared to ask her yet. —L'Eco de Paris.

Fortune Teller: "I see riches, I see a happy future, and a good marriage." —Client: "You don't happen to see a flat without a premium, do you?" —La Vie Parisienne.

"He gave everyone to understand that he was the Big Gun at his office."

"Perhaps that's why he got fired." —Toronto Globe.

The Equerry: "You say you're delicate, and can't do heavy work. What can you do?"

Wearal Williams: "Well, what's the matter with wookin' cigs in the greenhouse to keep hout the hinsets?" —Pearson's Weekly.

"But do you really refund the price of these stockings if they fail to prove hole-proof?"

"Madam, we do it every day." —L'Avion, Paris.

KEEP YOUR NEURALGIA!

Why endure harassing Neuralgia or Headache? A little harmless ZOX in a cup of tea or water will send it away in a few minutes. Send for your trial-two ZOX FREE to anyone mentioning this paper and sending stamped addressed envelope. Of all chemists and stores, in 1s. 3d. boxes, or post free at these prices from:

"Very sustaining is Mackintosh's"—this is the plea put forth by the devotees to its good wholesome deliciousness. Every piece is good, and good right through.

Sold by Confectioners everywhere in ½-lb., 1-lb., and 4-lb. Family Tins and loose by weight.

Try also the very latest in sweetmeats——Mackintosh's Egg and Cream-de-Luxe.
Also Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe, a blending of the finest of Chocolate with the best of Toffees.
“WHO WILL SPEAK FIRST?”—Beautiful Art Picture, 16 x 10, IN THIS ISSUE.

WHO WILL SPEAK FIRST?

CHARLIE'S CHEERFUL CHUM

WELCOMING CHARLIE HOME.

Above are some scenes from "The Kid," which is the story of the adventures of Charlie and the Kid, whom he finds as a baby abandoned in a dustbin, and after many unsuccessful and ludicrous attempts to dispose of it adopts it. Later we see the Kid as a very imp of mischief. The adventures of the small boy and his guardians trying to obtain their daily bread, make the film a long laugh from beginning to end.

IT'S ALWAYS "HALVES PARTNER."

THE AMATEUR WIFE.”—Splendid.

THE AMATEUR WIFE.”—Splendid.

Little Jackie Coogan, "The Kid."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN with JACKIE COOGAN, of whom Charlie expects great things. Jackie appears opposite Charlie in the much-talked of coming photo-play, "The Kid," which is having a great success in America, but has not yet come over here.

THE AMATEUR WIFE.”—Splendid.

THE AMATEUR WIFE.”—Splendid.

Castle in this week's "GIRLS' CINEMA."
Look Your Best and win admiration.

If you want a clear, fresh complexion, smooth and attractive arms, neck and shoulders and soft white hands use the world-famed non-greasy toilet cream, Icilma Cream, regularly.

And then to complete your toilet use the fascinating silksifted Icilma Bouquet Face Powder, Soft as velvet. The Naturelle tint suits most complexes, is practically invisible, and entirely supersedes and replaces white or rose powder. Try them both to-day,

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IF YOU SUFFER from nervous, worried feelings, lack of energy, self-confidence, will power, mind concentration, or feel or awaken in the presence of others, send 5d. for stamp. Stamps for particulars of the Icilma Treatment.


Skin Torture and Its Cure.

Germolene, the New Aseptic Reagent, Soothes at a Touch.

FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

A cure for skin torture is a public benefaction. Pim, itching, irritation, unsightly disfigurement, and other unpleasant effects gave rise to mental and bodily discomfort which is sometimes almost maddening. Germolene, the new aseptic skin dressing, is a certain cure for such complaints as eczema, rashes, ulcers, blisters, ringworm, impetigo, and piles. It has a bland and soothing influence in the ease of poisonous wounds, cuts, sores, and burns. No mother having the care of a family should be without a supply.

A postcard addressed to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, will secure you an up-to-date sample tin, together with a most interesting booklet dealing with the cure of skin diseases. Germolene costs Is. 3d. and 5s. at chemists.

SHOW YOUR FRIENDS

The "Picture Show."
Carnival Filmed.

In this copy of the Picture Show is the story of "Carnival," just released as a screen play, after a record success on the stage. The story of Carnival is full of tense human interest—the tragedy of a young wife who endeavors to establish her fame in the world to which her heart belongs. Don't miss this story, or the beautiful Art Supplement containing pictures from the film, by Constantine Talmadge, who plays the chief parts in this story, which will appear in the Picture Show next week.

Competitions in the "Picture Show."

Our recent "Goggles" Competition is now being judged, and the result is promised shortly. The judges are selected from our prize-winners for our competitions is a long one on account of Picture Show competitions being very popular. I have also been asked to tell you that another is in the course of preparation which you will find equally fascinating. Look out for it.

Special Notice.

If you like long complete stories don't miss the one in the "Girls' Cinema," out to-morrow. It is the story of the photo-play, "The Amateur Wife," in which Irene Castle plays the leading part. Another exclusive feature in this first number is an article by Constantine Talmadge on "Getting and Keeping Love." Constance has some really illuminating things to say on this important feminine topic.

A June Bride.

I have heard that the wedding day of Natalie Talmadge is expected to be in June. Burt Keaton says that they have been acquainted for four years. Although, unlike most movie folk, they did not owe their introduction to the screen, Burt proposed to Natalie by wire, as they have not seen each other for two years. At present Burt is laid up as a result of torn ligaments. He is using his idle time in sending love missives, by wire, to Natalie, who is in Florida with her sister Constance.

Must Have Thought It Bad.

Bill Rogers has less vanity than any other of his stage or screen. His success has not spoiled him. He is just plain Bill Rogers. He wears cow boy clothes, "grows" his beard, and spends most of his leisure time around the studio with his cowboy pals. Bill Rogers' present work is never boasting, but always depreciatory. A New York theatrical manager recently wired him an offer to return to the stage. Rogers sent back the following inconic telegram: "You must have seen my last picture."

"The Cheshire Cheese" Screened

WALTERS at the world famous "Cheshire Cheese" were taken to the Astor studios the other day to take part in a scene for a coming film. The replica of "The Cheshire Cheese" has been built in the studio, and I hear Mine Host of that ancient hostelry supervised the details of the setting.

The scene I saw taken showed the modern journalist dreaming of his famous predecessors, and we are to see Dr. Johnson and his conferences this film.

Helen Better.

HELEN CHADWICK has been hospitalised with pneumonia, but I am happy to tell you that she is on the road to recovery, and unless there is a relapse, she will soon return to work at the studio.

Miss Chadwick is appearing opposite Tom Moore in "Made in Heaven," the film in which Reno Afrom, the pretty French actress Tom Moore married on St. Valentine's day, is also playing.

A Police Film.

UNDER the title of "For the King, the Law, and the People," an official six-reel film record of the activities of the Metropolitan Police Force has been produced by the authority of the State and the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

The film, which is intended for universal exhibition, is full of interest in the facts about the police training and this is the first time Scotland Yard has ever allowed its methods to be photographed.

London Scottish in Film Play.

The other day I met a detachment of the London Scottish on the march, and noticed that they were being filmed. Later, I learned that these pictures are to be included in a Westminster film version of the novel, "The Fortune of Christina MacNab."

I hear the officer in command approved the recruiting value of the picture, and personally interested himself in the taking, giving directions in order that the producer might get the effect he wanted.

Bill's Escape.

Forty minutes the other day a lion, supposed to answer to the name of "Bill," terrorised the Hampton film studio, and agonised its owner, who was full of fear that his pet might escape. The lion, who was playing in the film version of Zane Grey's novel, "The Men of the Forest," behaved admirably until it was time for him to return to his cage for the night. "Bill" was shown as the son of the hero, who was given the task of inciting the animal in certain scenes. In others, the lion was seen stalking through the forest after his master, like a dog that has been told to stay at home. He showed his dislike of a certain friend of his master's by growling and spitting at him, and in the end had to make a spring on one of the villains.

Captured by the Fire Rose.

ALL this time "Bill" did, and did so well that the directors praised him highly. Perhaps it was this that made him turn tempedamental, and, as he was on the move, he went to the caging for the night, he rebelled. The trainer tried to use force, and the animal broke away, returning for a group of ladies who were watching, and who obligingly scattered out of his path.

A big trained dog, which sets in the same picture aided the men to chase his hound up a tree, where he refused to answer to "Bill," or any other of the names that were barked at him. A number of cowboy lassit experts tried to lasso him, without success, when the studio volunteer fire department got into action. Two big fire hose were turned upon the unfortunate "Bill," who tumbled and partly scrambled to the ground, was hosed, and returned in a subdued state to his cage.

All About Arthur Cullin.

Arthur Cullin, whose photograph appears on this page, has had a long stage experience, his latest being in "East is West," for which he was turned upon by the management companies with which at some time or another he has not had a part as either a clergyman, banker, or gang leader.

Now we are to see him as an Earl in the Famous Players-Lasky British Production of "The Mystery Road."

Arthur Cullin and Lewis Gilbert as

EVA NOVAK and EILEEN SEDGWICK. Have you noticed how alike are these two film favourites?

A HILARIOUS "Earl" in "The Mystery Road" is Arthur Cullin, who has just arrived from England. Born in Paris, Mr. Gilbert has been for many years a noted actor. He had a big part in "The Land of Mystery," and tells of two exciting experiences when playing scenes for this film. The first was when the company were on their way to Kenvo, via Berlin, when they were caught in a "Revolution." He took some photographs of the fighting and was arrested with the unpleasant prospect of cold lead before breakfast. However, he managed to bluff the Hun. "I am not certain that I did not threaten that England would immediately declare war again if anything happened to me!" he said. "During the six hours they held me, they developed my films, and actually showed them to me, and then buried them! After a lot of palaver, and a strong demand to see Lord Kilmarnock, I was escorted back to our hotel, and told that if I was seen in the street again that I would be shot at sight. I stayed in!"

Even Worse.

His second adventure was even more exciting, and was in Kenvo. The producer wanted to take a picture of a wild Bolshevik hurling down the Russian flag, and hoisting the red flag in its place. As no one in the company seemed keen on what appeared to be a somewhat risky job, Lewis Gilbert volunteered. As a result, Mr. Gilbert came to the part where he had to fire a revolver in the air. What happened subsequently is best told in Gilbert's own words: "All went well until I heard some peculiar "Ping, Ping," all round me, then our producer shouted for me to come down quickly. I suddenly saw that the "Ping, Ping" was bullets lattting the roof! That roof was at an awkward angle, and I am no acrobat. I just got off of that roof in record time. It appears that the troops had orders to take the most drastic measures and put down any attempt at revolution, and as they had not been warned that we were working on this "Junk," it naturally thought that the Bolsheviks had captured the place, and let fly. I had two bullet holes in my coat!"
FROM "OVER THERE."
Notes and News From New York.

Lillian Gish to Play Marguerite.
I took the failure of the William Sherrill Motion Picture Company for Lillian Gish, in "Faust," to realize just how popular she is, and how many producers are holding out tempting starring engagements to her. There isn't a company in the business that hasn't made some sort of an offer for Miss Gish's services. Lillian has told me, a girl who boasts about any of these things, and if I hadn't coerced her to tell me why she didn't announce her plans, I might never have learned the true state of affairs.

All the time Lillian was shaking her pretty blonde head and saying, "negotiating with David W. Griffith to play Marguerite in "Faust." I don't believe there was much negotiating, for Lillian has told me, time and time again, she would rather play for David Griffith for less than for any other producer for six times the amount he could pay her. At the time she signed the contract with Mr. Sherrill she did it with many misgivings, preferring to remain in the Griffith fold; but it was David himself who persuaded her to accept the fabulous amount offered her by the Sherrill organization.

Mr. Griffith will take Goethe's dramatic poem and Gounod's operatic version, and combine them to get an effective screen story of "Faust."

Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson on the Stage.

THE SIT OF HOBOSAN, "said a woman, pointing to Herbert Rawlinson. The screen star, who is so accustomed to having folk single him out as "Herb Rawlinson, surely you know him," nearly dropped dead of shock the first time he was thus identified.

"Do you mind?" I asked him.

"At first it was a surprise, now I am used to it," he answered. "It is the penalty of having a famous wife," I told him.

"You know," said Herbert Rawlinson, "I don't care a bit as long as they don't call me Mr. Roberts Arnold."

Viola Dana Seeing New York.

VIOLA DANA, who came to New York for the frank and open purpose of having a good time, seems to be getting what she wants. She has made a round of the theatres, and if there is anything she has missed, it is because she crossed it off her list at the beginning. She has not been seen, for example, at the cafés every night, after the theatre, to dance with her. She looks very pretty, and little—a small girl in the gorgeous frocks she wears. There is a different every night, to say nothing of fun with her king's ransom.

Charlie and "The Kid."

LITTLE JACKIE COOGAN, who has taken everyone by storm with his irresistible childish appeal, is on the road to recovery in a Los Angeles hospital service, and Charlie Chaplin, who loves his younger so much he willingly shares honours with him in the daily wires, is asking to be kept informed of Jackie's condition. A friend of mine who happened into Chaplin studios, while "The Kid" was being filmed, tells a funny story on Charlie and Jackie.

"Here, Jackie, walk up to the stove and turn the flapjacks in this manner," prompted Charlie.

"See here, Charlie," said the wee boss of the studio, "let me do it my way, and if I don't like it, we will do your way."

Jackie directed himself so well, the frankness of his manner and the scene made according to the small boy's idea.

LOUVELLA O. PARSONS.
THIS WEEK'S PICTURE SHOWS

"Black is White"... Paramount-Artcraft.
DOROTHY DALTON.

"The Heart of a Child"... Artcraft.

"The Haunted House"... Western Import.
WILLIAM ALLAN.

"A Norway Lass"... Western Import.

"Carnival"... Alliance.

"Young Mrs. Winthrop"... Paramount-Artcraft.

"Won by a Head"... British Exhibitors.
REX DAVIS.

"The Manchester Man"... Ideal.

"A Lot About a Lottery"... LUPINO LANE.

An Alliance Super-Production.

"Carnival," produced from the great stage success with Matheson Lang and Hilda Bayley in their original parts is a production that has proved that this country can compete with America in photo-plays. It is the human story of a young wife who believes herself neglected and unloved—and a young lover who comes to her at carnival time. The scene is laid in Venice. The acting of Matheson Lang as the husband, Hilda Bayley as the young wife, and Ivor Novello as the young lover leaves nothing to be desired. The photography is excellent, the lighting in the carnival scenes at times really marvellous—a wonderful British production, the story of which you can read on page 16.

Won by a Head.

If you like horses, girls, spills, and thrills, you will love this sporting drama, "Won by a Head," British Exhibitors' Films, Ltd. There is some fine emotional acting in this film, and Rex Davis is at his best.

"The Manchester Man."

A ROMANCE of the great cotton city, produced by Bert Wynne, scenario by Eliot Stannard, Ideal Films, Ltd. It is a good, hearty, honest romance, written by the late Mrs. Louisa Banks. It tells the story of a devastating flood, a raging torrent that carried away the humble effects of many a poor cottage, also a wooden cradle sheltering a baby. Simon Clegg (Hubert Willis) found it. He reared the child, and, as his foster-son, Jabez Clegg (Hayford Hobbs), he became the light of his eyes. And Jabez, by steady service and long toil, became a partner in a great Manchester house; but he only reared with faith and love along a hard path, alcest a path that glitters with flowers of romance.

THE "PICTURE SHOWS" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The cast is a strong one, and the entire production is another triumph for Ideal films.

Lupino Lane and "A Lot About a Lottery."

If you are lovers of Lupino Lane—and I can guess that many of my readers have laughed at his brilliant acting in the pantomime "Aladdin" at the Hippodrome—you will be tremendously amused by his humour and merriment in the Ideal film released this week, "A Lot About a Lottery. It is all about a lottery, a lost ticket, a ticket found, and, last but not least, a ticket without the winning number.

A Child of the Slums.

THOSE who have seen Nazimova it will be delighted with her interpretation in "The Heart of a Child" of Sally Snape, who, born in the slums of London, is befriended by a peasant as the result of a street accident. Sally has a wonderful voice which gets her into a scrape, but trouble less waiting in her path, providing her with anxious moments in which emotion and pathos are admirably portrayed.

A Miscellaneous Telephone Call.

A HUSBAND whose heart is in his work and a young wife given to a butterfly existence form the subject of "Young Mrs. Winthrop." Naturally, they drift further and further apart, even the death of their only child failing to bridge the gulf. But there is an old lawyer who doubtful at the critical moment that the real cause of all the trouble was a telephone call. Elid Clayton and Harrison Ford are the leads, and two particularly good scenes are a large toy-shop and a jazz party.

A Norwegian Love Story.

LARS HANSSON is rapidly becoming a favourite with British picturegoers, and in "A Norway Lass" he is certain to gain still more admirers. As Jorn, the son of a farmer, he has been brought up somewhat strictly: but, through the plotting of another farm-labourer, Jorn gains a bad reputation. Only his sweetheart believes in his real character. The charm of the story is added to by picturesque scenes of Norwegian peasant life, and the beautiful backgrounds of the mountains and valleys of that country.

Couldn't Recognise his Wife.

JEALOUSY is the theme of "Black is White," in which Dorothy Dalton is the star. A jealous husband turns his wife adrift, but when they meet, fifteen years later, she is so transformed that he falls in love and marries her again without much difficulty. The plot is somewhat out of the ordinary, and there is a dramatic scene in which he shoots a man whom he believes a rival, and then learns a startling truth. It is a problem drama above the average of its kind.

A Friend of Ghosts.

HOST stories will always possess a certain amount of attraction, and, whether you believe in "spooks" or not, you will find "The Haunted House" full of interest. "Spooky Ann" is a village girl who, left with a tactless father, gains comfort by conversing with her dead mother. Then report comes that a certain house in the village is haunted, and "Spooky Ann," not being afraid, decides to become one of the ghosts. The scenes that follow are amusing and Maude Allen, as the heroine, keeps you interested till the end.

WARWICK WARD and AILEEN BAGOT, in "The Manchester Man."

LUPINO LANE in a funny incident from "A Lot About a Lottery."
BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TODAY

The Call of the Road

The Splendid New Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinherited for being a ne'er-do-well by his uncle, Sir Rowena, in the country.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, who is fascinated by the scenes she hears of her cousin. She longs to meet him, and her name is Alice Grey.

Miss MERRIDAY, the spinster next door, who is a practising Janus, and a most amazing figure.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, the road; and friends of Alfred.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, who caretakes at cards. He is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance. One day he meets "Alice Grey" in the woods, and tries to make love to her.

Becoming Acquainted.

S Rowena stood leaning against the tree, trembling and exhausted, she watched the men who had come to her home, and in her eyes there was a look akin to fear.

Yet she also knew that the boyish, laughing face she remembered could bear an expression so grim and terrible.

It was ever said of Alfred Truscott that he was too good-natured, too much inclined to treat an injury done to himself as a thing for laughter. Even when his anger blazed up, he soon burnt itself out and he bore no malice, and to his bitterest enemy his last word was more often than not a jest.

He looked very ugly indeed as he stood glowing down at Sir Martin Trevor.

The baronet, in spite of the violence with which he had been hurled to the ground, did not long remain prostrate. He had recognized the man who had so rudely interrupted his affair of gallantry, and his present mortification was increased tenfold by the memory of what had happened in the field of the stunted oaks.

Mad with rage and humiliation, he forgot all about the man who had struggled to free his feet, flung himself recklessly at his enemy.

The two men grappled, staggered and reeled, swaying on their feet, as they strove to get at one another's throats.

Rowena gazed upon the scene, aghast. Never before had a man in this mood before. The men she had met had been polite, ceremonious, artificial. Now she saw them stripped of all their mask of civilisation, revealed in all their naked savagery, and she was frightened, even shocked.

Her terror seemed to be well founded.

In the first fury of his onslaught, Sir Martin Trevor continued to close and get a grip on Alfred's throat. The baronet's handsome face was livid and distorted by a look of woful rage. His thin lips peeled back, revealing his yellow teeth, and, to the terrifed girl, he seemed transformed from a polished gentleman into a snarling beast of the jungle.

Alfred Truscott was outwardly calm, but in his grey eyes there shone a cold anger which in its way was more terrible than Sir Martin's historical rage.

It seemed to Rowena, as the men reeled and swayed before her, that this man enlivened in the death of one or other of the combatants, and her heart grew sick with terror.

Then, suddenly, in a flash, as it were, the end seemed to come.

Sir Martin was lifted clean off his feet, his body described a circle in the air above Alfred's head, his legs flying wildly, and then he fell with a crash into a mass of dead branches and leaves.

After his amazing feat of strength, Alfred staggered back a pace, and then stood motionless, his muscles tense, his eyes afield.

He thought his enemy had had enough, but his own anger was unquenched; and when the baronet, dazed but still mad with fury, tottered to his feet and prepared to resume the struggle, Alfred made a savage rush at him.

His impetuosity was his undoing. Just before he reached his enemy, he caught his foot in a bramble, stumbled, and then pitched headlong and fell sprawling at the feet of the baronet.

Sir Martin Trevor had the true gambler's brain. He was ever swift to seize any advantage which chance threw in his way.

Lying on the ground where he had dropped it was his riding-whip. Swift as lightning, he seized it, and with the butt end of it struck Alfred a savage blow on the head, just as the latter was springing to his feet.

It was a merciless blow, and, without a groan, the victim dropped beneath it unconscious to the ground.

With an angry and indignant cry, Rowena sprang forward and confronted the perpetrator of the brutal act.

"You coward!" she cried, with blazing eyes.

"Sir Martin Trevor, still viciously clutching the whip which had saved him, gave a scornful laugh as he fell back a pace before her.

"When one is attacked by a mad bull, one uses whatever weapon comes to hand!" he said, with a shrug of his shoulders.

Rowena turned from him scornfully and fell on her knees by the side of the unconscious man.

The baronet stepped forward and locked down at them, and for a moment seemed to hesitate. Then he gave another short laugh.

"He will want more than thy help!" he said. "I will go and fetch it. Stay you here with him till I come back."

He turned on his heel as he spoke and strode away into the wood, glad to be rid of an adventurer that had turned out so unfortunately.

Alfred had fallen upon his face, and lay inert. The terrible thought was in Rowena's mind that he was dead. Exerting all her strength, she strove to turn him on his back, and at last contrived to raise his head so that it rested on her lap.

The unbidden tears rushed to her eyes as she saw the ugly wound on his forehead and a trickle of blood matting his soft brown hair. She took her handkerchief and very tenderly wiped away the blood. But as she did so, his eyes slowly opened and he looked up at her.

Immediately she experienced a feeling of shame. To her horror she saw, as the colour was coming to his cheeks, that he was looking at her.

Then he smiled, and it seemed to Rowena that she had never seen so beautiful a smile on human face before.

It's good of thee to help him," he said faintly.

"'Tis but little return for thy great kindness to me," she answered tremblingly.

He smiled again as he looked up into her fair face, and then he strove to rise. He was so weak and giddy that he stumbled and would have fallen, but she not held him.

Anxious as she was, she could not resist a feeling of blinding satisfaction at the thought of his great strength in need of her assistance. It was delicious to feel, as his strong hand clutched her arm, that she was supporting him.

"Pardon me. I lean too heavy!" he said, striving to stand alone.

"I—I will help you!" she replied confusely, and then blushed hotly at her own words.

"I mean," she added hastily, "I give you a pleasure to see the ill-treatment for the great service thou hast rendered me."

"Twas naught," said Alfred lightly. "But 'tis a pity the brute is away. He deserved a sounder thrashing for his insouciance!"

"Twas a coward's blow that laid thee low!" said Rowena, her voice thrilling with indignation. Alfred laughed.

"I blame him not for that," he said lightly. "You cannot expect a coward to fight according to rules. Twas mine own fault. I lost my temper. 'Tis best to keep cool when one plays any sort of game with Sir Martin Trevor."

"You know his name?" said Rowena, eager to put a note of surprise into her voice.

"Ay; we've met before," replied Alfred carelessly. "But that need not matter. He'll not trouble thee again, I'm thinking."

They had only moved a few paces along the forest track when they saw a figure far away in the direction of the mill when Alfred again became faint and giddy.

He had tripped down on a fallen tree, and, sitting there, rested his head for a moment on his hand.

It seemed to Rowena's anxious eyes that he swayed and was about to fall backwards. In a moment she was by his side, with her arm protectingly around him.

Her slim white hand fell in front of him and Alfred, grasping down as through a mist, suddenly found himself looking at it. What a delicate, white, pretty hand it was! Alfred could not take his eyes off it, and, as he gazed, he forgot the pain in his head and smiled.

Then he looked up, and beheld two big blue eyes full of sympathy and concern looking down at him. Instantly he experienced an irresistible desire to become better acquainted with the owner of that beautiful pair.

"Will you tell me thy name?" he asked. Rowena hesitated for a bare second, and then replied steadily.

"Alice Grey."

Alfred rose to his feet and looked at her.

"My name is Alfred Truscott," he said, "known as the Lamb, a ne'er-do-well, at thy service."

He was too bored as he spoke and laughed in his boyish way.

"And now I must see thee from the woods," he said, "and get back to my work, or my master's wife will beat me."

(Continued on page 8)
"THE KID."

Charlie Chaplin wrote, directed, and played in this film himself, and he called it "The Kid," as a tribute to the extraordinary cleverness of the little boy actor, Jackie Coogan, who was a discovery of Charlie's.

Charlie looks on while little Jackie moulds weird figures in clay. These two became great pals during the filming of "The Kid," of which this is one of the many humorous scenes between Charlie and the little boy he adopted.

We shall all look forward to seeing "The Kid," Charlie's latest film when it comes over here. It has already been released in America and was an instantaneous success.

Charlie endeavours to tie himself into knots, as he climbs the face of a wall, much to the consternation of the folks below. Under the circumstances Charlie does not look at all unhappy.

Many humorous effects in Charlie Chaplin's films are obtained by his wonderful power of facial expression.

The little pathetic touches in Charlie's films are just as wonderful as all the humorous ones. Here you see him with the little baby he finds in a dustbin.

Saw and perplexed! Perhaps the pranks of the Kid have worried Charlie?
"The CALL OF THE ROAD." (Continued from page 6.)

Rowena smiled and surveyed his big, strong frame and laughing face incredulously.

"You jest, sir!"

"No, I jest, I promise you," replied Alfred, with mock seriousness. "I would sooner deal with a dozen Sir Martin Trevor's than have my head in your tarrantinas! But there," he added hesitatingly, and avoiding her gaze, "I was over somewhat timid with the ladies."

Rowena made no reply, though she would have spoken could she have thought of anything possible to say; and they walked along in silence, side by side, until they came to the mill.

Then Alfred shyly held out his hand.

"Good-bye," he said.

Rowena took the proffered hand and gave it a little timid shake.

"Good-bye," she replied.

Then they both stood awkwardly looking at everything within sight except one another.

"You belong to those parts," said Alfred at last.

"I am staying with my aunt, Mrs. Merridew, for a few weeks."

"Then, maybe, we'll meet again?"

"Maybe."

Rowena tried to speak as though she thought such a meeting extremely unlikely.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye," said Alfred.

At that moment the miller's wife came out of the door. Her new dress shone, and Rowena perceived how her new hand was employing his time.

Hurriedly she advanced towards the young companion.

Rowena turned quickly, and walked away.

Alfred stood gazing after her, a very rapt expression filling his big, honest eyes.

"How now, thou lazy lout! Is this the way to earn thy salary?"

"I took this as from a dream, turned, and beheld the infuriated face of Mistress Joncs."

"Pardon me, mistress," he said, with a sigh.

"What do you mean by turning your nose up at this poor man," Rowena thought to herself, "as though he were to have a wife—like thee, for instance!"

The good-humoured grin which accompanied the good-natured reproach grew brighter, and Rowena perceived she had no need to fear that a suitable retort Alfred had left her, and was singing over his work.

Rowena, with her head filled with all sorts of new and wonderful thoughts, hurried on her way, and she had reached the rectory gates before she remembered his reason for going there no longer existed. Margety Morlock's new eggs were lying all smashed and useless somewhere in the woods.

Rowena must be losing her wits," said the girl to herself, as she retraced her steps. "This is naught of sense in what I do or say. He must think me mad, and care nothing. Mayhap we shall not meet again."

Sir Martin Trevor spends a Guinea.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR was in no pleasant humour when he arrived back at the Ford Arms.

He had brushed his clothes, and, as far as possible, removed the outward and visible marks of his encounter with the Lamb, but he was in a very rumpled condition, both physically and mentally.

"What a day!" exclaimed Geoffrey Ralston cheerily.

Sir Martin Trevor tried not to scowl.

"The Lamb," he said, "was not of the least magnitude, and the Lamb's men were of the least interest in this dull hole. Let's get out of it."

Ralston shrugged his shoulders.

"We've had worse tenants," he said;

"And the Lamb's men with the butt-top hot and the drunken eyes cleared his throat.

"If I had money in my pocket I'd ask thee to drink with me, Hamner John," he said drily.

Ralston clutched his companion's arm, and gave him a threatening look.

"The blacksmith laughed, and ordered another mug of ale.

"We'll take more than half of money to keep thee away from this lively, Ralston Lane," said Geoffrey Ralston frankly.

"Did ever do a day's work that wasn't wet for thee?"

"Once, in the days of my youth," replied Geoffrey Ralston, "as he slowly raised the brimming mug to his lips. "But twas not to my liking."

Tis a dull fool who works for his living when he can fare better by the play of his wits."

"Thy wits will get thee hanged some day," retorted the blacksmith; and soon afterwards he took his departure, returning to his work at the forge.

George Ralston watched him till he disappeared, and then turned sharply to Ralston.

"That man—what was it you called him?"

"Ford, ye want!" was the reply.

"Nay, 'twas not jest. 'Tis his name," replied Ralston, as he surveyed his questioner shrewdly.

"Hamner John who killed his man some three years ago?"

"The same. That was why he gave up the ring, and rode away."

"D'ye think he could be tempted to break his oath, at a price?"

"I don't think so."

"Ralston picked up his mug, which was now empty, and looked into it significantly."

"Well, do 't do what you mean, ye say me, Sir Martin, I mean."

Sir Martin Trevor, now for the first time joining in the conversation.

"Yes, and the man who could induce him to fight again? persisted Sir Martin impatiently."

"You said."

"I said he would not fight for thee nor thy companions."

"How know you that?"

"Against the provoking Mr. Ralston shrugged his shoulders and held up his empty mug."

"Some men will do aught for money, some will not."

"Hamner John goes in the ring again. 'Tis not very likely that will put him kerc."

"What then?"

"Gratitude."

"Eh?"

"Mr. Ralston gave a slight snigger of amusement."

"Tis true. When a man lives by his wits he must learn to read the minds of other men."

"Alfred, who is as wise as the soles of his shoes, has no money, and he owes and takes a pride in't."

"When he killed Ted Watson of Clare Market there was no money, and he came to his aid, and John hath never forgot the service. If he were to turn his hand to it."

"He broke off suddenly, and lapsed into silence, while a cunning leer lapsed into his little eyes.

"Mr. Ralston is a shrewd man, and he was about to make some impertinent remark when his companion silenced him with a cool look.

"Mr. Ralston filled his glass again, and sipped it thoughtfully, at the same time looking at Mr. Ralston."

"By this time he had summed up the fellow pretty accurately, and said, 'Know what, and 'tis none of thy business,' he said, "but maybe you have heard rumours, and perchance if I were to make it thy business—""

"Ay, that were another matter," interposed Ralston promptly.

"The barman, produced a guinea, and toyed with it between his finger and thumb.

"What has thou heard?" he asked.

"Mr. Ralston gave a quick glance round to see that Punch Murphy was not in the bar. Then he leaned forward, and held out his hand.

"Sir Martin dropped the guinea into it."

"Ralston, still leaning forward, spoke in a hurried whisper."

"The Cornishmen have made a match, each is to produce a fighting man, and on the result a fortune hangs, they say. I know no more. Tis being kept very dark."

"But Hamner John, 'tis said, is one of the two men. I'm here to watch him. He says nothing, but he leaves as though there was something in the wind."

"Don't know the names of the Cornishmen who have made the match?" asked Sir Martin dolefully.

"Nay, but if Hamner John goes into the ring and gives it 'em, then I'll send him there."

And that is," said the barman, success fully concealing his impatience, "nothing you then can do for it," replied Ralston, "wholly disinterestedly.

"That's his friend and patron, my Lord Dovela."

"(To be continued)"

Picture Show, April 2nd, 1921.
THE EXPRESSIONS OF ELSIE FERGUSON

ELSIE FERGUSON
The Graceful Star of the Silver Screen

ELsie FERGUSON, although she has only been associated with the screen for the last few years, is now one of the most popular film stars. She came to the speaking stage with the reputation of being one of the most beautiful women on the speaking stage, and may be remembered by many as Ella Seaford in "The Earl of Pawtucket," when that play was at the Haymarket Theatre, London.

Her Screen Successes.


Stage versus Screen.

Miss FERGUSON says that playing for the films was very confusing at first. For one thing, she missed the use of her voice. She has never yet got used to watching herself on the films, and to seeing a sub-title flashed on the screen curling into a most dramatic situation, instead of listening to the human voice. By nature, Elsie Ferguson is very quiet. Her chief pleasures during the summer are cantering through a quiet country lane on horseback, swimming, walking, or spending hours curled up in a hammock with a good book.

The winter, whenever possible, she likes to spend in New York. Then her chief recreation is going the round of the theatres and operas.

A Sensitive Disposition.

She is very sensitive, so much so that she absolutely refuses to be watched whilst she is playing for the camera. Visitors to the studio have often marvelled at this, considering Miss Ferguson is so used to audiences on the stage; but Miss Ferguson says it is quite a different matter. On the stage, she doesn't think of the audience as individuals; she thinks of it as one person who has come to see the performance, and is entitled to the best that she can give.

Acting before the camera, she has in mind all the audiences that will see the picture. She plays for millions, not for a few, and it bothers her to hear people whispering while she is enacting a rôle before the camera.

An Arnold Bennett Heroine.

Miss FERGUSON is now busy finishing a film version of Arnold Bennett's story "Sacred and Profane Love." This is a story of a woman's unselfishness under the stress of a great love. Carlotta, the heroine of Mr. Bennett's story, undergoes a series of intensely emotional situations, and, on top of a great injustice, she finds the man whom she had loved years before a drunkard in Paris. Her fight for the man's regeneration, coupled with the power of the earlier scenes, combine to make it one of the strongest bits of fine drama we are afforded in recent literature.

You will remember, when this play was produced here, Iris Hoyt played the part of Carlotta. Elsie Ferguson has also played this part on the speaking stage in America. Miss Ferguson is supported in the production by Conrad Nagel as her leading man, Thomas Holding, Clarissa Selwyn, Helen Dunbar, and Raymond Brethway.

Her Ideal.

Miss FERGUSON has often been asked who is her ideal leading man. But she says that she has not one. If she had, she would have tried to have had him to play opposite her in every picture.

But who could have played the fascinating Arab as did Pedro de Cordoba in "Barbary Sheep," or how could I have run away with anyone else than Elliot Dexter in "The Rise of Jenny Cushing"? she says. Then there was Percy Marmont, as Nell in "The Lie," and Wyndham Standing in "Eyes of the Soul"; all were ideal for the parts they had to play.

In a Nutshell.

As you may know, Elsie Ferguson is married. Her husband is Thomas B. Clarke, a New York banker. She is taller than the average screen star, being 5 ft. 3 in. in height, has sympathetic blue eyes, a wealth of golden hair, and is the personification of grace.

If you wish to write to her, address letter to—

ELSIE FERGUSON
c/o Lasky Studios,
Vine Street, Hollywood,
California, U.S.A.
Who would mind a nasty speck of dust in the eye if a nice boy were on hand to endeavour to extract it? BEBE DANIELS had to pretend that she had a little eye trouble for the purpose of a scene in a Realart film, entitled "Oh, Lady, Lady."

This photograph was taken at the Robertson-Cole studios, and from left to right, you can see J. ALLEN BOONE, representing Robertson-Cole, Inc.; HARRY BOUGH, studio manager; PAULINE FREDERICK; MRS. FLETCHER, authors of Mrs. Frederick's latest film; S. J. JACOBS, the Californian representative of the PICTURE SHOW; R. J. TOBEN, representative of Mr. Cole; and Mrs. CORBALLY, representing Palmer Photo-play Corp.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE with CONWAY TEARLE who is now leading man in all her pictures. You may have seen them in "Virtuous Vamp" and "Two Weeks."

ALICE LAKE and her leading man, JACK DOUGLASS, first appeared in Mack Sennett comedies with Keaton and is a wonderful emotional actress, and has great screen ability.

MABEL NORMAND, "the madcap of the screen," series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of
SPEAK FIRST?

A Lovers' Quarrel between ANTONIO MORENO and JEAN CALHOUN—in "Three Sevens."
He loves me—He loves me not

However sure a maid is that her sweetheart is true, she can never resist the old-time method of testing his love when she sees a daisy.

BILLIE BURKE tries the test with her lover—in "Wanted a Husband."—Paramount Picture.

PHYLLIS BRANDON as the Lady Beware in "The Call of the Road."—Stranger.
Children are wonderful character readers, and baby film artists will do anything for a director they love, but nothing for a "cross" director. You can see that Victor Schertzinger is on the best of terms with little IDA and AGNES STEELE, aged four, who are to appear in a Goldwyn film.
Before the Carnival.

"DON'T you think, Silvio, that you ought to look after Simonetta a little more?"

Silvio Steno, the great Venetian actor, looked at his mistress. The desk, she had written, he must think of ideas in connection with his coming production of "Othello," and regard his sister Ottavio inquiringly.

"Why?" he asked.

Ottavio hesitated, and then, looking straight at her brother, she answered:

"I think she is too much in the company of Count Andrea Seipol. Simonetta is very young and very beautiful woman in Venice. You are always engaged with your work. It is not fair to her to Simonetta. Discontinue your researches. I think Silvio threw back his handsome head and laughed coldly.

"You are a very wonderful businesswoman, Ottavio, and an ideal secretary; but you don't understand Shakespeare. We are in love with each other, and I would trust you to the ends of the earth.

Because I have to spend so much time at the theatre, it would be childish to expect Simonetta to stay at home. She does just what she wants, and as long as she is happy I am content. Besides, Andrea is my sister; he is a man of honour. Let us begin no more about it!"

Ottavio knew his brother so well that she realized he could do no good by continuing the discussion, so she shrugged her shoulders and went on with her work.

Presently the subject of their discussion came into the room. Ottavio Steno had not exaggerated when she said Simonetta was beautiful. A brunette, with exquisite delicate features, big dark eyes, and a whiteness of black hair which shone on her white brow in tiny tendrils, Simonetta would have been a typical actress. But she was: a woman with a spirited and charming personality. Her face was not without a touch of the tragic which added a certain pathos to her beautiful face.

"Well," she asked, "what has Simonetta been doing?"

Silvio pointed to his papers.

"I have such a lot to do, dear, and the production is due shortly," he said.

Simonetta gave a little start.

"I think I shall hate 'Othello!' It has kept you to much away from me. I am jealous of the play!"

But it is sure to be a big success, Simonetta. My father, Mario Donati, always said "Othello" would be my greatest triumph, and I am certain there could not be a more wonderful brooch to my Simonetta. Did you see anybody in the city today?"

"Only Andrea. He is coming to see you this morning."

"Then I'll get him to take me out this afternoon," said Silvio.

"And I thought Ottavio. He is forcing Andrea on her almost!"

Simonetta thought pleased at the suggestion.

"Suppose I say yes?"

"I say may in," she said. "Where is Xiou?"

But you have not noticed my new hat yet. Isn't it a perfect dream?"

She pointed to her hat, which was trimmed with young suburban flowers which added a certain piquancy to her beautiful face.

"It was very well in anything," said her husband admiringly.

"You'll be shocked when you know the cost!" remarked his wife. As she spoke, a little boy about seven years old came running into the room, and, when he saw her, flung his arms round her

"Nino! Nino! Mind my dress!" cried Simonetta. The boy only smiled. His hat seemed to have been put on the wrong side into his eyes.

The next moment Simonetta was on her knees beside him, regardless of her beautiful dress. With a sweep, she threw her new hat on the floor and took Xiou in her arms.

"Naughty, unmole, to hurt Nino's feelings!" she said, her eyes looking up at a pleasant smile.

"You spoil him as much as you do me, darling!" he said.

As the three stood there, smiling at each other, even a hardened cynic would have laughed at Ottavio's fears that any man could part Simonetta from her husband.

While they were talking, Count Andrea Seipol came in.

He was very young, Almost boh, and a woman who would call him handsome: nearly all women would have agreed he was good looking. Athletic men would have smiled and said: "Pretty!"

He was the type that the old masters chose as a model for a more refined, the modern theatrical manager deckles would make a matinee idol.

Silvio invited a friendly greeting and went out of the house.

Andrea went over to where Simonetta was sitting.

"Are you sure I cannot go to the carnival tomorrow?" Andrea said, then wheeled in his chair and faced Simonetta.

"Why did you give Lelio that money?" he asked quietly.

Andrea smiled.

"Simonetta flared up, but evaded the question. "I do trust you, Simonetta," replied her husband, "if you are working, still more quietly, but I don't wish you to have another triumph to your credit."

Simonetta made a gesture as if to speak, but thought better of it and left the room.

Carnival Time.

THERE was a strained atmosphere attached to the house all that afternoon. Simonetta, in her own room, felt that Silvio did not understand why she was lonely because sheAnimity for his love.

She knew he didn't neglect her consciously. He knew how much she loved him, and he had sacrificed the theatre, his career, everything for his love.

But while a woman can't ask—at least, not such a woman as Simonetta.

She can only appeal dumbly, or try to forget by clinging to the past, to a whisper of gallantry, to the fading music of promises, to the sympathetic understanding. But her eyes brightened as she entered a wardrobe and brought out her carnival dress.

It was the scatty costume of Bachards, but on these few yards of Huang, Simonetta had staked her desire to bring her husband back to her as she had done him when the "Eve within the lad" had whispered, "This is the man!"

"I'll only know now I love him!" she thought, as she put back the costume.

Down below, Silvio was working, but working slowly. He was all worked up over Simonetta, and his mind was on his next piece of work. He was going to try to have it according to Shakespeare, but he was not told with the idea that Othello was justified in killing his wife. He just concluded that, because he prefers another man, it is better to separate; but to take a woman's life—he. Othello was a barbarian.' But to return to the question of money for my costume—"

"I have none to spare," said Simonetta, now that Lelio had heard it all, and that his reference to Silvio's conversation in the morning was a veiled threat. But determined to bravely face the situation. "You had better leave, before I miss my train."

"I, too, could tell Silvio something!" said Lelio. "Something about a lagoon at night, a pretty woman, a kiss."

"You wouldn't dare!" Silvio exclaimed unhesitatingly. "I came into the room with Ottavio.

"Silvio, I want to ask you about something that took place on the lagoon the other night," began Lelio.

Simonetta took out a bundle of notes from her bag, and stopped her brother with an amiable air. "Well?" said Silvio, as he seated himself at his desk.

"Oh, I bet Simonetta that the smallest gondola could not go from here to Lido in twenty minutes!"

"You win, of course?" remarked Silvio, as he took up his pen.

"And I have paid you, Lelio!" laughed Simonetta, as she handed her brother the notes.

"That was not a fair bet. He forced her to give him the money," whispered Ottavio to Silvio.

"I'll look after some other money. Find out what it is!" Silvio calmly went on with his writing till Ottavio said: Lelio has just paid me; then he wheeled in his chair and faced Simonetta.

"Why did you give Lelio that money?" he asked quietly.

Simonetta stared up, but evaded the question.

"I do trust you, Simonetta," replied her husband, "but I don't wish you to have another triumph to your credit."

Simonetta made a gesture as if to speak, but thought better of it and left the room. (Continued on page 19)"
**Gossip about British Players**

**DOROTHY MOODY.**

David Hawthorne.

He is one of our most promising young film stars, and he has that tremendously interesting career.

He tells me that he was in America with Billie Burke for a year, and with C. J. Williamson in South Africa. He has toured almost every part of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, with various companies. Then, of course, came the great break, and from 1914 to June, 1920, he was occupied with military duty. In his own words he confesses to having been more or less "knocked out" in France, in 1916. Then he was sent to India, and eventually he found himself in Burma.

After Demobilisation.

DAVID HAWTHORNE secured an engagement with George Clark Productions, in a series of eleven shorts, played up with "The Sword of Fate," British Exhibitors' Films, then came "The Fortune of Christiana McNab," for the Gaumont Company. I expect numbers of my readers have at some time or another seen David Hawthorne in one or more of the numerous parts he has played on the legitimate stage, amongst these may be mentioned, "Under Two Flags," "Round the World," "Dolly, Reforming Herself," "Prisoner of ZENDA," "Mind the Paint Girl," "Under Cover," "Yellow Ticket,", and various Shakespearean plays.

"Twinkle Toes."

When Dorothy Moody was fifteen, her little toes brought her fame at Drury Lane! She had the reputation of being the young blonde with the dance dances, who remained at "The Lane" for three years, then this clever young actress tripped off to Manchester, and played at the New Theatre, in productions like "Fifinella," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she played Titania in the latter, Laurence the call of the films! She played the juvenile lead in "Calvary," and "Liddle," and she was starred in the "Chunungs."

"That Thoroughbred."

I HERMANN BURCHILL in "The Sword of Fate," she told me the other morning, "I had a nasty fall from a horse; I think he must have been hungry, for it was just before lunch time, when I was thrown, and I landed on my head. No, it wasn't a big one," she laughed, "as a matter of fact, I was unconscious for a time." However, "All's well that ends well," and after a little rest Dorothy Moody was able to go on with her work.

And now this versatile little lady has her finger in another pie, about which I will tell you later on.

Sir Simeon Stuart.

He told me the other day that he had a very fine acting part in the British Exhibitors' Films, "The Sword of Fate," because it had the possibility of portraying emotion, grief, despair, loss of memory, returning sanity—in fact so it seems to me, the whole gamut of human emotions!

The main interest in this film, which is an all-British production in five parts, from the ever popular novel of Henry Herman, joint author of the "Scars," is one of round Ralph Usellly, so ably portrayed by Simeon Stuart, and around the villain Daniel Huoncote (Lionel D'Aragon).

**EVELYN BRENT.**

David Hawthorne.

William Burchill.

Who plays a lead in the "Manchester Man," is delightfully entertaining, so full of humour, with a very provocative personality. I met him at the Ideal Studios, Elstree, not long ago. He produced "Trumped in Scandal," at the Globe Theatre, and played the leading character part, in which he made quite a hit—as Benjamin Ebbing—and then, those of my readers who saw "The Guvnor," will remember Mr. Burchill in a "Manchester Man," I know they will agree with me, that he is a very great artist.

Cinema Plays.

So many people have asked me if I know anything about writing for the Cinema. Oddly enough, a wonderful little book has been sent to me entitled "Cinema Plays," How to write them. How to sell them. It's published by Stanley Paul.

Evelyn Brent.

I WAS at the Ideal Studios at Elstree the other morning, and I had lunchen in the canteen with Evelyn Brent; she is small, dainty, with glorious curly hair, which is so luxurious that at first I thought it was a wig! But it isn't, it's her very own!

Over a frilly butter coloured muslin frock she had slipped a gorgeous muslin cloak, so she wouldn't feel chilly whilst away from the studio.

She told Me.

That she played in "The Law Divine" for the Masters, and in "The Shuttle of Life" for the British Actors, and in "The Door that Hath No Key," for the Alliance.

One day a chance came to Evelyn Brent, to play the part of Mayne, an American chorus girl, in the legitimate stage production, "The Ruined Lady," now playing at the Globe Theatre. I just loved it, she said enthusiastically, "because it was such a wonderful part, and I had such wonderful Press notices."

Music Hall Turns for the Cinema.

The Ideal Films, Ltd., have thought out a brilliant idea which make a delightful variation to ordinary cinema productions. A series of seven versions of well-known music hall turns of every kind—from the ordinary knockabout to the wonderful animal performance, from the juggler to the acrobat. They will be released at the rate of one a week, and I am in expert and beautiful photography.

**EDITH NEVEAN.**

**WILLIAM BURCHILL.**

It so Happened!

A trade show one day the producer of "The Sword of Fate," Mr. Stuart, suggested to me to take "Inheritance," before she had ever met him, she knocked him down for Ralph Uselby, if it was possible to get hold of him.

The Producer.

That is the surprise for my readers—the "she" of the previous paragraph is the first British woman producer, petite, dark-eyed, and vivacious, her name, Miss Frances Grant.

The Way of a Woman.

FRANCES GRANT made a sensational debut in Filmland, as the producer of "The Sword of Fate." She tells me that she has been in the cinema business for eight years. She commenced with Maurice Elvey.

"I started looking after the parts, and then I began to assist Mr. Elvey, and gradually began to learn more and more. I think that every one should start from the beginning," Miss Grant declared. "I was going into the Civil Service, so I had the necessary qualifications for a secretarial job. When the London Film Company closed down, it was rented by Maurice Elvey, and I rejoined him. We worked for Butcher's, The Ideal, and Stoll's. In March, 1919, I took up scenario writing, and it was through selling a scenario that I met my first film producer. When it was suggested that I should produce my own scenario, I said, "Very well, I will!"

And only a few who see behind the scenes in Filmland know what pluck and infinite patience is required for this engrossing art.

"The Sword of Fate."

It is full of interest, thrills, and tragedies. The First of all there is "Ralph Uselby," played by Simeon Stuart. Ported from his first wife, Sharon Grey (Norma Beryl), he hears of her death, and marries Mary Mortimer (Mabel Archdall), and they have a son Frank (David Hawthorne). In due course he becomes engaged to his father's ward, Grace Repton (Dorothy Moody).

The Villain.

He is Daniel Huoncote (Lionel D'Aragon), the rival manager. After many misgivings, tries to interest Ralph in a company promoting scheme. However, the climax it reached when a strange woman turns up at the inn, and events prove later she is none other than Ralph's first wife!

The Triangle.

A VERY knotty problem follows, knotty and slippery. The boy Marie's death, suspicion falls on Ralph, he loses his reason, and after much tribulation "The Square" recovers, is cleared of suspicion, re-
"CARNIVAL."  (Continued from page 18.)

"What has Lelio over her?" he kept asking himself, as he worked on the script of a play about a wife and a husband—a play which is still being discussed millions of homes to-day.

When Simonetta came into the room where Silvio was still working on the play, her eyes were bright with hope.

"You will come to the ball with me to-night?" she whispered coquettishly, as she pushed away his papers and sat on his knee.

"Silvio smiled at her tenderly.

"There's all this work to do yet, dear!" he said.

"I ought!"

"Oh, do come, Silvio! There's my costume; I designed it specially for you. You must come!"

"Very well," said Silvio, kissing her. "Get ready. I'll forget the play for to-night."

Simonetta rushed to her room, and with excitement. She felt sure she would bridge the gulf of misunderstanding that night.

But when she came down with her costume covered by a cloak, Silvio met her with a telegram in his hand.

"I can't go, Simonetta," he said. "I'm very sorry, dear. My old master, Donati, is dying. He has sent for me. I would have given everything to have gone with you to-night, but—"

"Silvio, go to-morrow!" cried Simonetta, rushing to him and throwing her arms round his neck.

"Don't leave me to-night! You must go with me!"

"I must go to Donati," said Silvio quietly. "I could not refuse the dying wish of the man who made me, the man who taught me all I know. Re reason, Simonetta!

But Simonetta only clung closer to him.

"Don't leave me, Silvio! Don't leave me—not to-night!"

Silvio was beginning to get hysterical now. Silvio sat her in a chair.

"Child," he said. "If I didn't go to-night, I should have to go to-morrow."

Simonetta's pride would not allow her to plead further. Stunned by the terrible disappointment she sat huddled in the chair. She did not respond to Silvio's parting kiss, and as the sound of his footsteps echoed down the stairs that led to the canal, she felt that his guess was carrying away all hopes of their future happiness.

The time passed, but Simonetta had no knowledge of it. Her latter disappointment had dragged her into a state of insensibility to all feeling. She was aroused from her slumber by the soft tinkle of a mandoline. Someone was singing a love-song under her window.

The voice was the voice of Andrea. He was singing of youth, of love, of carnival time.

The blood came back to Simonetta's pale cheeks. She tried to force herself not to listen, but the haunting melody, which spoke of moonlight, softly moving gondolas over the placid waters of the canal, the scent of flowers, arms round one, passionate words, deep silence of love—everything she had missed because an old man had chosen this night of all nights to die—held her entranced.

She was powerless; the melody of love bound her, not the love she wanted, but still love, and all the lights that love brings to warm the chilled heart of a woman neglected and alone.

And then Andrea's head appeared over the coping of the balcony. He sang as he climbed the steep ladder which he had bribed Lelio to long over.

He was a passionate lover, this youth with the angel face.

Simonetta shuddered as he climbed over the balcony, pushed open the window, and came towards her.

She forced herself to speak in the language of Silvio's wife.

"You must go: I am alone! Silvio has had to go to the bed-side of Donati. I cannot go to the ball!"

"Then we can go together! You are dressed for the carnival; you must come with me, Simonetta. Listen to the music; the night is calling us!"

"Go away, Andrea! You know I love Silvio! Go away!"

There was fear in Simonetta's voice, but this only seemed to make the man more eager.

"Let me see your dress! Just let me see your dress, Simonetta!" he begged.

He moved forward as he spoke. Powerless to move Simonetta, he unfastened her cloak. Simonetta stood before him in tights and a scanty tunic.

"Rascal!" he whispered, as he took her in his arms and kissed her.

She felt his hands touching her face and arms. She felt his kisses on her hair, her lips.

Then, with a cry, she pulled away from him.

"Go away! Go away!" she said, as she thrust him from her.

She hid her face in her hands as she heard him step back, but she turned in time to see his face looking at her over the top of the balcony, speaking love with his eyes.

It was over. He had gone.

She was still Silvio's!

Then from below came the love-song again. Simonetta thought of Silvio, of her charming but still the melody whispered. It was intoxicating.

(Continued on page 29.)

"SNOW FUN."

Scenes in Canada Where Most of "Snow Blind" Was Filmed by Goldwyn.

CULLEN LANDIS as the pilot, with MARY ALDEN and RUSSELL SIMPSON as passengers in an exciting mode of travel.

Falling star! CULLEN LANDIS, MARY ALDEN, and RUSSELL SIMPSON came a "cropper" at the end of the run.

A remarkable night photograph taken in the snows of Canada, where most of the scenes for "Snow Blind" were filmed. This is a Goldwyn picture by Katherine Newlin Bart.

REGINALD BARKER directs RUSSELL SIMPSON in a scene from "Snow Blind," a Goldwyn picture. It was a case of making pictures under difficulties, for it was so cold that the oil would freeze in the cameras.
WHEN I opened the door of the Hawley bungalow, in response to a summons somehow from within, I was greeted only by the sound of footsteps in the room overhead, and a great clouder of pots and pans in the kitchenette. I pictured the steps above as belonging to Wanda, who was doubtless getting into some charming frock in honour of my presence at dinner, and I was about to go upstairs, when I beheld Wanda herself, flushed of face, dishevelled of hair, wearing a dress torn in several places, flecked with flour and spotted with grease.

"Oh, Emmy," she greeted me hastily, "you will excuse the way I look, won't you? You know I cook my own dinners—"

"You do?" I demanded incredulously. "I was told by a press agent that you did, but I didn't think it possible."

Wanda laughed, and her dimples appeared automatically.

"Why, of course it's possible," she assured me. "I always cook dinner unless I'm working awfully late, and in that case we go out to a cafe. You must remember that I was brought up in the good old-fashioned way, and my mother taught me how to cook. Why, Burton and I were 'married'—in that manner—when we lived in our own little bungalow than at a hotel or restaurant. Sit down, Emmy. Dinner will be ready in just a minute. Burton, darling, won't you please hurry!" she called up the stairway, then fitted into the kitchenette again, where the clouder of pots and pans began again with a vengeance.

Wanda, it might be remarked, in passing, is not the type of person that one would take to be domestic; one can easily imagine a Bird o' Paradise in a hen coop. Yet, when it comes to that, she is a deserving little sort of person in many ways. She is just a wee bit of fluff with pale gold hair, sky-blue eyes, and a cream and rose complexion that is light-proof and time-defying. She looks like a Dresden doll—and has the mind of a Portia; she can quote Latin until your head swims, and she plays the Rachmaninoff Prelude with the bold, powerful technique of a maestro.

One would imagine, to look at her, that her chief delight would be in dining at a fashionable café, with pink lights and a decorolé gown to enhance her charms. Yet, here she was, in a soiled blue house dress, entirely happy and unashamed, fitting from kitchenette to dining room, laughing and chatting, and sending occasional calls to the room above for Burton to please hurry, just like a regular housewife whose only knowledge of the movies is obtained from the audience side of the silver screen.

"Now, then, we're all ready!" she announced, as she deposited three plates of steaming hot soup around the table at correct intervals. "Burton, darling, if you don't come quicker, we won't wait for you!" she called warningly, and this last threat brought a quick response of feet clumping down the stairway, and Friend Husband appeared. He is young, and good-looking enough to be taken for a movie star, and he, as Wanda will tell you proudly, a "wonderful business man!"

Since his return from the army he has bought a garage in Hollywood, and that, says his wife, solves the petrol problem—for her.

Kisses

We will have been married just exactly four years this next month," she told me, as we started in on the soup. "And I will say this—even for a gourmet—I'd rather have my husband kiss me than any man, I know. What I mean is," she hurried on, and Friend Husband swallowed his soup with a started gulp, "any man in the movies—with no, that's not it either. Burton, darling, please don't choke. I mean that movie kisses don't mean anything in my young life, but that I'm as fond of Burton's as ever—do you know what I mean, don't you?"

We said we did, and Wanda removed the soup. It was replaced by caseroles of cold salmon, most delectably cooked.

"Salmon a la Wanda!" gaily announced the little chef.

"Salmon a la Wonder!" paraphrased Burton. "You were right about it.

"Everything but the gas range," returned Wanda.

"But I just really want to know how to make it." She turned to me.

After one satisfying mouthful I intimated that I did.

"You take a can of salmon," she recited, while I sniffed at a scrap of paper, "and you make a cream sauce for it, then you cut up olives and mushrooms, a little onion if you like it, a bit of parsley, and you mix it all together and put it in caseroles. Then you grate cheese over the top and put the caseroles in the oven to get thoroughly heated through, and you serve it cold or hot."

"Say, what is this, an interview, or a cooking school?" demanded Friend Husband, who had finished his Wanda salmon, and was waiting gratefully over the top and put the caseroles in the oven to get thoroughly heated through, and you serve it cold or hot."

"Well, we can't talk shop all the time," Wanda, with a frank look at Burton, cleared the table for the next course, a juicy steak with trimmings, and an assortment of vegetables, all piling hot and appetizingly arranged.

"What do you want to know?" she asked me, as we commenced on the succulent dish.

"Oh, the usual thing," I told her. "What pictures you like best, how you got into the movies—and have you any more recipes as good as the one you gave me?"

"Indeed I have," she assured me, answering, woman-like, the last question and disregarding the others. "Let me tell you how to make noodles—"

"Wanda, dear," her better half broke in gently. "Pictures are more important than noodles."

She smiled and dimpled—the two go together in Wanda's case—and then she looked thoughtful for a moment.

Her Career in a Nutshell

WHY, Emmy, you know as much about my career as I do. You know I went through grammar school and high school just like everyone does, and that I went to New York to study voice and piano, and got married on the way. This last with a fond look at Burton, which was returned in kind. And you know how hard I studied to make a success in music, and how I accompanied for Albert Spanned, and then how, just on the eve of my vocal debut I had laryngitis.

That sort of discouraged me for going on with music, though I could have been a concert pianiste; but Norma Talmadge took me to the Fox studio, in New York, and they liked my face, and gave me a leading part right off the bat. It was in 'The Dervish,' supporting Stuart Holmes."

"And your name used to be Selma Pittack," I interjected, "and you changed it—"

"In the usual matrimonial way," she finished.

"But I took the name 'Wanda' at Douglas Fairbanks' request when I was his leading lady in 'Mr. Fistic,' and I've kept it ever since."

"Burton, dear, will you serve the salad while I clear off the table?"

Burton would and did, and I quizzed him in the meanwhile. It is not every day that one may interview a star's husband.

"I suppose you're a picture enthusiast?"

I asked, and he shook his head emphatically.

"I am—not" he denied.

"One picture person to a family is enough."

A charming portrait of WANDA HAWLEY enjoying a quiet read.
CARNIVAL. (Continued from page 18.)

She flung out her arms; then, thrusting all thoughts back, she hurriedly wrapped her cloak around her as she ran down the stairs. Carnival had called her.

And Afterwards.

As she danced with Andrea, Silvio came to the balcony. A crush on the landing, a little interweave with mad revelers had caused him to miss his train.

He had done his duty to Donati, though he had failed to get to him. Now he wished to take Simonetta to the ball.

He searched the house. Perhaps in the nursery, where Nino was sleeping, he would find her. It was Nino who told him, "You went with a man. I could not sleep, so I looked through the window at the lights. I saw them get into the gondola," said the child. "And they were speaking downstairs." The words to Othello came to him: "Tell them, I pray, that I am waiting for her."

Unconsciously, he found himself muttering Othello's words: "I'll tell her to pieces!"

Mad with the torment of jealousy, he thrust himself through the dancers, asking everybody, had they seen Simonetta? But they only laughed, or told him to find another partner.

It was carnival!

He did not find her. She was not there when he returned home.

It was dark when she returned; still in her carnival dress. As she came into the room, Silvio put up the lights.

"You went, then? With whom did you go?" he asked, sternly.

Simonetta did not answer. She just looked at him, terror in her eyes.

"Nino told me," he went on. "It was... horrible... the child saw you get into the gondola with a man. Who was it? Answer me!"

Still no reply from Simonetta.

Then, as Silvio watched the face of his wife he noticed a rent in her dress at the shoulder, exposing the white flesh. The sight turned him crazy with rage. With a savage cry he threw himself on Simonetta and caught her by the throat. Fear gave Simonetta strength, and she broke from his grasp and with a shriek ran to her room.

Othello.

It was the night following the carnival—the night of the production of Othello.

It had been a terrible day for Simonetta.

She had decided that the best thing she could do was to say she had been to the ball with her brother Leilo, but from the manner Silvio received her explanation she knew he did not believe what she said.

To make matters worse she could not get in touch with Leilo, and she dare not attempt to go out for Silvio looked at her so strangely that it seemed he was reading her very thoughts.

When the curtain went down on the first act there was tumultuous applause.

Simonetta hurried to the stage hoping to find Leilo in the Green Room so that she could tell him what to say if Silvio asked him.

He was not there, and she wrote a hurried note to him explaining what she had done and gave him the note. When she got to her husband's dressing-room she found him pacing up and down the room.

"You still insist that you went to the ball with Leilo?" he said abruptly.

"Yes, Silvio," she answered.

"I have sent for Leilo," remarked Silvio quietly.

"Wait here.

A few minutes later Leilo appeared.

"With whom did you go to the ball last night?" asked Leilo.

"With Simonetta. Did she not tell you?" he answered.

"Then you brought her home?" Silvio's voice was very quiet.

"Certainly.

"You lie, Leilo. Simonetta came home alone. You can go and go quickly."

Silvio paid no attention to Simonetta, but calling a dresser he told him to find Count Scipione and tell him to come and see him.

Simonetta went to her own dressing-room and on her way saw Andrea in the corridor.

"Silvio has sent for me," she said. "Is there anything wrong?"

Silvio was waiting up for me last night. There was a terrible scene. See him after the next scene, and be careful what you say," whispered Simonetta.

"Do not let him suspect we were together," the next scene was a triumph for Silvio.

He held the house spellbound.

There was something uncanny about his performance.

As one of the actors said: "It is terrifying. He acts as if he were living the part."

Silvio intended to approach her when he arrived in the dressing-room but there was something in Silvio's face that made him change course.

(Continued on page 22.)
REAL LIFE DOUBLES

REALLY, even now, I feel bewildered at the mere thought of it!

Imagine a brilliantly lighted dressing-room, which appears much smaller than it really is by virtue of its being crowded with various beings of various sizes, ages and appearances, clothed theatrically or otherwise, which, upon closer investigation sort themselves into the respective types of actress, dresser or visiting friend.

Add to this a babel of talking and laughing, and you have some idea of the mental atmosphere of this interview with the Dolly Sisters.

Which is Which.

N EAR the dressing table in a corner I see two young girls, whom I take to be the objects of my quest.

"Which is which?" I ask, with true John Bull bluntness, making my way towards them.

"I'm Rosie and this is Jennie," says one, shaking me warmly by the hand. (No one by the way, dreams of calling the Dolly Sisters by other than their Christian names.) "And oh, you wicked woman," she adds, "you're late."

I hastily deny the soft impeachment, pointing out that 4.45 p.m. may safely be called "between two o'clock and five o'clock," the elastic time previously appointed for the interview. Whereupon Rosie graciously accepts my explanation, subsists into a chair, and begging me to excuse her a minute, commences to answer a note which her dresser has just lighted up.

"She's always getting letters like that," says Jennie, with a laugh, as she makes various little marks at the powder and grease-point on the dressing-table by which I am sitting, for the two sisters have shortly to take their cue.

Turn between envy of Rosie and anxiety concerning the fate of the interview, I then turn my attention to Jennie.

"Don't and your plait has appeared in a picture, haven't you?"


"Yes," she replies brightly, as she dabs more powder on her young shoulders and arms, which her gay-hued, diminutive frock shows up to perfection. "The Million Dollar Dollies," produced by M. Leone Perret. It is a comedy-novelty picture, in which we do a lot of dancing, swimming and skating, and so on. We both enjoyed the work very much indeed. This is the first and only picture in which we have appeared together, and my initial film appearance. But Rosie had made one previously."

"Hey, Rosie!" I cry, wagging my pencil noisily in that young lady's direction, "this is where you come in!"

"Yes," replies Rosie, flitting, like the merry little soul she is, ever to my corner.

"I appeared in a film called 'The Lily and the Rose,' with Lilian Gish. A very clever, truly wonderful girl!"

"And what sort of part was yours?"

Vampires v. Ingenues.

"Oh, I was a vamp," unconsciously exclaiming an admirer. "I just didn't find this blooming young creature as she bends her rosy face towards me, while she does something to the back of her hair."

"A vampire!" I exclaim facetiously, staring at those soft, rounded features. "Did—did you like it?" "Nope," I say chirpily. (I can't imagine you in such a role.)

"Can't you indeed?"

"You know, I'm young," puts in a friend close by. "Yes, that's it," I hastily explain. "There is something about you that somehow doesn't suggest a vampire."

"Well, anyhow, I prefer such a role to that of an ingenue. I'm not a 'baby' type—"

Chorus of dissent from friend and myself.

"And I can't dress to look like one," finishes Miss Rosie unperturbed.

(Well, since you're so emphatic, young lady, but we're two to one, you know.)

The Inseparables.

Above you two thinking of doing any film work over here?"

"We've had two good offers," answers Miss Jennie, "but we've been advised not to consider anything at present. For one thing, we're far too busy, even when we are not actually on the stage, so we are always leading this rushing sort of life, so that we feel just like 'flying' into bed at night, and then again the weather has not been very favourable to picture making."

"And," adds Rosie, "we could not take a long contract in pictures because now we never separate, and naturally we could not go on playing turn roles in films indefinitely. Why, even on pleasure, we never go without the other. We eat, sleep, act, do everything together. So you can understand we should refuse to be parted now."

And the devoted Dollies, being ready to take their cue, fit away, like two beautiful butterflies.

MAY HERSCHEL CLARKE.
IN THE DRESSING ROOM

Spring Suits Closely by Peggy Hyland.

I

has long been rumoured that skirts were to be longer for spring wear, and all who have felt rather perturbed to think that the much appreciated freedom of the short skirt was at last to be denied them. The new length was only a rumour, for the newest spring suits show all manner of skirts, but each and every one of a normal, comfortable length. What a relief this is! If, for one, have become so accustomed to the short skirt that either falls in peats from the laps or hangs down from the waist, it would be a painful duty to have to adopt a skirt of more lengthy proportions.

The Beloved Short Skirt.

There is no doubt about the healthiness of the short skirt. It does not cramp the movements in the slightest, nor collect dust as the skirt that touched the ground used to do. And it has one other advantage—not exactly to the wearer, but to the looker-on, who sees most of the game. It forces girls to give more careful attention to their footwear. This means no do-at-heel shoes or unsteady stockings. Instead, the eye catches a glimpse of graceful silken-velvety ankles and the nicest of shoes, well-cleaned and polished to an edge.

As a matter of fact, the rumour that skirts were to be longer hailed from Paris, where they have, in the past, particularly short during the past seasons; so that, even if they are to be cut longer over there, it will only mean that the new length will correspond with present wear here over.

There is a decided clamour about the latest spring suits, which depict two distinct styles. One shows a coat of three-quarter or seven-eighths length, while the other is reminiscent of coats worn four or five years ago—little scone affairs that flare out at the lower edge. Both are charming in their own way.

A Boon to the Home Dressmaker.

This boon, which is a boon and a blessing to the home dressmaker, but a delight to girls who are very easily copied at home, is to be found on the cover of this page. It lends itself, too, to all manner of effective decorations, that carry the right shade of embroidery, carried out at home, and that will add charm and value to the home-made suit.

Embroidery, for instance, is being used in a variety of twelvemonths, and this new type of costume. Sometimes it is worked in wool, at other times in silk; while even narrow braid is applied in fanciful design. Each style of work is simplicity itself. Frequently this work takes on rather an elaborate form, consisting of many brilliant shades of silk; but I prefer it when it is in keeping with the same colour as the material of the suit, with perhaps just a faint touch of colour here and there. Although the bright lines or sprigged effect give all the colour that is necessary to a sombre suit.

Trimmings with Embroidery.

One can hardly imagine that I saw at a dress show the other day a very deep lap of embroidery round the lower part of my own version of the skirt. Close inspection of the work revealed the fact that it was simply done in small tacking threads that covered a bold design, the stitching being worked in straight lines. All in one direction, the pieces of the material were left plain at intervals and added to the boldness of the design. Another suit of Navy blue was decorated by a square of embroidery on either side covered with pillar-box red cabling that had been worked by machine. This work is simple enough, yet charming in its way.

I must not neglect to speak also of the neck part of these coats, which is invariably decorated by such a tasteful arrangement that it would be a hard matter to criticise. Being of the single-breasted order, it gives freedom to the throat in the front, because the coat is unfastened. The coat is then worn open. Open bell-shaped sleeves always accompany these suits. Of course, this type of costume would only be correct for afternoon or calling wear. The plain tailored suit, or even a twelvemonth, would be best choice for morning wear or shopping.

When You Go Shopping.

WHICH carries me on to the plainer and more lengthy coat of gabardine. This coat is much the same as the twelvemonth last autumn, with the exception of the waistline, which is now belted instead of being plain, left, nor does it now have so many edges, too, the edges of the coat and pocket flaps are bound with braid, which gives such a smart finish to the manner in which the coat is arranged. I would say that this persuasion. I have selected a costume of this type for the cover of this page, to the left of the group of figures. Note the minute hem, in which the back belt is arranged. It extends just a little further than the front, where it meets a much narrower belt that ties over in the waist. And now I come to the different textures of which are absolutely invaluable in this changeable climate. How useful a suit of this type is to slip on, or a cold, wet day! It not only looks neat and comfortable, but stands any amount of really heavy rain and snow. Unlike the turbid weather of years gone by, there is not much afraid of modern day, which is doubtless to-day's charter. Quite effective colour schemes may be devised with the prettiest materials that are fashionable. My favourite style for a tweed suit is depicted in the lower right-hand picture, with a graceful roll collar and plain belt that gathers in the waistfulness. A rough mixture of yarn and brown is my idea of the type to wear for this costume, although there are crowds of other schemes that are equally suitable. A great deal, however, depends upon the right shade of the materials that are chosen to accompany the suit. Nothing of the fancy order should be worn. Moderately thick stockings, low-heeled shoe-walk-shoes, a simple, comfortable hat with a ribbon-band, and a natty bag are the finishing touches to this costume.

The stout girl should never select a tweed costume, unless it is of fairly fine make. The tartan of cloth is one of the most considerate, the figure which she invariably wishes to hide. It is good choice, however, for the slim girl.

You can obtain patterns of the costumes on this page in 34, 40, 48, 55 sizes. Further details for our shilling each, from PICTURE SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W. 1.
PENETRATING THE SURFACE.

The recent world's fairs have been, in the appreciative contemplation of its past achieve-
ments, a thankless task. We are forced to the truth. So quickly has the motion picture progressed
since it emerged from the infant stage that its power
and possibilities are destined to belong to the
future rather than the present. We are now
observing that the films have been successfully solved, and then we learn to
our astonishment that the problems are even
trouble in our own picture houses. There is, in
deed, much that is magnificent in the possibilities
of its youth. We are now observing at the unrivalled
entertainment and instruction it has afforded us
in various ways. The art of the artist, the wonders
of the universe, and the beauties of Nature, have all
been faithfully and often admirably enshrined.

It is the nature of the picture. That there is nothing sacred to the eye of the motion picture camera. It has improved itself to a wonderful extent. It has shown itself as organs of the body without their movement, the motion picture can depict them as they are. Lately, before the annual Society of Medicine, a film was shown by which the most minute details of the heart's action were made visible, and the eyes were also possible to see the movements of various muscles in athletes. A film showing the various stages of the
life cycle has demonstrated that changes of one
minute can be foreseen with the most knowing
what other secrets of man and the universe we may yet
be sure to learn. THE EDITOR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper
now goes to press a considerable time before pubica-
tion, letters cannot be answered in the next issue?

A Wealth of Letters addressed to the
the Picture Show cannot be answered,
any person requiring an early reply. Every
letter should give the full name and address of the
reader and also the period of publication, as no anonymous
communications will be answered. The
Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway

Will all readers entering our competitions kindly
bear in mind that your letters CANNOT BE GIVEN BY POST. As in the
case of past competitions, results will be given in the paper
as soon as possible. Those readers who are kind enough to
be patient, as entries for our competitions always
number in the thousands, are kindly requested that
they cannot, therefore, be done too quickly.

"SUN" (London).—I have a wish to know
where Billie Burke lives, Fanny Ward lives, Mary
Flikkard lives, Jack Pickford lives, and Charlie Chap-
lin lives. 

Noah Goble (Norfolk).—I believe have
answered you before, but the town by your post. Anyway,
you may claim the honour of being the first in print.

Willie Lewis in "The Bar Sinistra" and
the Barrier.

A, (Hampton).—Rather a long nosie-de-plume,
so I hope you won't mind your initials only. Yet,
Woolfannis standing desirous admiring you, and
you will doubtless feel proud to know that he is an Englishman.

A. B. (Bristol).—My good friend, I shall
not follow your advice for those were the small
(or its equivalent your side) marked on the outside
of the package. Marjorie Fisher was born in Mis-
consin 100 years ago, two years ago, began her
career with Selig, and annoce her departure Thalia at
the Astor in New York, and "Fair Enough." She has
coloured clothing and is "Sunn." (Farrell) — You will look for a
piece belonging. Who said there were left yours.
However, since you like my replies, I must continue
to be nice. No, Donald Cohnrop has not done
very well, but that is not his fault, and the
one you mention is, unfortunately, an instance.

Yes, writing the same.

"LEARNING" (Maidenhead).—What a striking
monograph. You are more amusingly amusing
than others you return thanks. I am glad you like my replies, you
must keep up the collection. Here is the
end of the collection for the present. The full
start on the envelope, and enclose it with a base
$2. stamp on the Editor, the Picture Show, Room
185, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4, and it will be forwarded
by the next mail. A letter offering one name
will require an additional stamp for each entry.
Such letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the
Editor. When writing to artists, give your full name and address
including the name of your country and county, and
mention the Picture Show to ensure the
safety of your reply. We cannot, however, guarantee
that such letters will be answered. Please keep these
instructions in mind.

ALLAN XAVINOVA, can do Metro Pictures
Corporation, Hollywood, California.

WILLIAM FARNHAM, care of Fox Film Corp.,
100 West 42nd Street, New York, New York.

COWMAN, care of Universal Film Club, New York,
City, U.S.A.

E. C. RAY, care of Roy Stewart Feature Films, 611,
North Boulevard, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

More addresses next week.

THE Popular "PICTURE SHOW" PERSONAL. THE DEAF HEAR.

THE NEW PATENT SOUND DISCS completely解决了 DEAFNESS and Hearing Impairments of all kinds. The DEAF proposition was so simple to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. No more uncomfortable. No more months without removal. Enquiries
DO YOU WISH TO ADD TO YOUR INCOME? 

The J. A. WILES CO., LTD., NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.

Lady who believe they can sell Wool Cast Iron Kitchen Utensils that will last 10-20—
30—even 50 years, and serve you well to the very end, should
writes to-

Bargain Novelty. Amazing To All. Cast-iron and steel utensils;
resistant,
waterproof, rust-proof. Quality in all. A. J. WILES, 329 West
Sixth Street, New York, N.Y. THE NEW "ALL-IN-ONE" KNITTED TROUSERS.

Simple and inexpensive to work—an ideal design for baby, wear by the sea or in the
country. Full instructions are given in Tuesday's
HANDY STORIES.

THE COMPLETE PICTURE STORY Paper 2d.
BElfore choosing your new spring costume be sure and look through the splendid designs given in No. 1 of "Harmsworth’s Home Dressmaker," which deals completely with costumes of every kind, and nothing but costumes. There are over 60 "easy-to-make" styles to choose from altogether, and every one is up-to-date, graceful, and entirely practical. There is also a special article on costume-making which will be specially helpful to the amateur dressmaker. No woman who makes her own clothes, or supervises the making of them, should fail to get "Harmsworth’s Home Dressmaker." BUY A COPY TO-DAY.

ASK FOR

Harmsworth’s HOME DRESSMAKER

COSTUME NUMBER
ON SALE EVERYWHERE

3d
AFTER THE CARNIVAL: Hilda Bayley as Simonetta in a striking scene from "Carnival."
TO BENEFIT YOUR
HAIR

All Men and Women Are Invited to Send the Coupon Below TODAY!

1,000,000 "HARLENE" OUTFITS FREE.
In view of the present prevalence of Hair Defects, every man and woman will especially welcome the wonderful National Hair Health Campaign inaugurated by the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene" and "Harlene Hair-Drill."

If you are worried about the condition of your hair, do as millions of others have done, and try "Harlene Hair-Drill." From to-day there are to be distributed one million trial health packets, made at all cost—each parcel to contain a Complete Outfit for the care of the hair.

SIMPLE METHOD SECURES HAIR-HEALTH.
The whole process takes no more than two minutes a day, and is enthusiastically praised by a host of "Hair-Drill" devotees for the marvelously refreshing and rejuvenating feeling this every morning toilet exercise gives before facing the day's work or leisure.

You can secure one of these hair-health packs by simply pasting the coupon below, together with your name and address and four penny stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

A USEFUL AND WELCOME GIFT.
This is the First-Fold Gift:
1. A trial bottle of "Harlene," the Ideal Hair Rinse, with liquid food and natural growth-promoting tonic for the hair.
2. A packet of the unrivalled "Cremes" Shampoo, the finest, purest, and most soothing hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."
3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives the final touch of beauty to the hair, and is most beneficial to those whose scalp is dry.
4. A copy of the newly published "Hair-Drill" Manual, the most authoritative and clearly written treatise on the toilet ever produced.

And at and for the most convincing argument in favour of "Harlene Hair-Drill," however, is to be found in the thousands upon thousands of letters received by Mr. Edwards from all sorts and conditions of people, from every corner of the civilized globe, from people of both sexes and all ages.

To obtain the "Harlene" Four-Fold Gift, cut out and send the following coupon, and you will have the parcel delivered at your address or return post.

"HARLENE" MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE.
In the course of a few days you will find every strand of your hair waking up to the new vitality and new strength— you will find a new sparkle and freshness revivifying the hair, and all the lost light and sheen as well as the dissolved lustre of the hair, which have been dulled down, will re-awaken and your hair will rapidly take on a new lease of life and beauty.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 9d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per bottle; and "Cremes" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, will be sold direct on receipt of 6d. extra for postage, by Edward's Harlone, Ltd., 26, 22 & 24 Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM
Delicately and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 26, 22 & 24 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Dressing Outfit, described above. I enclose 8d. to cover stamps for package and packing of parcel to my address.

PICTURE SHOW, April 9th, 1921.

NOTE TO READER.
Write your P.I.L.L. name and address on a plain piece of paper, and clip this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

Indigestion & Sleeplessness

With Palpitation, Loss of Weight and Terrible Weakness, Dr. Cassell's Tablets Restore Complete Health.

Mrs. J. Wyse, of Willow Cottage, Dersingham near King's Lynn, says:—"It is about two years since I was first troubled with indigestion, palpitation & weakness & at times I thought I should faint, I got so low and strengthless. At night I couldn't sleep, I woke again as soon as I lay down, my heart would start to palpitate, and I had to get up and walk the room for relief. Then the indigestion took another form. After everything I ate came up again and I had no relief until it did. It wasn't vomiting; the water came up freely, and after it quantities of wind. When these turned I was helped. I had various medicines, but no benefit followed, till at last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I began to feel they were doing me good so I persevered with them and now I am as well as ever in my life. I eat anything I fancy, sleep soundly all through the night, and have made up all the weight I lost."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Prices: £1.25 & 5s.
The St. size being the more economical.


A TASTE OF A GLASS MAKES EVERYONE SUITABLE
FOR CHILDREN.

Dr. Cassell's Cp., Ltd., Manchester.

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THE MAGIC HAIR REMEDY

7 Days Supply FREE

To those who have been shocked by natural hair loss, by bad hair growth, and by rough, unruly hair, we recommend the hair-restoring Formula of Dr. Cassell's Silkodono, the hair tonic that has never failed to give a straight, strong, healthy scalp. It is invaluable for men and women of all ages.

When communicating with Advertisers, please mention the "Picture Show."
Souvenir of "Carnival" — Real Life Stories — When Montague Love Was Interviewed.

All of you who have seen the splendid Alliance production of "Carnival" will be pleased with our art supplement this week—a worthy souvenir of a fine British photoplay. In this film Hilda Bayley has proved herself as fine an actress on the screen as on the stage. You'll like it.

Real Life Drama Stories.

Do you like long complete stories of real-life drama? If so, don't miss "All-of-a- sudden Peggy," a fine complete story of a girl who tried to arrange other people's love stories and nearly made a hash of her own. This story is in the "Girls' Cinema," out tomorrow. This number also contains the opening chapters of a short four-part serial entitled "Black Shadows," telling the dangers of the "black art," as hypnotism has been well described.

If you like stories, you must get this issue of the "Girls' Cinema," which also contains information about a really delightful one-week competition, in which the prizes are the most real ever offered to admirers of picture players.

Short and to the Point.

Montague Love has a real sense of humour. The other day he filled in the following answers on a newspaper reporter's question sheet:

Born: Obviously.

Parents: Two.

Educated: Forcibly.

First Stage Appearance: Awful!

A Proposal for Tom.

Tom Mix received a letter from a little almond-eyed maiden from the land of the chrysanthemum blossoms, offering to marry him—at least that is presumably what she means, for she offers to be his slave.

Tom was at some trouble to inform her, politely, but firmly, that there was "nothing doing," as he is already married.

Almost a Fairy Story.

Did you see Constance Bennett in "Sporting Life"? If so, you will be interested to know that two years ago Constance was unknown to both stage and screen. She was at a boarding school, not as deaconess as her teachers would have had her, but studying just the same. Just before the holidays the girls gave a concert, and one of the girls showed real talent, and far outshone the others. This was Constance. The rest reads like a fairy tale.

Winthrop Ames, a well-known producer, was at the performance. He offered Constance a part in a play which was shortly to be produced. She did so well in this that she was offered the part in the film "Sporting Life," and now she is busy working for both stage and screen.

A Slight Difference.

Which reminds me that Charles Roy says he often laughs over his first stars on the stage. He got a small part with a touring company, and to celebrate the event, all his friends gave farewell parties, in which he was feted.

He said good-bye to the people at home, and all the boys went to the train to see him off.

"They thought I was a great man, and I agreed with them," laughed Charles. "I thought I was to be away a long time. However, the public evidently had good sense, for the show lasted only two weeks, and I had to wire for my train fare home again."

Her Elephant.

The elephant whom you saw in "Her Elephant Man," has been purchased by Shirley Mason, and is now in the Zoo attached to the Hollywood studio.

The animal became so fond of Shirley during the making of the film that he would not eat until the little star was near. Shirley was touched by the animal's affection, and bought him from the trainer, now he is her own.

News of Owen Moore.

Did you know that Owen Moore has been ill? He has been in hospital in New York for treatment for inflammatory rheumatism. But I hear he is now well on the way to recovery, and hopes to be out of hospital in a few days.

A Frock of Pearls.

Corinne Griffith tells me that the frock she is to wear in her coming film "What's Your Reputation Worth?" is to be made almost entirely of ropes of pearls.

As you know, Miss Griffith is noted for the extraordinary gowns she wears in pictures. This pearl gown is one of the most beautiful—certainly one of the most unusual—she has yet worn.

Charlie Murray on Holiday.

Charlie Murray is to have his first holiday for many years.

As soon as he has finished his present picture, he and his wife are to leave Los Angeles for a four-week tour. They plan to spend the first two or three weeks among the Hawaiian Islands.

Energetic Larry.

Larry Semon lost no time while he was resting from a strained back, resulting from a street photograph.

Whilst lying in bed, he read the complete scenario of his next comedy.

Justine Johnstone, Warwick Ward, the latest cinema star to shine under the "Real-art" banner.

British Films Popular.

Hear in Calcutta audiences will have no trouble. A friend of mine, who is travelling in the Orient says that the Indian audiences are highly critical; they like good film-goes, regularly to the picture shows, and are especially fond of British films.

Sheriff at Fifteen.

Look out for some new stunts in the coming Harry Carey films. I hear that he has just had a visit from George Blair, the original Montana Kid, who claims to be the fastest two gun man in the world, and who showed Harry a few new tricks in quick drawing.

As you know, George Blair guided his famous Sheriff in life. He was made sheriff of Douglas County, Montana, when he was but fifteen years of age.

Star of Stage and Screen.

Warwick Ward, whose photo appears on this page, is another screen star well known on the stage.

At the early age of twenty-one he produced his first play, which ran for over a year, after which he turned his attention to repertory work, and played forty leading parts in less than a year.

Then after appearing in "The Glad Eye," he returned to more serious work, again, playing Gerald du Maurier's part in "Outcaste."

Returning from a three months' trip to Spain he joined the late Sir George Alexander for three plays at the St. James's, then to the Haymarket, Daly's, Globe, etc., for various plays. It was just after being "demobbed"—while playing in "L'Aiglon." Mr. Ward made his first acquaintance with the films, and during the last few months has played the Ideal in "Wuthering Heights," "Build Thy House," "The Manchester Man," "Handy Andy," "The Diamond Necklace," "Belphegor," "Also the Davidson productions, "Silver Lining," and "The Call of the Crows."

A Shock for Hero and Heroine.

It was during the filming of a runaway match in "The Manchester Man," which was actually taken at the old Smithly at Green Farm—where the real blacksmith officiating—and Ward, they tell me he had a terrible shock, for as the camera was clicking on the scene he heard the real blacksmith say, "By the law of Scotland I declare you man and wife," and he
The Accomplishments of Mae.

Miss Murray, the famous leading lady of the screen in "The Little Fraid Lady," has won the applause of a large number of her admirers. In this play the deceptions seen on the walls are really painted by Miss Mars, who is as capable with the brush and palette as she is in acting.

Too Realistic.

EVERYONE knows how realistic the Hobart Bosworth screen fights are, but no one knows better than Bosworth himself, for he is suffering from an injured hand, having broken several of the bones in a fight scene with Nigel Barry, for his new picture.

And Then They Laughed.

SUESU HAYAKAWA, although he speaks good English, is sometimes bothered a bit by our grammar rules. The other day he approached a group of ladies of his company, and said:

"Is it correct to say 'girls is,' or 'girls are'?

"Girls are," of course, he was told.

To which Susse replied:

"Well, girls, are you too straight?"

Three Generations.

ELMIE PERGUSON plays three parts in the coming Paramount Artkraft Special, "Lady Rose's Daughter," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel, which will be released over here in September. Elsie Ferguson plays the part of the grandmother, the mother, and the daughter.

Story of the Hope Diamond Filmed.

THE history of the Hope diamond is surely one of the most extraordinary stories to be found anywhere in history or fiction. The first authentic record of the stone is in 1642, when it was stolen by Jean Baptiste Tavernier, an adventurous French traveller, from the temple of Rama and Sita, in Burmah, where, according to tradition, it had rested for a thousand years. It then weighed 112 carats. The diamond was brought to Europe and sold to Louis XIV, for 2,500,000 francs. It was reduced to 721 carats. It was worn by Madame Pompadour and Marie Antionette, was lost in the French Revolution, and subsequently turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Amsterdam, and was again reduced to 44 carats. It was then brought to London, and passed into the possession of the Hope family. Lord Francis Hope sold it to an American broker, and later owners have included Prince Ivan Kanitevski and Abdul Hamid. It is at present in the possession of Mr. Edward Maclean, of Washington, U.S.A.

Reminiscences of May Yohe.

The authors of "The Romance of the Hope Diamond," is, of course, the onetime queen of musical comedy whose name is still familiar to British playwright and who, as Lady Frances Hope, was among the long list of famous wearers of this historic jewel. May Yohe was born in the little mining settlement of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Her mother was a dressmaker who later became famous as a theatrical actress. At the age of ten, May Yohe was sent to Europe, to the school of Madame Florencia Lamberts, at Dresden, and later to Paris. Her first theatrical engagement was as understudy to the American prima donna, Jeannie Teagan. "Her first London appearance was in "The Magie Opal," in which she made so great a success with her one song, "Many and many a weary mile," that she was promptly engaged for a principal part in "Little Christopher Columbus," in which she sang for the first time her world-famous ballad, "Honey, I'm Honey." Her last appearance in this country was in the revue "Dorothy," at the Hotel Savoy in 1913.

The Influence of the Jewel.

An interesting feature of the production of this story on the screen is the appearance of the many artists in different roles and costumes. The possible intention was to suggest that the influence of the diamond upon the later characters might be due to their acquaintance with it in a previous existence. The Hindu doctrine of the transmission of souls and the prophecy of the last one that no soul should find rest until the jewel was restored further emphasised this suggestion. The players include (George Chesebro), Grace Darmond, Boris Karloff, and a number of other talented people who have been specially chosen for their truth to the type required. "The Romance of the Hope Diamond" will be distributed in the United Kingdom by Messrs. I.C.B., in Canada by William L. A. M., and in Australia by Messrs. I.C.B., with the support of the wonderful wild animal film, "The Lost City," in which George Chesebro also starred, and which is still drawing huge crowds in every part of the country and has been exhibited in some twelve hundred British picture-theatres.

A Historic Curio.

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, who plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By," is the lucky possessor of an historic curse in the shape of a silver arrow lined with gold. This was said to be the property of Neil Gwynne, having been presented to him by Queen Anne. Also, so the story goes, came into the possession of a certain English lord, who presented it to Miss Clifford as a Christmas performance in London.

FROM "OVER THERE."

Notes and News From New York.

I HAVE just this second come away from the telephone, where I talked with Miss Murray. Miss Murray is one of my closest friends, and she usually keeps me from all her plans. She is to head her own company, and is now burning: the midnight oil getting ready to make her first film for Robert Z. Leonard. Robert Z. Leonard, will direct her, and the new organization is to be known the Murray-Leonard company. As an example for newly-weds these two might serve very nicely. They are already inseparable, and they dance together and work side by side. Bob says she is the best actress on the screen to-day, and she returns the compliment by declaring no one understands how to direct her as well as her husband, who knows her virtues and shortcomings.

Mary's Vacation.

BY this time the news of Jack Pickford's serious illness must have reached London. Jack, as you probably know, was playing baseball on the studio lot and developed a bad case of bronchial pneumonia. At the time he was serious he was working for Miss Mary Pickford production which he was directing. Mary, because she was so tired, and Douglas Fairbanks, because they didn't want to plan a taking a little holiday in Mexico, and brother Jack was putting on all speed to get the pictures back for her vacation. The picture is now held up, and goodness only knows when the Fairbanks will be able to leave away from their shop and have a very narrow escape. I received two wires, one saying his temperature was 103, and another saying his condition was no improved, and his temperature was rapidly approaching a normal state. Mary, it seems, is very anxious that boy of hers, never left her bedside. Mary, too, shares the family trait of considering Jack the most important person in the world, and instituted a faithful vigil. Since Olive Thomas's death, the son of the Pickfords has been less of a man about town with his mother, instilled a faithful vigil. Olive Thomas's death, the son of the Pickfords has been less of a man about town with his mother, instilled a faithful vigil.

Madame Petrova Comes to Town.

THE matter how it happened, but Madame Olga Petrova in from her country place, and she has been spending a few weeks on the Plaza Hotel Island, Dr. J. D. Stewart, was lost in a blizzard one night, and did not reach home for hours after she left him, she has had another time to move where he would not have to be at the mercy of the elements in the country.

By the way, Madame Petrova and Marian Gish have developed a friendship, and have seen quite a lot of each other lately. They went to the matinee last week to see Lionel Barrymore in "Macbeth." "I wanted so much to go with them, but having so much to do, I could not manage it. Lilian went to hear our famous diva, Miss Gardon, sing Marguerite in "Faust," this week, believing if she plays the role it is well to get as many interpretations of the character as possible.

English Actor Going Home.

PERCY MAHMONT, who has played opposite Alice Joyce in so many of her Vitaphone specials, now announces he is going to be in England this next summer for a holiday on business. The truth of the matter is, one of the English producing companies has made him an offer, and I understand he expects to look into the matter when he goes abroad this summer.

Margaret Fisher Ready for Work.

AFTER a vacation of months Margaret is all ready to go back to work. Since she left the American Film Company, she has been in New York, where she has been shopping and attending the theatres and talking shop. Everybody knows she has gone to California to make pictures for the Independent Company, a new organization. Harry Pollard will direct her.

FILMY FAMOUS.

LOU ELLA O. PARSONS.
THE "PICTURE SHOWS" GUIDE TO PICTUREGEOERS

The cavalry charged right across the field, but to our dismay the infantry with their wooden arms held the ground stubbornly, and fortunately there was a Red Cross ambulance on the ground, as there were many casualties, although luckily nothing desperately serious.

Through a Misunderstanding.

EDWARD ANDERSON is the daughter of a drunken stepfather living with him in a lonely hut. Her unsellish character prompts her to give food and shelter to Jim Barnes, who finds his way there during a snowstorm. Subsequently the doctor goes out and loses his way, and Eiler, misunderstanding his failure to return, makes her way to New York and obtains work. Circumstances bring the two together again, but there is trouble for the girl, during which her life is in danger. "The Devil's Riddle" is an interesting story, and as Eiler Gladys Brockwell lives her part.

A Woman-Hater Reformed.

IT is apt to be ashamed as well as amusing when a man, who is a confirmed woman-hater, is required by a will to marry somebody in particular. But, despite Dalion Pemberton's dislike of the fair sex, a chance meeting makes him acquainted with a young lady and then Cupid plays his part with such vengeance that the chagrined Dalion follows her wherever she goes. There is real comedy in "A Regular Fellow" in which Taylor Holmes as the hero has many amusing adventures with a surprise at the end.

Guided By a Fly.

But for the movements of a fly, which influenced the division of one juryman, a man who killed another in self-defense might have had to pay the extreme penalty of the law. Along such an unusual line is "The Fly God," and the interest throughout the story is well maintained. Roy Stewart makes a capital hero in this Western drama, in which the excitement is alternated with plenty of humour.

Pride and its Penalties.

PATRICIA is a beautiful girl who is fortunate enough to make a marriage in which love and wealth go hand in hand. But Prude steps in, marring both husband and wife. It makes its demands with the sinister figure of an untrustworthy valet in the background. It is from here that the drama, "Slaves of Pride," becomes more exciting, as the wife, hoping to win back her husband's faking love, elopes with his valet. The latter's real intentions in creating trouble now grow clearer, and how they are frustrated, and what follows, are all well depicted by the strong cast at the head of which is popular Alice Joyce.

The Little Mother.

TRE TILDA is a human story in which laughter and tears are intermingled. Briefly, it concerns a little girl, who, having broken her leg in a circus, is left behind in a hospital. There she hears the cries of a dying mother for her son, and, determining to follow her little Tilda to give it out. But the mother dies and the girl is left to bring up her little son. Their subsequent adventures are full of interest and humour. It is a British film, excellently acted, and Edna Flugrath, who is Tilda, gives us a lovable character.

Love by Arrangement.

MARGUERITE CLARK'S admirers will be able to see this dainty actress in the impersonation of a pretty and impulsive Irish girl in "All of a Sudden Peggy." A film version of the stage play, it introduces us to a naturalist to whom Peggy, the heroine, becomes an assistant. His relations, fearing that he may eventually marry her, persuades an attractive young woman to make love to her. Many are the complications that ensue, involving a scandal which is not without its amusing side.

Death of Gregory Ashburn (CROKER KING) in "The Tavern Knight." MAGE STUART as Grythia, EILLE NORWOOD as the Tavern Knight, and LAURENCE ANDERSON as Master Kenneth.

(Above) the Tavern Knight, attracted by Kenneth, gives him a few kindly words of advice.
The Call of the Road

Splendid Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinherited for being a ne’er-do-well by his uncle, Sir Martin Trevor.

LADY ROWEY, Alfred’s cousin, who is fascinated by the stories she hears of her cousin.

Miss ALFRED, a great-grandson of Sir Martin, who, after meeting her, swears to make up Alfred’s mind.

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SECUNDUS, “gallants of the road,” and friends of Alfred.

SIR MARTIN TREVOR, an inveterate gambler, who cheats at cards. He is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance. At a country inn, Sir Martin and his friend, Geoffrey Ralston, hear some important boxing news.

“The Pigeon Must Win!”

T he professional gambler usually knows how to conceal his feelings. It is one of the first lessons he has to learn. To betray any kind of emotion would be to place a weapon in the hands of those against whom he is matching his wits.

While Alfred Barnes uttered the name of Delaval, both Sir Martin Trevor, and his crony, Geoffrey Ralston, could have shouted with joy, but by no means so much as a flicker of the eyelid did they betray the satisfaction they felt.

Sir Martin gave a careless laugh, and returned to his box. “Methinks, friend, thou hast earned thy guineas easily, and I have got but little in exchange for them,” he said lightly. “Nay, nay,” he added, “if thou art a fellow to be trusted, I might put another guinea or so in thy way during the next few weeks.”

“I am at your honour’s service,” said Barnes, with a cunning look in his little eyes, “and for the rest”—he shrugged his shoulders—“I serve best those who pay me best.”

Sir Martin nodded as one who understands a kindred soul.

“I would know more of this matter. It is my fancy, and I am willing to pay for it. It might suit me to wager a tribe on this blackmoon. He seems a likely fellow. What think you of his chances?”

“I know not but ‘twill take a good man to beat him. The fellow is as sure a thing as ever I saw.”

“Well, do you stay here, and learn what you can, and keep me informed—saying naught to anyone about the matter. Can’t we write?”

“Twas the thing.”

“Then I’ll give thee an address which will find me. Send me thy news. Let me know who comes to see this Hammon John, and any gossip on the matter that reaches thine ears. I’ll send thee five guineas weekly, and on the day of the fight I’ll make thee a present that shall be in keeping with the service thou hast rendered.”

Punch Murphy came in just then, and no more was said. Here Barnes ordered another mug of ale, and reclaped into the watchful silence which was habitual to him. The two gentlemen soon after retired.

Geoffrey Ralston joined Sir Martin in the latter’s corner.

The baronet was seated on the bed removing his boots. He looked up as his companion entered, and there was a queer smile upon his lips.

“They fears have served us well, Geoffrey, after all. This chance we stepped at the Tilly Fishers.”

“Ah, yes,” said the other, a little doubtfully, “but what think you of this Hammon John?”

“He is a good man.”

Sir Martin Trevor made no immediate reply, and his brow was knitted in a thoughtful frown. “I think Pigeon Williams is the better man,” he said at length, speaking very slowly: “but I like not such level chances when the stakes are high.”

“More regular and safer,” said Uleswater, dryly.

“Hush, lad!” rebuked his lordship, with a slight frown. “As far as I know, Sir Martin Trevor hath always kept his engagements. I know naught against his honor.”

“He hath a trick of winning.”

Lord Delaval laughed.

“Well, well, if so wins this time, Pigeon Williams is a better man than I think he is.”

At that moment there was a stir among the company, and a member, carrying an open book, walked to the centre of the room and raised his hand.

Immediately all eyes were turned upon him, and something like silence prevailed.

Without preliminary he at once began to read from the book in his hand.

“To whom it may concern, know ye all that a match has been made between Sir Martin Trevor and any Lord Delaval, before my Lord Delaval will produce a man in six weeks from date, to fight to a finish with Pigeon Williams, in a 20-foot square, at Mildenhall acres, for a stake of Two Hundred Guineas a side. Stakeholder: Delaval. Signature: Trevor, Delaval.”

As he finished reading he closed the book and strode away, and everyone began talking at once.

Sir Martin stalked up to Lord Delaval.

“My lord, what say you to a stake for a small amount?” he said sharply.

“I will wager a further two hundred,” replied Delaval promptly.

“What do,” said Trevor, with a bow, and then he glanced at young Uleswater. “You, Master Uleswater, hath no fancy for risking thy subtree in a wager,” he said, and there was a gleam of mockery in his dark eyes.

The cheeks of the young man flamed.

“I know not the man, but my friend’s opinion is good enough for another two hundred,” he said promptly.

He lowered, still with that mocking smile upon his lips.

“Tis a bet,” he said. “If all is true that is said concerning you Lord Delaval’s great unknown, we shall see some sport at Mildenhall acres before you lose your money.”

He turned away, and was surrounded by his friends.

A few minutes before Geoffrey Ralston could get a word with him alone.

“What’s the game, Trevor?” said Ralston at last, as the other to Uleswater carries quite enough of our money without risking further hundreds in this fashion.”

The baronet laughed.

“When you have staked your all and more, what matters a few more hundreds?” he said lightly. “If the Pigeon loses, Geoffrey, we shall not again on this stage, neither you nor I. This affair will make or break me.”

“T’ll be all time to hedge,” said Ralston nervously. “Shall I—”

“Not a guinea!” interrupted the baronet sharply.

“You still think our man will win?”

“Not a doubt of it!”

“T’ll wish I was there.”

“You may be, my dear Geoffrey, did you ever know me to risk my all on anything but a certainty?”

Ralston gave the speaker a quick, furtive look.

“But the betting?” he said doubtfully. “‘Tis even already. A week ago ‘twas four to one on the Pigeon.”

“T’ll take another turn before the fight,” said the baronet, still smiling.

“How know you that?” demanded Ralston impatiently.

Sir Martin Trevor suddenly became serious, and at the same time the other to Uleswater claps his hands and walked to the centre of the room.

“We will talk more of this anon,” he said in a low voice. “I shall need thy help. But —”

(Continued on page 8)
A SCREEN ROMANCE
Enacted by Douglas Fairbanks and Marjorie Daw:

The old yet ever new story of the meeting of a man and a maid, the little difficulties they encounter, and the happy ending to their romance, is told in a screen story in which Douglas Fairbanks and Marjorie Daw—two favourites with all picturegoers—take the parts of the man and the maid.

He (Douglas Fairbanks) is invited to a picnic tea in the garden.

He confides to his charming little hostess many of his ambitions.

Below you will see the lovers trying to hide, but the tree and a tea-tray were not sufficient to hide them from an irate parent.

Over the garden wall he was caught.

But all's well that ends well. Douglas Fairbanks being married to Marjorie Daw—on the screen.
let thy mind rest easy. I honestly believe the Pigeon is the better man, but—I am running no risks.

With that he turned away and joined a group of young lovers whom he was soon engaged in lively conversation.

In another part of the room Lord Delaval and young Ulleswater were still chatting together.

"You are staying a while in town?" said his lordship.

"Nay; I must return to-morrow or the day following," replied the young man regretfully.

"Mullender will come later, and we will travel together," said Delaval.

"You?" exclaimed Ulleswater. "You are leaving too?

"For the day only. I have business in thy part of the country."

Young Ulleswater smiled.

"Twixt delight I go to get with thee," he said.

"But I confess it surprises me your lordship should have business in our parts. "To a quiet spot, "Ay! and 'tis on quiet business I travel," replied Delaval. "And yet not so quiet as I thought to keep it. From the betting, I fancy my little friend to be set heeled to to-day, and I have breathed it none. Travel with me on Thursday, and I'll introduce thee to the man who is going to kill Sir John Williams, and win three two hundred guineas."

The Meeting in the Lane.

WEN Alfred had finished his day's work at the mill, it was his custom in the cool of the evening to take a brisk walk along the road near the adjoining village. Truth to say, although he worked so cheerfully he had found his settled occupation a little irksome. It was not that Mother Jones's shrivelled tongue assailed him at all. He answered her constant rebukes with a jest and a laugh, and once, when she was more than usually furious, and threatened him with a whip, he lifted her off her feet and carried her, fat and fluffy, to the barnyard, where her husband's unconcealed delight. But it was the monotony of the regular daily round which irked his restless soul, and often, when evening came, and he found himself for a brief space a free man again, the temptation assailed him to keep his back turned to the mill, and go walking, in search of whatever adventure might await him over the crest of the next hill.

It was one day thus that he came to the old man's cottage. That was his mood previous to his encounter with Sir Martin Trevor in the woods.

Since that day his feelings had been somewhat different. He still liked to spend the evening wandering about the country lanes, but he was always careful now to turn his back for good and all on Friar's Ford. The place had acquired a new attraction for him; though he did not confess, even to himself, what it was.

He only knew that the trees, the little cottages, and the old mill itself somehow had a more friendly look.

He had secured a lodging in the cottage of the ancient Methuselah, Mr. Mullins, the old gentleman's fourth wife, took a motherly interest in Alfred, and did her best to make him comfortable.

"Would no bad place to settle in if one were allowed to it," he said, to himself, "but he set off for his evening stroll on the third day after his adventure in the wood.

It was still hot, and as Alfred strolled along, with his coat flung over his shoulder and his hat on the back of his head, he felt his walk was very a luxury.

He began to sing, and although his voice was nothing to boast about, it made up in heartiness what it lacked in sweetness.

It was a robust voice, and it carried far.

"Here's a sky for those who love me,

And a smile for those who hate;

Lord Delaval reigned by side by side with a Kenilworth lane.

Delaval laughed.

It's mine, Dick, I have made many a wager with more risk in it. In this affair I count my money safe, and I think too.

"Williams is a fool,"

"Ay, and clever, but I doubt if he can stand punishment, while my man is game to the bone, and will fight so long as he can see or stand.

"That's true, and when I see thee in the ring I'll put every guinea I can scrape together on Hammon Delaval against Ulleswater. How know you he'll fight?"

"He'll fight for me.

"Anyone but your lordship would have made sure of that before making the match," said Ulleswater, with a laugh.

"Lord Delaval shook his shoulders.

"A sportsman does not bet on a certainty," he said lightly, "I take my chance, though I confess if Hammon Delaval's faults are so vexatiously prevailing. But, you'll bet I'll trig a guinea that he does what I ask him of."

Ulleswater shook his head, laughing.

"Nay, nay, I should be too eager to lose my money. There is no sport in such a bet. But here is a wager I will make with thee. Hammon Delaval knows thy need of him, and he will exculpate himself at any stake. If he does, I'll pay. If he won't, I'll wager ten guineas you see him staggering along to-morrow, with a promise to make him comfortable for life."

"Done!" replied Lord Delaval promptly, a flush of colour crossing his smooth face.

"A gentleman's word is ten guineas that Hammon Jones agrees to fight for me on my own terms."

"Well, I'll say something, laughing. "If he demand less than five hundred pounds, I'll hold myself the loser."

The mid-day sun was shining down, when the two horsemen rode with clatter into the yard by the side of Punch Murphy's tavern, the Two Fishes. The gentleman on the other side of the yard a man appeared.

"Is Hammon John within?" asked Delaval.

"Sir," replied the young lord, "I'll introduce thee to a favour, John."

Lord Delaval laughed.

"Well, you forget that, 'sir. Come, we will break a bottle on this."

As he spoke, he turned and led the way into the inn. Punch Murphy received them with much warmth and deference. It always warmed his heart to entertain these gentlemen. It was not merely for what they spent in his house: the sight of them reminded him of the days of his childhood, when he was a big minding the ring, and the young bloods compered for his notice.

He hastened to procure the wine which Delaval had ordered. When he was sent to talk, he busied himself discreetly at the bar. When scrapping of the conversation reached his ears, however, he could not resist the temptation to draw nearer, and, as he was not repulsed, he was soon standing close by listening eagerly to the conversation.

That is the way of it, John," said Delaval, as he leaned over the table and looked the blacksmith in the eye. "I have made a match with Sir Martin Trevor."

Hammer John smiled.

"The word of it has reached us, my lord," he said.

"So! Then maybe you know the favour I would like to ask you?"

"I could make a guess."

"In plain words, John, five weeks from Monday I want to meet Pigeon Williams in Mildesthun near a fight to a finish. Art willing a 'froak laugh."

The dark eyes of the young blacksmith glistened, and a slight flush came to his cheeks.

"For no other man in England would I break my vow, my lord, not to enter the ring again, but for thee I am willing and ready," he said simply.

Lord Delaval's face glowed with satisfaction.

"'Tis no more than I expected of thee, John, but I'll make it more binding in terms than you will fight? Do not be afraid to open thy mouth. There are big sums staked on the result. If, as I fear, you don't see the way—well, mean much to me and my friends."

Hammer John drew himself up, and his steady eyes met those of his adversary with challenge.

"I'll fight for thee, my lord, and I'll do my beastly best to keep my word, even if you pay my fare to Mildesthun and back, but beyond that I'll take naught, Pround am I to have some small return for all the lordship's kindness."

Lord Delaval made no reply, but a whimsical smile played about the lips of that young Ulleswater, who was seated by his side.

"Well, Ulleswater," he said, "what say you to a wager?"

"I say, my lord, that I owe you ten guineas, and right glad am I to pay it," replied Ulleswater, with a frank laugh.

(To be continued.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF MONTE BLUE.

MONTE BLUE
The Star Who Shovelled His Way to the Screen.

THE war made him familiar with the word "dug-out." It was used in two ways. One meant a covering from cold and shrapnel; the other an estimable, elderly gentleman who had heard or interested—his friends in his club with tales of wild charges against the Dervish horde or cunning strategy against the slim Boer in the South African war.

But the "Dug-in" man is new to me (in the cinema world), though he is as old as the everlasting hills in history.

The "dug-in" I am leading up to is Monte Blue.

Monte literally dug himself into the movies, for his first job was to handle a man-sized shovel to dig graves in an old Griffith production of "Knioh Arden." Previous to this Monte had been engaged daily in that pastime or pleasure that actor call "coating."

His First Part.

He had rested daily against the outer walls of the studio, wondering how he could get past the portal guarded by the doorman. Monte's digging so tickled the director that he was promoted.

"Oh, no! Don't mistake me! He wasn't made a star—he was not even given a position as "One of the Crowd."

The director merely saw in Monte a hefty, strong fellow over six feet in height and built in proportion, and he at once decided to use him as the "power" for a windmill.

Monte didn't mind.

His great thought was: "Anyway, I have got past that blessed doorman." From moving the movies as man-power in the windmill, he was given a small part. Monte, in telling the story, says it was so small that you couldn't have seen it through the most powerful telescope (and as Monte can away as a boy to join the Navy, we must believe that he knew something about telescopes). I ought to have said earlier that Monte came to the studio straight from the ranges, where good men and bad men guard cattle of the same edibility. That life gave Monte the grit to beat even such a Napoleon as the "doorkeeper."

After his introduction through spade and windmill operator, Monte trod the usual rungs of the ladder that leads to stardom. He remained three years with D. W. Griffith, acquiring valuable knowledge in every branch of the motion-picture business.

Nearly Half Time in Hospital.

For four years of his film career he was known as a stunt man, and during this time he spent one year and seven months in hospitals. He broke his collar-bone twice, fell into the yard, and injured himself, secured a basal fracture of the skull, was badly burned three times, was stabbed once with a bayonet which just missed his eye, was buried tripped and fell — the column was going at top speed — and while Monte lay under this heap of animals the other horses and chariots thundered over him.

He was lucky this time, however, and secured nothing but a small cut on the head. Of course, he was nearly suffocated.

But now Monte says he has done with stunts. And he doesn't intend to return to them if he can help it. It isn't that he minds the pain, he laughingly told a friend, but he doesn't like the smell of other, and the sound of rags rattling around inside him keeps him awake at nights.

In Character Parts.

Monte has specialised in make-up and characterization. In "Macbeth" he doubled for Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and for De Wolf Hopper in "Don Quixote." His life with the Indians on the Reservation leads to a touch of realism to his Indian characters, in which he has earned much merited praise. Among his best known are Indian Joe in Mary Pickford's "M'Liss," Happy Jack in "The Square Man," and the Indian lad in "The Goddess of Lost Lake."

"Doughboys."

As a "Doughboy" in khaki he has also done some very good work. He appeared with Mary Pickford in "Johanna Enlists," "100 Per Cent American," and in her propaganda pictures.

As a villain he is also at home, in "Wild and Woolly," and "The Man from Painted Post," Monte was the bold bad man.

His Many Parts.

He played important parts in "Till I Come Back to You," "The Only Road," "Riders of the Night," and "We Can't Have Everything." Then he played the part of Pettigrew in "Private Pettigrew's Girl," after which Jesse L. Lasky called Monte into his office and gave him a year's contract.

That was in January, 1919. On August 1st his contract was renewed for five years.


He has also appeared in support of Bryant Washburn in "Too Much Johnson," and Robert Warwick in "Told In the Hills." You can see him now as "Love" in "Everywoman."
HI! MISTER, STOP!

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR goes blissfully on, unconscious that his passengers have had a spill. The passengers, by the way, are MARY MILES MINTER and WALTER HIERS, and it appears that the folks at the Realart Studio believe in the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." They are very sensible, for it would be a weary world if we had to work every minute of the day, and never had time for a joke or a "rag.

At first glance it is difficult to recognize this photograph as that of pretty PHYLLIS HAVER, who has appeared in Mack Sennett comedies since the old Keystone Comedy days, when she made a sensational success with her swimming and diving stunts.

WILL ROGERS. This is the sixth of our series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of themselves. Will is well known for his prowess at rope throwing and between scenes at the studio he can often be seen practising with the lariat.

NORMA TALMADGE with HARRISON FORD and COURTENAY FOOTE in a scene from "The Passion Flower," adapted from the play of the same name.

SIR GILBERT PARKER compliments ELISIE FERGUSO on excellence of an English drawing-room set in "Sacred to Bennett's Love.

They could not quite understand how it was that they were saying, and so came a little nearer, only to find that the reading that he was just chuckling to himself and for near his mouth.

A charming study of DAGMAR GODOWSKJ, who is now appearing in pictures. Her first part was small one in "If I Were King," featuring William Farnum.
IVOR NOVELLO as Count Scipione, and HILDA BAYLEY as "Bacchante."

CARNIVAL

The Famous Play which has been filmed with MATHESON LANG and HILDA BAYLEY in their original parts, telling the human story of love, passion, and jealousy.

(Photos: Alliance Film Co.)

The husband learns from his child that his wife has gone to the carnival with a man.
April 9th, 1921.

Useful scene. MATHESON LANG as Iago, and HILDA BAYLEY as Desdemona.

The husband tries to find out the truth from his frightened wife.

HILDA BAYLEY as "Bacchante."
Betty Compson

This beautiful star, now to be seen in "The Miracle Man," the play that made her a star. Betty began her professional career as a violinist. Now she has her own producing company.

INNOCENCE.
A beautiful photographic study.

With Emory Johnson's photograph—in "Prisoners of Love."

For "Re-Incar-nation" Betty had herself tattooed with this bizarre effect.
BASIL SIDNEY can be seen on the right of the photograph in a scene from "Wife Insurance." He is best known for his work in "Romance," which he played with his wife, Doris Kenne, at the Lyric Theatre, London, and also in the film version under D. W. Griffith's direction.

BASIL SIDNEY looks very happy with his two pals, in which Harry Carey played, that have been released, are "Riders of Vengeance," "Outcasts of Poker Flat."

WESLEY BARRY has an interested audience of one. He is explaining his gun to his baby cousin. Everyone will remember the splendid part Wesley played with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." He is now being coached by Mr. Nealon for a big part.

When GEN. ROBERT GEORGES NIVELLE, former Commander-in-Chief of the French armies during the late war, met HELENE CHADWICK, Goldwyn film actress, he paid her a charming compliment, calling her "The prettiest girl I have seen in America."
it would have been hard to have found a happier young couple than the Winthrop when they first married. They were always together, and they were never bored with each other. Young Mrs. Winthrop—a Fine Complete Story, Showing How Easy it is for a Young Married Couple to Drift Apart.

From the store they went to a smart restaurant where Rod turned out with a woman who must have been his wife. Mrs. Winthrop observed an expensive meal. He tried to tempt Mrs. Winthrop with another girl; but the effects of the cocktail were too strong, and she was left all alone with Constance, and at the risk of being thought slow. As they came out of the restaurant, Eve noticed a tall, well-dressed woman of about thirty-eight looking for something. "Who is that, Constance?" she asked.

Eve's next door to me, Mrs. Denney. I don't know her very well. She's a good-looking woman, I'll tell you what—she would drop Mrs. Delcey, she's not so mechanical with a glass of wine.

Mrs. Winthrop. "Does Douglas know her?" asked Eve mischievously, with a glance at Eve. "I'm not so fond of her. Neither do you," said Constance crossly.

"Well, it'll be a husband that I wanted for my own. I'm not her type. Eve. "If there ever was a vamp, that woman is one. I wouldn't trust her."

Eve was inclined to be vulgar when she had taken wine.

Rod Hunter and his sister were leaving Constance, but it was too foolish to think that they could ever have been in love. But Constance was not a bit worried by the chaf.

Though she disliked Mrs. Delcey instinctively, she was not a bit afraid of her, and she noticed that Douglas had told her that morning that he did not even want Constance.

In the meantime there was a gloomy Omnibus at the Winthrop door.

Bruton Scott, a middle-aged man and a friend of the Winthrop family, who had been known to Constance, came into Douglas's office, and Douglas had invited him home to lunch, thinking that he might be able to help Constance. But the old man seemed so good to the young one.

Good luck that seemed to dog the young Constance, and she got back to their old ways, had made Constance choose that day to lunch with Rod Hunter and Eve.

Douglas was very much at his wife's absence.

"I'm sorry, but I was sure Constance would have been here.

"You forget, boy," said his mother gently, "that you are not so noble here to judge that Constance could not possibly have known you coming to-day.

But that is not the point.

The following Saturday was baby Rose's birthday, and Constance decided that she would stay in town a little longer than usual.

As she was walking along with Rod Hunter and Eve in the crowds of the toy store they came into her husband talking to Mrs. Delcey.

Eve entered Constance's area.

"There, Con, your husband does know the fascinating Mrs. Delcey, doesn't he?"

"He does. Or he didn't this morning," said Constance loyally. "I'm not a bit jealous, Eve. I'm sure nothing would change his mind."

And Constance was right. What had happened was that Mrs. Denney, who knew it was too far to get to know the husband than the wife, had stopped Douglas just as he was on his way to the office, and asked him for an opinion about some bonds.

Douglas was a little annoyed at being stopped in that manner, but he was too polite to show it.

"Won't you step into my office?" he suggested.

Mrs. Delcey smiled. "I'm sure that is the offer when she saw Mrs. Winthrop approaching. The opportunity was too good to be lost.

"It won't take a second. Con, we just step in here. I'll be on the front of a shop.

And there she detained Douglas until she had made certain that Mrs. Winthrop had seen them talking on the street.

Fate must have been taking a general interest in the Winthrop family. It was almost the first person Constance saw, when she got to the toy store was her husband, who had thought some toys and had just caught the girl at the counter to bring him a big box. Douglas entered and stopped right opposite the Teddy bear.

"I'll take that," he said to the girl.

"I'm not sure. That has just asked for it," Douglas turned and saw Constance.

"We'll have that in the living room. I see. You must have the Teddy bear."

"No, it is for her, the least. I'll get something else," said Constance.

Douglas went over to the shop.

"Look here, Connie, old girl. Don't you strike me as being rather a nice of them. Your young Mr. Winthrop will come home and we'll spend the evening together," (Continued on page 13.)

ETHEL CLAYTON as Young Mrs. Winthrop.

"I should love it, Doug," said Constance with a smile.

Truth to tell, she was getting a bit tired of the smart set she was mixing with, and was quite ready to go back to the old days, but she had been too proud to make the first overture.

They found them together, and Constance went home with a lighter heart than she had known for some time.

As soon as she got indoors Constance rang up Mrs. Chetwyn.

"I'm going to the jazz, Eve," she said. "Douglas and I have arranged a quiet evening at home."

He'll be disappointed. But I don't change your mind ring me up, and we will call to say we're the reply.

One of Mrs. Delcey's hobbies was listening to other people's conversation over the phone. The next day, as all phones in the street were connected and she was engaged in that desirable game when Constance's name came in, she listened Mrs. Delcey put down her receiver with a smile.

"I rather think, my dear, superior Mrs. Winthrop that you will go to the jazz dance on Friday, and I would be willing to bet a little that your husband has dinner with me. If I can separate you two I will get a husband whose social position will help me to get into that inner circle, the heart of which your money has been unable to break down."

The Call.

FRIDAY night came, and Douglas, sitting in his office, kept glancing at his watch.

Dinner was at seven o'clock, and he wanted to be home by seven at the latest.

"We'll finish the rest of these canvassers tomorrow," he said to his clerk. "I have a meeting to-day.

He rose from his desk, and was going down when the telephone bell rang.

"It's for you, Mr. Winthrop," said the clerk.

"Mrs. Winthrop asked me to telephone you, sir, to say that she was going to the dance. She is getting ready now, and she says there is no need for you to hurry home now.

"Ask her to speak to me," said Douglas, but the maid, or whoever it was at the other end of the line, had cut the call off.

Douglas was about to ring up again when he thought it would be more selfish to do so. Constance had deliberately broken her word. It was no use trying to again anything over the phone.

"I'll think those canvassers now, Richards," he said to his clerk. "You need not bother again.

About ten minutes later the telephone bell rang again.

"Mrs. Delcey speaking. I wonder if you can't call at my house as you come from the office, Mr. Winthrop. It's about those tests. I am a bit worried, and I may have to go out of town tomorrow." Douglas hesitated for a moment. "I'll call at your house.

"It's awfully good of you to call," said Mrs. Delcey as her maid ushered Winthrop into a drawing-room, illuminated with candle light.

Mrs. Delcey had reached that age when a woman who was sensible and a bit cold and a bit pale certainly had looked her best that night.

She was wearing an unattractive gown of grey voile which fitted her figure with a snatched-up-thingness. Grey, emerald-green, suited her height, skin, and she always wore that colour which we wanted to get anything.

"The telephones in the dining-room, she went on.

"Would you mind just stepping in, whilst these people are talking, and let them know that you want to see me?"

(Continued on page 13.)
Gossip about British Players.

LAURENCE ANDERSON.

The Girl Who Ran Away.

She was Miss Jessie Winter. So great was her desire to adopt the stage as a profession that, to further this object, she ran away from school. Naturally, there was consternation and horror in her family; but, later, when Jessie Winter's great talent was revealed to the world, her parents became as keen on her career as the little schoolmaster had been.

Part of Her Life.

JESSIE WINTER made a great hit when she played in "The Case of Lady Camber" with the late H. B. Irving. As the nurse, she made a tremendously vivid rôle; and the zest this clever actress throws into her stage work—work which is certainly a part of her life, because it is the very breath of her existence—she has given to screen-players.

The greatest Ideal production up to date has certainly been "The Diamond Necklace," and in this film Jessie Winter gives an astoundingly fine performance. To the layman the unfolding of the story was watched with breathless interest. At the conclusion there was the one unanimous verdict, "Very fine!"

A New World.

I'MTER my experience of this picture," says Jessie Winter, "I am more than ever keen on films. One day we were all working very hard as a strong emotional scene, and I knew instinctively that it could not have been done better on the stage. One had that subtle, confident sort of feeling that it was good. But the screen is not so sympathetic to the artist as an audience. It is far more exacting, and when the scene was shown on the screen, the emotion we expected to find was wanting, often it was taken over again until it satisfied the producer, Dennison Clift.

A Glorious Part.

"Of course, I had a glorious part," Jessie Winter went on, commencing with supreme girlish happiness, and then the gradual descent into poverty and martyrdom under the influence of one great error and one destroying human weakness."

The story of "The Diamond Necklace" is so well known you need not come to life; the young wife on small means longing to borrow from a friend that glittering bauble that would add to her beauty "just for one night," and just for one night's freedom from petty cares, the elysium of a new life, the laughter, music, warmth of the gay world, and the matchless charming melody of love in its sublime self-sacrificing heights. Versatile and Charming.

JESSIE WINTER has played in comedy, drama, variety, farce, and pantomime. She has also played with Sir Herbert Tree, and has many memories of poor H. B. —"as "Harry" Irving was affectionately known. At the Law Divine. She has also played Little Emily in "David Copperfield," and in "Old Mortality." With these words in print, she will once again be playing lead in a new production on the legitimate stage.

Milton Rosmer at his Best.

THAT is saying much, is it not? But it is not, no exaggeration, as my readers will agree on discovering "The Diamond Necklace," is released. I will let you know the date later on.

Milton Rosmer soon fell a victim to the charms of Dennison Clift, the producer of "The Diamond Necklace."

"After the first scene we did together," Milton Rosmer told me recently, "I recognised the touch of a man who could get the best out of me, and he made the statement that I was the most responsive artist he had ever worked with, and that, whatever he asked, he knew I could give it to him, and a bit over!"

A Flattering Offer.

DENNISON CLIFT made a very flattering offer to Milton Rosmer to go to America, but before the picture was over Mr. Clift had arranged to do a series of pictures for the Ideal, and he requested that Mr. Rosmer should be secured for his star in that series.

Dennison Clift.

THIS is the famous producer of "The Diamond Necklace." I had a tremendously interesting talk with him the other morning. He told me heaps of things I didn't know, or stage-dish! "The Diamond Necklace."

The cutter," he told me, "must preserve all the dramatic situations. He must know drama. If a girl came to me and discussed the problems of a career, I'd advise her to learn the tricks of film-cutting, to work with a producer and learn the art. One of the most famous film-cutters in America is a girl. She used to be cutter to Griffith; I learnt her the art of cutting.

An Accident That Became a Success.

ON one occasion," Dennison Clift went on to say, "there was an explosion scene, two and a half feet of film. By an accident the manipulator got the film upside-down, and when it was shown it was one of the marvels of the picture; it was so vividly realistic.

Scenes of great dramatic effect are accentuated at times by reversing them. The thing in cutting is to preserve all the dramatic qualities of the scenario and production. Of course, Dennison Clift is now hard at work on a new Ideal masterpiece, entitled "Demise." I will let you know something about it shortly.

The Turn of the Wheel.

THEN he began to smile on this splendid young artist, and he has appeared with Cyril Maude as the Adelphi, where he took leads in plays produced by Maurice Elvey. It was at the Adelphi that Laurence Anderson first met this well-known producer. He understudied Owen Nares in "The House of Peril" and in "The Cinderella Man."

His Film Work.

"You were delightful in 'Innocent,'" I declared. "And what of 'Tavern Knight'?"

"Maurice Elvey, at first, hardly thought I was the type for Master Roger Keenough," said Mr. Anderson, "as it is required a bigger man. I decided that I should be a good idea to use cotton-wool to put my cheeks out and give me a full-faced countenance. I nearly swallowed the wool one day, but otherwise it was quite successful."

MAURICE ELVEY, whose photographs appear on this page, and who is the producer of 'The Tavern Knight,' believes in the elimination of sensation in films.

"I aim at pictorial beauty," he says, "for there is no limit of time or space. I was the pioneer of costume films, and every one had a tremendous audience. There was a fine chance in film production; no one in the world can wear the clothes of his ancestors like an Englishman!"

Mary Anderson's Nephew.

HE plays Master Kenneth in "Tavern Knight," and plays it in a masterly fashion. His name is Laurence Anderson. "I went on the stage in 1910 with Lewis Waller in 'Barzyles the Magnificent,'" Laurence Anderson told me one day. "I walked on at twenty-four shillings a week, and took a combined room in Tottenham Court Road at seven and sixpence a week, and on my second night a gentleman in the next room was murdered."

"Not Wisely But Too Well."

THE gentleman in point happened to be a Moslem. He used to leave his door open and pray on his mat. An Irishman living in the basement used to pull his legs, 'not wisely but too well.' One night, as the Irishman was on his way to bed, the Moslem suddenly appeared with a dagger. Result, the end of the Irishman, and I said 'good-bye' to my roommates."

The Tribulations of Young Artist.

I"WENT on 'in The Butterfly on the Wheel,'" Laurence Anderson confessed, with his humorous smile. "As a matter of fact, the divorce-court scene was so long that my bit had to be cut out; so then I sat as a reporter in the court and jotted down notes. After this adventure, I went with Jimmy Welch and released a play called 'Bily.' On the first night I arrived at the stage-door to find the bills blue over and two weeks' salary awaiting me in the rack!"
"Young Mrs. Winthrop." (Continued from page 16.)

She sneaked through a curtained doorway into another room at the far end of which glittered the glass and silver of a well-laid table. She glared at the far end as though it hadn’t happened, but when they had finished business—de- flected herself across to Mrs. Delaney seating a dinner that might have been cooked by the chef at Delaney’s.

After all, he said to himself, “why shouldn’t I have dinner with a client?” It is Constance’s fault that I’m sitting in this restaurant and the woman. He raised his glass to his hostess.

Here’s success to your speculation, Mrs. Delaney.

And in own home, Constance, dress for dinner, was panning up and down the dining-room.

Seven o’clock, seventy-third had passed, and still the telephone rang in the empty room. The only ones who had been kept back till eight and still Douglas did not appear.

“She is,” he said, “or—Constance bitterly. “Douglas could not keep his word for one thing, even when you have suggested the bargain. This is the last time I will give him the opportunity to lure me. You must confess that it is his fault.”

Mrs. Winthrop had to admit it.

“Come on home, Constance, dress for dinner, was panning up and down the dining-room.

Through the dining-room windows of the house next door, which Mrs. Delaney had purposely left open evening, Mrs. Constance’s husband lifting his glass in a toast to the woman she disliked with the attitude of the opposite.

Constance ran indoors, her eyes blurring with importance. “You are going to sing up at the Yacht Club.”

“Am I going to the jazz after all, Eve? Can you call round for me? I’ll be ready in twenty minutes.”

The Return.

When Douglas returned hour after nine o’clock he was met by the nursemaid rushing down the stairs at breakneck speed.

“Baby has been taken suddenly ill. Seriously, Victoria,” she said. “I was just going to telephone for the doctor. Will you, sir? I’ll get her.”

The girl upstairs again, and Douglas rang up the doctor.

“Only he was in and he promised to come round straight away. We have his mother and mother jazz dancing,” thought Douglas bitterly, as he paced the hall waiting for the doctor.

“Dining with her whileI was waiting for him,” thought Constance as she heretofore madly into the glade had sneaked out of the back.

“No, I think may that this has been my night,” murmured the doctor, leaving a voice of surprise as his maid unlaced her from the emerald-green shawl.

When the doctor came down from seeing baby Mrs. Grossmith said:

“Is she—is she very bad doctor? I asked Douglas honestly.

Douglas will be frank with you, Winthrop. She is very ill—seriously ill. A case of unfamiliar group. I think you could be sent for by the doctor. Ena Grossmith is the example of excellence.

Douglas went to the telephone and rang up Nick Constance.

Another man answered the ‘phone.

“Would you like to Winthrop to come home” at once. Nick was very seriously her knocked back and the latest news.

And each message was worse the one before. At Douglas paced to the there was a wild nothing of a card—call Constance. Eve the telephone and Nick Jones down in the room.

Some instinct had told Constance to return home and she had made Nick Jones turn back in the middle of the rule.

She had made up her mind to ask Douglas the reason for his absence and why he had dined with Mrs. Winthrop.

But when she saw his face stern set and his eyes answered her, she knew a vision of feeling at what thought was his hypocrisy.

In a few minutes she was on her way to the office of the others, “I have not danced half enough. Let’s dance here I,” said Constance, “I said Douglas stupidly, “I must ask you to make less noise. Rose is ill, very ill. While you were away she had fainting fits, because she has been running away for her life.”

For a moment Constance stood stock still,

Then she rushed wildly up the stairs followed by Douglas.

Douglas caught her on the landing.

(Continued on page 20.)

EN A GROSSMITH

Photo: Faulkham & Bushfield.

ENOUGH of these days, when I grow excessively hungry, I’ll get a notion to at least older and more ill than I am at present. I won’t go hungry, but I will spend an hour at home.

In all probability no one will buy them, in which event, as surely, no one will read them, but at least I shall be satisfied that I am doing something to satisfy me. And to be amused when one is old is no slight matter. In my deprective shall. I feel sure, mentally review the many excursions into stage—and film—land, which I have made on behalf of the Picture Show, and in that day shall, I feel confident, be tempted to jot down, for my own pleasure, Join impressions as a recollection of that fascinating country and the people I met there.

Concerning Interviewees.

Of the articles will deal with interviewing. Not with the rules of interviewing. There are no rules, or if there be, I have never learnt them. But there is the attitude adopted by those whose position in life makes them the victims (tomato, I mean willing ones) of the Press when confronted with that Press.

For there are more types of interviewees than the average reader dreams of. I am going, for instance, the luscious quantity: a joy to meet if one has a page to fill, but not such a joy (since to make the best of it at some asking thing) if half a column is at one’s disposal. There is the reticent type, from whom information must be gathered in the round, and its half-brother, the tactful, whose meticulous regard for professional properties is at once the adulation of its fellow artists and the despair of anyone with a pencil. There are the businesslike type, with a critical eye on proof sheets and the accuracy of its equipment; the lascivious type, dramatic off the stage as well as on it; the Angry-A-Cigarette-And-Make-Yourself-At-Homo type, most difficult to meet and interview, and so on ad infinitum. It will be an interesting article (to me), and I shall enjoy writing it. I cannot wait till then, however, to mention one type which I have not mentioned, any of which I must mention now, since to it belongs the subject of this interview.

A Hustler.

This type is the hustling, or properly, and in the American sense, the hustler that I interviewed. Ena Grossmith is the example of excellence.

The question was: When the present Strand success, “A Safety Match,” was given in New York, she thought the play was so much “on the job,” as the flapper of the piece, that the next day, and days following, the Press notices were full of her praises. On the occasion of this interview, Miss Grossmith hustled so much that she nearly hustled the interviewer out of existence. Nearly, not quite.

I had an appointment with Miss Grossmith,

but so, apparently, had several other people, so that when I arrived on the corridor where her dressing-room was located, it was to find her surrounded by a little group of friends, and already gowned and hatted for the street. All that remained to be done was to tie the cerise sash (a pleasing contrast to her navy-blue dress), and the donning of her coat and gloves.

In the course of the interview, the handkerchief and the buttoning of the gloves, the interview took place.

Likes Comedy and Athletic Roles.

JUST come in here a moment,” cried Miss Grossmith to me, diving from the dressing-room into her dressing-room, and immediately commencing operations to get into something in the shape of a suit.

"Please ask me when you want to know, because I have a Or minutes."

"Well, in what films have you appeared? I began breathlessly, feeling that at any minute my gray might be snatched from my sight.

Miss Grossmith did something to the sash which instantaneously transformed it into a knot.

"Two years ago I appeared in a Bertram Phillips’ production—can’t remember the name—The Great Gatsby or something rapid."

"Then in ‘The Castles of Dreams,’ and after that in ‘Candy-Ytu’, I mean ’Veroica’, with Mary Gilmore."

Miss Grossmith’s dresser helped her into her costume.

"I like film work very much," continued Miss Grossmith, without cessation, her fingers very busy with buttons, and want to do comedy. I am also fond of doing a lot of riding and athletics in my next pictures."

Mrs. Grossmith’s dresser handed her her gloves.

"Have—have you any plans at the moment?"

I stammered, too surprised by this diminutive but powerful creature.

"Plans? Here one glove on was in a twinkle."

"Yes—Film plans."

"Well—here another glove flew on—” and I am inclined to think Miss Grossmith missed appearing in a Stoll production on account of this piece.

Mrs. Grossmith made another dive for her handbag.

"Good-bye " I cried. "So sorry I can’t stay longer!" And was gone.&n

Brief, you say? Yes, but surely to the point. You want to know what films Miss Grossmith has appeared (supposing your memory needed jogging: whether she likes film work, and the kind of a role she prefers, and what she intends doing in the future. You have learned all these things. What matter then, if they were given in the course of two minutes?"

There is just one thing, though. I admire Miss Grossmith, I must say, but still an actress who can do many things which I would give a great deal to be able to do. But I wonder if Miss Grossmith could do (nearly) a thousand words out of a hundred? It is a tricky thing to accomplish. Yet it has been done.

—Mary Herschel Clarke.

PATHE SUNBEAMS

ELLA: "She applied for a position as a model, but the artist said she was too late." BELLIA (promptly): "Yes, about twenty years too late."

How charming it is to see a 2:1 pair of booths marked down to $1.50 each!—Buffalo, U.S.A., News.

"I hear that your wife is ill, Mrn.

"She is that.

"Is it dangerous else is?"

David: "It would be dangerous any more!"—Ladies’ Home Journal.

WARNING: When men get into politics, don’t let my kata with them.—Cape Argus.

THIS WEEK’S BEST JOKES

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Frères.

A peach came walking down the street.

She was more than passing fair.

As a result, quite a closed-eyed one.

And the peach became a pair.


SICK MAX (coming out of long deliberation): "Where am I? I’m in Heaven!"

His Wife (coming devotedly): "No, dear. I am still with you!"—Detroit Free Press.

THEF (under arrest): "Kin I go back an get her last night?"

Police Man: "Certainly not! Ye can’t be running away from me that way. You stand here and I’ll go back and get it."—Oakdale, N.J., Saturday Journal.
SHAYLE GARDNER
A New Zealand Actor Who is to Appear in a Series of Six British Films

SHAYLE GARDNER, who is at present playing with Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew," at the New Theatre, London, is to feature in a series of six films, which will be made under the direction of Mr. Rex Wilson.

Work has already been commenced on the first of the series which will introduce Mr. Gardner in the character of St. Elmo, in a film version of the famous book.

An Adventurous Life.

Mr. Gardner is a nephew of the late Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, and has had a very adventurous life. He was born in New Zealand, but has not spent a great deal of time in his native land. At the age of nine he had run away from home, and was selling newspapers in the streets of an American city. Two years later he worked his way round the world as a steward's boy. Since then he has sailed round the world four times, and it was at the end of his fourth trip that he came to London, where he commenced his theatrical career, having five small parts in "Joseph and His Brethren." Later, he toured the provinces, playing the leading part in "Grump," and when war broke out he joined the New Zealand army as a private and rose to the rank of Captain. His later stage parts have been as Peter in "The Eyes of Youth," the leading part in "Sunshine of the World," and opposite Irene Vanbrugh in "The Land of Promise."
**Young Mrs. Winthrop.** (Continued from page 14.)

"You can't go in there!" he said. "You are not in a fit state."

"I'm a thousand times fitter to see my baby than you are to see me—you hypocrite!" panted Constance.

As she pushed past him the door opened and old Mrs. Winthrop appeared. She had one look at her face to see that all was over.

Lettie Rose was dead.

With a sobbing cry: "My baby! Oh my baby!"

Constance left on the veranda.

Douglas, who had unwittingly followed the death of baby Rose, the Winthrop drifted further and further apart, each of them going their own way, without ever looking back. They had decided on a legal separation, and Douglas and Lettie Rose had done all in their power to get the young people to make it up, they had failed.

Constance was sitting with Mrs. Winthrop one afternoon when Marie, the maid, rushed in, very excited.

"Oh, madame, Mrs. Delaney's maid has just told me something you ought to know. It was how Mrs. Delaney got Mr. Winthrop—"

"That will do, Marie," broke in Constance quietly.

"We do not wish to hear servants' gossip!"

"But if the matter concerns my son, I wish to hear it," said Douglas.

Then Marie told him how Mrs. Delaney had just written to Constance to不通 Douglas Winthrop, telling him that Constance was going to the dance and that she had been to the theatre of business, she had persuaded him to dine with her that night. Douglas, who had tasted there was a mistake somewhere, said Mrs. Winthrop when Marie had left. "You see, Constance, is not to blame.

"It doesn't matter," said Constance wearily. "I was drinking before. That night was the last straw. And my love for him is dead, broken, broken!"

But Mrs. Winthrop did not mean to give up her attempts to bring her son and his wife together. Constance had written to Mr. Scott, and that worthy gentleman planned a scheme. He sent a note to each, saying the two should meet together at his office to sign certain papers in connection with the division of property. Constance and Douglas wrote back, asking him to arrange matters so that they could make the divorce separately; but the attorney insisted that they should be present at the same time.

The meeting was arranged. Douglas bowed coldly to Constance as he entered the room, and took his stand at the other end.

Mr. Scott began to read from a deed which mentioned the date of the marriage.

I remember that day perfectly," he said. "There was sunshine, a brighter breezy, a happier atmosphere.

"Please keep to the matter in hand, Scott," interrupted Douglas irritably.

Douglas bowed coldly as he turned to the window, and Constance was lost in thought.

"I am an old man's weakness," murmured the attorney.

The clock chimed. Now, and again he would stop and mention some incident of their former days. As he cast a wistful glance at Constance he could not help thinking of the days when Douglas showed him that young man was having a happy, aimless vacation under cover.

Euston Scott decided to play his trump card.

"And now I come to a piece of property I cannot divide. It is a baby's grave."

The attorney stopped suddenly.

Constance was crying softly. He saw Douglas make a move towards her. The old man waited just long enough to see Douglas take his wife in his arms, then he did a wild Indian dance down the room. He slapped his chief clerk on the back.

"Come out, Henry, my boy!" he cried. "The Winthrop divorce is off. We're going to celebrate!"

While Henry got his coat Mr. Scott telephoned the good news to old Mrs. Winthrop.

Inside the office, Constance was drying her eyes and straightening her hat, which had got somewhat askew.

"I'm so happy, Douglas," she said.

"Compare me now, you're absolutely miserable," cried Douglas. "We begin our second honeymoon at once, and this time it is going to last all our lives."

(Adapted from incidents in the Paramount-Aircraft photo-play, featuring Ethel Clayton as Constance Winthrop.)

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**IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.**

When I was asked to choose my favourite millinery styles for the benefit of those of the Picture Show, I was overjoyed, for if there is one part of wearing apparel that I appreciate more than any other it is the hat. I always think that to make such a world of difference to the finished, out-door appearance. And I'm not wrong, I'm told.

As a matter of fact, I make all my own hats, both for wear in my own flat and private use. I find it so much more satisfactory, as one can always be assured of a pleasing result when their hats are fashioned by their own hand.

**Make Your Own Hats.**

I DO not believe in following fashion blindly, I think you will like these. I am always two for every-day knock-about wear, and two for more festive occasions. I'll be sensible and talk about the ever-day hats first.

The tammy hat is absolutely invaluable, and few girls are there who do not possess one, or perhaps half-a-dozen. Personally I think them best when they are fashioned from ribbon, as in the sketch on this page. They are very simple to fashion if you make a small foundation first, and mount the ribbon upon this. If you want a touch of novelty to appear in your ribbon tammy, you can work it in alternate rows of two shades or colours of ribbon. A pretty one that I made for a friend was of pale grey and rose pink ribbon alternately! It was delightful upon her brown hair.

The second every-day hat is very pianet and suitable for wear with a coat and skirt. It is intended for silk davyton—that lovely fabric that has the appearance of the goat's suede. Think how becoming it would be in Alice Blue davyton, the top embroidered in a running stitch design in green and gold! A neat little brim would help to keep straggly curls in place upon the windest day, and the bow at the side gives a touch of permissiveness to the mock impudence.

**Satin, Lace and Roses.**

DON'T you think that the hat illustrated in the lower sketch is a most delightful style? It would look admirable with a full, flat crown, and a very narrow, turned-down brim. All the difference is made by the piece of stiff lace, which is wired and arranged to stand up all around. This is a jolly good renovation idea, too, girls, if you have an old small hat you wish to "do up.

You could even cut off a large brim, and bind it with ribbon first to get the desired shape.

 Last but not least comes the picturesque cap of gathered georgette. It is hardly a hat you would wear with a suit, but to top off some soft crepe-de-Chine frock it would be wonderful. Suppose your frock were of grey crepe-de-Chine, cut might be fashioned from powder blue georgette, the crown swathed with silver ribbon and tied in a wired bow.

The georgette is merely arranged in a tuck over the edge of the brim, and then drawn tight to the crown, which it supports with neatness and dignity. It is a real crown, and hearkens to the material crown. A pretty idea for bridesmaids' hats, don't you think?

You can obtain patterns of the hats on this page for one shilling each from Picture SHOW Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
Louise Fazenda at Home
By Emma-Lindsay Squier.

"A"n interview!" repeated Louise Fazenda's voice over the phone. "Surely. Come right over to the house. I'm making a pie just now, but you won't mind, I'm sure."

I assured her I wouldn't, but down in the bottom of my heart I did. She and pies have such an affinity for each other, you know. The last time I interviewed the energetic comedienne, it was on the Sennett lot, and as I came by the set where Louise was working, a custard pie whizzed by me and hit the wall not ten inches away. Miss Fazenda hurried up and helped wipe off some of the bits of shredded, apologizing and telling me that she had aimed in the opposite direction, but that custard pies had a habit of backfiring. I merely mentioned this in passing, to account for my feeling when she spoke of being occupied with a pie.

Well, anyway, there I was at the appointed hour ringing the bell of a modest little white flat, wondering what Louise Fazenda would be like off the screen. For I had always seen her at the studio in her grotesque make-up, with an antiquated dress and shrunken-back hair, and while I knew, of course, that comedienne at home look like other human beings, I was not quite prepared for the altogether lovely young lady who opened the door for me and told me cordially to come right in and make myself at home; go over to the kitchen, finish up some blackberry jelly but would be in presently, and wouldn't I take that rocking chair.

Louise as she really is.

Louise was dressed in a lavender smock and a woolen skirt, and her feet were encased in comfy house slippers.

Her golden-brown hair was piled up on her head and it curled around her ears in a manner quite unpremeditated—yes, she has curly hair, but you'd never know it in her pictures—it never gets the ghost of a chance to express its personality.

"Did you expect to find us in a palatial Hollywood 'bungalow'?" she asked, as she curled up comfortably in a big Morris chair. "Mother and I like this kind of a place much better. It's quite large enough for the two of us—father is away so much, you see; he's a merchandising broker and just comes home for visits—or what would mother and I be doing in a big house with a hundred servants around? We don't even keep a maid—we both like to cook—oh, wait a minute and I'll bring you some of mother's jelly!"

She whisked off into the kitchen, where I heard her calling her mother, "dear," and when she came back, it was with a dish of perfect blackberry jelly, not quite cold, and after that it was hard to talk shop.

"What do you think about my name?" she asked abruptly, as I was putting away the last of the jelly. "Doesn't it sound as if I'd eat up nights thinking it out? But it's really mine—yes, it's Italian. My father's parents were born in Italy, so I come by it honestly, but it's such a drawing-room sort of a name! I ought to be a tragedienne to live up to it."

"My name is like me," she went on, with her eyes wider than ever, "sort of a mishap."

"A mishap?" I echoed incredulously.

 Wanted to do Dramatic Stuff.

"Yes, really!" she assured me seriously. "You see, when I first started in pictures I just knew I was going to be a sob artist. I had visions of myself acting like Natasha Novak or standing where the sunshine would fall on my hair a la Mary Pickford. Oh, I had it all planned out: I was sixteen then, and our finances were such that I had to do something. Acting was the only thing I wanted to do, so I applied for a job out at Universal—and got it. It was in a comedy with Gabi Henry, and I was employed in several others, but still I had the dramatic bee buzzing around in my bone, and because I did have rather good screen features, they gave me a chance at heavier stuff.

"And you made good, didn't you?" I interrupted. Louise has that endearing personality which makes you feel sure that she would succeed at anything she tried.

"Yes, I did!" she responded merrily. "I was so bad, I was funny. I don't think I ever came on to a set without falling over myself, and I had a merry little habit of backing up against a table and pushing off a lamp or a piece of expensive bric a brac. The end came when the director told me to come downstairs—lightly—I was supposed to be an orphan daughter or something sad like that—well, I tripped on the top step and I came down—lighty, hitting each step as I came, and landing at the bottom with a dull sickening thud. I picked myself up, and the director was just looking at me steadily, deciding what to say first. I didn't give him a chance. I left that day and applied at the Sennett studio.

"Can you take a fall?" Mr. Sennett asked me. I thought of the stairs and said I could. They thought I looked funny, I guess, so they put me to work—and here I am!"

"I forgot to ask you to excuse my mocassins," she said, when I rose to leave. "They are so comfortable—Blinnie, the Indian Princess, made them for me when they were doing 'Mickey' at the studio. I suppose I ought to dress up for an interview—but when I'm home I don't feel one bit like a 'film queen.'"

"You don't look it," I assured her, and I hope she knows that I meant it as a compliment.
THE VALUE OF A TITLE

It is evident that nowadays the well-known Shake- spearean adage concerning a name is not greatly respected. This may not be, of course, because the name is well-known, but because it is certain to be regarded as sacred. It is certain to be sacred, however, when Commercialism elects to walk hand in hand with Art — as it very frequently does — the money making con- nection. It is not only the deciding factor, but the deciding factor, as well.

There is little need for surprise, therefore, at so many films which are adaptations of well-known books of stage plays, as well as stories which have been specially written for the screen, being given a different title. From the point of view of the author, the original name may have been an excellent one. His may have been a painstaking choice in which the love of an artist for his work is evident. He was ready to find a name as a parent in the christening of his child. But a producer, even though he may possess an artistic soul, is in most cases a purveyor of art. He cannot hope to sell his work to the masses, the audience. He sells them with the magnets by which he endeavours to draw the public, and much, therefore, depends on their power.

If it happens to be found that his choice of other titles is always the best. There are times when the voice of the producer is lost to the public, and when a film plays less, perhaps, than a good many of the things which get into print.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue.

A stamped and addressed envelope must accompany any letter requiring an early reply.

Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous communications can be answered.


E. P. (Averingtohn).—Do you mean "The Master Mystery?"

"The Master Mystery?" (Birmingham).—So you are a new correspondent. Please to make your acquaintance.


J. A. (Birmingham).—As requested, Joan, the plotter shall set up your name to full. "The Lost City" is George Cheekebun's latest film to be released here, and I hope you have seen it. No personal details as yet.

La Tenebarie (Birmingham).—Your first questions will be found answered above. Who is Jola Neve? You ask? She is practically a newcomer to filmland, and was born in Warsaw, Poland, about twenty-eight years ago, and was for some time a member of the Imperial Russian Ballet.

N. S. (Leihfield,).—The east of "Lady Noggs" is as follows: George Belshun (Louise), Dorothy Noggs (Neil), Henriette Noggs (Deirdre), Jennifer Earls (Miss Stetson), Stane Rusak (Stane Noggs), and Joan Morgan (The Lady Noggs). Rene Creese was born in Paris, and began his screen career with the Gaumont Company in 1913. "The Man in the Mask," "The Farmer," and "The Soul of Mystery" are three of his films.

J. F. B. (Northampton).—Oh, there is a deal of humour to be got out of life and letters, I live on smilies, am glad to think I raise a few. No, Gladys Brookhead got married to Walter Scott. Remember your other name when writing again, according to rule.

B. E. (Leedsv).—There is no doubt you believe in the film. The name, however, is not quite in keeping with so many words underlined, and all the adjectives were stretched in because, presumably, you were writing about a film which was all too good for you. Everett Dexter and Mary Pickford were the naturalinenne of the "Redwoods." He was born in Houston, Texas, but gives no date.

A. S. (Heidelberg).—A few conflicting issues are married to Alma Rehans. I shall have to ask Ralph Grev, back in "The Story of a House," "Who Cares?" and "Tallah榅ak Headland in "Thirty's a Week." The players are in "Old Abe," were Milly, Hume (Sue), M. Mathiot (Kohn), and M. de Max (David Viehl, the Rabbi).

H. D. (Liverpool).—Jackie Saunders is American. She was born twenty-nine years ago. You ought to try and see a few more British films.

P. C. (Barnsley).—You decided to give me a month's rest and then take up again. Well, I have been expecting something like that, so have kept my mouth to myself. Your suggestion is a good one, but unfortunately space forbids my adopting it. Your favourites do not disclose their birthdays. The late William Neeley is opposite Dorothy Phillips in "Hell Morgan's Girl."

"SHOTS" FROM BROADWEST

On the 25th of this month, "Her Penalty," one of the very latest BROADWEST films, will be released throughout the country. The story, which is an original one, tells of a pretty girl unwisely becomes a bigamist. Stewart Rome and Pauline Peters play the leading parts. There are some wonderful examples of the precision, and Stewart Rome appears, during the greater part of the film, as a bearded wanderer in the desert.

Mr. Walter West has completed his production, "A Sportsman's Wife," which stars Rolf Hopson, Gregory Scott, and Clive Brook. It is a very busily engaged with another big film, one very interesting feature now being made by this well-known British firm is an adaptation of Charles Reade's famous novel, "Christie Johnstone."

It deals with life in a fishing village, and is quite a new departure for the BROADWEST Company.

Jig-Saw Puzzles are always popular, and you can now obtain Rolf Hopson's and Stewart Rome's portraits in them. They cost only 1/6 each, including postage, and will provide many hours' amusement. (Continued on next page.)

FREE Patterns

You can make both of these jumpers from the free pattern given in today’s "Horner's Stories."

Next week there will be a skirt pattern, and the week after a dainty frock. Make sure of all three. Give a regular order for

G. C. (Wood Green).—Lloyd Hughes was born in Brisbane, Arizona, in 1899. His films include "The Hangman," "Sons of the Soil," "Robber of the Mountains," "The Indestructible Wife," Pauline Starke and Furneaux in "The Man from Bayswater," and "A Female of the Species." He is married to Marie Polini. Robert Evers does not give his age. Ralph Lockwood was about thirty when he died. He played opposite Mary Pickford and also Margaret Clark. I understand he left a wife and a child who you require.

A. J. (St. Anne's-on-Sea).—Try Samuel Sargent, Ltd., 26, Southampton Row, London, W.C. 2, for dialogues, stage plays, etc.

"FRED" (Portsmouth).—The cast of "Light in Darkest Orin" is as follows: the leading parts are not related. You have done well to have secured six new readers during the last three months. I have new numbers for you.

D. G. (Walton-on-Thames).—Besides "The Black Secret," Walter McGrail has appeared in "Miss Amiable," "Within the Law," and "Country Cousin." He is married to Alice H. in Brooklyn, New York, and has black hair and blue eyes.

"TRISTLY FOR KNOWLEDGE" (Bulwich Salterton).—The scenes in "The Call of the Wild" were taken round about several Kentish villages.


DOROTHY (G lubford).—You can get back numbers if you write to the Publisher of this paper, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, London, E.C. 4. Irene Castle and Huntley Gordon were the leads in "The Bitterest Fruits" without congratulations.

There will be more news of your favourites in time.

THE PICTURE GIRL (Liverpool).—Lily Jacobson and G. S. Tolome were the leads in "A Daughter of Don Giovanni."

L. M. H. (Clapham Common).—Constance Talbot in "The Call of the Wild" is as follows: Mollie, Mary Harold (Thel-Beth), Renecreese, Matilda Wolper, Dorothy Patten (Marguerite Dolores), Mollie, Rosette (Rose), Louis Lebros, and Horace Wren (Peter). In "The Madam (Sir George France)," and G. Michel (Dr. Gibson) in "The Bitterest Fruits.""

FANNY (Barnsley).—Glad to hear from you, but your last paragraph was badly spelt. You forgot to read carefully the rule about disclosing your full name when writing. Irving Cummings has directed "The Bitterest Fruits."

"BRITISH THE BEST" (Herne).—Your ardent patriotic sentiments are appreciated. Your name, however, is given as "Paddy," and your friends, however, seen very shy about stating their names. Livingston are the artists in "Patricia Beryl-Spinelet."

LIDY (Birkenhead).—You snarl that Flora Finch was never the wife of the late John Bunny, and against you there are six who swear that she was. The six are quite wrong and you are right. I hope this shocking language has now ceased.

P. E. (Crawley).—"She Happened to Mary?" seems always to provide rather bitter fruit for discussion. The start in it was, of course, Mary Fuller.

PADDY (Caldccot).—Yes, Thomas Meekin is a marriageable bachelor in "The Blue-Eyed Girl."

As the moment of writing, Antonio Moreno remains a bachelor. (Continued on next page.)

Full Sized Men

There are the men who win success in the world of music or the world of art, who are under full size, increase your height. Treatment is available for you at the Sheringham Health Centre. This treatment has now returned to the original formula that had failed to do so. Students report from 2 to 6 inches increase. Send for a postcard for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Inquiry Dept. G.T., 17, Brompton Green Road, London, N.4.
WICTUN.

"LUMINARY." (Nottingham.)—Florence Tumer deserted the screen for some time, but she has come back, and "The Man in the Night," in which she played opposite Season Hayakawa, was released last month. "Blackmail," starring Charles Caumyn and Beatrice Grimshaw, was also released in March. "Anna." (Newcastle-on-Tyne.)—You happen to be right. It was twice the Tabor starred in "The Red Circle."

"LOVELY BEARER." (Manchester.)—You say you have been a victim of that peculiar disease, Why, where-in-how-and-what-and-when, and that you can't really say that the complaint, for my patience, you ask better. Bert Lyle, Yoll Vale, and Eugene O'Neill were in "What Jimmy Valentine." Herbert Rees was Persn Cowl in "Darby and Joan."

"PEARL." (Plymouth.)—I shall have to return your missing letter of a year ago on an unsolved mystery. Jack Orby was the hero with Norman Talmadge in "A Daughter of Two Worlds."

Mi. (Manchester.)—When you don't ask unless your disappointment is likely to be less, you are lucky to be able to go on three times a week to the pictures. Warner Oland was born in Umea, Sweden.

Antonio Romero was born in Madrid, Spain, and though destined for the pulp, took to the films, via the stage, instead and is now in his thirty-third year. F. O. (Crockett Park.)—Among Kathryn Williams' recent parts are in "The Price of Fame." "Just a Wife," and "The Tree of Knowledge."

"PUTTIN' ON." (Rocky Mountain.)—Sorry if you have lost to wait, but there were quite a number who had queued up in front of you. Eliza Clorton and Leo Cody were in "Men, Women, and Money," and Antonio Moreno and Pauline Coolie in "The Invisible Hand."

"ROYBEE." (West Dulwich.)—You are welcome, but I can't find your letter. Go tell your tale, and question about Violet Hopson and Stewart Rome has been confirmed so often that I have decided to pass on. They are not related in any way. Yes, Irene Castle was formerly Mrs. Vernon Castle and she married Robert Traimen. Anna Strong was the wife of Rudolph Camerion.

"WALLY." (Blackpool.)—You say you have heard every argument every week. W. S. McCutcheon and William T. Wood have been continuously splitting. Their latest two films were directed by this, the "Boy's Cinema," and "Girls' Cinema," both worth more than their weight.

(More Answers next week.)

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"PICTURE SHOW." PERSONAL.

WRITING TO ARTISTES.—Please do not ask for any art work by post, but if you wish to correspond at all make sure your letter, putting the name of the star on the envelope and enclosing it with a loose 5d. stamp to the Editor, the PICTURE SHOW, Room 65, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 1, and it will be forwarded by the next mail. A letter weighing more than one ounce will require an additional 1d. stamp. Letters cannot be specially acknowledged by the Editor. When writing to artists always give your full name and address, including the name of your county and country, and mention the PICTURE SHOW to ensure the safety of a reply. We cannot, however, guarantee that such letters will be answered. Please keep these addresses for reference.


Creighton Hall, care of World Film Corporation, 130, West 46th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

Miss Hynns, care of Metro Pictures Corporation, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

William Earsten, one of Fox Studios, 1401, North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

(End of Answers next week.)

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and New Zealand, MESSRS. GORDON & DUTCH, LTD.; and for Canada, THE IMPERIAL NEWS CO., LTD.
Pearl White, who recently married Wallace McCutcheon, is still honeymooning, as you may see by this photograph. We are to see husband and wife together on the screen in the coming Fox photoplay, "The Thief," the famous play which has been the success of a London theatrical season.
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"Picture Show-Chat."

Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players.

Pictures at the Palace—Birth of Christianity, First Film—Mary Pickford as a Little Mother.

Here is to see James Crane coming back on the screen. He has been starring in "Opportunity" on the stage for the past year. As you may know, he is married to Alice Brady, and his favorite indoor pastime is music. But he says he can only get the maximum of enjoyment from his piano when he is playing for his Realart star-wife.

Wallace Reid's Next Part.

Wallace Reid is now hard at work on a new play, entitled "The Love Special," in which the part of a railway engineer.

Miss Pickford’s New Part.

Every photograph that comes over from Mary Pickford proves the assertion of a friend who has lately visited her that she grows younger instead of older. Certainly it seems Mary refuses to grow up. If you doubt me, turn to our centre art picture this week. This is a scene in Mary's very latest production, entitled "The Love Light," and shows the world’s sweetheart as a little mother. Isn't it a beautiful picture?

Another Fine Play Filmed.

Did you see the famous Piñero play, "His Name Was George Alexander and our own Irene Vanbrugh playing the leading parts on the stage? If so, you will want to see Alice Ferguson in Miss Vanbrugh's part on the screen in the Paramount Arcturus photo just released. The fine story of this production appears on page 16.

From Gregory Scott to — ?

This is the week that the "Girl's Cinema" is giving Gregory Scott's beautiful real gold slave bangle as a prize in a single-week competition. There is no entrance fee; anyone is eligible to compete, as if you are not a regular reader of this splendid little screen story paper, buy a copy this week. The twopenny you spend on the copy may win you this gift that no money can buy. This slave bangle bears the inscription inside, Good Luck—Gregory Scott," in Greg's own handwriting.

The Pearl White and Wallace McCutcheon Romance.

Did you see "The Black Secret," the Pathé serial in which Pearl White played her last serial before joining the Fox banner? In this serial the hero (disguised as the villain) was Wallace McCutcheon, and Pearl thought so fine in a role that she consented to marry him in real life. In case you cannot call him to mind, I refer you to our cover picture this week. Here you see Pearl and her husband still honeymooning between screen plays. Mr. McCutcheon is playing opposite Pearl again in her coming screen version of the famous play, "The Thief."

What James Reenie is Like.

Would you like a description of James Reenie, who has just married Dorothy Gish? He is thirty years old, broad-shouldered, and has the whitest of teeth, the bluest of eyes, and the blackest of hair. He has also a marvellous sense of humour, and that is why the directors say he is such a good actor.

When They First Met.

H. E. tells of his first meeting with Dorothy, which was when he was playing opposite her in film and Lillian Gish was directing them.

"Lillian," he says, "was very serious and business-like when she was working."

"Ready?" she asked. "Take her in your arms. Closer! Closer!"

He crooned Dorothy breathlessly, "He's crushing me now!"

"All right," said Lillian, in a business-like tone, "Un-hug!"

"And after that," concluded Mr. Reenie, "we all felt pretty well acquainted!"

More Charlie Chaplin Pictures.

I HEAR that Charlie Chaplin is looking ten years younger and happier since he returned to the studio to work. He was asked for his ideas on the subject of going on the legitimate stage.

"I should say not!" was his reply. "I have seen enough poor plays last summer and autumn. It is hard enough to make a good picture, but it must be still harder to make a good play."

In the Frozen Northland.

In the coming James Kirkwood production, "The Golden Snares," one of the most important expeditions ever attempted to secure scenes set out from Los Angeles for the frozen Northland.

Two special baggage cars were needed to carry the sledges, for blankets, tramp, snow-shoes, cooking utensils, and other impediments incidental to the journey.

One hundred and five dogs of every breed able to withstand the hardships of the frozen North, a double team of Alaska reindeer, seven dozen wolves, and seventy-two Siberian wolf-hounds, have been gathered for the production.

Louise and Mary.

LOUISE LOVELY regrets that she is often taken for Miss Pickford, "Of course, I am glad I look like Miss Pickford," she says, "because I can’t think of anyone I resemble; but, really, I don’t want to look like anyone. I have done everything I can be myself—scraped my hair back, chosen a different style of dress, altered my make-up—and still I look like her."

Norma’s Dancing Lessons.

I HEAR that Norma Talmadge is at present resting, previous to commencing work on her next picture, "The Sign on the Door," in which she is to have Lew Cody opposite her as the villain of the piece.

Norma’s holiday was really needed, as, although she studied classic dancing for years, in her latest picture, "The Passion Flower," she was called upon to do a Spanish dance entirely different from anything she had ever learned; and during the filming of the play she was as busy forgetting the rules of classic dancing as she had formerly been learning them.

James Crane Coming Back.

We are to see James Crane again on the screen. He has been starring in "Opportunity" on the stage for the past year. As you may know, he is married to Alice Brady, and his favorite indoor pastime is music. But he says he can only get the maximum of enjoyment from his piano when he is playing for his Realart star-wife.

When Anita Reads a Novel.

They say in the studio that Anita Stewart is one of the most romantic stars of Screenland.

It is a standing joke that if Anita is in the middle of a novel, she will not leave it even to go to a party until she has finished the story and left the heroine safe and happy.

Charlie Murray’s Mount.

There is a big party being arranged to precede an aerial circus in Los Angeles for the benefit of the disabled soldiers, and I hear that Charlie Murray has agreed to ride a camel.

"I’d prefer a zebra, an elephant, or an antelope, but the boys have hired a camel, and what they want I must do, if I can stay on this hurricane deck!" says Charlie.

Teddy Gerrard on the Screen.

TEDDY GERRARD is appearing in films and is playing opposite Charles Meredith in the coming Jesse D. Hampton production. The company has been in the Yosemite national park for over a month now, taking exterior scenes.

MARY HAY

RICHARD BARTHELMES

When Richard Barthelmess met Mary Hay during the filming of "Way Down East," everyone prophesied another screen romance—and they were right. Mary Hay is now Mrs. Richard Barthelmess.
"PICTURE SHOW" "CHAT. (Continued from page 3)

To Save Bert's Feet.

THE many painful possibilities existing round a motion-picture studio when the star has got to do a series of bare-foot scenes caused Bert Lytell to create a new position during the production of "The Man Who" his latest picture.

After involuntarily picking up some tacks and splinters in his unprotected pedicuremies, the wrathful star created the Metro maecenas, Albert Sarno, known professionally as "The Studio Kid," official tack-detector; and on every set where Mr. Lytell appears without his walking protectors, the official detector first makes a keen-eyed search. There was an immediate falling-off in casualties following the creating of the new position.

Charles His Own Musician.

I HEAR that Charlie Chaplin has arranged the complete musical score for his much talked-of picture, "The Kid." This is the first time that Charlie has ever performed this work for one of his pictures, although he is an accomplished musician.

The Number 13.

H E R B E R T B R E N N O N, who has been directing Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower," is not a superstitious person, but there are 13 letters in the name Herbert Brennon. Secondly, Mr. Brennon's contract called for him to begin work on the 13th of the month. Thirdly, the title of the picture "The Passion Flower" has 13 letters in it.

Fourthly, there are 13 letters in the name of the producer, Joseph Schenck; and, fifthly, there are 13 letters in the name of the star, Norma Talmadge.

Instead of regarding the number 13 with the horror in which it is usually held," says Mr. Brennon, "I believe it to be my lucky rather than unlucky number, because there is no star in this world would direct rather than Norma Talmadge."

Farnum's Realistic Fights.

W ILLIAM FARNUM has appeared in many recent Fox productions in which his fighting ability has been taxed to the utmost. And it may seem strange to those who have witnessed the star's efforts on the screen, Farnum really hates fighting in any shape or form.

At the same time the star realizes that, although thousands of people admire him for his dramatic ability, nevertheless, there are just as many who admire him for the way in which he handles his own battles. Undoubtedly, as an actor, he commands all the fine points of the art, and it is because of this that he can do something really well that he does not like.

Why They Choose Him.

NATURE favoured him with a powerful build, which is an inherent in the human race that leaves the mind of physical encounter between two strong men—probably an inheritance from our cave-dwelling ancestors. This is the reason why Farnum has so many fights in his pictures. During his career, he has fought with nearly every weapon that man ever made for the purposes of which there is something unusual for a peace-loving man.

"I can assure my supports," says the star, "that the sooner exact straightforward dramatic roles and do my best to thrill them with sound acting than to earn their applause with a display of brute strength. However, when a fight is necessary, I always do my best to make it as realistic as possible."

Frank is Not Tactful.

A GOOD story is going round about little Mary Pickford and Kups, who has certainly got her aunt's charming frankness, but possibly lacks her tact.

She was invited to a birthday party given by one of her little girl friends, and arrived at the party with a wooden duck as a present.

"It's a good duck that we've had around for a long time," she explained to the little hostess. "It's all right except for a little bit of paint that came off the head, but mother put some ink over that, and you wouldn't notice it." And they said that the wooden duck was one of the most appreciated presents given at that party.

A Real Villain.

W A L T E R J O N G prides himself on being a real villain of the screen. He says he has always been a villain. As a child he stole jewelry, hide his dog on the neighbours' cats, and everything predicted that he would come to a bad end. And, as all of you know, he has done so—many times. He has been shot, hurled from precipices, choked, and drowned. In his last picture, "Go and Get It," he was hanged.

"But I died game," he boasts. "I went to the gallows with a cigarette between my lips, and lots of heroines were watching me."

Now we are to see him as the villainous Mexican, Rojas, in the film version of Zeno (grey's "The Long Night," the original story of which is now running in the "Boys' Cinema," while the film version can be seen on the screen.

Fay Filer.

FROM "OVER THERE." Notes and News From New York.

M A D A M E O L G A P E T R O V A motored in from her home in Great Neck last week. I hadn't seen her for a week or more, and she has been kept so busy looking after her sick husband, who has just undergone a serious surgical operation, that I was not surprised to find her looking pale and tired. But when I mentioned the fact, she assured me that she had determined to keep it, come what would, and had all during the "cutting-up" act been watching the progress of the surgeon's knife with an intelligent interest that made her husband say:

"Madame, you would have made a great doctor.

It was typical of Olga Petrova that she remained at her post until the last stitch was taken, and then sat by her husband's bedside until six o'clock, when she made her way back to her home in Great Neck.

It is a remarkable testimony to her health, but it is also a mark of respect to her kindred which will bear witness that Madame has not been idle in her kitchen. With the shortage of servants, she has been doing her own cooking, making a great amount of reading, and trying to finish a stage play in time to submit it to one of our American producers. From all that, she has nothing to occupy her time.

Lillian Gish Undecided.

S P E A K I N G OF Madame Petrova, there was a buzz of interested feminine voices when the Polish actress and Lillian Gish walked into the Algonquin dining-room a few days ago. I was invited to make one of her luncheon parties, and we had a merry time. There was a great bond of understanding and sympathy between these two women. They both like each other, and Madame Petrova very frankly says she considers Lillian Gish the greatest screen-artist of her day. Who said there is always jealousy between two women? On the other hand, Madame Petrova, who is a famous star of the rest of the world, has a tremendous admiration for Madamo Petrova's mentality and charm. Lillian has been undecided about playing "Marguerite" in Griffith's production of "Passion.""

"I want to play in Mr. Griffith's pictures, of course," she said, "but I am so afraid of the many plays every six months ago in a vote of the theatre voted all costume plays. Still, the success of 'Passion' makes me believe that this prejudio has been somewhat overcome."

The bets are all on Lillian's acceptance of Mr. Griffith's offer, and rightly, too. Not to betray a secret or anything, she whispered to me she would in all likelihood play "Marguerite."

Eugene on His Knees.

I SAW something on the floor of the Algonquin Hotel dining-room one night that reminded nothing so much as a big bear. I laughed and that's arranged. I have a light-haired, curly, red-haired little girl, and our pictures are a marcel made by Nature's curling-iron.

"Why, Geno O'Brien! I never. What in the world are you doing?"

"Oh, hello!" he said, "I lost one of my shoes. I didn't lose my shoes;" I pricked highly.

"But why, in Heaven's name," I asked him, "don't you let the water or the running of the water make you do this silly things?"

"I was afraid they wouldn't look caref" he said, "and making a silly scene of this."

We shall see in "Handy Andy," "The Old Country," and "Rainy Weather."
"Ernest Maltravers"

COWLEY WRIGHT and LILIAN HALL DAVIS.

"The Strongest"

HUNSE ADORÉ.

"His House in Order" (PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT)

ELFIE FERGUSON.

"The Broken Butterfly" (JURGY)

PAULINE STARKIE and LEW COOTY.

"The Man Who Woke Up" (WESTERN IMPORT.

PAULINE STARKIE.

"A Daughter of the Wolf" (PARAMOUNT)

Ala Lark and KELLIOT DEXTER.

"His Daughter Pays" (WALKERS)

GERTRUDE McCAY.

The British Release of the Week.

ERNST MALTRAVERS, Lord Lytton's famous novel, produced by Jack Kedona, scenario by Eliot Slavimir, Ideal Films Ltd. It is a strong plot, ably portrayed by a very strong cast of British actors: Ernest Maltravers is played by Cowley Wright, Mr. Maltravers (Albert Smidt), Mrs. Merton (George Bellamy), Mrs. Merton (Helen Plowden), Caroline (Miss Violet Bualdios), Mr. Mason (Alban Atwood), Doctor (Frank A. Arter), Luke Darvil (Norman Partridge), Walters (N. Watts Phillips), Alice (Miss Lilian Hall-Davis), Evelyn (Miss Stella Wood-Sums), Lord Vargrave (Ernest Douglas), Lady Vargrave (Madame A. A. d'Este), Mrs. Jones (Mrs. Watts Phillips), George Legard (Hubert Gordon Hopkirk).

The Story.

ONE night a handsome youth, Ernest Maltravers, returns from his studies abroad. On a desolate common he loses his bearings, and is offered a bed by Luke Darvil, a hardened truant.

Ernest is warned by Alice, Darvil's beautiful young daughter of sixteen. Presently Luke, in the company of a villain, by name Walters, enters the room, intent on murdering his trapped visitor, but Ernest is saved by Alice. The two fly together. Next day communions a love idyll between these two human beings so curiously sung across each other's path by fate.

The old story of love in a cottage follows, until one day Ernest is obliged to bury away to his father, who is seriously ill. During his absence, Luke Darvil barges the cottage, and Alice is carried off. Ernest returns to the place of desolation. He searches in vain for Alice, and eventually, distraught, goes abroad. Later, Alice escapes, and is cared for by chance strangers on the country side, Lord and Lady Vargrave. They give her shelter until her child is born, and try to find her lost lover.

Years pass. Evelyn, Alice's daughter, is now a replica of her beautiful mother, and she and Maltravers' secretary, secretly love. And then one glorious day Alice and Ernest meet. There are tears, smiles, and a great joy on that wonderful day of reunion.

A fine film, that knows not the word "dullness," whilst the settings are decidedly attractive.

Incriminating Letters.

"His House in Order" is an adaptation of the well-known stage play by Sir Arthur Pinero, Miss Graham, who is played by Elsie Ferguson, is engaged as a governess in the house of Filmer Jesson. After the death of the latter's wife, Nina marries him, but the family treats her with coldness. Her husband finds that she cannot keep his house in order, and, when more trouble appears likely for Nina, she discovers letters which throw an unpleasant light on Jesson's first wife. The discovery at once leads to a different state of affairs.

A Woman's Revenge.

LIVING under the same roof in a small lake settlement are two women, one young and the other middle-aged, who hate each other. A composer of music comes along, falls in love with the girl, and secretly marries her before leaving her for a time. When he returns later on, he is told by her middle-aged companion that his wife and the child are both dead. In reality she has turned them adrift through revenge, but the man, believing her story, goes away, and, meeting the sister of his first wife, marries her. Then comes a dramatic surprise in this film, "The Broken Butterfly," with an ending which many in the audience will probably not expect. Pauline Starke is in the title role.

The Awakening.

PAULINE STARKIE is also the heroine in "The Man Who Woke Up," although the really prominent figure is that of an American colonel, with a penchant for journalism and a hatred for a certain Northerner. Broken in health, the colonel has to borrow money, and while on a holiday his daughter Edith falls in love with a young writer. There is an amusing and delightful surprise for the colonel, who "wakes up" to learn who his proposed son-in-law really is, and from where the money comes.

A Tale of the Snowy North.

WITH picturesque scenes of the forest and snow plains of Canada and a good story to match, "A Daughter of the Wolf" is certain to hold your interest, especially when the star is Lillic Lee. As the daughter of a fur smugger known as "The Wolf," she goes with him to a big town and makes the acquaintance of a young man of means. As the story unfolds itself, we find him attacked by one of the Wolf's associates as he tries to see her again. She comes across him lying on the ground unconscious, but the excitement is by no means over, as shown by the scenes that follow.

Kidnapped.

"The Strongest," featuring Renee Adoré, we are given the story of a girl who is expected to marry a crook posing as a victuallor. But her hand is also sought by a young American. There are several exciting scenes, including a thrilling rescue of the girl who has been imprisoned in a lonely building.

Life in the Under-World.

GERTRUDE McCAY as the daughter of a diplomat, is the chief figure in "His Daughter Pays," a film depicting a not unpleasant phase of life, though the story and acting are both good. The girl becomes entangled in the meshes of a rascally sly, who competes to lead her life, but is outwitted in a gambling den. Her degradation is graphically depicted, while there is an exciting scene in which the villain attempts to gain a second victim in the person of his fiancée's sister. There are glimpses of the underworld, all of which have been well staged.
BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TODAY

The Call of the Road

Splendid Serial Story of the Famous British Film

By A. E. COLEY and HERBERT ALLINGHAM

A scene in the Old Punch Bowl.

I fear me, Master Fitzton, thou wilt lose thy game.

The drover leaned back in his chair and gave a shrill of laughter.

"What is it?" I exclaimed, a follower of the Fancy," he cried. "Canst thou tell the points of a fighting-man, and if so why do they talk so much about won thy favour?"

"Nay," replied the ladsman, with a contemptuous shrug of her broad shoulders, "I know naught of him or the likes of him. But something I do know of Sir Martin Trevor. He is a gentleman that hath a knack of winning. Whether it be cards or dice or cup and ball of roguery, you will find him on the winning side. That much on very good authority I have heard of Sir Martin. They do say he never took part in any game of skill or chance in which he went away the loser.

"Tis a foul libel on the noble baronet, Mistress Morgandall, as I am here to bear witness, and all my friends.

The words were uttered by a new speaker, and came from behind the hostess.

"I learned quickly when I was framed, in the doorway, the figure of an old man. There was a black patch over his right eye, and his humorous face now wore a mischievous smile. Under his arm he carried a fiddle. Close behind him was a young boy with a stick-like bag over his shoulder.

"I have a promising old tramping vagabond," cried Mother Morgandall, in a tone more much good-humoured than her usual, "Come you in and let us hear the gossip of the countryside. I warrant thou wilt pay thy reckoning in no other coin.

"The old fiddler's name was Jem Belcher. No, thy courtesy, mistress, is only matched by thy beauty," he observed, while his eye twinkled over his ale.

The two travellers then entered, and were soon served with bread-and-cheese and ale.

"Canst thou read and write?" asked the drover, as he had learned their needs herself. The good dame had a very friendly feeling for the vagabond fiddler and his lad. They always seemed to be on a very free and friendly scale of intercourse with them, and however dull the company, it always livened up when old Primus showed his whimsical face, and tickled his fiddle beneath his chin.

With a face of all set, the boy was eating. Mother Morgandall stood with her hands on her hips and looked down at them. 

"How long hast thou been a friend of Sir Martin Trevor, Primus?" she said, presently.

The old fiddler paused in the act of drinking, and looked up over his mug of ale.

"Friend! I am no friend of his, mistress. It matters not to me that he is a rogue. Often have I found that a rogue is pleasant company enough, and that is all I ask of any man, you stay not long in one place. But this Trevor of thine is a sour-faced rogue, and such I can't abide."

"And yet you would not have me speak ill of him?"

"I heard thee speak no ill."

"Now by my troth!" exclaimed Mother Morgandall, indignation rising in the company for confirmation. "I did the rascal not call me a liar?"

"There was a universal murmur of assent rung which Primus drank his ale.

"Nay, mistress," he said, as he replaced the mug upon the table, "let us not be too virtuous, save one. You are beautiful and you are kind, but the truth is that in you I see a story, as you have heard it, and if you make the plainest statement it's full of errors. What you do is wise and good, but what you say in my folly. "Twas ever so with women."

"You mean snap!" exclaimed the hostess.

(Continued on page 8)
THE WONDERS OF THE BIBLE

A scene from this wonderful film showing the building of the Tower of Babel.

All the well-known scenes in the Old Testament up to "The Song of Solomon" have been filmed, and above you can see a picturisation of the Flood.

Lot and his daughters after they have been saved from the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

THE BIBLE FILMED

The wonderful Italian film "The Dawn of the World" released by Astra, for which a prologue has been written by Mr. Louis N. Parker, is now being shown at the Palace Theatre, London. This film took five years to complete, and over 12,000 persons appeared in it. It is one of the most remarkable pictures ever produced, and is a complete history of the world as recorded in the Bible from the creation to the Song of

Solomon.
THE CALL OF THE ROAD. Continued from page 5.

fridling. "Make good thy words, or I will box thy ears," he warned.

Old Primus rose from his seat, and going to the mantelpiece, took down a churchwarden pipe, which he filled with crumbles of tobacco from an old leather pouch.

A blow from thee, Mistress Morgandall, was no less than a censure, and left thee half-fare," said the fiddler, with the whimsical smile which the hostess could never resist. "Nothing could make me more enterprising than to unman thee to vex thee. When we entered, seeking warmth and comfort under thy hospitable roof, we found thee already the hostess. The only thing that Mr. Morgan had never left, Sir Martin Trever took no part in game of skat or chance in which he felt the field a loser."

"Ay, and 'tis common knowledge," replied the boy.

"What say you, Secundus?"

The boy spluttered and nearly choked over a mouthful of bread-and-cheese, then recovered himself, grinned, and went on eating.

"I answer, no, boy," commanded Primus, with mock sternness. "Is it not a little bit of the noble baronet? Have we not seen him with our own eyes, and engaged in a pretty game of skill, and finding himself in the eyes of the lady?"

"Ay, that we have!" replied the boy.

Primus turned to the puzzled hostess.

"I said no talk of the duel, which took place a while since in the field of the stunted oaks?"

Mother Morgandall's eyes lit up.

"So! know you aught of that?" she asked eagerly.

"Indeed, there has been much talk—much talk with his matter to it. Twas the last folly of the new-do-well, Master Alfred, ere he fled the country."

"I said Sir Martin, surely, for he was a guest at Truescot's Hall, spared the young fiddle's life. But we know not the rights of it."

"Not, of course. You know not the rights of it, eh, Secundus?" said the fiddler, drily.

At that the boy exploded in a laugh which sent fragments of the breakfast table flying to the ceiling. Mother Morgandall began to grow impatient.

"What know you of the duel, Primus? she asked.

"Ay, as good as a play," ascended Primus with a grin. "A play with much mention, and much dramatic effect. He told the story of the duel in the field of the stunted oaks.

"A play, now?" asked Secundus, with wide eyes and with breathless interest as he related every detail of the encounter.

"And then, mark you, the end came," he cried, as he flung himself into the attitude of a fencer, and, using his churchwarden pipe as a rapier, made a dramatic thrust, "with a turn of the wrist to whom Master Alfred sent Sir Martin's sword spinning into the air so that it fell a dozen yards away."

"Nay, nay, not so fair," interposed Secundus.

"No matter, twas far enough. Twas beyond the reach of Sir Martin. The man who killed young Devon—and a dozen others so they say—stood quaking in mortal terror of his life when he saw his hands advanced slowly toward the sword.

"Then Master Alfred came quite close, and the point of his blade was within an inch of his enemy's heart. But the man who killed young Devon was not afraid to die. He threw his sword down, saying with mighty scorn, "'Tis an insult to the steel to use it on thee."

"And then he tweaked his nose," interposed Secundus with a shriek of delight.

"No, no," exclaimed Mother Morgandall looking from one to the other.

"'Tis Gospel truth," declared Primus. "He was a man who very much would not let himself twist it this way, thus. And then that way, so. And then, as you may say, he hie him on his way. There is a time Sir Martin Trever blubbered and swore and screamed for mercy.

The story was received with roars of laughter, and no one was more delighted than Niton, the driver.

"And that is your noble Corinthian!" he roared in his great voice. "That is the wonder—wonder of wonders."

Pippen Williams is no better a man than his backer, I'm glad my money's not on him."

"No, no," said Mr. Barnes, cunningly.

"You've forgotten one thing, Master Drover. In the duel with young Truscott, there was no purse and no betting. It is only when the money is on that Sir Martin Trever always wins." The fiddler's keen eye followed the visitor's wanderings, and he made quite plain that Sir Martin Trever never took part in game of skat or chance in which he felt the field a loser.

A Simple Cottage Maid.

The old fiddler and his boy stayed the night at the Punch Bowl, but early in the morning they took to the road again.

Their intention was to get to Chiddingstone before nightfall, and so be ready for the Fairing which began there on the following day.

"We shall pass through Friar's Ford," said Secundus.

"Ay, lad," replied the old man. "And I shall call at Friar's Ford again."

"Ay, if so be he is still there. There's little in Friar's Ford to attract a lad of spirit. I'm thinking, I warrant he has gone roaming long ere this."

But in this Primus was wrong. At that very moment Alfred Truscott was finding something exceedingly agreeable in Friar's Ford.

The sun which shone on the dusty road along which he speeded, and the dear companionship of his twosome frigid, was also shining on a fair meadow which ran by the side of a rippling brook scarce half a mile from Friar's mill.

Seated beneath a tree was a girl and lying at her feet a young man.

Rowena's dashing scheme to become acquainted with her cousin had succeeded wonderfully. So complete indeed had been its success that now she was after all, not a trifle matter.

Her lovely face wore an odd expression as she gazed out before her at the running brook, and at the stretch of beautiful scenery beyond. It was not a sad expression, but it was very grave and thoughtful.

A tender emotion played about the man's mouth as he looked up at her.

"Alice!" he said, with mock seriousness. "I have no thought of a new game. What thy play is with me?

She smiled down at him, and her heart thrilled as it flitted toward his dear face, and saw the bowsie laughter lurking in his dear eyes.

"What is thy game, or?" he demanded.

"The only game I have to play," she replied.

"I fear 'tis none nonsense.'

"Not so, my most intelligent,"

"Well, tell me thy rules.

"There is but one rule. Thou must look into my face while I look into thine, and till the game is finished thou must not drop thine eyes."

Rowena laughed.

"And the game?" she said.

"Tis this," explained Alfred. "While I am looking into thine eyes thou must tell me what thou wast thinking of when I spoke to thee just now."

The girl at once broke the rule of the game by lowering her eyes, but then suddenly, as if some tense hot flush swept over her fair face, that is no game, she said, laughing, to cover her confusion. That is confidential.

Nay, but when thou hast finished and told me all thy thoughts during our meeting, back, then will I tell thee mine. 'Tis Give-and-Take."

"Tis a foolish game, but you may play it if you will. Tell me all thy thoughts, and in return I will tell thee—"

"Yes!"

"As much as I please."

"Alice," cried the man springing to his feet. "Thou art as provoking as—a fine lady, but, I think, with a swift change of tone, 'tis art ten times more fair than any fine lady could ever be."

Rowena rose lightly to her feet. When Alfred looked like that, and spoke with that thrilling note of ardent admiration in his voice he always gave her that impression he was about to pick her up in his strong arms and run away with her.

"I have no known fine ladies in your time, maybe. Master Truscott," she said innocently.

"Nay, Alice, fine ladies are all foolishness, and there is nought that is real and natural about them. What they truly are no man can thank Heaven thou art a simple cottage maid."

Rowena made a low curtsey.

"Thou art adorable, Alice, in all thy moods, even when you mock me. Shall I tell thee a secret?"

Something in his tone made Rowena look at him doubtfully.

"A secret concern me?" she asked.

"A little," he admitted.

Then you may tell me."

Alice was silent for a moment still looking at her.

"Maybe I had better wait a while," he said thoughtfully. "It is a wonderful secret and it may afflict thee."

"Tis you who are provoking now," said Rowena, petulantly. "I am curious, though I doubt not 'tis a trifling matter. What is thy secret?"

Alice slipped close to her, and his arms slipped about her waist.

"Alice," he said softly. "I am going to make thee a secret."

Rowena gave a little gasp of surprise, and then tried to break away from him, but he held her fast looking down at her with a very earnest look in his big grey eyes.

"I am going to marry thee," he repeated.

"Isn't it wonderful?"

Half-laughing and half-annoyed she again struggled to release herself, but last he let her go she fell back a step and faced him.

"That is for me to say," she exclaimed haughtily. "Knowing I am, I will marry the man of my own choosing."

He stood with his arms hanging down by his sides, and holding no attempt to approach her.

"That is true, dear heart," he answered simply, "and thou hast chosen me. I have read it in thy dear eyes, and that's what makes me so happy and so sure."

Amid a flood of colour came to the girl's cheeks, but this time she did not drop her eyes.

"And when will my lord condescend to bestow his hand and fortune upon me?" she asked mockingly.

Then he sprang forward, caught her in his arms and lifted her to her feet.

"As I have saved the pason's fee!" he cried, as he held her close and kissed her pretty lips.

(To be continued.)

Picture Show, April 16th, 1921.

Five splendid stories, twelve sets of fun comics, with jokes, riddles, and a splendid competition with 100 prizes. A Big Balloon free with every copy. Ask for

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THE EXPRESSIONS OF GERALDINE FARRAR

GERALDINE FARRAR
The Screen Star Who is Also a Famous Prima Donna

GERALDINE FARRAR, celebrated actress of the screen and prima donna, shares her time between the Royal Opera House and the Goldwyn Studios.

From her first appearance in "Carmen," she has become a screen star. Her first appearance was in a hair pulling scene in a picture version of "Carmen," which scene she later transferred to the stage, and again made a sensation.

A dramatic artiste.

All her pictures are dramatic, even melo-dramatic, and her most successful parts have been when she played opposite her husband, Lou Tellegen. She had a green eye and the directors of the Opera House frowned upon the screen. They were particularly angry with her because she had received a tempting offer to act for the films, and told them that she was going to accept it. She told them she was going to accept it. "You have already made a reputation as the greatest American prima donna. When people can see you on the pictures for a few coppers, they will not want to pay those to hear you sing."

A successful experiment.

But Geraldine said she was willing to experiment and take the consequences, and the consequences have been satisfactory—even for the opera, for many a movie admirer has become an opera convert, and many an opera devotee has become a lover of picture shows.


The secret of a happy marriage.

Speaking of her marriage, Geraldine Farrar says that she found the fairy prince of whom every girl dreams almost as soon as she was old enough to play with dolls.

"Lou Tellegen and I have many interests in common," she says, "and I think that is the secret of a successful marriage, a true and perfect comradeship."

"We are both interested in the theatre, but fortunately in different branches of it, apart from our screen work. Mr. Tellegen loves the opera, and he attends every one of my performances at the Metropolitan whenever he is not playing himself, and when he was playing in New York last season I believe I attended his performances at least twenty times. So, you see, we enjoy each other's work without the least feeling of jealousy. We are interested in the same things. Mr. Tellegen paints and writes and sculpts, and I like to watch him and talk with him about his work."

If you would look tall.

Miss Farrar is five feet six inches in height. But her experience of the stage has taught her how to dress to appear even taller. She uses shoes, collars, combs, earrings, and a hundred other little dress accessories to get an effect for her different character roles. She says that one can even arrange one's hair to give a different aspect to the character introduced on the screen. She tells of one part, for instance, when she took the role of a cowgirl. It was essential that she should wear low-heeled shoes to obtain the free easy walking movement, but to gain the height lost by wearing low-heeled shoes, she wore a tall Spanish comb in her hair, which was quite in keeping with the character.

She has one little fail in frocks; on no account will she wear a high collar, for she says that low-necked frocks give height and gracefulness.

If you want to write her, address your letter:

GERALDINE FARRAR,
Metropolitan Opera House,
New York City,
U.S.A.
There was a serious confab at the Goldwyn studios the other day. Most business departments hold conferences, so they thought they would do it in the movies, and PAUL BERN, director, conferred with MABEL NORMAND and other members of the cast, about the humorous conception of a vampire which Mabel is to give in "Head Over Heels."

WILL ROGERS and a little black boy illustrated the filming of one of Will's latest films—"Boys Will Be Boys"—the expression of their musical ability.

JACK DEMPSEY, the famous boxer, held up by another strong man—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

ANITA STEWART. The seventh of our series of Stars' Favourite Photographs of themselves.

MR. F. S. JACOBS, the Californian representative of the PICTURE SHOW "snapped" with GARETH HUGHES.
MARY PICKFORD as the little mother in "The Love Light," a coming photoplay.
The Maid and the Moment

Successful sweethearts ask the all-important question on the screen.

One summer's day, ALBERT ROSE and MIRIAM COOPER told EVA.-line. (Fox.)

HERBERT RAWLINGER proposed to MABEL NORMAND in "Back to the Woods." (Goldwyn.)

This is where ANTONIO MORENO proposed to JEAN PAIGE in her latest "Vice" serial.

Seated under the old oak tree, VIVIAN MARTIN said "Yes" to LLOYD HUGHES in "An Innocent Adventure." (Paramount Pictures.)
There is always a fascination about the members of a circus, and here you see Eddy Polo with some "extras" who took part in his film "Circus Life." Eddy is splendid in circus roles; many readers will remember him in a serial which was shown a little while ago, entitled "The Circus King."

There was a piano in the Goldwyn studios one day during "Circus Life." They had not a grand piano or a "Strad," for merely common or garden Jews' harps.

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FILMER JESSON, M.P., was a man who took life very seriously, and he himself much too seriously—especially himself.

The wealthy owner of Overbury Towers, he had been brought up with the idea that the women he married were not as other people.

Yet he had married Annabelle and all his relatives had perfectly diametally into his ears that the Jessons had always had one daughter—Nina—and two sons—Filmer and Derek. And when his parents died, the older, odd-minded son of his dead wife Annabelle had carried on the bad work.

Annabelle died in tragic circumstances. She had been left in the car at a fast pace when the car turned over in the drive and killed her.

To Geraldine, the fact that Annabelle had been an arraider of mercy when she met her death was proof that Annabelle had been a saint on earth. As a matter of fact, Annabelle (who was totally unlike her son) was doing a lot to be a saint on earth.

She had not been to visit a sick tenant, and the remark which was made at the time was that she was scared she would not be in time for dinner—which was a suitable dinner at the Overbury Towers. She had ordered her chauffeur to exceed the limit of speed. The result was a fatal accident in which Annabelle's death had been a real blow to Filmer Jesson, who at heart was not a bad sort of man, but through his own hands had wrecked his own life.

Annabelle's death had been an awful shock to Filmer Jesson, but the marriage of Nina to Derek was another shock. His elder son, Derek, was a pleasant youth, and many said, in fact, that he was a little kid; he scarcely knew his mother.

At one stage Nina suddenly took an intense dislike to Geraldine and the family pride.

"I'll seek her to marry me to-day," he said, and left.

The mother of this young woman who had given living to her was her father, a very old man. Instead of letting her tell me that she would, Nina told her she would, in order that she would be a 'mother to Derek'.

"I wish you were," the girl thought. He had always been taught that honour was one of the next seven commandments. But if he loved her she would be a 'mother to Derek'.

"It's either the spring air, or I am getting sentimental in my middle age," he muttered. All the same, had taught him in school.

Filmer Jesson's idea of proposing to Nina Graham was to give her a present of film on a card or a page in a novel. He sent Derek into a fictitious errand, and then asked Nina if she would marry him in much the same way that the chairman of an old-established and prosperous company tells a board of directors that it will be advantageous for the company to lay up with, or absorb, a poorer competitor.

And Nina, Aunt Geraldine, Nina was staggered.

Being a woman, she was not altogether unconscious of the fact that Filmer Jesson had shown more than the ordinary courtesy due from the owner of Overbury Towers to one who was his son's governess—sometimes in a very excessive way; sometimes she had been half afraid. But not being a designing woman (as the phrase was) she had not thought of marrying him. She had never contemplated matrimony with him. She discarded the idea.

She had often wondered what she would do when Derek grew up and went to school, but being young Nina was not at all worried. Nina was not without somewhat cold-blooded proposal, she did not know what to do.

Before she could frame an answer, Jesson was speaking again.

"I don't expect you to say you love me, Nina, though you might be very thankful that you do not love anybody else and I will go on.

"I certainly do not love anybody else," said Nina, glad to be free from the embarrassment that enabled her to express her thoughts.

"You love me like a sister?"

"I have always liked you. You have been kind to me all my life.

"There was a hint of tenderness in her voice but Jesson was impatient.

"I don't mean that kind of liking," he said, and as she answered, "I mean—do you think you could care for me as a husband?"

"I think I could," said Nina, "but you must remember that I am only Derek's governess. I have not only no inclination but no right to think of such a thing much about. What will the county say? I am far afraid—"

"If that is all," said Jessen, rising, "do not worry about the county. I am sure you will faithfully observe all the traditions of the family name. I shall tell Geraldine--"

At that moment Nina and Filmer left the room. They were a strange couple. Filmer had a nervous smile, and Nina's face was red with her anger.

With a passion that startled Nina he seized her and kissed her.

At a matter of fact, it startled Filmer Jesson much more. Had anybody told him at noon that day that he would have so far forgotten his position, the traditions of the family name, and his better judgment as to make volatile love to his son's governess in broad daylight, he would have thought himself mad at the time. He would have been very angry and very dignified.

Together he crept into the old horse and around the guilty with the look of a small boy caught fishing on a Sunday, or stealing jam.

At one in the morning Filmer Jesson, M.P., owner of Overbury Towers:

"I think we will go in," he said, almost coldly.

He felt as a worm he said, something.

To think that this glorious young woman whose smile is worth millions times more than society's frown, who brings to you jewels set in her eyes far rarer than the Jesson diamonds, whose lips make Aunt Caroline's rack seem dull, red cheeks redding so far as to let you kiss her. Can't you see, man? Strip yourself of the emblazon of family pride; forget Overbury Towers; just imagine you are a primitive man seeking a mate, and then realize that, although you have a very pretty and certain not the sight you were living in an age when men had to fight for women to ask her—that she has promised to be your wife.

Which shows that Filmer Jeson's heart was right. Unfortunately, the tradition is hard to kill.

Jessen knew he was a worm when he announced his engagement to Geraldine. At the same time he knew that he proposed to Nina before he made love to her.

Had he not had a first very successful triumph? no, not necessarily to say he was the luckiest man alive. Little Derek had a wider understanding.

He had seen his father kissing Nina. He did not quite realize what it meant, but he knew that people only kissed like that when they were happy, and since he loved them both, he was happy.

Unfortunately, he ran straight away and told Aunt Geraldine. He thought Aunt Geraldine would have been happy, too, but he was quite unprepared.

Aunt Geraldine, Nina was shocked.

"It is time you were in the nursery, Derek. Miss Geraldine seems to have forgotten her duty. I will take you yourself.

And it is not that Derek, by that instant knowledge that is the natural inheritance of children, who might have missed the signal of some tense minute he had not made a mistake. Aunt Geraldine would not have got him to bed so easily, for he disliked her with that calm, certain knowledge of childhood.

As it was he went quietly and sobbed himself to sleep, and the next day, when Filmer and his wife walked out in the garden, there was a dire threat of rain.

Then Geraldine and Nina were surprised and delighted.

It was her first engagement, and she was going to a wedding where marriageable daughter engaged the hope that he would be happy, when the art of reality, biting through the cobweb of convention, told him plainly that they all hoped he could be very miserable.

But the first real blow to Nina came when she was seated on the deck of a cross-channel boat going to Biognegre, on her honeymoon.

Jessen's parliamentary duties had delayed this trip.

She overheard Mr. and Mrs. De Stanton, who owned the estate adjoining Overbury Towers,

"Only a governess," said the man.

"And so doady," said the woman.

It was the last remark that made Nina think.

In defence to Aunt Geraldine and the family tradition she had deliberately hidden her beauty in quiet clothes. But no lady in a similar position she had sunk herself to try to please others.

For the rest of the boat trip and the railway journey, Nina thought only of Paris streets. And there was an almost the fervency of a prayer in Nina's thoughts as she said to herself: "And when I get there, may I tell Filmer Jesson that I will marry him?"

Woman will understand Nina in this, and all men who talk about women.

Filmer Jesson had decided on a trip to Paris because he wanted his brother Billy (member of the staff of the British Embassy) to see his wife and pray her. He was that kind of man; never really secure on the foundations of his own opinions until some other person had tested the concrete.

The De Stantons happened to see Filmer Jesson first. They described Nina in the same terms that they had talked about her on the boat, but with more depreciating adjectives.

Billy, who knew his brother's weakness for respectable pictured the bride as one of those well-meaning persons who believe their duty in life is to be good and look unhappy. He wondered if he could frame any decent excuse to miss Filmer's wife.

Billy was naturally joyous and always polite. He was a straight man, and hated telling lies, and his great times when truth and politeness clashed so violently that he had been most unhappy. He thought he couldn't have done what Filmer had done before he came down.

Then the De Stantons, one of the most radiant beautiful women Billy had ever seen came through the railway station doors. He could not look at her as she looked around the lounge. Then he saw his brother start, as though faced with some apparition from the past.

Billy wondered what was the best thing to do.
Gossip about British Players.

STELLA WOOD-SIMS.

Mr. R. Henderson Bland.

My readers no doubt remember Mr. Bland's sympathetic, masterly, and withal beautiful portrayal of "Gigi" in "Miss Gigi's Love Story," which created such a deep impression when it was released a month or so ago. His scenes with Mary Odette leave a vivid memory behind, and he was particularly effective when he appeared with Miss Dorothy Vernon in an International Producers' Federation Film—adapted from the celebrated novel by Marion Crawford. "A Cigarette Maker's Romance," which I am fortunate to see recently at a private show. Henderson Bland plays "Count Sharlantine" and endows the character with whimsical and real poetic charm, and this is not surprising, for Mr. Bland is not only a famous actor, but is also a poet of repute.

From Manger to Cross.

ONE of Henderson Bland's most famous roles in the history of the screen was that of "Christus" in the Biblical visualization entitled "From the Manger to the Cross." This film is a marvellous production, and it was screened in Egypt and Palestine. When I met Mr. Bland not long ago I realised how well fitted was he to play the great role of "Christus." He is tall, handsome man, with tremendous charm of manner, a man of culture, intellectual, with wonderfully expressive features—and last, but not least, possessing a dominating but kindly personality.

Some of His Verses.

I HAVE already told you that he is a poet. His "Moods and Memories" are full of grace and beauty. He also wrote the "Heroic Stand," a poem on the gallantry and endurance of the Scots Guards at Albert—this poem has been set to music by Adelina de Lara—and the following lines are cut from a verse written by him when under the spell of "From the Manger to the Cross"—

"A Night by the Sea of Galilee."

"Night upon thy hills,
And peace on thy bosom, 0 sea,
As I sat by thy waters and thought
Of One who has hallowed thee."

With Sir Herbert Tree.

HE NDERSON BLAND commenced his career in 1897, when for two years he worked strenuously under the management of Sir Herbert Tree. After his he put in hard work in the provinces, and toured with the Ben Greet Company—"Athenos" and the Three Musketeers. Then he played with Lewis Waller in "Sousmon Bonneau," and with Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Brown Potter, and Sir George Alexander. He served with the armies in the field during the Great War for four years, and was wounded in 1915, so not only has he done well as an actor, but also as a soldier.

Dorothy Vernon.

SLIGHT, vivacious, and dainty, she makes a bewitching "Vejera" in "A Cigarette Maker's Romance." But it is not only in filmland that she has secured laurels: in America she has made a tremendous hit in "The Maid of the Mountains," and I feel sure that my readers will join with me in hearty congratulations. A thrilling moment occurs in "The Cigarette Maker's Romance," when Count Sharlantine discovers that as "Vejera" she has sacrificed her beautiful hair to obtain money, to enable the penniless count whom she loves pay off his debt of honour. Of course in the end she marries the man she adores, and he proudly shows her to the world as the future Countess of Sharlantine!

"A Cigarette Maker's Romance." A BRITISH film portrayed simply, without sensationalism. It is well acted, and the exteriors are particularly beautiful.

Stella Wood-Sims.

She played "Evelyn" in the ideal film "Ernest Maltravers." "I enjoyed playing Evelyn very much," she confessed recently, "as it was so unlike my real self, and I enjoyed the experience, Evelyn being a simpering sort of person, very shy and demure."

Crowd-Work and Ambition.

STELLA WOOD-SIMS tells me that her first part in a film was that of "Judith" in "The Silver Bridge," a Dallas Cairns production. When she was given this part she had only had one day's crowd-work, and felt very pleased with herself in consequence. Then followed crowd-work again, but in "A Diamond Necklace" she played the French maid.

Lilian Hall-Davis.

HER first film was G. B. Samuelson's production "The Admirable Crichton," in which she played the part of "Agatha." "I then played the juvenile lead in "The Better Ole," Miss Hall-Davis added, "and after this I joined the Entertainment Branch of the Navy and Army Canteen Board, and for eighteen months toured the camps with several plays, "The Title," "Raffles," "The Butterfly on the Wheel," "Blindness of Virtue," etc." Since then she tells me she has played "Rose" in "The Game of Life," Samuelson's most ambitious film, "Lexia" in "The Honeypot," and its sequel, "Love Maggie," and last, but not least, "Alice" in "Ernest Maltravers."

Mr. Cowley Wright.

TALL, virile, and dark, he is one of the most fascinating figures in filmland, and I am sure my readers will agree with this opinion when they see Cowley Wright in "Ernest Maltravers," the hero of Lord Lytton's famous novel. "Like many famous stars, Cowley Wright commenced his stage career with Tree, and then he played under Matheson Lang, and Martin Harvey and Barker."

Ideals at a Trade Show.

JUST where you don't expect to find it, some good films are shown! But the other morning at a Hepworth show, spring flowers were handed to every member of the audience—the film was "A Lunatic at Large.""
Fancy staid old Filmer in such a terrible predicament. The woman was advancing to Filmer with a smile, and her dowdy wife might appear temporarily unconscious. 

Hillary felt really sorry for his brother, but he could not express the sympathy, as he was the one member of the family with a sense of humour. 

"I, Hillary, want you to meet Nixia, my wife." 

With that the Filmer gathered himself together. 

So he all he could to refrain himself from saying: "But I thought she was dowdy!" 

"He managed to get away after a conventional greeting, and then his training as a diplomat saved him. 

He led Nixia to a table, leaving Filmer to follow them. 

It was Nixia's night of triumph. 

The De Stantons were dining in the same room. They saw her envious glances as Hillary paid her homage; as Filmer was somewhat in an excuse to come to the table ostensibly to talk to Hillary, but in reality to her. 

Filmer, after his first bevelishment had left him, was pleased. It was wonderful to him that the admiral beauty of his wife, her charm, her ability to reign as queen among all these great people, should have been so entirely unsuspected by him. Of course, he had always known that she was beautiful, but he had never thought of it until when he had wondered how she would act when faced with Filmer. 

The De Stantons would be able to tell the country that he had been right in selecting Nixia for a wife. 

It looks as if there is no limit to what this thing would have done all this. 

Then an uncomfortable feeling came over him. He noticed that all the men and women who came to them were on their best behaviour towards him. 

"It was all right, but I was missing something. 

His all trembled a moment when Nixia started to smoke a cigarette in public, but her beauty was so great he said nothing. 

For a second Nixia's eyes hardened, and a retort was made that would have been effective if Filmer had enjoyed herself too much to risk a row. She put the cigarette down, however, and smiled sweetly at him. 

"I wouldn't have smoked a cigarette in public," she said serenely. 

"Will you take me to the ball to-morrow night, Filmer? Hillary is going; he is on the committee. 

"Oh, no, of course not. 

"Annette would never have smoked a cigarette in public," he said sincerely. 

For a second Nixia's eyes hardened, and a retort was made that would have been effective if Filmer had enjoyed herself too much to risk a row. She put the cigarette down, however, and smiled sweetly at him. 

"I wouldn't have smoked a cigarette in public," she said serenely. "...but I was missing something. 

"You will, you promise never to tell, I will take you," said Filmer, 

"You are good of you, Hillary?" snarled Nixia, clapping her hands. "Just the costume?" 

"I know where there is one. It is a dream," said Filmer, "I will go at once."

"The costume was a dream, so was the ball. Nixia had never enjoyed herself so much before. And, to crown her joy, she was awarded the first prize when the dawgs paraded before the judges. 

"As she stepped down from the dias after receiving her prize she lifted her eyes to the entrance to the bathroom, and there, like a flash of light, was her husband. 

"I thought you had gone to London?" she said weakly, when he got to him. "I missed the boat," he returned coldly. "You told me I could go, but I did not expect from you in this outrageous situation. 

"Annette," said Filmer. "Stop! I have heard quite enough of Annette," said Nixia. Neither of them spoke till they reached their room. 

Filmer wished her good-night, and, turning at the door, he said with that heavy coldness which he thought impressive. 

"We return to England to-morrow!"

**Disillusionment.**

Filmer returned in an attitude of icy displeasure on the journey home, and when the captain of the cruiser of Overture, Tunes, Nixia felt that she was entering a prison. The only ray of sunshine in the days that followed was little Derek giving her glad tidings. The climax came when Filmer received a letter from his brother asking for an introduction of the country town, but that they hoped he would give his permission to their proposal to honour the memory of his late wife by

**TEN MINUTES WITH TOM WEGUELIN.**

*THE first time I met Thomas Weguelin was in Tom, as he is more popularly styled*, was during a visit I once paid to George Tully's dressing-room at the Haymarket Theatre, during the run of "Daddies." Mr. Tully's dressing-room was to be the rendezvous of the bright sparks of the past, or I remember that such colours as San Livesey, A. E. Matthews, and the subject of this interview, drifted in and out at intervals, just as the mood took them. Messrs. Tully, Livesey, and Matthews were attired very correctly in evening dress, but Mr. Weguelin's costume, if I remember right, was a blue and white dressing-gown, which he manipulated with a self-satisfied air. We chatted together quite a while—I fancy we discussed H. G. Wells—and I carried away with me an impression of a very tall, dark young man, with a more serious outlook on life than his pleasant smile and frivolous attire would seem to indicate.

**A Transformation.**

I MAGINE, then, my surprise the other afternoon when, upon requesting an audience at his house, I was met by a smile. But I was confronted with someone looking very like a retired and decidedly "peppy" colored, whose eyebrows and moustache, of terrifying proportions and fiery hue, were enough to turn the bravest heart cold. 

"Mr. Weguelin," I stammered, with a terrible this-is-not-the-man feeling, "way down in my boots."

The personage bowed, and shook his hardy warms.

"Please come this way," said a friendly voice somewhere behind the moustache, which had acquired a somewhat rakish angle, and I was led to a lounge in a dimly lit shadowy corridor dividing two rows of dressing-rooms.

Sociably we sat side by side. "Do you know, I shouldn't have recognised you," I ventured nervously. "It's—it's those eyebrows and that moustache."

"And I've taken the way I have," observed my companion, smoothing his sleek lux," because it's so hot."

So you see I had something for which to be grateful.

**Mary Find the Gold.**

A MY request Mr. Weguelin lit a cigarette, and feeling more reassured, I asked him to tell me something about film work, as I understood that he had done some lately.

"Very little," he returned, as if he thought it could be of no interest whatever.

**PATHE SUNBEAMS**

**Talkative Musician:** "I've just been playing Mendelssohn."

**Goal Externist:** "Indeed! And have you been playing him?"—Windsor Zip.

**First Man:** "Hello! that's a topping overcoat. Where did you get it?"

**Second Man:** "From Smyth's, in the Strand."

**First Man:** "A tailor's or a restau- rant?"

**Cologne Post.**

**The Old 'Un:** "Pluck, my boy, pluck! That's the one essential to success."

**Young 'Un:** "I am in a terrible trouble is finding someone to pluck!"—San Francisco Chronicle.

"Jenkins is getting to be something of a social climber."

"Yes, he's the sort of man who would even two pictures—but for Wells-Pearson. The name of the first I cannot remember at the moment—I did very little in it, anyway. The second, "Mary Find the Gold," is a very successful title, isn't it?—which is just completed. Betty Balfour and Hughie Wright are in it, and George Beban is doing a fine piece of work."

"Do you prefer working out of doors?"

"Of course, its advantages, but I like acting in a studio, and a very well. The other day, though, I was really disappointed. Just missed a film-wright's work on the Kargoff, Brooks, overseas to re-edit."

"You've always been a very successful director, haven't you?"

"Too, added Mr. Weguelin gloomily.

**No Difficulties.**

"And no difficulties attached to film work?" I queried, thinking that if Mr. Weguelin had any little "grouches," it might cheer him a little to hear them. 

But my kindly intention was frustrated. 

"No," he said, "I can't say that I do. The waits are a little trying, perhaps, but that, after all, is a trivial matter."

"How about make-up?" I asked hopefully, encouraged by the spectacles Mr. Weguelin presented.

"Nothing easier," replied that gentleman, "more ordinary yellowish powder, and occasionally a modishly, "ordinary big round face."

"Then I take that you like film work and would be willing to do more of it?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "though not if I were playing a big part at the theatre at the same time. Only a small stage role allows one to combine the two things successfully, and even then it is rather trying."

**Wants Story Written.**

DELY noted these things, Mr. Weguelin watching me gravely. In fact, it was a grave business altogether. 

Suddenly Mr. Weguelin roused himself. 

"You know," he said—I didn't—"I should like someone to write a film story for me. Anything on the lines of Pappy Aughtman's stuff," I said vaguely.

"I don't know on the Fatty part of the business," interposed Mr. Weguelin hastily. "Just you know what I mean. Sometimes I can fill in with my particular line of work and general je taites. It's no good my playing John the Jeweler."

"Want to do any athletic events?"

"No. I'm not especially keen in that direction. I'm not strong enough."

"Want to do any athletic events?"

"No. I'm not especially keen in that direction. I'm not strong enough."

**MARY HERSHEY CLARK.**

**THIS WEEK'S BEST JOKES**

By permission of Messrs. Pathé Frères make his way up an icy stair.—Carlsberg Magazine.

**Dentist:** "You say this tooth has never been filled? But there's gold on my instrument."

**Patient:** "You must have stuck my back collar stud."—Le Journal Amusant.

"An engine driver was recently blinded by a chestnut. Similar tragedies are made in the stalls of our music halls.—Passing Show."

If skirks keep on going higher, stockings will have a hard time following.—Le Rire.

A man refers to his motor-car as "she" probably because it's something he can argue with.—Syracuse U.S.A. Herald."

**(Continued from page 10.)**

**Picture Show. April 16th, 1921**

FILMER returned in an attitude of icy displeasure on the journey home, and when the captain of the cruiser of Overture, Tunes, Nixia felt that she was entering a prison. The only ray of sunshine in the days that followed was little Derek giving her glad tidings. The climax came when Filmer received a letter from his brother asking for an introduction of the country town, but that they hoped he would give his permission to their proposal to honour the memory of his late wife by
T. E. Montagu-Thacker
Who Has Been Called the "British Douglas Fairbanks."

ALTHOUGH T. E. Montagu-Thacker was brought up in South Africa, and has appeared in films over there, he is British, having been born in Jersey, Channel Islands. It was whilst in South Africa that he learnt to ride so well, and this has earned for him the title of the "British Douglas Fairbanks."

His Career Over Here.

Mr. THACKER told the Picture Show that his success on the screen over here is due to Mr. Harry Mornan, assistant producer of Stolls. He gave him insight into film work, and started him as a rider in "Bars of Iron," the film version of Ethel M. Delli's famous novel. After this, he played eleven different characters in "The Game of Life" for Samuels. Next he appeared in "A Rank Outsider" for Broadway, and this was followed by a part in "The Skin Game." His next role was as a villain in "The Will" for Ideal.

Mr. Denison Clift, the well-known producer, "spotted" Mr. Thacker, and gave him one of the leading parts as Mr. Mortimer in "The Diamond Necklace," in which Jessie Winter and Milton Rosmer played.

By the way, Mr. Thacker told the Picture Show that, in his opinion, Miss Winter was one of our cleverest actresses.

As Mr. Mortimer in "The Diamond Necklace."

A scene from the Ideal film, "The Diamond Necklace," showing T. E. MONTAGU-THACKER with MILTON ROSMER and JESSIE WINTER.

"His House in Order." (Continued from page 18.)

naming the park after her, and that he and his family would attend.

Filmer read the letter aloud at dinner withunctious satisfaction, and then he turned to Nina.

"Of course, we shall go, and on this occasion, Nina, I trust you will do something suitable for the occasion."

Nina rose from her chair with her cheeks aflame.

"You seem determined to insult me, Filmer, but let me tell you this. You may dedicate as many parks as you like to Annabelle, but I shall not be there."

She went straight to her room and began to pack. While she was upstair, Hillary arrived from Paris. To him Filmer unfolded his supposed grievances. There was a scene, in which Hillary told his brother that it was at his suggestion that Nina had attended the ball.

"You are not fair to Nina," said Hillary. "You are causing a very soul out of her by your constant comparisons to Annabelle."

Filmer rushed out of the house to cool his temper in the park.

As Nina sat by the fire Nina came down, dressed for travelling. "I hope you have forgiven me for getting you into that scrape, Nina?" said Hillary, as he shook hands with her. "Filmer makes mountains out of molehills."

"He will have a real mountain facing him this time," said Nina. "Read these letters. I am leaving Filmer to-night, and I went to kiss Derek goodbye."

"But Derek? Think what it means to the boy, Nina," pleaded Hillary. Tears came into Nina's eyes.

"You are right, Hillary. Derek must never know. Burn the letters."

She turned to go, but at the door met Filmer. He looked at her travelling dress.

"I am going away," she said simply. "It is best that we should part."

"I might have known it," he answered bitterly.

"I was a fool to think you could ever fill the place of Annabelle." For a moment Nina wavered. The letters were not burned yet. She could see Hilary standing with them in his hands. Then she thought of Derek. Without a word she went upstairs to finish packing.

"You heard what I said to Nina?" said Filmer aggressively to Hillary.

"I did," replied his brother coldly. "I was just going to burn those letters. Nina told me she would burn them, but, by Heaven, you shall read them now!"

He watched his brother's face as he read the story of the real Annabelle.

He watched the smug satisfaction fade from his face with joy.

But when Filmer laid the letters down and looked up to him, Hillary saw the face of a broken man—a man who has had the foundations of love cut from under him by a single blow.

"I feel sorry for you, Filmer," said Hillary. "But you can't expect Nina to forgive you."

"No, I can't," the voice of Filmer seemed like that of a stranger. In silence the two brothers sat facing each other. Then Nina came down the stairs, carrying a small handbag.

Filmer went to her.

"Nina has told me: I have read the letters," he said brokenly. "I can only hope you will be generous, Nina."

Nina, "I am sorry for you with all my heart, Filmer," said Nina softly. "You need not fear that I shall ever speak. And, Filmer, I can forgive you. Now that I have seen the real man I married, I can forgive and forget."

"You mean you will stay with me?" said Filmer incredulously.

"Yes, Because I love you."

The next moment they were in each other's arms. Hillary moved silently across the room to the French windows. Not a sound of his footsteps betrayed that he had moved. But as he passed through the windows there came a sob which caused Nina and Filmer to look up.

"Nina," said Hillary, "the strong, silent diplomat, was crying.

(Adapted from the Paramount-Aircraft photo-play, featuring Elsie Ferguson as Nina.)
What Causes Skin Disorders?

Impurity within—Infection without.
World-wide Success of Germolene.

FREE OFFER TO THE PUBLIC.

Skin disorders are caused either by impurity in the blood or by external infection. To get rid of them both causes must be eliminated, and this is what the Germolene treatment does. If you suffer from any skin ailment such as rashes, eczema, pimples, piles, bad legs, or ulcers, or if your child has ringworm or impetigo, or other infantile complaint, Germolene must cure it because it is aseptic, i.e., it kills, expels, and excludes germs. It is in very soothing in the case of wounds, burns, and scalds.

Write for an entirely free sample tin to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester. This will immediately send you post free, along with an interesting book on skin diseases. Germolene costs 1s. 3d. and 3s. 6d. chemists.

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Frocks Specially Chosen by Constance Talmadge.

There's a simple opportunity for revelling in one's fancy for schemes of colour just now in the world of frocks. Some of the damnest colours are rather vivid. I'll admit, but they are none the less beautiful, and can easily be toned down with a fairly large black hat. And vice versa, dresses of dark shades can be cheerfully brightened by geranium red or Fuch's blue chapaeau.

A Brown Study.

Perhaps it is because I am pale that I appreciate so much the vagou for all shades of brown. They lend themselves so charmingly to adornment and decoration in more brilliant hues, especially the brighter of autumnal shades. I have a charming little frock of brown that I cling to, although I have had it a good time. It is of tobacco charmence, and embroidered fairly heavily with gilt thread, intermingled with terra cotta chenille. I have selected a little frock something like it for your approval, because it is such a becoming style. You can see the manner in which it is decorated in the illustration, numbered 29,572.

A Navy Gabardine Frock.

A NOther frock of which I am very fond is one of navy blue gabardine of the finest order. In No. 29,537. It is really a very simple affair, and the knit-pleated skirt allows ample space for movement. The frock is fitted with a panel both at the front and the back. To these panels are connected the Magyar sides of the bodice, and the pleated side of the skirt. The sleeves are long, and extend over the hand, while the neck is finished with a large collar. A patent leather belt takes in the waist fulness, although I often substitute this with a girdle of bright heads. I think you will like the third frock equally as well. It is of fawn duvetyn, and trimmed with narrow soutache braiding in self colour. A very graceful line is given by the loose side panels.

Picture Show, April 16th, 1921.

Last the time of three.

PHILLIPS

SPECIAL

REVOLVING RUBBER HEELS

LADIES' 9d. per pair.

GENTS' 1½d. per pair.

Cast Iron

perfect cooking.

In a pan or other cooking utensil of Cast Iron, the heat is retained and evenly distributed, so that it cooks through and through with no burning the food.

For all-round Economy, use CAST IRON Kitchen Utensils.

They long outlast tin and enamel ware, and it is a scientific fact that water boils quicker in CAST IRON — Save Cost!— Fire-resistible at all Ironmongers.

MIND-MASTERY & SELF-CONFIDENCE

Are you "Master" of your mind? Are you conscious of your thoughts and feelings, and can you control them? Learn the secrets of Mind-Mastery and Strong Nerves. Realize your full potentialities, and find yourself the success of which you have always dreamed. Free course.

BECOMEBLINGNOW

In business, politics, and all walk of life, the plans and schemes that are used either consciously or sub-consciously are more often than not the result of thoughtless and uncontrolled action. This is a very easy thing to increase your height and improve your health, and will also enable you to meet your obligations in your every day work with greater ease and efficiency. Free course.

BUT perhaps the greatest advantage of the frock is that it gives opportunity for personal whims or the manner of colour schemes. For therein lies the whole crux of a woman's success in smartness. No matter how beautiful garments may be or how well they are cut, the whole effect is absolutely ruined if consideration has not been given to the colour scheme. And I delight in evolving pretty colour effects, although Norma says I am a little bit daring at times. But I tell her that there is no more charm in a colour scheme unless it is co-ordinated and individual. I think the same for that, I appreciate the asthetic just as my adored sister.

To Be Happy You Must Be Well-Dressed.

Perhaps this appeals more to me because I am rather a tomboy, and a frock allows me all the freedom of movement that I require to be happy. For I maintain that you cannot possibly be happy unless you are comfortable. That is why I am glad I did not live in years gone by, when tight bodices and wass waps were in fashion. Although I should have gone up with the styles, and become accustomed to them with general use, I fear they would have put just as tight a hold upon my body as any are likely to do upon my body.

And not only with a view to comfort do I appreciate frocks, but because they impart a far more favourable line to the figure, and are the greatest assistance in rendering each and every one of us shapely. The slim girl can be made to look at her best in a dress, while it enables the stout girl successfully to camouflage any superfluous flesh which troubles her. Though I doubt about it, the one-piece—and by this I mean the frock that is joined right up from the shoulders—is a boon and a blessing that greatly alleviates the trouble of choosing suitable attire.

It Allows for Colour Scheme.

BUT perhaps the greatest advantage of the frock is that it gives opportunity for personal whims in the manner of colour schemes. For therein lies the whole crux of a woman's success in smartness. No matter how beautiful garments may be or how well they are cut, the whole effect is absolutely ruined if consideration has not been given to the colour scheme. And I delight in evolving pretty colour effects, although Norma says I am a little bit daring at times. But I tell her that there is no more charm in a colour scheme unless it is co-ordinated and individual. I think the same for that, I appreciate the asthetic just as my adored sister.
Shew, 'Ayril 16*, 1921.

Vha Wonderful new preparation which Cleans and Dyes at the same time.

"Di" says Twink adds Joy to the Jumper—

There is a new pleasure in wearing jumpers and other garments when they have been through a Twink bath. They take on a new charm and freshness. Twink adds joy to your personal wear—keeps your garments dainty.

Twink will dye coloured materials to a bright new shade or restore them to their original colours when faded, and white fabrics may be dyed to any of the eighteen beautiful shades in which Twink is made.

"Di" says Twink adds Joy to the Jumper—

Lady Di says Twink adds Joy to the Jumper—

There is a new pleasure in wearing jumpers and other garments when they have been through a Twink bath. They take on a new charm and freshness. Twink adds joy to your personal wear—keeps your garments dainty.

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These Patterns Free

with the May issue of

HOME FASHIONS

"HOME FASHIONS" for May, on sale everywhere to-day, gives you perfect paper patterns of these three delightful summer frocks, and provides an almost endless choice of dainty, practical designs for the early summer.

There are pretty styles for up-to-date frocks, costumes, blouses, underwear, and many charming models for the young girl and the older woman; and there is not a single design that cannot be easily copied by the most amateur of home dressmakers. Money goes twice as far for the woman who plans her new clothes with the aid of "Home Fashions."

ASK FOR

HOME FASHIONS

BUY A COPY TO-DAY 4½d. MAY ISSUE NOW ON SALE.
FAT THAT SHOWS
SOON DISAPPEARS

Prominent fat that comes and goes where it is not needed for a burden: a beautiful and colorful affair and a cause for joy to many. This fat of action to reduce weight have been advanced, such as starvation, fasting, dyes, drugs, exercise, etc., all of which are either unpleasant or dangerous.

The latest, most modern, and pleasant way to take off this fat is to take after each meal and at bedtime an oil of olive capsule and follow simple healthful rules of eating.

To get rid of fat at the rate of two, or three pounds a week, take these accordingly a little table daily, as mentioned until you reach the amount you should. No wrinkles will remain to show where the fat came from.

Oil of olive capsules are safe for all chemists at 50 or per box. If you prefer to have them taken to you direct, post-free, send the amount to W. J. Littell Co., 37, Hatton Garden, London, E.C. and bid good-bye to excessive fat.

GREAT SLUMP
IN COTTON GOODS

SEETHS12/6 Pair

Less than makers' price. 20,000 pairs of Real Lanced, 12/6 pair in all sizes; various colors, full double bed size 28 x 80. All new and

Draperies, Prices, 10 pair per box. Wardrobe Prices, 10 pair per box. Halloway Prices, 6 pair per box. Shells, anywhere.

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STAMMERING.

These seeking a genuine and permanent cure for stammering and other speech defects should write at once for their free booklet: "Straight Talk to Stammerers," etc. Method endorsed by Education Authorities, Doctors, Cerly, Army Officers and many others. Guaranteed to satisfactory results in one month, Wm. N. WAREING, "Glenharn," Anchorsholms, Nr. Blackpool.

5 MONTHLY CALLS YOU EVERY MORN. A

THE SILVER KING LEVER ALARM

Call your friends the "Silver King" for "Bedroom!"
The "Silver King" is the ideal clock for every bedroom's fierce. Pitted with a loud ringing tone on two bells, it calls you every morning. Mounted on a pillar with a large clock, it is a beautiful, self-winding alarm clock, and most in the current papers have reccomended it. Luminous hands show time throughout the night. Never needs winding. Only 60c. 10c and 25c, all in stock.

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SHOW YOUR FRIENDS THE "PICTURE SHOW"

"The Picture Show."
Take my Tip
and get
MACKINTOSH'S
Toffee-de-Luxe

It's jolly Good!

Have you had any Egg and Cream-de-Luxe? That's a stunner; and Chocolate Toffee-de-Luxe is top-hole.

.... You can take the tip of such a keen toffee judge with confidence; for trust him to have tested all the toffees—he knows his subject.

Mackintosh's Toffee is sold by Confectioners everywhere in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 4-lb. Family Tins, and loose by weight.
His Only Pal: Little John Henry, Junr., was sent to bed in disgrace, but he was not long alone. Peter, his pet, found him and comforted him.
A JERSEY WELL

"An old-fashioned well in an old farm-yard in the Island of Jersey, where it is always summer and the cabbages grew ten feet high. Britain is regarded as a dependency, and not without some reason, as the Island originally formed part of the dominions of William of Normandy."

FROM Jersey's Sunny Isle to John o' Groat's Hudson's Soap is freely used with the water drawn for washing and cleaning purposes. Whether from well or tap Hudson's affords compensation for the hardest water, inasmuch as it makes all washing tasks easy of accomplishment.

Hudson's is an accomplished cleanser—a little shaken into the wash-tub ensures snowy whiteness of linen; in the cleaning pail it achieves cleanliness without laborious effort; for washing-up after meals Hudson's Soap entirely merits its popularity.

Hudson's Soap has been the Daily Help of busy housewives for ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty years and more. Give this good old soap a trial to-day.

IN PACKETS EVERYWHERE

R. S. HUDSON LIMITED,
LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON.
"Picture Show Chat"  
Photographs and Paragraphs of Pictures, Plays and Players  

OUR Art Plate this week is a beautiful study of Pearl White. Pearl made her reputation as a serial star, she is adding to it in the short photoplays in which she is now appearing for the Fox Film Company.  

One of these is "The Thief," an adaptation of the famous play which you will remember is the story of a woman who became a thief so that she could wear beautiful clothes, things she would better keep her husband's love if she was always wonderfully groomed. In this picture she opposite her husband in real life, Wallace McCutcheon.  

A Silver Bag From Wallace Reid.  

THE "Girl's Cinema" has been collecting gifts from famous stars of the screen to give as prizes in a pleasing competition. And very wonderful gifts they are too. Last week the prize was a heavy 13-carat gold slave bracelet, sent by Gregory Scott, and engraved with his name in his own handwriting.  

This week the prize is a large silver chain bracelet, also appropriately engraved with his signature. Wouldn't you like to win one of these prizes that money cannot buy? A photo play entitled "Over the Hills" has run well into the sixth month at a house in Broadway, New York, and there is still no sign of the last week being in sight.  

Mary as a Boy.  

FROM the first time, I hear, Mary Pickford will be seen as a boy throughout the entire photo play version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."  

There have been instances when Miss Pickford has disguised herself in male attire for certain scenes in her productions, but this is the first time she has appeared as a boy throughout. The little early headed boy part offers Miss Pickford a characterization that it has been her life-long ambition to accomplish.  

And for some reason this photo play is that, for the first time since she played in "Stella Maris," Mary Pickford will be seen in a dual role. In addition to playing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," she will take the part of the mother. So we shall have an opportunity of seeing her as a woman, and as a young child in the same photo-play.  

Romance and Carmen Myers.  

A S you may know, Carmen Myers has been married for eighteen months to I. S. Kornblum, a musical comedy composer. The marriage has only just been announced. This was due to a romantic pact between Miss Myers, and the composer. They admitted that theirs was a boy and girl affair. They had known each other since they were four years old, both being natives of San Francisco, having gone to school, and later, having studied music, together.  

Carmen's mother was the only other person who was allowed into the secret, and the announcement now will not alter her plans with the Universal Film Company.  

Patience is George Beban's Chief Virtue.  

GEORGE BEBAN has an infinite capacity for taking it. In his latest picture, entitled "One Man in a Million," I hear he spent many weeks training the dogs that appear with him.  

He spent a solid month getting a certain scene with a spider, in a cellar, and used up 2,000 feet of film on one occasion to get a scene he wanted.  

He waits patiently for the children, who are playing with him, including his own small son, to do what they were to do naturally without being led.  

He insists that the actors speak the words of the titles which are flashed upon the screen. Words and text must coincide.  

Aluminium Turns Hair Grey.  

MARY ALDEN says there are times when she washes her hair would turn grey. It would save her a lot of time if it would.  

For Miss Alden, who is one of the cleverest character actresses on the screen, is always being offered mother parts in motion pictures, and as she is a young woman, with not a single grey hair in her head, it is rather difficult to make her hair look as it should to suggest middle age. She does it by a liberal application of aluminium.  

His Snow Bath.  

WHO says that William Russell is not a re-cool character? Being 8,000 feet up in the Sierra Mountains, making scenes for his coming Fox film, "Bare Knuckles," he was incidentally forty miles from a bathtub.  

But this didn't worry Bill. He stripped, took a header into a snow drift, and called it a bath.  

Another Romance of Screenland.  

A NOTHER romance of screenland is that of Lottie Joy, who is appearing in Goldwyn pictures, and Jack Gilbert, the well-known leading man and juvenile of the screen, who has appeared with many of the most prominent stars.  

Lottie and Jack have announced their engagement, and plan their marriage at no very distant date. They both expect to continue their screen careers.  

Percy and Corinne.  

I HEAR that Percy Marmon is again to appear opposite Corinne Griffith. You will remember that photo play in which he appeared opposite her was "The Climmers." Now we are to see them together in "What's Your Reputation Worth?"  

Sessue and Bessie Together in Screen Play.  

WHOM do you think we are going to see together on the screen? Sessue Hayakawa, and Bessie Love, who has been engaged to play opposite him in a coming play entitled, "The Swamp," which has been written by Sessue Hayakawa himself.  

Maud Watson, the latest photo portrait of Marguerite Roberts. This pretty blonde screen artiste is "The Passion Flower."  

The scenes are laid in America, and the story so appealed to Bessie that she put aside all her other plans for the time being.  

Lillian Gish as Marguerite.  

WON'T Lillian Gish make a wonderful "Marguerite?" I hear that H. W. Griffith is planning to film the grand Opera of "Faust." With Lillian to take the part of Marguerite, and the music of the opera will be synchronised to the production.  

Sympathetic Doug and Mary.  

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS visited the little child of a member of his company in the children's Hospital at Los Angeles the other day, and so touched was he at the sight of the little patients, that now both he and Mary have endowed a bed.  

What Would Do?  

LITTLE Willie Reid, nicknamed "Bill," is a true son of his father.  

He has a new name, who has been studying psycho-analysis. The other day she was giving Bill a trial set of questions set especially to test the mentality of four year olds. "Now William," she said, "if you went down to the tram lines, and found that a car had just gone, and you had missed it, what would you do?"  

"Call a taxi," said Bill quickly.  

Clever, Isn't It?  

REUBEN PETERTSON has been writing a verse, which he calls, "What's in a Name?"  

It says: "Oh, it's proper and neat to call Miss Blanchie sweet.  

For she's pretty and dainty and sunny.  

And I've never above calling Miss Bessie "lovely.  

But to call Charlie 'Chaplin,' that's funny."
Jack's Little Joke.

A STOR Y has just leaked out that Mary Pickford gave Douglas a Rolls-Royce for a valentine, and Jack Pickford bought a broken-down old horse that was waiting to be made into cut's meat, tied an enormous red bow round his neck, and led the poor old animal up to the door just behind the Rolls-Royce, as a "valentine from Jack."

Dong, had the poor old horse put into pasture, by the way, so someone benefited by Jack's little joke.

Her First Appearance

LOD WILSON has the part of Magic Shand in the film version of Sir J. M. Barrie's famous novel, "What Every Woman Knows."

Louis made her entry into pictures in Alla Pavlova's picture, "The Dumb Girl of Portici." It was while she was still a schoolgirl, and, like most girls, very screen-struck that she had a chance to visit a studio with some friends. They went, and were mistaken for players whom they could drag round by her hair. They pounced on Miss Wilson, because of her luminous tresses.

It was a painful process, but Lois accomplished her ambition, for she has never been away from picture work since.

Elliott Dexter Coming Over.

CONGRATULATIONS to Elliott Dexter, who has quite recovered from his recent illness. When he had finished work on his present pictures, one of which is "The Affairs of Anatole," he plans to make a long tour. One of the stopping places will be here.

"The Bird of Paradise" on the Screen.

THE Bird of Paradise, "is said to have been one of the best money-makers in the theatrical world in history. Now, I hear it is to be made into a film play. This should be even a greater attraction than it was on the stage, because the scenes will naturally be taken in the Hawaiian Islands where the action of the story is placed, so we shall have real volcanoes and Hawaiian scenery.

A Real Thrill.

GENEVIEVE BERTE, who is only making her smart in the African jungles, at Selig studios, while working with wild animals in the big serial, "In Danger Land," is becoming so accustomed to facing dangerous situations that she went through an aeroplane accident, without knowing that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

It was during the filming of the aeroplane scenes. With everything in readiness, and the cameras clicking, the eight-passenger plane went off gracefully.

Everything went very smoothly, and, much to the delight of those on board, the plane proceeded on its way, after the scenes had been "shot," in order to treat them to a sky joy ride.

She Thought It Was Usual.

T he course of time those on the landing-field sighted the big "ship" on the horizon heading for house. She neaped gracefully over the fields and hedges, and over the head of the director and camera men, but even the most skilled pilot will misjudge his distance now and again.

The wheels touched the ground, a splintering crash, and one wheel of the landing-gear rolled on down the field. In a cloud of dust, the big piano dipped onto wing to the ground, dug up some dirt, and came to a stop, minus most of the landing gear.

On being informed of the seriousness of the way they landed, and of the narrow escape they had had, Miss Berto remarked, "Why, I did not know that there was anything wrong. I thought that was the usual run of business."

It was her first trip in the clouds, but she says that she will have a good look to make sure that the landing gear is all right before she leaves the ground again.

Do You Reconcile the Lazy in the Powdered Wig? It is PRISCILLA DEAN, and this is a scene from her latest picture, "False Colours."

Who Wouldn't?

EDDIE EARL tells me he has just received a letter congratulating him on his successful love to Dombrowski for 1,000 dollars a week. This is in the coming photo-play, "Passion Fruit."

Is It True?

T he seems that William Hart has really made up his mind to retire. He has purchased 30,000 acres of land in Connecticut for a peaceful retirement, so looks as though it is certain, but we still hope that Big Bill may change his mind.

Mahlon's Rule for Success.

D o you know that eight years ago Mahlon Hamilton left college, and got a job at fifty dollars a week on the stage?

Now he earns from 1,500 to 1,900 dollars a week, on the screen. He has just one rule for success, that is: do the sort of work that suits you best, and that you like, and—stick to it! Fay Fidler.

From Over There.

Notes and News From New York.

Carmel Myers' Marriage.

I WAS highly amused when the news of Carmel Myers' marriage was made public. As the readers of Picture Show undoubtedly know by this time, Miss Myers has been the wife of J. S. Kornblum, a musical composer for nearly two years. About the time Carmel and her fiancé motored to the rabbi and were made one, she was in New York playing in a musical comedy called "Magic Melody." Her mother and her brother were there with her, and she was having a wonderful time. I had luncheon with her, and curiously enough it was the very concert that she married Mr. Kornblum. She kept telling me how this talented young man, the friend of her brother's who had such a promising future. I scented a romance, and must have looked my suspicions, for Mrs. Myers, being one of the wisest stage mothers I know, very promptly said:

"You know, Carmel and Mr. Kornblum were children together in San Francisco, and have known each other all their lives. He is like a brother to her."

The marriage announced this week was a surprise, because Mrs. Myers, who is so prompt to let nothing interfere with her daughter's career, Carmel said to her young husband immediately after the ceremony.

"We will not announce our marriage until you have a play produced on Broadway."

Mr. Kornblum, being very much in love with his young wife, went to work with a vengeance, with the result "Blue Eyes," with the music by J. S. Kornblum and Carmel Myers (brother of Carmel), was produced a few weeks ago. Carmel kept her word, and permitted the marriage to be made public.***

Dorothy Dalton Has a Loss.

WHEN I saw Dorothy Dalton last time she was ready to carry out all hotel owners and managers to that hot place Danto describes so gloriously as the "country" in his most famous works. She had come from the coast with all her beautiful gowns, slippers, hats, furs, etc., stowed away in trunks. She was unable to get all of her trunks in her small hotel suite, and believing her possessions would be perfectly safe in the storeroom of a Broadway hôtel, she ordered two of her trunks stored until she asked for them. When she was ready to move, the trunks in the storeroom had disappeared as completely as Bluebeard's wives. No amount of questioning could bring them back. She figures these over a dollar, though the trunks cost at least twenty dollars, and other feminine clothing taken away with the removal of her trunks. Now she is running the courts to try to recover the goods, but the manager handed her a cheque for 6,000 and some odd dollars, or bring her property.

"The money would be all right after the loss," she said. "Think of the nuisance in shopping again to buy all these things! And some of my slipper boudoirs and other things will be very difficult to duplicate."

Virginia Pearson in Vaudeville.

I t is amazing how many former screen stars are doing the two a day. Virginia Pearson, for so long the best-known dramatic actress on the Fox programme, has retired to the screen to have her fling in vaudeville. She is being widely advertised in the Keith houses here, and is sharing her success with Sheldon Lewis. Remember Sheldon, the bad man of so many serials and the expert villain in other pathos dramas? In private life he is Mr. Lewis, the husband of Miss Pearson, and like all good husbands he is supporting Miss Pearson in her new art. I heard him speak very commendably on the quality of the art, but I promise it must be grand, as he has not been booked on the Orphan circus.

Blanche Sweet Countessful.

T here are evident experts from Blanche Sweet, who has been very sick with appendicitis, Miss Sweet was operated on, and for days she lay prostrate, never opening her eyes through the ordeal, and is now on the long road to recovery. This is a bit of news her friends will be glad to hear.

Louella O. Parsons.
THE "PICTURE SHOW'S" GUIDE TO PICTUREGOERS

The Story.  
ROBERT TRENCHARD (Clive Brook) and his wife Vera (Pauline Peters), formerly his secretary, are happily married, until one terrible day, when Trenchard finds his wife has deceived him, and that there is a hidden mystery in her life.  
At last the secret is revealed by Vera, and corroborated by her old friend, Arthur Waterton.  Vera had been married before, and she has discovered that her first husband has returned.  A tense and terrible climax is reached when this man (Stewart Rome) and Trenchard realise that Vera is a bigamist, but in the end the tragedy is Righted.  It is a powerful gripping story.

Pauline Peters displays great emotional powers, and the setting is exceptionally fine.

"The Iron Stair."  
OF Stoll's Eminent British Authors' Pictures.  A grim story of the battle that raged between good and evil in a man's soul; founded on the great novel by "Rita."  It is a thrilling Martin Thornton production, and contains a lot of double photography.

A Daring Leap.  
OM Mix is one of those artists who can be depended on never to allow our interest to flag for one moment.  In "The Cyclone," he keeps you constantly in suspense, both with his acting and Darla Hood's Philip, the latter being a special feature of the story.  It is a tale of the Wild West, of course, in which a bend of Chinese smugglers are hunted by the North-West Mounted Police.  There are many exciting combats, but a scene which will stand out more than any other for its special daring is one in which the cowboy hero, after riding up three flights of stairs, jumps from horseback through the skylight into the cellar below.

The Mysterious Heroine.  
WHEN the chief figure in a film like "Who is She?" keeps you guessing as to her identity and the reasons for her actions, a surprise is bound to result.  Marjorie Rambeau as the heroine succeeds very well in sustaining an air of mystery about herself and, incidentally, adding some fine acting to the plot.

Opponents.  
A MIDST the beautiful scenes of the Rivers, and later with the rugged picturesqueness of the mountain and forest district of Greypeak forming a background, we are given the story of "Two Women" (as it is called) whose natures are as wide apart as the Poles.  One is a worthless wife, the other a girl of the forest whose character has not been tainted by the temptations of the city.

Wanted—A Change.  
CONSTANCE TALMADGE is always delightful in her acting.  "In Search of a Sinner" is a play which exactly suits her natural spirit of gaiety, and her infectious humour will keep you laughing as you follow her in the guise of a winsome widow, who having led a life bored with a faithfully husband, decides that No. 2 at any rate, shall be "a bit of a sinner."  Of course, you can imagine the shocks she gives others.

A Red Indian Picture.  
THOUGH Red Indian film plays are rare now than they were, you will relish "Beyond the Shadows" for the excitement it contains and the good characterisation of William Desmond as Jean, a young fur trader who finds himself charged with another's crime.  Jess Sedgwick, as Jean's sweetheart, also plays her part well, but the ending is quite unconventional.

The Masked Dancer.  
IT is said that several hundreds of actors and actresses, many of them well known, were engaged to appear in the climax episode of "On With the Dance."  It is certainly the most brilliant scene in the film, though what is most interesting is the interpretation by Mae Murray of Sonia, a Russian dancer.  Sonia is passionately interested in dancing, but she has reasons for wearing a mask, a feet which lends a touch of mystery to the story.  Her discovery leads to dramatic complications with, however, much that will make an appeal to the heart.  David Powell plays the hero with fine effect.

"Rodney Stone."  
Rex Davis, Lionel D'Aragon, Joan Ritz, and Robertton Braide in "Rodney Stone."
BEGIN THIS SPLENDID ROMANCE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS TODAY

The CALL OF THE ROAD

Splendid Serial Story of the Famous British Film.

Characters in the Story.

ALFRED TRUSCOTT, who has been disinterested, for the ne'er-do-well by his uncle, Silas Truscott.

LADY ROWENA, Alfred's cousin, who is fascinated by the stories she hears of her cousin, in order to meet one of the blackberries of Alice Grey, and go to stay with her own aunts, Margaret Merrirew and her, near where Alfred has gone west.

The two young people become friends, and one day Alfred tells "Alice," "Sure, he wants to marry her as soon, as he has saved the money to buy his own land."

PAGANINI PRIMUS and PAGANINI SEGUNDO, "gentlemen of the road," and friends of Alfred.

M. MARTIN TREVOIR, an inveterate gambler, whose presence at cards, he is beaten in a duel by Alfred, and vows vengeance.

A boxing match is called between Sir Martin and a certain Lord Devall. The man Sir Martin is to produce is Fregus Williams, and he is instructed to win on his own merits. Lord Devall's boxer is Hammer John, a blacksmith.

Rowena Makes a Promise.

MARGERY MERRIREW was nodding over her knitting, but she looked up quickly as she heard the click of the latch, and there was a beaming smile of welcome on her old face when the door opened, and Rowena came in.

"The girl had been out all day, and Mrs. Merrirew was well aware in whose company she had been, and of the time. "Thou art late,—Alice," said the old lady, smiling.

"Tis true, Aunt Margery, and I have fought to say in my defence. I fear I have not been wasting my time in idle gossip with the young man's man, a rough, uncomely fellow, who hath no manners.

The happy smile which flickered about her mouth and those in her bright eyes told her words, and the old nurse was not deceived.

"Oh, no, my dear, but Kist a true saying there is no smoke without fire," said the old lady, smiling.

"Tis said the young man hath treated his uncle with shameless ingratitude.

Rowena was about to make a sharp retort, when suddenly she changed her mind, as falling on her knees, caught the old woman's hand in her own.

"Oh, mistress, dearer, teasing me more," she pleaded, "I am sorely troubled, and I need thy advice.

I was touched," cried Mrs. Merrirew, at once all sympathy and gentleness. "Tell old Margery all about it. Hath he been unkind to thee?" said the lady, as she pressed the old woman's hand in her own.

"Oh, indeed! He—he hath been kind, and I am afraid. He would wed me, Margery, thinking me a cottage girl, and I fear to tell him the truth, lest I should lose him. Oh! Margery, love me so, if I lose him now 'twould break my heart.

"Blest be you, my pretty one," replied the old woman in a tone of relief. "If that is all thy trouble, there is little need to grieve. If Master Alfred hath not thy heart, he is a backbone, and I warrant he knows it. Proud and happy will he be when he learns that the cottage maiden he has wooed and won is in truth a noble lady, of high degree, with a fortune to her name."

"Nay, Margery, you know him not!" said Rowena, with a tenderness too exquisite for tears. "I have adored him, I have risked my life for him. He cannot abide them. I dare not tell him the truth, and indeed I know not that he will have her.

Mrs. Merrirew smiled tenderly into the pretty, eager face.

"Alas," she said, "does thy cousin love thee?"

"Ay, returned Mrs. Merrirew. The letter is from Lady Ulivesdale, and it hath a crest, and the writing on the wrapper is so distinguished one could scarcely read it. The foundation piece to prove a certain old Mullins cheated me, which is more than likely. The strange a man of his years can drink so much strong ale and come to no hard. Nay, the old rogue seems to thrive out." While she was speaking, she hobbled across the little room, to a bureau, from which she returned with a letter, which she handed to Rowena.

Their surprise proved to be correct. The missive was from Lady Ulivesdale, and of its contents there was no passage which darg the colour from Rowena's cheeks.

"Tis my duty to tell thee, Rowena, that they think I am most nearly the man to be loved. Thy Uncle Silas writes me that in ten days thou wilt be setting forth to visit me in order to take the house, and thou must be here to meet him when he arrives."

There was much more, but it was this passage which interested Rowena, and awoke her from a sweet dream.

How happy, how magical had these days been at Friar's Ford! And now it was with a shock of dismay she realized they were coming to an end.

"By day or to of them," she said, "I would go away. In less than a week she would be back at Truscott Hall—a fine lady—and Alfred would still be working for them."

When would they meet again, and under what circumstances? One thing alone was certain. When they met, if she were ever to show again, there would be no longer be Alice Grey, the cottage girl, who had captured his heart.

A cold fear assailed the girl.

Alfred was young, like all the Truscotts. Suppose—suppose he never came to claim her hand?"

She retired to her room early, but she did not go to bed, she sat up thinking and wondering. Her heart was assailed by all sorts of doubts, fears, and hopes."

"Ah, me!" she said to herself, as she sat on the edge of her bed and gazed out through the diamond panes of the casement window on to the moonlit landscape, "This is such a place for the young girl to speak her heart's desire."

Rowena threw her arms round the old woman's neck, and kissed her.

"I will do it," she said, "Only thus could I let him hear the truth. I vow I have not the courage here in Friar's Ford to tell him how I have deceived him. Besides—"

"Well, dearst?"

"Tis sweet to hear him call me Alice," said Rowena softly, while a deformed smile played about her pretty mouth. "Margery, dear, I wish I could be thy niece always, and never go back to the great world where the women are all fine ladies, and nothing more, and the men are so different from Alfred."

Mrs. Merrirew laughed ironically at the idea, and then suddenly checked herself.

"Bless me, my wits are wandering!" she exclaimed. "There's a letter for thee. Two left at the Ford Arms by the mail, and old Mullins brought it along just before noon."

A letter for me? It will be from my godmother, I warrant. I promised to tell all that transparent courting of my cousin Alfred, but I fear I have told her but little."
JOHN HENRY, JR.
The Lovable Kiddie Who Appears in Mack Sennett Comedies

"We must have a cute baby right away for this picture," said Mack Sennett one day. "Who knows where we can get a baby actor right now?"

"What about this baby?" said Billy Armstrong, the comedian, pointing to a little baby boy who was playing on the stage. He was Billy's nephew, and, with his mother, was visiting the Mack Sennett studio for the first time.

The famous producer immediately jumped at the suggestion, and as mother consented, little Don Marion Davis—which, by the way, is his real name—was tested before the camera. He was told to snatch at a fork which his uncle was holding, and he did it so naturally that everyone realized at once that he was a born actor.

A Record-Breaking Salary.
Mr. Sennett immediately engaged the little boy at a record-breaking salary for a baby actor, and Don Marion Davis took the screen name of John Henry, Jr.

His mother takes him to the studio every morning when a picture in which he is to appear is being produced, and he is a big favourite with all the Sennett Bathing Girls and Comedians, and his special playfellow is Teddy, the famous Mack Sennett dog, who allows John Henry, Jr., to pull his ears and have a good romp with him. The little one knows that he is acting before a camera, but he keeps his naturalness, because to him it is all a fascinating game.
stay him from making thee his bride! Tis the doom of the wolf!" 

"But—but," she said faintly, "that is but the howling wolf.

"Two days! 'Tis torture to wait so long," replied the impetuous wooer. "Dear heart, you will consent. 'Tis a chance we should not lose.

Blushing and laughing, Rowena half-closed the window.

"To-morrow we will talk," she said softly, "And thou wilt consent?"

"I had not that but I will listen to thine argument." So saying she closed the window very hastily for the barber was darkly and courteously there to wash her cheeks.

**The Summons to London.**

HAD Hammer John W. had but finished his day's work and was standing at the door of the smoky, enjoying the cool of the evening. There was a smile on his lips and in his clear eyes. He was in the pink of condition, and he was thinking of the triumphs he had won in the ring, before him, which put an end to his fighting career.

The was to have his chance to renew those triumphs.

He was full of confidence. He had seen this Pigeon of the Wells coach. There were so much talk, and he recognised him as a good man, but this only made John the more eager to meet him.

He turned his head suddenly, hearing the distant thud of his horse's hoofs on the high road. He listened intently, then the sound became nearer, and presently a horseman rode with a clatter into the yard.

This rider was not of a very prepossessing appearance but he was dressed as a man of fashion and he had the air of one engaged in matters of importance. He dismounted at once, and slipping the reins over his arm, advanced to the smoky door.

"Ah, then Hammer John?" he inquired.

The blacksmuth nodded, at the same time taking silent stock of his visitor.

As soon as his eyes rested on the Tufan, he regarded it, but the very first words he uttered proved sufficient to allure Hammer John's vague suspicion.

"I have a message for thee from my lord Delavals.

Hammer John nodded gravely.

The blacksmuth's face lit up at once and he answered frankly:

"Then thou art welcome, sir."

"Tis a matter of some urgency, I believe. Hammer John recognised the note and stared at it rather sheepishly. "Tis not to be denied," he said, after a pause.

"We shall expect a purse of notes from his pocket and handed it to the other.

"Tis a matter of some urgency, I believe. Hammer John recognised the note and stared at it rather sheepishly.

"I have a message for thee from my lord Delavals.

Hammer John nodded gravely.

"You may tell his lordship that I shall not fail him," he said quietly.

"What art fit and in good heart?" said Railston.

"Never more so, sir."

"I will take it. My Lord Delaval has great confidence in thee, and has backed thee for more, I fancy, than he would care to lose.

"Twill not be my fault, sir, if ho lose his money. I shall do my best to win." Hammers used to think, and not doubt. Good-day to thee, my man, and the best of luck.

There was an avowal of the Railston's lips and a smile on his round face.

At the cross-roads he met Sir Martin Trevor, also mounted.

"Will you send the baronet anxiously as his friend rode up?

"The bar has been taken, he will come. He is surely no more eager to obey the behest of his friend and patron, my Lord Delaval, than I.

Sir Martin Trevor laughed.

"Excellent," he exclaimed. "Methinks, Geoffrey, the betting will take a turn to-morrow. Now for London. We must be on the spot when the thing is done."

"Tis a risky game thou art playing, Trevor," said Railston, "it is a dance along side by side. When the story gets known, 'twill need some explaining.

"Two men, we are at the end of our tether, and desperate diseases require desperate remedies. When once Delaval has paid forfeit and then we can hang on till the bugle is known or suspected. What can they prove? I shall deny having sought to do with the matter. There are things known only to us who are backing the Pigeon. Tis not the first time a man has been kidnapped to prevent him keeping an engagement in the ring. If the truth were known methinks we shall make as many friends as enemies.

"Well, let us hope nothing will go amiss.

"Have no fear of that."

"The fate of the job—and they can be trusted?"

Sir Martin Trevor smiled grimly.

"Ay! If Hammer John travels by the Wells coach nothing can go amiss. Within an hour of his arrival in London he will be in safe hands. You can set your mind at rest on that."

**The House by the River.**

HAD Hammer John W. allowed the Wells coach, and all unconscious of the trick that had been played on him, journeyed to London.

It was a day of fine weather and for a man so absorbed in the world of sport, the morning of his arrival in London under his eyes, and maybe he is right," decided John. "'Tis a great game, the ring, but even in my time there have been two queer characters hanging on to the fringe of it, and I doubt 'tis no better to-day."

As soon as he had entered the courtyard of the Tufan菌 a stranger addressed him by name.

"My Lord Delaval awaits you at a house near by. I am to take you to him forthwith," he said.

Hammer John nodded and followed his guide out into the street.

There was a small coach waiting, which they entered and were driven away, jolting over the cobble stones.

Hammer John had a long journey, but he was a man of few words and he made no comment. Crossing the river, they stopped at the mouth of the yard of the house on the south side.

Dismissing the coach, John's guide led him down the steps of a house which backed on to the mud-flats of the river.

"My lord is anxious that it should not be known that he moves you here to-night," explained the little man. "When you see him you are not to address him by his name or title but you be alone with him."

The blacksmuth nodded.

"I will remember," he said, and thinking of those inscrutable motives of the lord of the manor, strange things of the meeting-place selected by his patron.

Martin Trevor innocently followed his guide into a dark and grubby passage. As soon as they were inside the little man shut the door and as the curtain closed, Hammer John heard the turn of the key in the lock.

That sound, and a certain agitation in his guide's manner, made him somewhat uneasy. The man was in the blacksmuth's brain.

Turning sharply he selected his companion by the shoulders.

"What mean you by that?" he demanded gruffly.

"Where is my Lord Delaval?"

"He has been taken, and a fine figure has been taken!"

"The last words were uttered in an agitated yell.

Instantly a door flew open and a flood of light came out into the passage.

Two men appeared, rough-looking fellows of the riverside type, unshorn and with grumpy, coloured handkerchiefs knotted about their throats.

"Tis all right, friend," said one. "Come inside. We come no further till my Lord Delaval himself bids me," said John, backing towards the door.

The two men muffled something to one another under their breath, and then both sprang forward and grappled with him. There was something of the flash and dash in the space in the narrow passage, Hammer John managed to get in one scientific and well-directed blow.

With a grant of agility one of the men went down with a crash to the floor and did not get up again for a few minutes. Figures came crowding out of the lighted room.

Without waiting for any word of command they all flung themselves at him and began to be borne to the floor.

With rage, he fought like a tiger, and for a moment seemed as though he would shake himself free. But just as his assailants were falling about him like ninjas some blunt, heavy instrument struck him a blow on the back of his head.

He staggered, the strength went out of his limbs, and the next moment the whole crowd was on him again and bore him to the floor.

"Drag him in here!" said a voice in a tone of command, and the order was swiftly obeyed.

Once in the lighted room Hammer John made a desperate effort for liberty, but he was quickly overpowered and laid on a wooden chair, and bound fast to it with ropes. Then the breathless the prisoner stared about him wide-eyed.

He was in a big, bare room with the shutters securely fastened.

About him were at least half a dozen rough-looking men, and immediately in front of him, or standing about, were two gentlemen of fashion.

One of them John recognised immediately as the Tufan菌 who had been looking after him. He hurried him the note purporting to come from my Lord Delaval. The other, a taller and handsomer man, was just stepping away when he heard that part of the message to which he had so much, he thought, no bearing to the finding of the three.

"Twas well we were here, Geoffrey, or the affair might have miscarried, after all," said the taller man.

"As it was, he could have known as much in a rough and tumble, what might have been done in the ring?"

"It's true," said the other. "Twas the blow which decided him. Hark! What now? Noises!"

He turned and smiled down at the helpless prisoner.

"Tis rough luck on thee, Hammer John, but keep quiet and no harm will come to thee," he said. "We have but saved thee from breaking the oath never to enter the ring again."

Years of anger and mortification came into the blacksmuth's keen eyes. He cared little for the ill-treatment he had received, but the thought to find falsified his friend and patron filled him with grief and rage.

"I know thee not," he cried hoarsely, straining at the ropes which bound him; "but I shall not forget thee. And when I am free, as heaven in this life, I will make thee pay to the full for this mean's work."

Sir Martin Trevor shrugged his shoulders and turned to the men who were standing in a group round the prisoner.

"I will make thee pay," he said. "With care for him. Treat him well, but see that he does not escape. You have already sampled my generosity but keep this fellow until the day when I will be the unexpected guest to share between you."

"Good luck to your honour!" replied one of the men, sharply. "I'll hold him, master!"

"Come, Geoffrey," said Sir Martin, "there is time for an hour at the old corner. I fancy the Pigeon's chances even more than I had an hour ago. Moreover we can times the time and I should say wager a fate against him before the price shortens."

Amusingly laughing, the two noble sportsmen went out together.

(To be continued.)
THE EXPRESSIONS OF WILLIAM S. HART

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE HART
The Strong, Silent Hero of the Screen

If W. S. Hart keeps to his present intentions, he will leave the screen after his next picture has been made, and devote the rest of his working hours to writing stories for boys.

Although William S. Hart has proved himself an interesting writer, knowing just what kind of book appeals to real boys, he will be much missed if he leaves the screen.

William Hart attributes his successful career to three vital influences. His father, the West, and the Sioux Indians. "My mother was just my mother," he says, "and I worshipped her."

His Early Career.

Big Bill was fifteen years old when he left the Dakota prairies. Up to this age he chummed with cow-punchers and Indians, and there is little about either of them that he does not know.

When he left his home, and after various experiences set out to become an actor. It seemed as though every theatrical manager was determined that he should not become one; but he was determined that he would succeed. He sold his most cherished possessions, which included many medals won in athletic contests, and with the proceeds he came over here to London.

In London.

His first job in London was as an assistant at a gunsmith, easily obtained when Bill proved to the boss his knowledge of firearms, and all his "off time" he spent exploring the sights of London.

Speaking of this time, Bill Hart says his greatest ambition was to see the Mansion House, and spent days trying to find it. He describes the event as follows: "Half-dazed by the roar of the traffic in the city's busiest centre, jostled by the hurrying crowds, I gazed up at its smoke-grimed walls and experienced all the bitter pangs of final disillusionment. I think never at any moment of my existence have I felt more keenly the devastating sense of loneliness in a crowd. I do not think a single man vouchsafed a fleeting glance of curiosity or amusement at the tall, lank boy staring in a kind of dazed stupefaction at the dirty gray building they passed every day of their busy lives."

And the only two orgies of extravagance indulged during Bill Hart's stay in London were a night at the Lyceum to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in "The Lyons Mail," and a Sunday trip up the river to Richmond.

When nineteen Bill returned to New York, and made his appearance for the first time on the American stage in "Hamlet," getting twelve dollars a week as salary. Before he was five years older he was playing Armand Dural to the great Moskofsky's Camille, and after this he created the first Western "bad man" on the American stage. "This was when he took the part of Cash Hawkins in "The Squaw Man," the play that was shown over here and revived just recently under the title of "The White Man." Today William S. Hart is one of the best-known and most famous of screen actors.

Strong Character Parts.

His portrayals are invariably of strong characters. Of the though, rugged cowboy, living up to the principles of life as he knows them, responding quickly to the higher ideals when they are shown to him. These characteristics have won for William S. Hart the title of "The good bad man of the screen."


His Dream Home.

If Bill Hart does leave the screen, perhaps his dream-home will materialize. Of course, it is to be in the West, the place that Bill Hart really loves. It is to be a ranch, far away in the open, away from railways and civilization; there are to be herds of cattle, and a real home for himself and for his sister Mary. Ever since he left Dakota as a little boy, his one desire has been to go back to the old home in the West of which he has dreamed so often.
SCENES AMIDST THE SNOWS

Charming MAY ALLISON, Metro's favourite star, surrounded by a group of dogs which were transported with the star and her company to the north amongst the snows, for the purpose of taking scenes for "Big Game," May's newest Metro picture. Miss Allison has certainly dressed for the climate, and looks very cozy in her furs.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA, the popular Japanese star, with ELI and May's newest Metro picture. Miss Eddy's make-up is very clever, and, dressing at the last minute, she claims sunny Japan as her own.

A charming unconventional "snap" of WHEELER OAKMAN and PRISCILLA DEAN, who in private life, you know, are husband and wife.

TOM MIX obligingly goes "on all fours" so that his leading lady can give us an exhibition of her balancing feats.

Poor FRANK MAYO! To the cause of the screen he had to consent to have his hair waved. And is there anything a man hates more?

Visitors to the Metro studios were curious about movie kisses, so VIOLA DANA and BUSTER KEATON very obligingly gave a demonstration.
LILLIAN GISH
in Way Down East

Pictures from the coming film, "Way Down East," the latest D. W. Griffith photoplay, which has beaten all records in America and has achieved another triumph for LILLIAN GISH and RICHARD BAR- THELMER in the star parts.

As Anna Moore, the heroine of the story.

The country maiden takes her first lesson in the ways of Society.

—As a Society lady.
EDITH ROBERTS is one of the best-known Screen Stars. She began her professional career when six years old. We are shortly to see her in a Universal film version of the famous poem "Lasca."

As we know her off the screen.

A contrast in black and white.

Reflections.

With the studio pets in her coming film.
These Make-up When Advice Is Really Needed

Jerome Eddy in a scene from "The First Born." graph, it would be difficult to realize that she does not her birthplace.

Director Sam Woods gives Wanda Hawley a few hints on what to do with a cafe escort who has been drinking "not wisely but too well." This was taken during the filming of a Monte Carlo carnival scene in Miss Hawley's third Renashet picture. Tully Marshall can be seen enacting the part of the inebriated cafe escort.

"Vette Kellerman looks very 'sporty' in riding kit and seems as much at home as in her bathing costume.

Earle Williams with Director Chester Bennett's baby boy. The weight of the little one and his miniature "bike" seem of no consequence to Mr. Williams.

Antonio Moreno. The eighth of our series of stars favourite photographs of themselves. It is noticeable that smiling and happy photographs generally meet with their approval.
A Splendid Story of a Man's Plans to Appease a Worker in the Eyes of the Girl He Loves.

(Special to the
"Picture Show.")

We'll it to you.

Dicky swelt the sporting papers he was reading into the drawer where they couldn't be disturbed. He put in their place a number of letters, crumpled his hair a little, and waited.

When the door opened he saw it was the detective agency. Mr. Holmes.

"Dicky," said Dicky disgustedly, flipping out the end of the cigar, "we've got to have a private secretary, Dicky. It doesn't matter what he looks like, so long as he can do his work."

Holmes gave a complimentary gesture and retired to the outer office.

The matter, Tom, he said.

"I'm in a regular hole, Dicky. There's a woman, you see, named Viola de Vere, who holds some foolish letters of some kind. She's been threatening me for some time now. She's come over from London to see to it that I carry out her instructions. If I can't get back those letters she will force me to break off my engagement with Dot."

For perhaps the first time in his life Dicky looked straight ahead.

"You seem to forget, Tom, that Dot is my sister. It's not easy to give up anything, but I will break something beside your engagement."

"Oh, there was not much of a secret invasion, Mr. Holmes explained to an old friend that Dicky Derrickson, the millionaire, had bought the business to make his girl believe he was working."

"Madge's pretty face blushed with anger. She gave Dicky three hundred a month to find her friends, and rushed past the startled Holmes into Dicky's room.

"Dicky grabbed two pens, stuck one in his hair, and the other in his mouth, and just put on a threat.

After the astonished Dicky could get out a word of explanation she dashed out of the room down the stairs, and into her car.

Dicky turned to Holmes.

"Say, Holmes, you can inspect the books if you like. We haven't had a case for three years, and the local police have been just as lazy. There's no crime in Pasadena."

"That's fine," said Dicky. "Now, just to make the place look busy, I shall want you, Mr. Holmes, to remain with me as secretary and assistant secretary. And remember, if any of my friends call on me, especially by the name of Miss Earle, I mean a lot to you."

"Every time, Mr. Derrickson. You're a live man book."

Dicky had been established in the agency about a week when a warrant ring from the outer office told him somebody was coming up the stairs.

WILLIAM RUSSELL AS DICKY DERRICKSON.

The Second Story Man.

A BUT an hour later, when Dicky decided he would have a break, he found himself with a face like a knotted rope sprawling in the heat chair of the outer office. Dicky glanced at the little room with which he was so familiar, and then at the window which was open.

"What the devil do you mean by being here in broad daylight?" he said. "I'm a private detective, you know."

"It looks like it," said Tom. "We're being watched."

"What's the matter with the door? Couldn't you have looked around before?"

"Me name is Red Healey, and I'm a second story man. I've got too much to get in the spot way. That winder was made for paps like me."

"Have a cigar" said Dicky, going to the drawer where they had the box.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "It's a very good one.

"There's the game, boss," he pished.

"Oh, nothing that would give you any trouble," said Red Healey, with quiet manner. "We want you to rob a few houses. You bring the stuff to me, and I pay you for it—strict professional prices. Then I'll let him to this detective agency, return the stolen goods. You get the money, I get the fame. It's a good thing."

"Dead easy. Pass us the list," said Healey. "They've found a lot of things for us."

In the first house they had the sale of letters. The name at the bottom of the list was "Tom Barrow, or your darling Tom," or words to that effect. In the second house they had the same, and in the third house the jewels you lay your hands on. Bring both to me, and I'll have them."

"Red Healey rose. "Sign, Mr. Red. See you tomorrow."

At ten o'clock next morning Red Healey arrived with the bundle of letters from Missie Vere's flat and most expenses.

Dicky paid him about three times the amount he would have got from the three houses, and a handsome sum for the letters. Ten he gave him instructions to get a bunch of copies as bad as himself to come to Pasadena.

Red Healey started his head.

"I'll do my best, boss, but I guess I want matching. The fay's too smooth to me, I'll have to dance a few more times. But I'll do my best, know you is the good sport." He disappeared, and Red Healey sat down to await events.

The first call came from Madge.

"Dicky, I've got a look for you! All my jewels were stolen last night, the thief."

He said the jewels had been recovered, but his voice was very grave when he spoke.

"I'm afraid you got a hard case in hand, Miss Earle. You know my motto. 'We never sleep.' Your jewels have all been recovered, but his voice was very grave when he spoke.

"Dicky shook his head, his voice was very grave when he spoke.

"I'm afraid you got a hard case in hand, Miss Earle. You know my motto. 'We never sleep.' Your jewels have all been recovered, but his voice was very grave when he spoke.

Dicky wondered why. He had been congratulated and known that Red Healey and Miss de Vere were old partners, and that they had met in the street when Red Healey to heieve that Miss de Vere had known what Viola de Vere was that it was her house that he had robbed.

"Dicky wondered why. He had been congratulated and knew Miss de Vere's name. Red Healey had known her under another. Heusin, his motive.

He had not apologised, but told Viola the drawer of the desk where he had found the letters.

"I've come in all sorts."

"My home was robbed last night," she said. "I want you to look into it."

"Certainly," said Dicky, wondering the quickest way how it might be done. But there was there was very pretty, but not the type of lady he wished to see in his office.

He pretended to take some notes as Viola told him the details. She said the Viola was edging up to the drawer in the desk.

(Continued on page 18.)
ELLE NORWOOD.

Elle Norwood as Sherlock Holmes.

"INCE I started my role of Sherlock Holmes," Mr. Norwood laughingly told me the other afternoon, "I have discovered the secret of success. It is never to throw any old thing away. Keep it; its days are not over.

"For instance, this very dressing gown I wear as Sherlock Holmes. Long, long ago I had told 'good-bye' to it for forever, and here it is, the very thing for the part! The same with my slipper—old, musty, uncomfortable, just what I want for Holmes!"

The Art of Make-up.

It is no easy matter to make-up when you often have to wear a make-up on a make-up! Sounds a bit vague, does it not? But listen. Sometimes, as you know, in a "Sherlock Holmes" story, to gain his ends, the great detective wears a disguise. If you study Mr. Norwood's photograph, you will see how little in private life he resembles his make-up in "Sherlock Holmes." He has got, so great is the act of it, that he doesn't look made-up; and on this he puts a disguise which often he has to wear for weeks at a time without disarming his under-make-up.

A Trick He Played.

ELLE NORWOOD was a bit uncertain about his disguise as a "driver" the other afternoon, so he just strolled down into the studio and awaited results. In a few minutes a voice said:

"No, but you can't remain here!"

"Why not?"

"Look after your car outside. You can't stand about the studio."

But the driver wouldn't move. Then someone else came along and shouted out threateningly:

"Now then, get out of this! Can't stand about here!"

Being satisfied that things were all right, Elle Norwood removed his disguise, to the consternation of all parties concerned.

A Man of Many Parts.

ELLE NORWOOD lives in a delightful old-fashioned house with a wonderful garden, so near to London that one is smitten at the unmatched country and loved sites of his dwelling place. He was associated with "Within the Law," "Inside the Lines," which run for over a year; and he produced his nephew's play, "The Man Who Stayed at Home," and "The Filling of the Law." He also discovered the author and produced "French Leave." Besides this, he has invented any number of theatrical tricks.

One of the first plays I ever wrote was 'For Auburn Smith," Elle Norwood told me, "when we were at Chadwick's. It was called 'Hook and Eye,' and was followed by 'Chalk and Cheese.' These two plays were the red letters of the world!"

Then, besides being a playwright, Elle Norwood is a musician. Some of his musical compositions have been played by the Coldstream Guards at Windsor, and his interpretation of "Dance des Follettes," is heard in numerous restaurants and theatres.

Lionel d'Aragon.

HE tells me that he has been in the theatrical profession about twenty-eight years, and twelve years in cinema work. He played for the Pathé, also for Harmon, Ideal, Samuelson's, "In the Valley of Tears," "My Lady's Dress," "Dorothy of Satan." Then he followed twelve months' heavy lead with Gaumont in "Key of the World," "Rodney Stone," "Sequel of Fate," and crowds of other films. He has recently been playing in "The Mystery Room for the Famous Players Ladies, and I expect crowds of my readers remember this distinguished actor in "The Bulldog Mystery."

Miss Bettina Campbell

I just twenty-one, and she has got her first real chance on the screen in the Denison Cliff production, "Dorcas," where she plays Asia. She is slight, dainty, and vivacious, and when I ventured to admire her very smart, this costume, believing it Parisian, as she had just come back from Paris, she took my breath away by declaring that she had made it every bit herself.

A Fearless Horsewoman.

BETTINA CAMPBELL is not only one of the best-dressed girls in London; she is also one of the best horsewomen, and she can jump a five-barred gate with the best. She can drive a motor-car, ride a motor-bicycle, play tennis and hockey, and design her own clothes, as I have already hinted, with the most successful results.

"And I love horse riding," she declared.

She is very keen on her part, enthusiastic, and anxious to do her very best for her producer, Mr. Denison Cliff.

"He is one of the nicest producers and the kindest man one could play for," she told me recently.

"Sherlock Holmes" on the Screen.

THE Stoll film of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," produced by Maurice Elvey, is a serial in fifteen episodes. I saw the first three as a private show not long ago, and they are unanimously well received by the great audiences. "The Yellow Face" had pathos as well as a thrill. "The London Art Mystery" was a special story for the Princess of Wales.

DOUGLAS PAYNE.

Dying Detectives was amazingly fine. Mr. Norwood gave a masterly performance, and Cecil Humphreys was remarkable as Culverton Smith. Herbert Willis is an ideal Watson. "The Devil's Foot" is a strong, dramatic story, altogether a worthy production.

The Knight of the Miracle.

I WONDER how many of my readers remember that "the astonishing beauty of the production, "The Miracle," given at Olympia some years ago, and that fine, fascinating Knight who tempted the run out into the wide world! Well, anyway, here is his photograph as he is to-day, Mr. Douglas Payne. He has had a very strenuous life, a life packed with thrills. Not only has he had ten years' experience as a化进程er, but he was a member of Buffalo Bill's congress of the rough-rider of the world, then he was a trooper in the South African Mounted Police, a sergeant in the Army Veterinary Corps, and a lieutenant in horse transport, R.A.S.C. Some record!

But More to Follow!

IN the land of films, Douglas Payne has played the juvenile lead in "Marie Martin" and "The Great Gold Robbery," the physician in "A Fallen Idol," the lead in "The White Feather," Jim Belton in "In the Banks," the Blind Minister in "Finn Feathers," Stephen Carnforth in "The Heart of a Rose," and the Fighting Blacksmith in "Rodney Stone." And these are only a few of the parts Mr. Payne has played for the screen.

An Apple Orchard Studio!

DOUGLAS PAYNE also stage-managed "The Last of His Race" at Drury Lanes. In "Won by a Head" he played the tramp, and rode his own horse. In the early days of film life, Mr. Payne played in a novel studio—just a platform set up in an apple orchard!

Why Does a Blacksmith Wear Fringe?

WHEN Douglas Payne commenced to play the part of the fighting blacksmith in "Rodney Stone," he insisted on having leather fringe on his apron, and everybody wondered why. This is the reason:

"A certain old English king set out to inquire into the occupations of his subjects, and he always finished up, after asking a man particulars of his trade:

"Who made your tools?"

And the answer was ever the same: "The blacksmith makes my tools." At length the king went to the blacksmith. He watched him at his craft, and at length asked the old question:

"Who made your tools?"

"I make my own tools," said the blacksmith.

Then said the king:

"You are, indeed, the king of all trades; and, because of this you shall evermore wear fringe on your apron!"

RUTH NEFFAN.
"LEAVE IT TO ME."

As Dicky bent over his papers she opened the drawer and snatched the letter.

"Why, there they are. You being the thief!" she cried, in mock indignation. "Oh, you bad man! I suppose I ought to tell the real police."

Dicky rose irresolutely to go, but only succeeded in looking flustered.

"Shh!" she said desperately. He made a dash towards her, but Viola was faster, and clapped her hands over his mouth. She held him in her arms with a fierce, old-fashioned corse. As she faced Dicky she smiled with a comfortable feeling of triumph.

"There. I guess they're safe there for you're a gentleman," she said, as she rushed them out of it. Dicky shouted towards her.

"I'll be a perfect scoundrel. Though thoroughly up-to-date she was not above using one or two women's oldest devices.

"Sh-h-!" pleaded Dicky, as he heard Madge's voice in the corridor. "I'm not a scream broker than that" replied Viola calmly.

"How do you do, Sir Harry?" says I, eager to see him. And Dicky rose round with the dressing-room before he could say "Sandy."

SIR HARRY LAUDE R

SIR HARRY.

"How do ye do?" says he, solemnly shaking hands and looking at me kindly but intently through his spectacles.

"Six ye down," indicating a chair beside his dressing-table.

I obeyed the injunction, and Sir Harry handed me a richly-embossed envelope.

(He was, of course, attired in Highland dress, and the famous Macleod tartan looked mighty fine, I thought, in the fine young man's fashioning it on me, and, flumming in a capacious pocket, produced one of the biggest papers I have ever seen. He didn't light up, he said, but contented himself with nursing the bush of it, and, pulling at it gently so that every now and then it rustled under his finest noes.

"How do you do, Sir Harry?"

Singing and Talking Pictures.

REASSURED by this humble spectacle, I remarked to Sir Harry that I understood the poor appeared in some time.

"Only in a few pictures illustrating some of my old songs," he answered. "This was at the time when the Government is making many efforts to produce singing and talking pictures. I don't think that the synchronisation of voice and picture last much longer than the success is up to now, but I believe there is an invention on the market at present that will bring it to perfection.

"Yes, you can," he added. "And I am negotiating to make some singing pictures now."

Impressions of Los Angeles.

SIR HARRY went on to tell me something above all he did make him from the moment.

He was in the States not long ago, mentioning in particular his visits to the Fairbanks, I believe.

I asked him what he thought of the impressionable "Douglas Torrance," but he said, "He has a rather chop, wa' jolly expression always on his face," he replied, "between pulls at his pipe. "He showed me all round his dressing-room and in his sitting-room, and watched her at work."

"Is she really as pretty as she looks on the screen?"

"Ay, she's a very bonnie lass!" was the smiling reply.

Sir Harry namarilat a little, and then went on:

"It was awfu' exciting at the Fox studio, I arrived just as they were making the huge strike scene at the gates of some big works. It's wonderful to see how they handle their crews over there. Cinematography is the industry in the Golden West, I can tell you!"

"Well, I can't say there was anything in particular that impressed me in Los Angeles, Sir Harry?"

"No, I can't," he replied, "except that there seemed to be a lot of people doing nothing, just waiting for their scenes to come up, and a lot of patience, and a lot of money to make motion pictures.

"Mac's First Love."

I MADE part of a picture myself during my trip to Africa, he continued, and I intend to finish it this summer. It's a little Scotch story called "Mac's First Love," but I must say that there was a row in it, so Mac has a quarrel with his sweetheart. 'Mac's broken,' he said, 'so I must go away to get it sorted out.' So thinking Africa will do the trick, he goes there, where he has a lot of visualities, kookin' for him and his, and, besides, no one will ever find us back. We can say it will be a picture of real life in Africa — the real thing!

WANTED. Light and Enthusiasm.

ARE you open to do any film work other in the world?"

"Yes, I'm quite prepared to make a picture any time," he replied. "I believe I think the film is a great institution, though, as far as the British industry is concerned, it is only in its infancy. We don't get the sun, but surely we can get artificial light that is good enough to make films, while already we have secrecy in England, Scotland, and Wales, which, as far as I've seen, cannot be surpassed. We think we have and we have got it — and all we want, given the light, are people with sufficient enthusiasm to appreciate the British article.

His Message to the "Picture Show." I MET Sir Harry at the "Picture Show," and received the welcome of knighthood at the hands of the King, and so I did what I knew could not go unrecorded. I just wrote him a note, and this is what he sent me:

"Thank you, Sir Harry," he returned, with a smile; and then he asked me to give you a message.

"Oh, thank you," he said, "that I hope this advent of the singing and talkin' picture will prove a success, and that, although I may be the lightest comedian in the world, they may be able to take their wives and sweethearts along to the cinema any night to see and hear Harry at home."

PATHE SUNBEAMS

Have you a Charles Dickens or a Nathaniel Hawthorne in your home, madam?" inquired the book agent.

"No," and the angry housewife, "we have not, I suppose, usual, you've got the book.

"Just where chucked up with the books, Mr. Broadmead," he said.

The speculator:

"But, madam, you must cheer your food. What were your teeth given for you?"

"Patient (irritably): "They weren't given to me, I bought them." Quinquina.

"What a you treating me for, doctor?"

PATHÉ SUNBEAMS

May Henshaw Clark.

This WEEK'S BEST JOKES by permission of Messrs. Pathe Freres.

"Lost of memory," said the doctor, writing the prescription. "Your bill's owing months, now, and, what's more." "Workman," said the doctor, "you can't take much more."

Builder: "Let's! How often since you told me not to take any more rebuilding till the walls are repaired?"

Yeller (shopping): "No, Ethel, what sort of all will you have?"

Ernest, looking at the assemblage on the counter: "Two, please, dicky."

"Pereon's Ice Cream."
“THE DAWN OF THE WORLD”

FURTHER scenes from the wonderful film of the Bible, which can now be seen at the Palace Theatre. Amongst the scenes in this picture are the building of the Ark, the Flood, the building of the Tower of Babel, the crossing of the Red Sea, and the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah.

An episode at the finding of Moses among the bulroses.

Solomon and his wife can be seen on the right of this photograph.

The Eastern atmosphere of this film is very realistic, for the scenes were laid in Syria and Egypt. No pains were spared in the making of the film, which took five years to complete.

A crowd scene when Joseph is made a ruler. Over 12,000 persons took part in this stupendous film, and a quarter of a million feet of film were used in its production.
IN THE DRESSING-ROOM

Sports Clothes Chosen

By Priscilla Dean

With or Without a Belt.

The picture show is a simple straightforward—prefer it like that—although on some girls it would perhaps be better with a patent leather belt fastened round to take in the fulness. But look—the coat is not so plain as it may at first appear; the front is cut in one with the lower part of the side of the coat, and this gives a charming style to the coat. The lower part also forms a pocket, which is fastened down by a button and buttonhole, so that I can unfasten them when I find the skirt sagging around my legs, as it left a habit of doing after much walking.

My favourite hat for sports wear is also depicted upon the sketch of a suit; it is a easy little pull-on of brushed wool. It has a soft crown of yellow brushed wool, and a brim that turns up all the way round, displaying an underlining of alternate stripes of black and yellow wool, a tassel of the combined wools being allowed to hang jauntily from one side of the brim.

My outfit is not complete without a cop of soft wool to correspond with the colours of my suit.

A Tennis Coat.

BEFORE I finish telling you of my ideal sports outfit, I must not forget to mention the invaluable sports coat, which I prefer in the brightest colours of the day. In these shades they give such a happy, gay-looking appearance to the wearer, and are so handy to slip over the white tennis frock. The little sports coat I have designed for you is of stockinette, with patch pockets, and tie over left. The long sports hat is a striped one, though round, and it at the ends to match the ribbons bound to the little cap which goes over my head—all this, and thus prevent ends of hair becoming strangely when the game becomes heated.

You can obtain patterns of the costume and coat on this page in 22, 24, 26 and 28-inch sizes, from "Picture Show" Pattern Dept., 291a, Oxford St., London, W. 1.

No. 59,515. A novel sports coat based on the patterns of bright stockinettes.

No. 29,395. A neat sports suit chosen by Priscilla Dean.

Would you like to win a

Reel Silver Chain Handbag
given by WALLACE REID?

If so see this week’s

"GIRLS’ CINEMA."

Cut Tomorrow. Price 2d.
Charlie Chaplin Visiting His Friend Will Rogers

Charlie Chaplin went to see his friend, Will Rogers, at the Goldwyn studio, and took a constitutional with MAY COLLINS and SAMUEL GOLDWYN.

Will Rogers was at work on his latest film and Charlie volunteered to help by serving the meal. Left to right: JOHN BOWERS, MOLLY MALONE, WILL ROGERS, CHARLIE CHAPLIN, and ED KIMBALL.

The two pals then gave a little entertainment on their own. CHARLIE tried his hand at Will Rogers’ lariat, and WILL ROGERS tried to copy one of Charlie Chaplin’s poses.

58 Doctors GIVE ADVICE IN FREE BOOK.

Indigestion and Dyspepsia Cured Without Drugs.

If you suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, or any other Stomach trouble, send for the Free Book just published for your benefit, and giving a formula which has already cured thousands, and will do the same for you.

Dr. Braithwaite says: A glance at the formula will convince the most sceptical of its great value. Doctors have for years been trying to find a cure for Indigestion, and the Free Book will show you how easily the problem is solved. Your food can now be digested for you, giving your stomach a chance to have a rest and restoring the system to normal conditions in a very short time.

No more fulness after food, no more wind, spasms, or heartburn. Simply send your name and address to-day to the Lactopeptine Laboratory (Dept. L39), 46-47, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1, and the book of advice will reach you by return.

I will tell you Free how to Reduce Your Weight.

I was just a strong young woman, full of life and vigour, and fond of good things to eat, enjoying life to its fullest extent, when suddenly my weight began to increase, and, strong as I was, I began to feel the burden, especially as I am a business woman, and have plenty of work to do. While my cattity self was rapidly assuming abnormal proportions, the process in this direction brought sorrow and consternation, because I knew that I must give up business or reduce my weight. I began to feel lonely, because I felt that my company was no longer desired, and I made up my mind that I was at the dangerous point of my life.

One day an inspiration came to me, after I had spent time, money, and patience in vain effort to become slim again. I acted upon this inspiration, and succeeded, for 36 lbs. of ponderous weight vanished in five weeks. I did not use drugs, practice tiresome exercises, nor starvation diet, nor wear any appliances, but reduced myself by a simple home method, and although this is some time ago, I have never gained any weight since, and my health is as good as I could wish.

You could reduce your weight the same as I have done, and I will tell you how, free, if you will enclose two penny stamps to pay postage.

Nerve Failure

Helpless for Two Years despite Treatment. Then Made Well and Active by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. H. Duthie, 39, Queen Street, West Hartlepool, says: "I was helpless for two years, and Dr. Cassell's Tablets have cured me completely. That is the plain, straightforward truth, and I think it is marvellous. One morning while dressing, the power went out of my legs quite suddenly, and I collapsed on the floor. I was helpless, and so I remained for two years. The pain I endured at times was awful. I couldn't sleep for it. So complete was my breakdown that I had to be lifted in and out of bed! I couldn't even dress. Sometimes I was taken out in a bath chair, and I had to be carried into that. The opinion was that I could never walk again, and even my life was despaired of.

Then at last I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Very soon I felt they were doing me good. In a few weeks I was able to get up. Then I went about on crutches, but only for three weeks; by the end of that time I was cured, and could get about as freely and easily as anybody."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for...

Nervous Breakdown  Kidney Trouble
Nervous Failure  Indigestion
Neuralgia  Weakness
Insomnia  Nervousness
Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and Children.

The Universal Home Remedy forゴールドフリーガー

Nervousness

In the greatest demand in life to any man or woman. If you are nervous, tired, law-hearted, lack self-control, weariness, will power, mental confusion, blessings or feel a weight in the presence of others; need 6 points for particular of the time of treatment, used in the home also for nervousness, and are nervous from work, nervousness to your advantage in the event of nervousness, and are nervous from work, nervousness to your advantage in the event of nervousness.

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Imurity within—Infection without.

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Bad blood—germ infection from the air—these are the causes of skin complaints such as eczema, psoriasis, rashes, sores, ringworm, pimples, and piles. The Germolene treatment cures these disorders because it purifies the blood, prevents infection, and cures all disease germs. The soothing and healing influence of the remedy is also at once apparent in the ease of poisonous wounds, festering sores, scabs, and burns. Germolene is aperient, and it soothes at a touch.

An entirely free sample tin will be sent post free on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Vew Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, together with a valisak book on Skin Diseases. Germolene costs 1s. 3d. and 3s. at chemists.

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The "Picture Show."

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That terrible Neuralgia or splitting Headache! Cure it by taking a little harmless ZOX in a cup of tea or water. It acts like magic.

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Of all chemists and stores. 1 & 3. - per box or post free at these prices from—THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, LONDON, E.C.1.
Ask the "Picture Show" If you want to know anything about Films or Film Players

**LUXURY ON THE SCREEN.**

The cinema, like everything else, is subjected to fashions. It is not unnatural when it is remembered that it must bear the stamp of those who become impressed with the attractiveness of certain ideas. Promoters—let it at once be said not all of them—arise to throw another strain into a circle in the matter of notions that one of them has fanced to be good. Then if’s immediately taken up by the others, who follow as closely as possible, until one of them again happens to hit upon something fresh. When the same programme is given. When the motion picture was still a novelty, such scenes as a train entering or leaving a station, rescued from burning buildings, inanimate objects moving apparently or running with them, the usual crowds, were common enough. We had them at different times. They were the fashion of the screen, and no one bemoaned their passing.

To-day it is the luxurious setting. In the motion pictures, it should be mentioned in this connection, it must be said that the time when its production was cheap and the home of its success, its material success in the town of its success in the downtown thereof, is the necessary exhibition of luxury in a film that plays up to the charge of being nice. You are witnessing a drama which seems to you to circle round the lives of ordinary middle-class people like yourselves. Then quite unexpectedly you find your doom in the next scene. The exterior of the hero or heroine’s house is described, showing in many cases a gorgeous mansion set in the midst of spacious grounds, beautified by a profusion of lovely flowers and a well-kept lawn. The interior scenes of the house are in keeping, for every detail serves the furniture and the decorative effects. These things are certainly beautiful to look at, but the thought of what we think of the eye. But do the masters always know the truth. The obvious answer is that they do not.

**THE EDITOR.**

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

Will readers kindly remember that as this paper goes to press a considerable time before publication, letters cannot be answered in the next issue? A stamped and directed card and a postal stamp accompany any letter requiring an early reply. Every letter should give the full name and address of the writer (not for publication), as no anonymous correspondents can be answered. Address: The Editor, "Picture Show," Room 85, The Fleetway House, Farrington Street, London, E.C. 4.

W.K.A. (Kirkecally)—Norma Talmadge played two parts in "The Forbidden City" that of San Sin and "Big Bird." "Picturegoer" (Kerry)—Thanks for your wonderful story. T. A. Scott has done a fine job in the role of Little T. A. Scott is well known to all "Picturegoers." The film in which he has appeared is "The Rainbow," directed by Ray Taylor. "A West, Young Man."—The "Guy God Love Quotations." "One of the Finest," "Lord and Lady Als."—"The Kingdom of Yesteryear" and "The Fair Pretenders." HLINE (Oldham)—So you think a reply here looks much easier than written in a letter. As you will. Here is the cost of "The Garden of Eden," a novel. Guy Newall (Birmingham), Ivy Doherty, (Tunbridge Wells), Mary Mowbray, (Newcastle), R. Doherty, (Newcastle), Hugh C. Doherty (Dr. Ferguson), R. Mowbray, (Eastbourne), Walter Doherty (Croydon), W. Doherty, (Kirkcaldy), W. Doherty, (Bristol), A. Doherty, (Manchester), S. Doherty, (London), J. Doherty, (London), E. Doherty, (Liverpool). By the way, the novel is by Gall Newall.

U.S.A. (New York)—"BAILEY'S TWINS" (Hartford-Sturt), J. L. Newall, (Bristol), (Newcastle), and A. Newall, (Aberdeen). "BAILEY'S TWINS" (Hartford-Sturt), J. L. Newall, (Bristol), (Newcastle), and A. Newall, (Aberdeen). "BAILEY'S TWINS" (Hartford-Sturt), J. L. Newall, (Bristol), (Newcastle), and A. Newall, (Aberdeen). "BAILEY'S TWINS" (Hartford-Sturt), J. L. Newall, (Bristol), (Newcastle), and A. Newall, (Aberdeen).

"Threading Tale of the Woods" (T. A. Scott). Out on April 12th—2d.

**THE YOUNG FORESTER**

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